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THE WORKS

OF THE

POETS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH

PREFACES

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH;

CONTAINING

YOUNG,
CHURCHILL,
LLOYD,

FALCONER,
AND
THOMSON.

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THE

ENGLISH POETS.

THE

POEMS OF CHARLES CHURCHILL.

THE

ROSCIAD.

ROSCIUS deceas'd, each high aſpiring play'r
Puſh'd all his int'reſt for the vacant chair.
The buſkin'd heroes of the mimic ſtage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;
The monarch quits his throne, and condeſcends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends:
For pity's ſake tells undeſerv'd miſhaps,
And, their applauſe to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a ſuppliant's form aſſume,
In pompous ſtrain fight o'er th' extinguiſh'd war,
And ſhew where honour bled in ev'ry ſcar.
But though bare merit might in Rome appear
The ſtrongeſt plea for favour 'tis not here;
We form our judgment in another way;
And they will beſt ſucceed, who beſt can pay:
Thoſe, who would gain the votes of Britiſh tribes,
Muſt add to force of merit, force of bribes.
What can an actor give? in ev'ry age
Caſh hath been rudely baniſh'd from the ſtage;
Monarchs themſelves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
Appear as often as their image there:
They can't, like candidate for other ſeat,
Pour ſeas of wine, and mountains raiſe of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as ſoon,
And of roaſt beef, they only know the tune:
But what they have they give, could Clive do more,
Though for each million he had brought home four?
Shuter keeps open houſe at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of humour will be there;
In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat
For thoſe who laughter love, inſtead of meat;
Foote, at Old Houſe, for even Foote will be,
In ſelf-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea;
Which Wilkinſon at ſecond-hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves.

The town divided, each runs ſev'ral ways,
As paſſion, humour, int'reſt, party ſways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dreſs well choſen, or a patch miſplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create diſtaſte.
From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praiſes—he's ſo *droll*.
Embox'd, the ladies muſt have ſomething ſmart,
Palmer! Oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of ſize;
Whilſt to ſix feet the vig'rous ſtripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.
When place of judgment is by whim ſupply'd,
And our opinions have their riſe in pride;
When, in diſcourſing on each mimic elf,
We praiſe and cenſure with an eye to ſelf;
All muſt meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair
In ſuch a court, as Garrick, for the chair.
At length agreed, all ſquabbles to decide,
By ſome one judge, the cauſe was to be try'd;
But this their ſquabbles *ciſ* afreſh renew,
Who ſhould be judge in ſuch a trial: Who?
For Johnſon ſome, but Johnſon, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave; and Sterne too gay appear'd:
Others for Franklin voted; but 'twas known,
He ſicken'd at all triumphs but his own:
For Colman many, but the peeviſh tongue
Of prudent Age found out that he was young:
For Murphy ſome *puſ'ring* wits declar'd,
Whilſt Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wiſdom ſtar'd.
To miſchief train'd, e'en from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom,
Adopting arts, by which gay villains riſe,
And reach the heights which honeſt men deſpiſe;
Mute at the bar, and in the ſenate loud,
Dull 'mongſt the dulleſt, proudeſt of the proud;
A pert, prim, prater of the *northern* race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,

Stood forth;—and thrice he wav'd his lilly hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his tye—thrice ſtrok'd his band.—
" At friendſhip's call (thus oft with trait'rous aim,
Men, void of faith, uſurp faith's ſacred name)
" At Friendſhip's call I come, by Murphy ſent,
" Who thus by me *developes* his intent.
" But left, *tranſus'd*, the ſpirit ſhould be loſt,
" That ſpirit which in ſtorms of *Rhet'ric* toſt,
" Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,
" In his own words his own intentions hear.
" Thanks to my friends.—But to vile fortunes born,
" No robes of fur theſe ſhoulders muſt adorn.
" Vain your applauſe, no aid from thence I draw;
" Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law?
" Twice (curs'd remembrance!) twice I ſtrove to gain
" Admittance 'mongſt the law-inſtructed train,
" Who, in the Temple and Gray's-Inn, prepare
" For clients wretched feet the legal ſnare:
" Dead to thoſe arts which poliſh and refine,
" Deaf to all worth, becauſe that worth was *mine*,
" Twice did thoſe blockheads ſtartle at my name,
" And foul rejection gave me up to ſhame.
" To laws and lawyers then I bad adieu,
" And plans of far more lib'ral note purſue.
" Who will may be a judge—my kindling breaſt
" Burns for that chair which Roſcius once poſſeſs'd.
" *Here* give your votes, your int'reſt *here* exert,
" And let ſucceſs for *once* attend deſert."
With ſleek appearance, and with ambling pace,
And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
The Proteus Hill put in his *modeſt* plea,—
" Let Favour ſpeak for others, Worth for me."
For who, like him, his various powers could call
Into ſo many ſhapes, and ſhine in all?
Who could ſo nobly grace the motley liſt,
Actor, inſpector, doctor, botaniſt?
Knows any one ſo well—ſure no one knows,—
At once to *play, preſcribe, compound, compoſe?*
Who can—but Woodward came,—Hill ſlipp'd away,
Melting, like ghoſts, before the riſing day.
* With that *love* Cunning, which in fools ſupplies,
And amply too, the place of being wiſe,
Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that *ſmooth* Falſhood, whoſe appearance charms,
And reaſon of each wholſome doubt diſarms,
Which to the loweſt depths of guile deſcends,
By vileſt means purſues the vileſt ends,
Wears friendſhip's maſk for purpoſes of ſpite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that *malignant* Envy, which turns pale,
And ſickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and ſucceſs purſues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the *cold* Caution of a coward's ſpleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always ſeeks a ſcreen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's *baſely* done, ſhould be done *ſafely* too;
With that *dull, rooted, callous* Impudence,
Which, dead to ſhame, and ev'ry nicer ſenſe,
Ne'er bluſh'd, unleſs, in ſpreading Vice's ſnares,
She blunder'd on ſome virtue *unawares*;

* This ſevere character was intended for Mr. Fitzpatrick, a perſon who had rendered himſelf remarkable by his activity in the play-houſe riots of 1763, relative to the taking half prices. He was the hero of Garrick's Fribbleriad. E.

With all theſe bleſſings, which we ſeldom find
Laviſh'd by nature on *one* happy mind,
A motley figure, of the Fribble tribe,
Which heart can ſcarce conceive, or pen deſcribe,
Came *ſimp'ring* on; to aſcertain whoſe ſex
Twelve, ſage, *impannell'd* matrons would perplex.
Nor *male*, nor *female*; *neither*, and yet both;
Of *neater* gender, though of *Iriſh* growth;
A ſix-foot ſuckling, mincing in *its* gait;
Affected, peeviſh, prim, and delicate;
Fearful *it* ſeem'd, tho' of athletic make,
Leſt *brutal breezes* ſhould too roughly ſhake
Its tender form, and *ſavage* motion ſpread,
O'er *its* pale cheek, the horrid manly red.
Much did *it* talk, in *its* own *pretty* phraſe,
Of genius and of taſte, of play'rs and plays;
Much too of writings, which *itſelf* had wrote,
Of ſpecial merit, tho' of little note;
For Fate, in a ſtrange humour, had decreed
That what *it* wrote, none but *itſelf* ſhould read;
Much too it chatter'd of *dramatic* laws,
Misjudging critics, and miſplac'd applauſe,
Then, with a ſelf-complacent jutting air,
It ſmil'd, it ſmirk'd, it wriggled to the chair;
And, with an aukward briſkneſs not *its* own,
Looking around, and *perking* on the throne,
Triumphant ſeem'd, when that ſtrange ſavage darne,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common Senſe appear'd, by Nature there
Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the chair.
The pageant ſaw, and blaſted with her frown,
To *its* firſt ſtate of nothing melted down.
Nor ſhall the Muſe (for even there the pride
Of this *vain nothing* ſhall be mortified)
Nor ſhall the Muſe (ſhould Fate ordain her rimes,
Fond, pleaſing thought! to live in after-times)
With ſuch a trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the character, the *thing* forgot;
Let *it*, to diſappoint each future aim,
Live without ſex, and die without a name!
Cold-blooded critics, by enervate fires
Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires
Glimmer'd their laſt; whoſe ſluggiſh blood half froze,
Creeps lab'ring thro' the veins; whoſe heart ne'er glows
With fancy-kindled heat;—a ſervile race,
Who in mere want of fault, all merit place;
Who blind obedience pay to ancient ſchools,
Bigots to Greece, and ſlaves to muſty rules;
With ſolemn conſequence declar'd that none
Could judge that cauſe but Sophocles alone.
Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
Obſequious to the ſacred dictate, bow'd.
When, from amidſt the throng, a youth ſtood forth,
Unknown his perſon, not unknown his worth;
His look beſpoke applauſe; alone he ſtood,
Alone he ſtemm'd the mighty critic flood.
He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
Who priz'd our own, but envied not their fame;
With noble rev'rence ſpoke of Greece and Rome,
And ſcorn'd to tear the laurels from the tomb.
" But more than juſt to other countries grown,
" Muſt we turn baſe apoſtates to our own?
" Where do theſe words of Greece and Rome excel,
" That England may not pleaſe the ear as well?

"What mighty magic's in the place or air,
"That all perfection needs muſt centre there?
"In ſtates, let ſtrangers be preferred;
"In ſtate of letters merit ſhould be heard.
"Genius is of no country, her pure ray
"Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day;
"Foe to reſtraint, from place to place ſhe flies,
"And may hereafter e'en in Holland riſe.
"May not (to give a pleaſing fancy ſcope,
"And chear a patriot heart with patriot hope)
"May not ſome great extenſive Genius raiſe
"The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praiſe;
"And, whilſt brave thirſt of fame his boſom warms,
"Make England great in letters as in arms?
"There may—there hath—and Shakeſpeare's muſe
"aſpires
"Beyond the reach of Greece: with native fires
"Mounting aloft, he wings his airy flight,
"While Sophocles below ſtands trembling at his
"height.
"Why ſhould we then abroad for judges roam,
"When abler judges we may find at home?
"Happy in tragic and in comic pow'rs,
"Have we not Shakeſpeare?—Is not Jonſon ours?
"For them, your nat'ral judges Britons, vote;
"They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons
"wrote."

He ſaid, and conquer'd—Senſe reſum'd her ſway,
And diſappointed pedants ſtalk'd away.
Shakeſpeare and Jonſon who deſerv'd applauſe,
Joint-judges were ordain'd to try the cauſe.
Mean-time the ſtranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
To aſk or tell his name—Who is it?—LLOYD.

Thus, when the aged friends of Job ſtood mute,
And, tamely prudent, gave up the diſpute,
Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,
Boldly ſtood forth the advocate of truth;
Confuted falſehood, and diſabled pride,
Whilſt baffled age ſtood ſnarling at his ſide.

The day of tryal's fix'd, nor any fear
Left day of tryal ſhould be put off here.
Cauſes but ſeldom for delay can call
In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.

The morning came, nor find I that the Sun,
As he on other great events hath done,
Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
To go his journey on the day before.

Fall in the centre of a ſpacious plain,
On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art
With decent modeſty perform'd her part,
Roſe a tribunal: from no other court
It borrow'd ornament, or ſought ſupport:
No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
No gownſmen partial to a client's cauſe,
To their own purpoſe tun'd the pliant laws.
Each judge was true and ſteady to his truſt,
As Mansfield wiſe, and as old Foſter * juſt.

In the firſt ſeat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildneſs flaſhing from his eyes,
Sat Shakeſpeare.—In one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonder fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the maſter's ſkill:

Things of the nobleſt kind his genius drew,
And look'd thro' Nature at a ſingle view:
A looſe he gave to his unbounded ſoul,
And taught new lands to riſe, new ſeas to roll;
Call'd into being ſcenes unknown before,
And, paſſing Nature's bounds, was ſomething more.

Next Jonſon ſat, in ancient learning train'd,
His rigid judgment Fancy's flight reſtrain'd,
Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
Mark'd out her courſe, nor ſpar'd a glorious fault.
The book of man he read with niceſt art,
And ranſack'd all the ſecrets of the heart;
Exerted penetration's utmoſt force,
And trac'd each paſſion to its proper ſource;
Then ſtrongly mark'd, in livelieſt colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view.
The coxcomb felt a laſh in ev'ry word,
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And Laughter frighten'd Folly more than Law.

But, hark!—the trumpet ſounds, the crowd give
way,
And the proceſſion comes in juſt array.

Now ſhould I, in ſome ſweet poetic line,
Offer up incenſe at Apollo's ſhrine;
Invoke the Muſe to quit her calm abode,
And waken mem'ry with a ſleeping ode.
For how ſhould mortal man, in mortal verſe,
Their titles, merits, or their names rehearſe?
But give, kind Dullneſs, memory and rime,
We'll put off Genius till another time.

Firſt, Order came,—with ſolemn ſtep, and ſlow,
In meaſur'd time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he caſt his eye,
Leſt This ſhould quit his place, That ſtep awry.
Appearances to ſave his only care;
So things ſeem right, no matter what they are.
In him his parents ſaw themſelves renew'd,
Begotten by *Sir* Critic on *Saint* Prude.

Then came *drum*, *trumpet*, *hautboy*, *fiddle*, *flute*;
Next *ſnuffer*, *ſweeper*, *ſhifter*, *ſoldier*, *mute*:
Legions of angels all in *white* advance;
Furies, all *fire*, come forward in a dance;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
Fools hand in hand with fools, go two by two.
Next came the treaſurer of either houſe;
One with full purſe, t'other with not a ſous.
Behind, a group of figures awe create,
Set off with all th'impertinence of ſtate;
By lace and feather conſecrate to fame,
Expletive kings, and queens without a name.

Here Havard, all ſerene, in the ſame ſtrains,
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains;
His eaſy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
With him came mighty Davies. On my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife:—
Stateſman all over!—In plots famous grown!—
He mouths a ſentence, as curs mouth a bone.

Next Holland came.—With truly tragic ſtalk,
He creeps, he flies.—A hero ſhould not walk.
As if with heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries againſt the ſkies;
Attitude, action, air, pauſe, ſtart, ſigh, groan,
He borrow'd, and made uſe of as his own.
By fortune thrown on any other ſtage,
He might, *perhaps*, have pleas'd an eaſy age;

* Sir Michael Foſter, one of the Judges of the King's Bench.

But now appears a copy and no more,
Of ſomething better we have ſeen before.
The actor who would build a ſolid fame,
Muſt imitation's ſervile arts diſclaim;
Act from himſelf, on his own bottom ſtand;
I hate e'en Garrick thus at ſecond-hand.
Behind came King.—Bred up in modeſt lore,
Baſhful and young he ſought Hibernia's ſhore;
Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchleſs intrepidity of face.
From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,
And bid defiance to all ſenſe of ſhame.
Tutor'd by her all rivals to ſurpaſs,
'Mongſt Drury's ſons he comes, and ſhines in Braſs.
Lo Yates!—Without the leaſt fineſſe of art
He gets applauſe—I wiſh he'd get his part.
When hot impatience is in full career,
How vilely "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the ear?
When active fancy from the brain is ſent,
And ſtands on tip-toe for ſome wiſh'd event,
I hate thoſe careleſs blunders which recall
Suſpended ſenſe, and prove it fiction all.
In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where Nature's coarſeſt features we behold,
Where, deſtitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jeſts are blurted in your face,
There Yates with juſtice ſtrict attention draws,
Acts truly from himſelf, and gains applauſe.
But when to pleaſe himſelf or charm his wife,
He aims at ſomething in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting Nature's ſtubborn plan,
He treads the ſtage, by way of gentleman,
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dreſs'd in Clincher's cloaths.
Fond of his dreſs, fond of his perſon grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himſelf unknown,
From ſide to ſide he ſtruts, he ſmiles, he prates,
And ſeems to wonder what's become of Yates.
Woodward, endow'd with various tricks of face,
Great maſter in the ſcience of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
Lur'd by the pleaſing proſpect of renown;
A ſpeaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twiſts, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to ſenſe the conqueſt of the heart.
We laugh indeed, but on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourſelves, and curſe our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally miſplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taſte;
Hence hath the town ſo often ſeen diſplay'd
Beau in burleſque, high life in maſquerade.
But when bold wits, not ſuch as patch up plays,
Cold and correct, in theſe inſipid days,
Some comic character, ſtrong featur'd, urge
To probability's extremeſt verge,
Where modeſt judgment her decree ſuſpends,
And for a time, nor cenſures, nor commends,
Where critics can't determine on the ſpot,
Whether it is in Nature found or not,
There Woodward ſafely ſhall his pow'rs exert,
Nor fail of favour where he ſhews deſert.
Hence he in Bobadil ſuch praiſes bore,
Such worthy praiſes, Kitely ſcarce had more.
By turns transform'd into all kinds of ſhapes,
Conſtant to none, Foote laughs, cries, ſtruts and ſcrapes;
Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus ſhifts, *Bawd*, *Parſon*, *Auctioneer*.
His ſtrokes of humour, and his burſts of ſport,
Are all contain'd in this one word, *Diſtort*.
Doth a man ſtutter, look a-ſquint, or halt?
Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault,
With perſonal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public ſcorn.
E'en I, whom nature caſt in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, ſhe trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that Nature's error are my own.
Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came
Wilkinſon this, Obrien was that name.
Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even ſhadows have their ſhadows too!
With not a ſingle comic pow'r endu'd,
The firſt a mere mere mimic's mimic ſtood;
The laſt by Nature form'd to pleaſe, who ſhews,
In Jonſon's Stephen, which way Genius grows;
Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
To put on Woodward in each mangled part;
Adopts his ſhrug, his wink, his ſtare; nay, mo
His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd
fore.
When a dull copier ſimple grace neglects.
And reſts his imitation in defects,
We readily forgive; but ſuch vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.
By Nature form'd in her perverſeſt mood,
With no one requiſite of art endu'd,
Next Jackſon came.—Obſerve that ſettled glare,
Which better ſpeaks a puppet than a player:
Liſt to that voice—did ever Diſcord hear
Sounds ſo well fitted to her untun'd ear?
When, to enforce ſome very tender part,
The right-hand ſleeps by inſtinct on the heart,
His ſoul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He ſobs and pants to ſoothe his weeping ſpouſe,
To ſoothe his weeping mother, turns and bows.
Aukward, embarraſs'd, ſtiff, without the ſkill
Of moving gracefully, or ſtanding ſtill,
One leg, as if ſuſpicious of his brother,
Deſirous ſeems to run away from t'other.
Some errors, handed down from age to age,
Plead cuſtom's force, and ſtill poſſeſs the ſtage.
That's vile—Should we a parent's faults adore,
And err, becauſe our fathers err'd before;
If, inattentive to the author's mind,
Some actors made the jeſt they could not find,
If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's mien,
And blurr'd the graces of the ſimple ſcene,
Shall we, if reaſon rightly is employ'd,
Not ſee their faults, or ſeeing not avoid?
When Falſtaff ſtands detected in a lye,
Why, without meaning, rolls Love's glaſſy eye?
Why?—There's no cauſe—at leaſt no cauſe we know—
It was the faſhion twenty years ago.
Faſhion, a word which knaves and fools may uſe
Their knavery and folly to excuſe.
To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of ſenſe.
Yet (tho' in ſome particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where Mode prevails)
If in theſe hallow'd times, when ſober, ſad,
All gentlemen are melancholy mad,

When 'tis not deem'd ſo great a crime by half
To violate a veſtal, as to laugh,
Rude mirth may hope preſumptuous to engage
An act of Toleration for the ſtage,
And courtiers will, like reaſonable creatures,
Suſpend vain faſhion, and unſcrew their features,
Old Falſtaff, play'd by Love, ſhall pleaſe once more,
And humour ſet the audience in a roar.
Actors I've ſeen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part poſſeſs'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.
Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag Falſtaff's dang'rous aid;
Like Goths of old, howe'er he ſeems a friend,
He'll ſeize that throne, you wiſh him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by Humour caſt,
For Falſtaff fram'd—Himſelf, the firſt and laſt—
He ſtands aloof from all—maintains his ſtate,
And ſcorns, like *Scotſmen*, to aſſimilate.
Vain all diſguiſe—too plain we ſee the trick,
Tho' the Knight wears the weeds of Dominic,
And Boniface, diſgrac'd, betrays the ſmack,
In Anno Domini, of Falſtaff's ſack.
Arms croſs'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet march-
ing ſlow,
A band of malecontents with ſpleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,
They curſe the Managers, and curſe the Town,
Whoſe partial favours keeps ſuch merit down.
But if ſome man, more hardy than the reſt,
Should dare attack theſe *gnatlings* in their neſt;
At once they riſe with impotence of rage,
Whet their ſmall ſtings, and buzz about the ſtage.
"'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
"To arm ſatyric truth againſt a player?
"Preſcriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
"Actors, unlaſh'd themſelves, may laſh man-
"kind."
What! ſhall opinion then, of Nature free
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To reſt in chains like theſe, impos'd by things
Which, leſs than nothing, ape the pride of kings;
No—though half-poets with half-players join
To curſe the freedom of each honeſt line;
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek;
What the muſe freely thinks, ſhe'll freely ſpeak.
With juſt diſdain of ev'ry paltry ſneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpoſe fix'd and to herſelf a rule,
Public contempt ſhall wait the public fool.
Auſtin would always gliſten in French ſilks,
Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks.
For who, like Ackman, can with humour pleaſe;
Who can, like Packer, charm with ſprightly eaſe?
Higher than all the reſt, ſee Branſby ſtrut:
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
Ludicrous Nature! which at once could ſhew
A man ſo very high, ſo very low.
If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I ſay
Aught hurtful, may I never ſee thee play.
Let critic, with a ſupercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare
Frenchman is ſtill at top;—but ſcorn that rage
Which, in attacking thee attacks the age.
French follies, univerſally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taſte.
Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random cenſur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have Britons drawn their ſport, with partial view
Form'd gen'ral notions from the raſcal few;
Condemn'd a people as for vices known,
Which, from their country baniſh'd, ſeek our own.
At length, howe'er, the ſlaviſh chain is broke,
And Senſe awaken'd, ſcorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raiſe
Mirth from their foibles, from their virtues, praiſe.
Next came the legion, which our *Summer* Bayes,
From alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raiſe,
Fluſh'd with vaſt hopes, and certain to ſucceed
With Wits who cannot write, and ſcarce can read.
Vet'rans no more ſupport the rotten cauſe,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applauſe;
Each on himſelf determines to rely,
Be Yates diſbanded, and let Elliot fly.
Never did play'rs ſo well an author fit,
To Nature dead, and foes declared to Wit.
So loud each tongue, ſo empty was each head,
So much they talk'd, ſo very little ſaid,
So wond'rous dull, and yet ſo wond'rous vain,
At once ſo willing, and unfit to reign,
That Reaſon ſwore, nor would the oath recall,
Their mighty maſter's ſoul inform'd them all.
As one with various diſappointments ſad,
Whom Dullneſs only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the reſt great Murphy came—
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.
What tho' the ſons of Nonſenſe hail him SIRE,
AUDITOR, AUTHOR, MANAGER, and SQUIRE,
His reſtleſs ſoul's ambition ſtops not there,
To make his triumphs perfect, dub him PLAYER.
In perſon tall, a perſon form'd to pleaſe,
If ſymmetry could charm, depriv'd of eaſe;
When motionleſs he ſtands, we all approve,
What pity 'tis the *Thing* was made to move.
His voice, in one dull, deep, and varied ſound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground.
From hollow cheſt the low ſepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and ſtruggles in his throat.
Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All muſt to him reſign the foremoſt place.
When he attempts, in ſome fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honeſt features the diſguiſe defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lye.
Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or ſtupidly ſerene.
In cold-wrought ſcenes the lifeleſs actor flags,
In paſſion, tears the paſſion into rags.
Can none remember?—Yes—I know all muſt—
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to duſt,
When o'er the ſtage he Folly's ſtandard bore,
Whilſt Common-Senſe ſtood trembling at the door.
How few are found with real talents bleſs'd,
Fewer with Nature's gifts contented reſt.
Man from his ſphere eccentric ſtarts aſtray;
All hunt for fame; but moſt miſtake the way.
Bred at St. Omer's to the ſhuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a Jeſuit might have made,
With various readings ſtor'd his empty ſkull,
Learn'd without ſenſe, and venerably dull;
Or, at ſome banker's deſk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four,
His name had ſtood in CITY ANNALS fair,
And *prudent* Dullneſs mark'd him for a Mayor.

What then could tempt thee in a critic age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a ſtage?
Could it be worth thy wond'rous waſte of pains
To publiſh to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not reaſon e'en to thee have ſhewn
Thy greateſt praiſe had been to live *unknown?*
Yet let not vanity, like thine, deſpair:
Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.
A vacant throne high plac'd in Smithfield view,
To ſacred Dullneſs and her *firſt-born* due,
Thither with haſte in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there.
Shuter himſelf ſhall own thy juſter claim,
And venal Ledgers puff their Murphy's name,
Whilſt Vaughan* or Dapper, call him which you will,
Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.
There rule ſecure from critics and from ſenſe,
Nor once ſhall Genius riſe to give offence;
Eternal peace ſhall bleſs the happy ſhore,
And little Factions break thy reſt no more.
From Covent-Garden crowds promiſcuous go,
Whom the Muſe knows not, nor deſires to know.
Vet'rans they ſeem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore:
Like Weſtminſter militia train'd to fight,
They ſcarcely knew the left hand from the right.
Aſham'd among ſuch troops to ſhew the head,
Their chiefs were ſcatter'd, and their heroes fled.
Sparks at his glaſs ſat comfortably down
To ſep'rate frown from ſmile, and ſmile from frown;
Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the ſmart,
Smith was juſt gone to ſchool to ſay his part;
Roſs (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was faſt aſleep at dear Statira's feet;
Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as faſt aſleep as he;
Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd ſounds,
Who wantonly tranſgreſſes Nature's bounds,
Whoſe acting's hard, affected, and conſtrain'd,
Whoſe features, as each other they diſdain'd,
At variance ſet, inflexible and coarſe,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly ſoften to each other's aid,
Nor ſhew the mingled pow'rs of light and ſhade,
No longer for a thankleſs ſtage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,
Harangu'd, gave lectures, made each ſimple elf
Almoſt as good a ſpeaker as himſelf;
Whilſt the whole Town, and with miſtaken zeal,
An aukward rage for Elocution feel;
Dull Cits and grave Divines his praiſe proclaim,
And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name;
Shuter, who never car'd a ſingle pin
Whether he left out nonſenſe or put in,
Who aim'd at wit, tho' level'd in the dark,
The random arrow ſeldom hit the mark,
At Iſlington, all by the placid ſtream
Where City ſwains in lap of dullneſs dream,
Where, quiet as her ſtrains their ſtrains *do* flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know,
Secret as night, with Rolt's experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected ſchemes the ſummer months to chear,
And ſpin out happy Folly through the year.

But think not, though theſe daſtard-chiefs a
fled,
That Covent-Garden troops ſhall want a head:
Harlequin comes their chief!—See from afar,
The hero ſeated in fantaſtic car!
Wedded to *Novelty*, his only arms
Are wooden ſwords, wands, taliſmans, and charms;
On one ſide Folly ſits, by ſome call'd Fun,
And on the other, his arch-patron Lun.
Behind, for liberty a-thirſt in vain,
Senſe, helpleſs captive, drags the galling chain.
Six rude miſ-ſhapen beaſts the chariot draw,
Whom Reaſon loaths, and Nature never ſaw;
Monſters, with tails of ice, and heads of fire;
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.
Each was beſtrode by full as monſtrous wight,
Giant, Dwarf, Genius, Elf, Hermaphrodite.
The Town, as uſual, met him in full cry;
The Town, as uſual, knew no reaſon why.
But Faſhion ſo directs, and moderns raiſe
On Faſhion's mould'ring baſe their tranſient praiſe.
Next, to the field a band of females draw
Their force; for Britain owns no Salique law:
Juſt to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.
Firſt, giggling, plotting chamber-maids arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by Gen'ral Clive.
In ſpite of outward blemiſhes, ſhe ſhone
For humour fam'd, and humour all her own.
Eaſy, as if at home, the ſtage ſhe trod,
Nor ſought the critic's praiſe, nor fear'd his rod,
Original in ſpirit and in eaſe,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to pleaſe.
No comic actreſs ever yet could raiſe,
On Humour's baſe, more merit or more praiſe.
With all the native vigour of ſixteen,
Among the merry troop conſpicuous ſeen,
See lively Pope advance in *jig* and *trip*,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without Art, but then to Nature true,
She charms the Town with humour juſt, yet new.
Chear'd by her promiſe, we the loſs deplore
The fatal time when Clive ſhall be no more.
Lo! Vincent comes—with ſimple grace array'd,
She laughs at paltry arts, and ſcorns parade.
Nature through her is by reflection ſhewn,
Whilſt Gay once more knows Polly for his own.
Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I ſee it all, but muſt forgive it here.
Defects like theſe which *modeſt* terrors cauſe,
From impudence itſelf extort applauſe.
Candour and Reaſon ſtill take Virtue's part;
We love e'en foibles in ſo good an heart.
Let Tommy Arne, with uſual pomp of ſtile,
Whoſe chief, whoſe only merit's to compile,
Who, meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Deals muſic out as Murphy deals out wit,
Publiſh propoſals, laws for taſte preſcribe,
And chaunt the praiſe of an Italian trite;
Let him reverſe kind Nature's firſt decrees,
And teach e'en Brent a method not to pleaſe;
But never ſhall a truly Britiſh age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the ſtage.
The boaſted work's call'd National in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the ſtrain.
Where tyrants rule, and ſlaves with joy obey,
Let ſlaviſh minſtrels pour th' enervate lay;

* A gentleman ſtill living, who publiſhed, at this juncture, a Poem entitled, "The Retort." E.

To Britons far more noble pleaſures ſpring,
In native notes whilſt Beard and Vincent ſing.
Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival ſhould with Yates diſpute her claim;
But juſtice may not partial trophies raiſe,
Nor ſink the actreſs in the woman's praiſe.
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features ſhew:
For, through the regions of that beauteous face,
We no variety of paſſions trace;
Dead to the ſoft emotions of the heart,
No kindred ſoftneſs can thoſe eyes impart;
The brow, ſtill fix'd in ſorrow's ſullen frame,
Void of diſtinction, marks all parts the ſame.
What's a fine perſon, or a beauteous face,
Unleſs deportment gives them decent grace?
Bleſs'd with all other requiſites to pleaſe,
Some want the ſtriking elegance of eaſe;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They ſeem like puppets led about by wires.
Others, like ſtatues, in one poſture ſtill,
Give great ideas of the workman's ſkill;
Wond'ring, his art we praiſe the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too.
Weak of themſelves are what we beauties call,
It is the manner which gives ſtrength to all.
This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the nobleſt light.
Happy in this, behold, amidſt the throng,
With tranſient gleam of grace, Hart ſweeps along.
If all the wonders of external grace,
A perſon finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, union rare, expreſſion's lively force
With beauty's ſofteſt magic holds diſcourſe,
Attract the eye; if feelings, void of art,
Rouze the quick paſſions, and inflame the heart;
If muſic, ſweetly breathing from the tongue,
Captives the ear, Bride muſt not paſs unſung.
When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,
By time and cuſtom conquer'd, ſhall retreat;
When judgment tutor'd by experience ſage,
Shall ſhoot abroad, and gather ſtrength from age;
When heav'n in mercy ſhall the ſtage releaſe
From the dull ſlumbers of a ſtill life-piece;
When ſome ſtale flow'r, diſgraceful to the walk,
Which long hath hung, tho' wither'd on the ſtalk,
Shall kindly drop, then Bride ſhall make her way,
And merit find a paſſage to the day;
Brought into action, ſhe at once ſhall raiſe
Her own renown, and juſtify our praiſe.
Form'd for the tragic ſcene, to grace the ſtage,
With rival excellence of love and rage,
Miſtreſs of each ſoft art, with matchleſs ſkill
To turn and wind the paſſions as ſhe will;
To melt the heart with ſympathetic woe,
Awake the ſigh, and teach the tear to flow;
To put on frenzy's wild diſtracted glare,
And freeze the ſoul with horror and deſpair;
With juſt deſert enroll'd in endleſs frame,
Conſcious of worth ſuperior, Cibber came.
When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,
And ſtrongly imag'd griefs her mind diſtract;
Struck with her grief, I catch the madneſs too!
My brain turns round, the headleſs trunk I view!
The roof cracks, ſhakes and falls!—New horrors riſe,
And reaſon buried in the ruin lies.

Nobly diſdainful of each ſlaviſh art,
She makes her firſt attack upon the heart:
Pleas'd with the ſummons, it receives her laws,
And all is ſilence, ſympathy, applauſe.
But when, by fond ambition drawn aſide,
Giddy with praiſe, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragic ſcene, and, in pretence
To comic merit, breaks down Nature's fence;
I ſcarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber through the dark diſguiſe.
Pritchard, by nature for the ſtage deſign'd,
In perſon graceful, and in ſenſe refin'd;
Her art as much as Nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemiſh as her fame.
Who knows ſo well in majeſty to pleaſe,
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of eaſe?
When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Mooriſh race;
When love, hate, jealouſy, deſpair and rage,
With wildeſt tumults in her breaſt engage;
Still equal to herſelf is Zara ſeen;
Her paſſions are the paſſions of a queen.
When ſhe to murther whets the timorous Thane,
I feel ambition ruſh through every vein;
Perſuaſion hangs upon her daring tongue,
My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new ſtrung.
In Comedy—"Nay, there," cries Critic, "hold,
"Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old.
"Who can, with patience, bear the gray coquette,
"Or force a laugh with over-grown Juliet?
"Her ſpeech, look, action, humour, all are juſt;
"But then, her age and figure give diſguſt."
Are foibles then, and graces of the mind,
In real life, to ſize or age confin'd?
Do ſpirits flow, and is good breeding plac'd
In any ſet circumference of waiſt?
As we grow old, doth affectation ceaſe,
Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?
If in originals theſe things appear,
Why ſhould we bar them in the copy here?
The nice punctilio mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the ſtage,
Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
Some ſtandard-meaſure for each part ſhould find,
Which then the beſt of actors ſhall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of ſmaller breed.
All actors too upon the back ſhould bear
Certificate of birth;——time, when;——place, where.
For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unleſs they know the minute of their birth?
An audience too, may find too late
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.
Figure, I own, at firſt may give offence,
And harſhly ſtrike the eye's too curious ſenſe:
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaſte ſallies, judgment's ſolid worth;
When the pure genuine flame, by Nature taught,
Springs into ſenſe, and ev'ry action's thought;
Before ſuch merit all objections fly;
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's ſix feet high.
Oft have I, Pritchard, ſeen thy wond'rous ſkill,
Confeſs'd thee great, but find thee greater ſtill.
That worth, which ſhone in ſcatter'd rays before,
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
The Jealous Wife! on that thy trophies raiſe,
Inferior only to the author's praiſe.

From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance
For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
And like a flood rush o'er the land of love,
Mossop and Barry came—names ne'er design'd
By fate in the same sentence to be join'd.
Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of fame;
There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
Thus sportive boys, around some bason's brim,
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim:
But if from lungs more potent, there arise
Two bubbles of a more than common size,
Eager for honour they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right hand man.
Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,
The right hand labours, and the left lies still;
For he resolv'd on scripture-grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left hand shall not know.
With studied impropriety of speech,
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies wait;
In ways first trodden by himself excels,
And stands alone in undeclinables;
Conjunction, Preposition, Adverb join
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line:
In monosyllables his thunders roll,
HE, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright the soul.

In person taller then the common size,
Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes!
When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent;
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm:
But, all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth, like Echo from her cell,
To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all a-down the stage in feeble murmurs dies.

What man, like Barry, with such pains, can err
In elocution, action, character?
What man could give—if Barry was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear?
Who else can speak so very, very fine,
That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line?

Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare.
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim.—
From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art,
Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, ha! a start.

When he appears most perfect, still we find
Something which jars upon, and hurts the mind.
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We see too plainly they are not his own.
No flame from Nature ever yet he caught;
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught;
He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
And conn'd his passions, as he conn'd his part.

Quin, from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame,
A stage Leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?
Grey-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themselves were young;
Who having lost all relish for the stage,
See not their own defects, but lash the age,
Receiv'd with joyful murmurs of applause,
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cause.

Far be it from the candid Muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
But, just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns;
Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But though prescription's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place;
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.

His words bore sterling weight, nervous and strong
In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.

Speech! Is that all?—And shall an actor found
An universal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
With strict propriety their care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.
To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel;
But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.

His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the tullen habit of his soul.
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependant virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
From the tame scene, which without passion flows,
With just desert his reputation rose;
Nor less he pleas'd, when, on some surly plan,
He was, at once, the actor and the man.

In Brute he shone unequall'd: all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,
With equal praise the actor labour'd too;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small diff'rence 'twixt the Stoic and the brute.
In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, sink the man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff,—still 'was Quin.

Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame.
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit: That allows him none.
Between them both, we'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob Judgment of her force.

Just his conceptions, natural and great:
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.

Was ſpeech-ſam'd Quin himſelf to hear him ſpeak,
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek:
But ſtep-dame Nature, niggard of her grace,
Deny'd the ſocial pow'rs of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Paſſions, like chaos, in confuſion lie:
In vain the wonders of his ſkill are try'd
To form diſtinctions Nature hath deny'd.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep and ſhrill by fits:
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the ſake of ſtrife.
His action's always ſtrong, but ſometimes ſuch,
That candour muſt declare he acts too much.
Why muſt impatience fall three paces back?
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right-leg too forbid to ſtir,
Unleſs in motion ſemicircular?
Why muſt the hero with the Nailor vie,
And hurl the cloſe-clench'd fiſt at noſe or eye?
In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a ſhame,
To fright a king ſo harmleſs and ſo tame?
But, ſpite of all defects, his glories riſe;
And Art, by Judgment form'd, with Nature vies:
Behold him ſound the depth of Hubert's ſoul,
Whilſt in his own contending paſſions roll;
View the whole ſcene, with critic judgment ſcan,
And then deny him merit if you can.
Where he falls ſhort, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
Where he ſucceeds, the merit's all his own.
Laſt Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train
Of ſnarling critics, ignorant as vain.
One finds out—"He's of ſtature ſomewhat low,—
"Your Hero always ſhould be tall, you know.—
"True nat'ral greatneſs all conſiſts in height."
Produce your voucher, Critic.—"Serjeant Kite."
Another can't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to ſhallow hearts;
Mere pieces of fineſſe, traps for applauſe—
"Avaunt, unnat'ral ſtart, affected pauſe."
For me, by Nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholeſale, nor condemn.
The beſt things carried to exceſs are wrong:
The ſtart may be too frequent, pauſe too long;
But, only us'd in proper time and place,
Severeſt judgment muſt allow them grace.
If bunglers, form'd on imitation's plan,
Juſt in the way that monkies mimic man,
Their copied ſcene with mangled arts diſgrace,
And pauſe and ſtart with the ſame vacant face;
We join the critic laugh; thoſe tricks we ſcorn,
Which ſpoil the ſcenes they mean them to adorn.
But when, from Nature's pure and genuine ſource,
Theſe ſtrokes of acting flow with gen'rous force,
When in the features all the ſoul's pourtray'd,
And paſſions, ſuch as Garrick's, are diſplay'd,
To me they ſeem from quickeſt feelings caught:
Each ſtart is Nature; and each pauſe is Thought.
When reaſon yields to paſſion's wild alarms,
And the whole ſtate of man is up in arms;
What but a Critic could condemn the Play'r,
For pauſing here, when Cool Senſe pauſes there?
Whilſt, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it ſtrongly flaming to the face;
Whilſt, in each ſound, I hear the very man;
I can't catch words, and pity thoſe who can

Let wits, like ſpiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
The gods,—a kindneſs I with thanks muſt pay,—
Have form'd me of a coarſer kind of clay;
Nor ſtung with envy, nor with ſpleen diſeas'd,
A poor dull creature, ſtill with Nature pleas'd;
Hence to thy praiſes, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleas'd with Nature, muſt be pleas'd with thee.
Now might I tell, how ſilence reign'd throughout,
And deep attention huſh'd the rabble rout:
How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with deſire,
Was pale as aſhes, or as red as fire:
But, looſe to fame, the Muſe more ſimply acts,
Rejects all flouriſh, and relates mere facts.
The judges, as the ſeveral parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each claim,
And, in their ſentence happily agreed,
In name of both, Great Shakeſpeare thus decreed.
"If manly ſenſe; if Nature link'd with Art;
"If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
"If pow'rs of acting vaſt and unconfin'd;
"If feweſt faults with greateſt beauties join'd;
"If ſtrong expreſſion, and ſtrange pow'rs which lie
"Within the magic circle of the eye;
"If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
"And which no face ſo well as his, can ſhew;
"Deſerve the pref'rence;—Garrick, take the chair;
"Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there."

THE

APOLOGY

ADDRESSED TO THE

CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

LAUGHS not the heart, when giants big with pride,
Aſſume the pompous port, the martial ſtride;
O'er arm Herculean heave th' enormous ſhield,
Vaſt as a weaver's beam the javelin wield;
With the loud voice of thund'ring Jove defy,
And dare to ſingle combat—What?—A fly.
And laugh we leſs, when giant names, which ſhine
Eſtabliſh'd, as it were, by *right divine*;
CRITICS, whom ev'ry captive art adores,
To whom glad Science pours forth all her ſtores;
Who high in letter'd reputation ſit,
And hold, Aſtræa-like, the ſcales of wit;
With partial rage ruſh forth,—Oh! ſhame to tell!
To cruſh a bard juſt burſting from the ſhell?
Great are his perils in this ſtormy time
Who raſhly ventures on a ſea of rime.
Around vaſt ſurges roll, winds envious blow,
And jealous rocks and quickſands lurk below:
Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends;
He hurts me moſt who laviſhly commends.
Look thro' the world—in ev'ry other trade
The ſame employment's cauſe of kindneſs made,
At leaſt appearance of good-will creates,
And ev'ry fool puffs off the fool he hates.
Coblers with coblers ſmoke away the night,
And in the common cauſe e'en play'rs unite.

Authors alone, with more than ſavage rage,
Unnat'ral war with brother-authors wage.
The pride of nature would as ſoon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit:
Onward they ruſh at Fame's imperious call,
And, leſs than greateſt, would not be at all.
Smit with the love of honour,—or the pence,
O'er-run with wit, and deſtitute of ſenſe,
Should any novice in the riming trade
With lawleſs pen the realms of verſe invade;
Forth from the court, where ſceptred ſages ſit,
Abus'd with praiſe, and flatter'd into wit;
Where in lethargic majeſty they reign,
And what they won by dulneſs, ſtill maintain;
Legions of factious authors throng at once;
Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
To Hamilton's * the ready lies repair:—
Ne'er was lye made which was not welcome there—
Thence, on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,
The poliſh'd falſhood's into public brought.
Quick-circulating ſlanders mirth afford,
And reputation bleeds in ev'ry word.
A Critic was of old a glorious name,
Whoſe ſanction handed Merit up to Fame;
Beauties as well as faults he brought to view:
His judgment great, and great his candour too.
No ſervile rules drew fickly Taſte aſide;
Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide.
But now, Oh ſtrange reverſe! our Critics bawl
In praiſe of candour with a heart of gall.
Conſcious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
They lurk enſhrouded in the veil of night;
Safe from detection, ſeize th' unwary prey,
And ſtab, like bravoes, all who come that way.
When firſt my Muſe, perhaps more bold than wiſe,
Bad the rude triſle into light ariſe,
Little ſhe thought ſuch tempeſts would enſue;
Leſs, that thoſe tempeſts would be rais'd by you.
The thunder's fury rends the tow'ring oak;
Roſciads, like ſhrubs, might 'ſcape the fatal ſtroke.
Vain thought! a Critic's fury knows no bound;
Drawcanſir-like, he deals deſtruction round;
Nor can we hope he will a ſtranger ſpare,
Who gives no quarter to his friend Voltaire.
Unhappy Genius; plac'd by partial fate
With a free ſpirit in a ſlaviſh ſtate;
Where the reluctant Muſe, oppreſs'd by kings,
Or droops in ſilence, or in fetters ſings;
In vain thy dauntleſs fortitude hath borne
The bigot's furious zeal, and tyrant's ſcorn.
Why didſt thou ſafe from home-bred dangers ſteer,
Reſerv'd to periſh more ignobly here?
Thus, when the Julian tyrant's pride to ſwell
Rome with her Pompey at Pharſalia fell,
The vanquiſh'd chief eſcap'd from Cæſar's hand
To die by ruffian's in a foreign land.
How could theſe ſelf-elected monarchs raiſe
So large an empire on ſo ſmall a baſe?
In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,
Did Genius ſleep, when Dullneſs ſeiz'd the throne?
Whence, abſolute now grown, and free from awe,
She to the ſubject world diſpenſes law.
Without her licence not a letter ſtirs,
And all the captive criſs-croſs-row is her's.
The Stagyrite, who rules from Nature drew,
Opinions gave, but gave his reaſons too.

* Printer of the Critical Review.

Our great Dictators take a ſhorter way—
Who ſhall diſpute what the Reviewers ſay?
Their word's ſufficient; and to aſk a reaſon,
In ſuch a ſtate as theirs, is downright treaſon.
True judgment now with them alone can dwell;
Like Church of Rome, they're grown infallible.
Dull ſuperſtitious readers they deceive,
Who pin their eaſy faith on Critic's ſleeve,
And, knowing nothing, ev'ry thing believe!
But why repine we, that theſe puny elves
Shoot into giants?—We may thank ourſelves;
Fools that we are, like Iſrael's fools of yore,
The calf ourſelves have faſhion'd we adore.
But let true Reaſon once reſume her reign,
This god ſhall dwindle to a Calf again.
Founded on arts which ſhun the face of day,
By the ſame arts they ſtill maintain their ſway.
Wrapp'd in myſterious ſecrecy they riſe,
And, as they are unknown, are ſafe and wiſe.
At whomſoever aim'd, howe'er ſevere
Th' envenom'd ſlander flies, no names appear.
Prudence forbids that ſtep.—Then all might know
And on more equal terms engage the foe.
But now, what Quixote of the age would care
To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air?
By int'reſt join'd, th' expert confederates ſtand,
And play the game into each other's hand.
The vile abuſe, in turn by all deny'd,
Is bandy'd up and down from ſide to ſide:
It flies—hey!—preſto!—like a juggler's ball,
'Till it belongs to nobody at all.
All men and things they know, themſelves known,
And publiſh ev'ry name—except their own.
Nor think this ſtrange—ſecure from vulgar eyes
The nameleſs author paſſes in diſguiſe.
But vet'ran Critics are not ſo deceiv'd,
If vet'ran Critics are to be believ'd.
Once ſeen, they know an author evermore,
Nay ſwear to hands they never ſaw before.
Thus in the Roſciad, beyond chance or doubt,
They, by the writing, found the writers out.
"That's Lloyd's—his manner there you plainly tra
"And all the Actor ſtares you in the face.
"By Colman that was written.—On my life,
"The ſtrongeſt ſymptoms of the Jealous Wife.
"That little diſingenuous piece of ſpite,
"Churchill, a wretch unknown, perhaps might writ
How doth it make judicious readers ſmile,
When authors are detected by their ſtile;
Tho' ev'ry one who knows this author, knows
He ſhifts his ſtile much oftner than his cloaths?
Whence could ariſe this mighty critic ſpleen,
The Muſe a trifler, and her theme ſo mean?
What had I done, that angry Heav'n ſhould ſend
The bitt'reſt foe where moſt I wiſh'd a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchleſs fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground,
So nobler Pickle ſtands ſuperbly bound.
From Livy's temples tear th' hiſtoric crown,
Which with more juſtice blooms upon thine own.
Compar'd with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the Life of Tommy Thumb
Who ever read the Regicide, but ſwore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and under-plots may call,
Here's the right method—have no plot at all.

Who can ſo often in his cauſe engage
The tiny pathos of the Grecian ſtage,
Whilſt horrors riſe, and tears ſpontaneous flow,
At tragic Ha! and no leſs tragic Oh!
To praiſe his nervous weakneſs all agree;
And then for ſweetneſs, who ſo ſweet as he!
Too big for utterance when ſorrows ſwell,
The too big ſorrows flowing tears muſt tell:
But when thoſe flowing tears ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Why—then the voice muſt ſpeak again, you know.
Rude and unſkilful in the Poet's trade,
I kept no Naiads by me *ready-made*;
Ne'er did I colours high in air advance,
Torn from the bleeding ſopperies of France;
No flimſy linſey-woolſey ſcenes I wrote,
With patches here and there like Joſeph's coat.
Me humbler themes befit: Secure, for me,
Let playwrights ſmuggle nonſenſe, duty free:
Secure, for me, ye lambs, ye lambkins bound,
And friſk, and frolic o'er the fairy ground:
Secure, for me, thou pretty little fawn,
Lick Sylvia's hand, and crop the flow'ry lawn:
Uncenſur'd let the gentle breezes rove
Thro' the green umbrage of th' enchanted grove:
Secure, for me, let ſoppiſh Nature ſmile,
And play the coxcomb in the Deſart Iſle.
The ſtage I choſe—a ſubject fair and free—
'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis public property.
All common exhibitions open lie
For praiſe or cenſure to the common eye.
Hence are a thouſand hackney writers fed;
Hence monthly critics earn their daily bread.
This is a gen'ral tax which all muſt pay,
From thoſe who ſcribble, down to thoſe who play.
Actors, a venal crew, receive ſupport
From public bounty, for the public ſport.
To clap or hiſs, all have an equal claim,
The cobler's and his lordſhip's right the ſame.
All join for their ſubſiſtence; all expect
Free leave to praiſe their worth, their faults correct.
When active Pickle Smithfield ſtage aſcends,
The three days wonder of his laughing friends;
Each, or as judgment, or as fancy guides,
The lively wittling praiſes or derides.
And where's the mighty diff'rence, tell me where,
Betwixt a Merry-Andrew and a Player?
The ſtrolling tribe, a deſpicable race,
Like wand'ring Arabs, ſhift from place to place.
Vagrants by law, to juſtice open laid,
They tremble, of the beadle's laſh afraid,
And fawning cringe, for wretched means of life,
To Madam Mayoreſs, or his Worſhip's wife.
The mighty monarch, in theatric ſack,
Carries his whole regalia at his back;
His royal conſort heads the female band,
And leads the heir-apparent in her hand;
The pannier'd aſs creeps on with conſcious pride,
Bearing a future prince on either ſide.
No choice muſicians in this troop are found
To varniſh nonſenſe with the charms of ſound;
No ſwords, no daggers, not one poiſon'd bowl;
No lightning flaſhes here, no thunders roll;
No guards to ſwell the monarch's train are ſhewn;
The monarch here muſt be a hoſt *alone*.
No ſolemn pomp, no ſlow proceſſions here;
No Amnion's entry, and no Juliet's bier.
By need compell'd to proſtitute his art,
The varied actor flies from part to part;
And, ſtrange diſgrace to all theatric pride!
His character is ſhifted with his ſide.
Queſtion and Anſwer he by turns muſt be,
Like that ſmall wit * in Modern Tragedy;
Who, to patch up his fame,—or fill his purſe,—
Still pilfers wretched plans and makes them worſe;
Like gipſies, leſt the ſtolen brat be known,
Defacing firſt, then claiming for his own.
In ſhabby ſtate they ſtrut, and tatter'd robe;
The ſcene a blanket, and a barn the globe.
No high conceits their mod'rate wiſhes raiſe,
Content with humble profit, humble praiſe.
Let dowdies ſimper, and let bumpkins ſtare,
The ſtrolling pageant hero treads in air:
Pleas'd for his hour, he to mankind gives law,
And ſnores the next out on a truſs of ſtraw.
But if kind Fortune, who we ſometimes know
Can take a hero from a puppet-ſhow,
In mood propitious ſhould her fav'rite call
On royal ſtage in royal pomp to bawl,
Forgetful of himſelf he rears the head,
And ſcorns the dunghill where he firſt was bred.
Converſing now with well-dreſs'd kings and queens,
With gods and goddeſſes behind the ſcenes,
He ſweats beneath the terror-nodding plume,
Taught by mock honours real pride t' aſſume.
On this great ſtage the world, no monarch e'er
Was half ſo haughty as a monarch play'r.
Doth it more move our anger or our mirth,
To ſee theſe Things, the loweſt ſons of earth,
Preſume, with ſelf-ſufficient knowledge grac'd,
To rule in Letters, and preſide in Taſte?
The Town's deciſions they no more admit,
Themſelves alone the arbiters of Wit;
And ſcorn the juriſdiction of that court,
To which they owe their being and ſupport.
Actors, like monks of old, now ſacred grown,
Muſt be attack'd by no fools but their own.
Let the vain tyrant ſit amidſt his guards,
His puny *Green-room* Wits and Venal Bards,
Who meanly tremble at the puppet's frown,
And for a playhouſe freedom loſe their own;
In ſpite of new-made laws, and new-made kings,
The free-born Muſe with lib'ral ſpirit ſings.
Bow down, ye ſlaves; before theſe idols fall;
Let Genius ſtoop to them who've none at all;
Ne'er will I flatter, cringe, or bend the knee
To thoſe who, ſlaves to All, are ſlaves to Me.
Actors, as actors, are a lawful game;
The poet's right, and who ſhall bar his claim?
And if, o'er-weening of their little ſkill,
When they have left the ſtage, they're actors ſtill;
If to the ſubject world they ſtill give laws,
With paper crowns and ſceptres made of ſtraws;
If they in cellar or in garret roar,
And kings one night, are kings for evermore;
Shall not bold Truth, e'en there, purſue her theme,
And 'wake the coxcomb from his golden dream?
Or if, well worthy of a better fate,
They riſe ſuperior to their preſent ſtate;
If, with each ſocial virtue grac'd, they blend
The gay companion and the faithful friend;
If they, like Pritchard, join in private life
The tender parent and the virtuous wife;

* Mr. Foote.

Shall not our verſe their praiſe with pleaſure ſpeak,
Though mimics bark, and Envy ſplits her cheek?
No honeſt worth's beneath the Muſe's praiſe;
No greatneſs can above her cenſure raiſe;
Station and wealth to her are trifling things;
She ſtoops to actors, and ſhe ſoars to kings.
Is there a man, in vice and folly bred,
To ſenſe of honour as to virtue dead;
Whom ties nor human, nor divine can bind;
Alien to God, and foe to all mankind;
Who ſpares no character; whoſe ev'ry word,
Bitter as gall, and ſharper than the ſword,
Cuts to the quick; whoſe thoughts with rancour ſwell;
Whoſe tongue, on earth, performs the work of hell;
If there be ſuch a monſter, the Reviews
Shall find him holding forth againſt abuſe.
"Attack profeſſion!—'tis a deadly breach!—
"The Chriſtian laws another leſſon teach:—
"Unto the end ſhall charity endure,
"And Candour hide thoſe faults it cannot cure."
Thus Candour's maxims flow from Rancour's throat,
As devils, to ſerve their purpoſe, Scripture quote.
The Muſe's office was by Heav'n deſign'd
To pleaſe, improve, inſtruct, reform mankind;
To make dejected Virtue nobly riſe
Above the tow'ring pitch of ſplendid Vice;
To make pale Vice, abaſh'd, her head hang down,
And trembling crouch at Virtue's awful frown.
Now arm'd with wrath, ſhe bids eternal ſhame,
With ſtricteſt juſtice, brand the villain's name:
Now in the milder garb of ridicule
She ſports, and pleaſes while ſhe wounds the fool.
Her ſhape is often varied; but her aim,
To prop the cauſe of Virtue, ſtill the ſame.
In praiſe of mercy let the guilty bawl,
When Vice and Folly for correction call,
Silence the mark of weakneſs juſtly bears,
And is partaker of the crimes it ſpares.
But if the Muſe, too cruel in her mirth,
With harſh reflections wounds the man of worth;
If wantonly ſhe deviates from her plan,
And quits the Actor to expoſe the Man;
Aſham'd, ſhe marks that paſſage with a blot,
And hates the line where Candour was forgot.
But what is Candour, what is Humour's vein,
Tho' Judgment join to conſecrate the ſtrain,
If curious numbers will not aid afford,
Nor choiceſt muſic play in ev'ry word?
Verſes muſt run, to charm a modern ear,
From all harſh, rugged interruptions clear.
Soft let them breathe, as Zephyr's balmy breeze;
Smooth let their current flow, as ſummer ſeas;
Perfect then only deem'd when they diſpenſe
A happy tuneful vacancy of ſenſe.
Italian fathers thus, with barb'rous rage,
Fit helpleſs infants for the ſqueaking ſtage,
Deaf, to the calls of pity, Nature wound,
And mangle vigour for the ſake of ſound.
Henceforth farewell then fev'riſh thirſt of fame;
Farewell the longings for a poet's name;
Periſh my Muſe;—a wiſh 'bove all ſevere
To him who ever held the Muſes dear—
If e'er her labours weaken to refine
The gen'rous roughneſs of a nervous line.
Others affect the ſtiff and ſwelling phraſe;
Their Muſe muſt walk in ſtilts, and ſtrut in ſtays:
The ſenſe they murder, and the words tranſpoſe,
Leſt poetry approach too near to proſe.
See tortur'd Reaſon how they pare and trim,
And, like Procruſtes, ſtretch or lop the limb.
Waller, whoſe praiſe ſucceeding bards rehearſe,
Parent of harmony in Engliſh verſe,
Whoſe tuneful Muſe in ſweeteſt accents flows,
In couplets firſt taught ſtraggling ſenſe to cloſe.
In poliſh'd numbers, and majeſtic ſound,
Where ſhall thy rival, Pope, be ever found?
But whilſt each line with equal beauty flows,
E'en excellence, unvaried tedious grows.
Nature, thro' all her works, in great degree,
Borrows a bleſſing from Variety.
Muſic itſelf her needful aid requires
To rouze the ſoul, and wake our dying fires.
Still in one key, the Nightingale would teize:
Still in one key, not Brent would always pleaſe.
Here let me bend, great Dryden, at thy ſhrine,
Thou deareſt name to all the tuneful Nine.
What if ſome dull lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet ſeems to ſleep,
Still, when his ſubject riſes proud to view,
With equal ſtrength the poet riſes too.
With ſtrong invention, nobleſt vigour fraught,
Thought ſtill ſprings up and riſes out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers in their courſe;
In varied ſweetneſs flow, in varied force;
The pow'rs of Genius and of Judgment join,
And the whole art of Poetry is thine.
But what are numbers, what are bards to me,
Forbid to tread the paths of poeſy?
"A ſacred Muſe ſhould conſecrate her pen;
"Prieſts muſt not hear nor ſee like other men;
"Far higher themes ſhould her ambition claim;
"Behold where Sternhold points the way to fame."
Whilſt with miſtaken zeal dull bigots burn,
Let Reaſon for a moment take her turn.
When coffee-ſages hold diſcourſe with kings,
And blindly walk in paper-leading ſtrings,
What if a man delight to paſs his time
In ſpinning Reaſon into harmleſs rime;
Or ſometimes boldly venture to the play!
Say, Where's the crime?—great Man of Prudence ſay?
No two on earth in all things can agree;
All have ſome darling ſingularity;
Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
In gew-gaws take delight, and ſigh for toys.
Your ſceptres, and your crowns, and ſuch like things,
Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
In things indiff'rent Reaſon bids us chuſe,
Whether the whim's a Monkey, or a Muſe.
What the grave triflers on this buſy ſcene,
When they make uſe of this word Reaſon, mean,
I know not; but, according to my plan,
'Tis Lord Chief-Juſtice in the Court of Man,
Equally form'd to rule in age or youth,
The friend of Virtue, and the guide to Truth.
To Her I bow, whoſe ſacred pow'r I feel;
To Her deciſion make my laſt appeal;
Condemn'd by Her, applauding worlds in vain
Should tempt me to take up the pen again:
By Her abſolv'd, my courſe I'll ſtill purſue;
If Reaſon's for me, GOD is for me too.

NIGHT.

AN EPISTLE TO

ROBERT LLOYD.

WHEN foes inſult, and *prudent* friends diſpenſe,
In pity's ſtrains, the worſt of inſolence,
Oft with thee, LLOYD, I ſteal an hour from grief,
And in thy ſocial converſe find relief.
The mind, of ſolitude impatient grown,
Loves any ſorrows rather than her own.
Let ſlaves to buſineſs, bodies without ſoul,
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,
Solemnize nonſenſe in the day's broad glare,
We NIGHT prefer, which heals or hides our care.
Rogues juſtified, and by ſucceſs made bold,
Dull fools and coxcombs ſanctified by gold,
Freely may baſk in Fortune's partial ray,
And ſpread their feather's op'ning to the day;
But *thread-bare* Merit dares not ſhew the head
'Till vain Proſperity retires to bed.
Misfortunes, like the owl, avoid the light;
The ſons of Care are always ſons of Night.
The wretch bred up in Method's drowſy ſchool,
Whoſe only merit is to err by rule,
Who ne'r thro' heat of blood was tripping caught,
Nor guilty deem'd of one eccentric thought,
Whoſe ſoul directed to no uſe is ſeen,
Unleſs to move the body's dull machine,
Which, clock-work like, with the ſame equal pace,
Still travels on thro' life's inſipid ſpace;
Turns up his eyes to think that there ſhould be
Among God's creatures two ſuch things as *we:*
Then for his night-cap calls, and thanks the pow'rs
Which kindly gave him grace to keep *good hours.*
Good hours—Fine words!—But was it ever ſeen
That all men could agree in what they mean?
Florio, who many years a courſe hath run
In downright oppoſition to the ſun,
Expatiates on *good hours*, their cauſe defends
With as much vigour as our *prudent* friends.
Th' uncertain term no ſettled notion brings,
But ſtill in diff'rent mouths mean diff'rent things.
Each takes the phraſe in his own private view.
With Prudence it is ten, with Florio two.
Go on, ye fools, who talk for talking ſake,
Without diſtinguiſhing diſtinctions make,
Shine forth in native folly, native pride,
Make yourſelves rules to all the world beſide;
Reaſon, collected in herſelf, diſdains
The ſlaviſh yoke of arbitrary chains;
Steady and true, each circumſtance ſhe weighs,
Nor to bare words inglorious tribute pays.
Men of ſenſe live exempt from vulgar awe,
And Reaſon to herſelf alone is law.
That freedom ſhe enjoys with lib'ral mind,
Which ſhe as freely grants to all mankind.
No idol titled name her rev'rence ſtirs,
No hour ſhe blindly to the reſt prefers;
All are alike, if they're alike employ'd,
And all are good if *virtuouſly* enjoy'd.
Let the ſage Doctor (think him one we know)
With ſcraps of ancient learning overflow,
In all the dignity of *wig* declare
The fatal conſequence of midnight air,
How damps and vapours, as it were by ſtealth,
Undermine life, and ſap the walls of health,
For me let Galen moulder on the ſhelf,
I'll live, and be phyſician to myſelf.
While ſoul is join'd to body, whether fate
Allot a longer or a ſhorter date;
I'll make them live as brother ſhould with brother,
And keep them in good-humour with each other.
The ſureſt road to health, ſay what they will,
Is never to ſuppoſe we ſhall be ill.
Moſt of thoſe evils we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.
Hence to old women with your boaſted rules,
Stale traps, and only ſacred now to fools;
As well may ſons of phyſic hope to find
One med'cine, as one hour, for all mankind.
If Rupert after ten is out of bed,
The fool next morning can't hold up his head.
What reaſon this which *me* to bed muſt call,
Whoſe head (thank heaven) never aches at all?
In diff'rent courſes diff'rent tempers run,
He hates the Moon, I ſicken at the Sun.
Wound up at twelve at noon, *his* clock goes right;
Mine better goes, wound up at twelve at night.
Then in Oblivion's grateful cup I drown
The galling ſneer, the ſupercilious frown,
The ſtrange reſerve; the proud affected ſtate
Of upſtart knaves grown rich, and fools grown great.
No more that abject wretch diſturbs my reſt,
Who meanly overlooks a friend diſtreſt.
Purblind to poverty the wordling goes,
And ſcarce ſees rags an inch beyond his noſe:
But from a crowd can ſingle out his grace,
And cringe and creep to fools who ſtrut in lace.
Whether thoſe claſſic regions are ſurvey'd
Where we in earlieſt youth together ſtray'd,
Where hand in hand we trod the flow'ry ſhore,
Tho' now thy happier genius runs before,
When we conſpir'd a thankleſs wretch to raiſe,
And taught a *ſtump* to ſhoot with pilfer'd praiſe,
Who once for *Rev'rend* merit famous grown,
Gratefully ſtrove to kick his Maker down;
Or if more gen'ral arguments engage,
The court or camp, the pulpit, bar or ſtage;
If half-bred ſurgeons, whom men doctors call,
And lawyers, who were never bred at all,
Thoſe mighty letter'd monſters of the earth,
Our pity move, or exerciſe our mirth;
Or if in tittle-tattle, tooth-pick way,
Our rambling thoughts with eaſy freedom ſtray;
A gainer ſtill thy friend himſelf muſt find,
His grief ſuſpended, and improv'd his mind.
Whilſt peaceful ſlumbers bleſs the homely bed,
Where Virtue, ſelf-approv'd, reclines her head;
Whilſt Vice beneath imagin'd horrors mourns,
And Conſcience plants the villain's couch with thorns;
Impatient of reſtraint, the active Mind,
No more by ſervile prejudice confin'd,
Leaps from her ſeat, as waken'd from a trance,
And darts through Nature at a ſingle glance.
Then we our friends, our foes, ourſelves, ſurvey,
And ſee by Night what fools we are by Day.
Strip of her gaudy plumes and vain diſguiſe,
See where Ambition mean and loathſome lies;
Reflection with relentleſs hand pulls down
The tyrant's bloody wreath and raviſh'd crown.
In vain he tells of battles bravely won,
Of nations conquer'd, and of worlds undone:
Triumphs like theſe but ill with manhood ſuit,
And ſink the conqueror beneath the brute.

But if, in ſearching round the world, we find
Some gen'rous youth, the friend of all mankind,
Whoſe anger, like the bolt of Jove, is ſped
In terrors only at the guilty head,
Whoſe mercies, like Heaven's dew, refreſhing fall
In gen'ral love and charity to all,
Pleas'd we behold ſuch worth on any throne,
And doubly pleas'd we find it on our own.
Through a falſe medium things are ſhewn by Day,
Pomp, wealth, and titles, judgment lead aſtray.
How many from appearance borrow ſtate,
Whom Night diſdains to number with the Great!
Muſt not we laugh to ſee yon *lordling* proud
Snuff up vile incenſe from a fawning crowd?
Whilſt in his beam ſurrounding clients play,
Like inſects in the ſun's enliv'ning ray,
Whilſt, Jehu-like, he drives at furious rate,
And ſeems the only charioteer of ſtate,
Talking himſelf into a little God,
And ruling empires with a ſingle nod;
Who would not think, to hear him law diſpenſe,
That he had int'reſt, and that they had ſenſe?
Injurious thought! Beneath Night's honeſt ſhade,
When pomp is buried and falſe colours fade,
Plainly we ſee at that impartial hour
Them dupes to pride, and *him* the tool of pow'r.
God help the man, condemn'd by cruel fate
To court the ſeeming, or the real great.
Much ſorrow ſhall he feel, and ſuffer more
Than any ſlave who labours at the oar.
By ſlaviſh methods muſt he learn to pleaſe,
By ſmooth-tongu'd flatt'ry, that curſt *court-diſeaſe*,
Supple to ev'ry wayward mood ſtrike ſail,
And ſhift with ſhifting humour's peeviſh gale.
To Nature dead, he muſt adopt vile Art,
And wear a ſmile with anguiſh in his heart.
A ſenſe of honour would deſtroy his ſchemes,
And Conſcience ne'er would ſpeak unleſs in dreams.
When he hath tamely borne for many years
Cold looks, ſorbidding frowns, contemptuous ſneers;
When he at laſt expects, good eaſy man,
To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,
Some cringing Lacquey, or rapacious Whore,
To favours of the great the ſureſt door,
Some Catamite, or Pimp, in credit grown,
Who tempts another's wife, or ſells his own,
Steps croſs his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,
And for ſome Minion's Minion claims the prize.
Foe to reſtraint, unpractis'd in deceit,
Too reſolute, from Natures active heat,
To brook affronts, and tamely paſs them by;
Too proud to flatter, too ſincere to lye,
Too plain to pleaſe, too honeſt to be great;
Give me, kind Heav'n, an humbler, happier ſtate;
Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
Where raſcals promiſe, and where fools believe;
Far from the walk of folly, vice and ſtrife,
Calm, independent, let me ſteal thro' life,
Nor one vain wiſh my ſteady thoughts beguile
To fear his lordſhip's frown, or court his ſmile.
Unfit for Greatneſs, I her ſnares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye.
To others let the glitt'ring bawbles fall,
Content ſhall place us far above them all.
Spectators only on this buſtling ſtage,
We ſee what vain deſigns mankind engage;
Vice after vice with ardour they purſue,
And one old folly brings forth twenty new.
Perplex'd with trifles thro' the vale of life,
Man ſtrives 'gainſt man, without a cauſe for ſtrife;
Armies embattled meet, and thouſands bleed
For ſome vile ſpot where fifty cannot feed.
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire kings ambitious fight;
What odds?—To us 'tis all the ſelf-ſame thing,
A Nut, a World, a Squirrel, and a King.
Britons, like Roman ſpirits fam'd of old,
Are caſt by nature in a Patriot mould;
No private joy, no private grief they know,
Their ſoul's ingroſs'd by public weal or woe.
Inglorious eaſe, like ours, they greatly ſcorn:
Let care with nobler wreaths their brows adorn.
Gladly they toil beneath the ſtateſman's pains,
Give them but credit for a ſtateſman's brains.
All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
To rule in politics as well as wit.
The grave, the gay, the ſopling, and the dunce,
Start up (God bleſs us!) ſtateſmen all at once.
His mighty charge of ſouls the prieſt forgets,
The court-bred lord his promiſes and debts,
Soldiers their fame, miſers forget their pelf,
The rake his miſtreſs, and the ſop himſelf;
Whilſt thoughts of higher moment claim their care,
And their wiſe heads the weight of kingdoms bear.
Females themſelves the glorious ardour feel,
And boaſt an equal, or a greater zeal;
From nymph to nymph the ſtate-infection flies,
Swells in her breaſt, and ſparkles in her eyes.
O'erwhelm'd by politics lie malice, pride,
Envy, and twenty other faults beſide.
No more their little ſlutt'ring hearts confeſs
A paſſion for applauſe, or rage for dreſs;
No more they pant for Public Raree-ſhows,
Or loſe one thought on monkeys or on beaux.
Coquettes no more purſue the jilting plan,
And luſtful prudes forget to rail at man,
The darling theme CÆCILIA's ſelf will chuſe,
Nor thinks of ſcandal whilſt ſhe talks of news.
The CIT, a Common-Council-Man by place,
Ten thouſand mighty nothings in his face,
By ſituation as by nature great,
With nice preciſion parcels out the ſtate;
Proves and diſproves, affirms, and then denies,
Objects himſelf, and to himſelf replies;
Wielding aloft the politician rod,
Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god;
Maintains, e'en to the very teeth of pow'r,
The ſame thing right and wrong in half an hour.
Now all is well, now he ſuſpects a plot,
And plainly proves, WHATEVER IS, IS NOT.
Fearfully wiſe, he ſhakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread.
His uſeleſs ſcales are in a corner flung,
And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.
Peace to ſuch triflers; be our happier plan
To paſs thro' life as eaſy as we can.
Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor ſtirs my curioſity, nor ſpleen.
Secrets of ſtate no more I wiſh to know
Than ſecret movements of a Puppet-ſhow;
Let but the puppets move, I've my deſire,
Unſeeen the hand which *guides* the Maſter-wire.
What is't to us, if taxes riſe or fall,
Thanks to our fortune we pay none at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament thoſe hardſhips which we cannot feel.

His Grace who ſmarts, may bellow if he pleaſe,
But muſt I bellow too, who ſit at eaſe?
By cuſtom ſafe, the poet's numbers flow,
Free as the light and air ſome years ago.
No ſtateſman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours, and exciſe our brains.
Burthens like theſe vile earthly buildings bear,
No tribute's laid on *caſtles* in the *air*.
Let then the flames of war deſtructive reign,
And England's terrors awe *imperious* Spain;
Let ev'ry *venal clan* and *neutral* tribe
Learn to receive conditions, not preſcribe;
Let each new year call loud for new ſupplies,
And tax on tax with double burthens riſe:
Exempt we ſit, by no rude cares oppreſt,
And, having little, are with little bleſt.
All real ills in dark oblivion lie,
And joys, by fancy form'd, their place ſupply,
Night's laughing hours unheeded ſlip away,
Nor one dull thought foretells th' approach of Day.
Thus have we liv'd, and whilſt the fates afford
Plain plenty to ſupply the frugal board,
Whilſt Mirth with Decency his lovely bride,
And Wine's gay God, with Temp'rance by his ſide,
Their welcome viſit pay; whilſt Health attends
The narrow circle of our choſen friends,
Whilſt frank Good-Humour conſecrates the treat,
And Woman makes ſociety complete,
Thus will we live, tho' in our teeth are hurl'd
Thoſe *hackney ſtrumpets*, Prudence and the World.
Prudence, of old a ſacred term, imply'd
Virtue, with godlike Wiſdom for her guide,
But now in general uſe is known to mean
The ſtalking-horſe of vice, and folly's ſcreen.
The ſenſe perverted we retain the name,
Hypocriſy and Prudence are the ſame.
A Tutor once, more read in men than books,
A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,
Demurely ſly, with high preferment bleſt,
His fav'rite pupil in theſe words addreſſed:
Would'ſt thou, my ſon, be wiſe and virtuous deem'd,
By all mankind a prodigy eſteem'd?
Be this thy rule; be what men *prudent* call;
Prudence, almighty Prudence, gives thee all.
Keep up appearances, there lies the teſt,
The world will give thee credit for the reſt.
Outward be fair, however foul within;
Sin if thou wilt, but then in ſecret ſin.
This maxim's into common favour grown,
Vice is no longer vice, unleſs 'tis known.
Virtue indeed may barefac'd take the field;
But vice is virtue when 'tis well conceal'd.
Should raging paſſions drive thee to a whore,
Let Prudence lead thee to a *poſtern* door;
Stay out all night, but take eſpecial care
That Prudence bring thee back to early prayer.
As one with watching and with ſtudy faint,
Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a ſaint.
With joy the youth this uſeful leſſon heard,
And in his mem'ry ſtor'd each precious word,
Succeſsfully purſu'd the plan, and *now*,
"Room for my Lord,—Virtue ſtand by and bow."
And is this all—is this the worldings art,
To maſk, but not mend a vicious heart?
Shall lukewarm caution and demeanor grave
For wiſe and good ſtamp ev'ry ſupple knave?
Shall wretches whom no real virtue warms,
Gild fair their names and ſtates with empty forms,
Whilſt Virtue ſeeks in vain the wiſh'd-for prize,
Becauſe, diſdaining ill, ſhe hates diſguiſe;
Becauſe ſhe frankly pours forth all her ſtore,
Seems what ſhe *is*, and ſcorns to paſs for more?
Well—be it ſo—let vile diſſemblers hold
Unenvy'd pow'r, and boaſt their dear-bought gold,
Me neither pow'r ſhall tempt, nor thirſt of pelf,
To flatter others or deny myſelf;
Might the whole world be plac'd within my ſpan,
I would not be *that* Thing, *that* Prudent Man.
What, cries Sir Pliant, would you then oppoſe
Yourſelf, alone, againſt an hoſt of foes?
Let not conceit, and peeviſh luſt to rail,
Above all ſenſe of intereſt prevail.
Throw off for ſhame this petulance of wit,
Be wiſe, be modeſt, and for *once* ſubmit:
Too hard the taſk 'againſt multitudes to fight,
You muſt be wrong, the World is in the right.
What is this World? A term which men have got
To ſignify, not one in ten knows what;
A term, which with no more preciſion paſſes
To point out herds of *men* than herds of *aſſes*;
In common uſe no more it means, we find,
Than many fools in ſame opinions join'd.
Can numbers then change Nature's ſtated laws?
Can numbers make the worſe the better cauſe?
Vice muſt be vice, virtue be virtue ſtill,
Tho' thouſands rail at good and practice ill.
Would'ſt thou defend the Gaul's deſtructive rage
Becauſe vaſt nations on his part engage?
Tho' to ſupport the rebel Cæſar's cauſe
Tumultuous legions arm againſt the laws,
Tho' Scandal would *our patriot*'s name impeach,
And rails at virtues which ſhe cannot reach,
What honeſt man but would with joy ſubmit
To bleed with Cato, and retire with PITT?
Stedfaſt and true to Virtue's ſacred laws,
Unmov'd by vulgar cenſure or applauſe,
Let the World talk, my friend; that World we know
Which calls us guilty, cannot make us ſo.
Unaw'd by numbers, follow Nature's plan,
Aſſert the rights, or quit the name of Man.
Conſider well, weigh ſtrictly right and wrong;
Reſolve not quick, but once reſolv'd be ſtrong.
In ſpite of dullneſs, and in ſpite of wit,
If to thyſelf thou canſt thyſelf acquit,
Rather ſtand up aſſur'd with conſcious pride
Alone, than err with millions on thy ſide.

THE

PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

A

SCOTS PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN WILKES, Esq.

WHEN Cupid firſt inſtructs his darts to fly
From the ſly corner of ſome cook-maid's eye,
The ſtripling raw, juſt enter'd in his teens,
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means;

His heart like dripping, melts, and new deſire
Within him ſtirs, each time ſhe ſtirs the fire;
Trembling and bluſhing he the fair one views,
And fain would ſpeak, but can't—without a Muſe.
So to the ſacred mount he takes his way,
Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,
His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
To flocks and rocks, to hills and rills proclaims,
In ſimpleſt notes, and all unpoliſh'd ſtrains,
The loves of nymphs, and *eke* the loves of ſwains.
Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
In ruſtic weeds—a cook-maid now no more—
Beneath an aged oak Lardella lies,
Green moſs her couch; her canopy the ſkies.
From aromatic ſhrubs the *roguiſh* gale
Steals *young* perfumes, and wafts them thro' the vale.
The youth, turn'd ſwain, and ſkill'd in ruſtic lays,
Faſt by her ſide his am'rous deſcant plays.
Herds lowe, flocks bleat, pies chatter, ravens ſcream,
And the full chorus dies a-down the ſtream.
The ſtreams, with muſic freighted, as they paſs,
Preſent the fair Lardella with a glaſs,
And Zephyr, to compleat the love-ſick plan,
Waves his light wings, and ſerves her for a fan.
But, when maturer Judgment takes the lead,
Theſe childiſh toys on Reaſon's altar bleed;
Form'd after ſome *great man*, whoſe name breeds awe,
Whoſe ev'ry ſentence Faſhion makes a law,
Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
And founds his merit on our ſervile fears;
Then we diſcard the workings of the heart,
And Nature's baniſh'd by *mechanic* Art;
Then, deeply read, our reading muſt be ſhown;
Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown.
Then Oſtentation marches to our aid,
And *letter'd* Pride ſtalks forth in full parade;
Beneath their care behold the work refine,
Pointed each ſentence, poliſh'd ev'ry line:
Triſles are dignified, and taught to wear
The robes of Ancients with a Modern air,
Nonſenſe with *claſſic* ornaments is grac'd,
And paſſes current with the ſtamp of Taſte.
Then the rude Theocrite is ranſack'd o'er,
And *courtly* Maro call'd from Mincio's ſhore;
Sicilian Muſes on our mountains roam,
Eaſy and free as if they were at home:
Nymphs, Naiads, Nereids, Dryads, Satyrs, Fauns,
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns;
Flow'rs, which once flouriſh'd fair in Greece and Rome,
More fair revive in Englands meads to bloom;
Skies without cloud exotic ſuns adorn;
And roſes bluſh, but bluſh without a thorn;
Landſcapes unknown to *dowdy* Nature, riſe,
And new creations ſtrike our wond'ring eyes.
For bards like theſe, who neither ſing nor ſay,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay,
Whoſe numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleaſure, and *attun'd* to woe,
Who, if plain Common Senſe her viſit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at ſome ghoſt affrighted, ſtart and ſtare,
And aſk the meaning of her coming there;
For bards like theſe a wreath ſhall Maſon bring,
Lin'd with the ſofteſt down of Folly's wing;
In Love's Pagoda ſhall they ever doze,
And Gifford kindly rock them to repoſe;
My lord—to letters as to *faith* moſt true—
At once their patron and example too—
Shall *quaintly* faſhion his love-labour'd dreams,
Sigh with ſad winds, and weep with weeping ſtreams,
Curious in grief, (for real grief, we know,
Is curious to dreſs up the tale of woe)
From the green umbrage of ſome Druid's ſeat,
Shall his own works in his own way repeat.
Me whom no Muſe of heav'nly birth inſpires,
No judgment tempers when raſh genius fires;
Who boaſt no merit but mere knack of rime,
Short gleams of ſenſe, and ſatire out of time,
Who cannot follow where *trim* fancy leads
By *prattling* ſtreams o'er *flow'r-empurpled* meads;
Who often, but without ſucceſs, have pray'd
For *apt* Alliteration's *artful aid*;
Who would, but cannot, with a maſter's ſkill,
Coin fine new epithets *which mean no ill*;
Me, thus uncouth, thus ev'ry way unfit
For *pacing* poeſy, and *ambling* wit,
Taſte with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongſt the loweſt of her favour'd race.
Thou, Nature, art *my* goddeſs—to thy law
Myſelf I dedicate.—*Hence* ſlaviſh awe
Which bends to faſhion, and obeys the rules,
Impoſ'd at firſt, and ſince obſerv'd by fools.
Hence thoſe vile tricks which mar fair Nature's hue,
And bring the ſober matron forth to view,
With all that artificial tawdry glare,
Which Virtue ſcorns, and none but ſtrumpets wear.
Sick of thoſe pomps, thoſe vanities that waſte
Of toil, which critics now miſtake for *taſte*,
Of falſe refinements ſick, and labour'd eaſe,
Which Art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to pleaſe,
By Nature's charms (inglorious truth!) ſubdu'd,
However plain her dreſs, and 'haviour rude,
To *northern* climes my happier courſe I ſteer,
Climes where the goddeſs reigns throughout the year.
Where, undiſturb'd by Art's *rebellious* plan,
She rules the *loyal laird*, and *faithful clan*.
To that rare ſoil, where virtues cluſt'ring grow,
What mighty bleſſings doth not England owe?
What *waggon-loads* of courage, wealth and ſenſe,
Doth each revolving day import from thence?
To us ſhe gives, diſintereſted friend,
Faith without fraud, and Stuarts without end.
When we proſperity's rich trappings wear,
Come not her gen'rous ſons and take a ſhare?
And if, by ſome diſaſtrous turn of fate,
Change ſhould enſue, and ruin ſeize the ſtate,
Shall we not find ſafe in that hallow'd ground,
Such refuge as the Holy Martyr found?
Nor leſs our debt in Science, tho' deny'd
By the weak ſlaves of prejudice and pride.
Thence came the Ramſays, names of worthy note,
Of whom one paints, as well as t'other wrote;
Thence, Home, diſbanded from the ſons of pray'r
For loving plays, tho' no *dull* Dean was there;
Thence iſſued forth, at great Macpherſon's call,
That *old, new, epic paſtoral*, Fingal;
Thence Malloch, friend alike of *Church* and *State*,
Of Chriſt and Liberty, by grateful Fate
Rais'd to rewards which, in a *pious* reign,
All *darling infidels* ſhould ſeek in vain;
Thence ſimple bards, by ſimple prudence taught,
To this *wiſe* town by ſimple patrons brought,

In ſimple manner utter ſimple lays,
And take, with ſimple penſions, ſimple praiſe.
Waft me ſome Muſe to Tweed's inſpiring ſtream,
Where all the little loves and graces dream,
Where ſlowly winding the dull waters creep,
And ſeem themſelves to own the power of ſleep,
Where on the ſurface lead, like feathers, ſwims,
There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,
As once a Syrian bath'd in Jordan's flood,
With off my native ſtains, correct that blood
Which mutinies at call of *Engliſh* pride,
And, deaf to prudence, rolls a *patriot* tide.
From ſolemn thought which overhangs the brow
Of patriot care, when things are—God knows how;
From nice trim points, where Honour, ſlave to rule,
In compliment to Folly, plays the fool;
From thoſe gay ſcenes where Mirth exalts his pow'r,
And eaſy Humour wings the laughing hour;
From thoſe ſoft better moments, when deſire
Beats high, and all the world of man's on fire,
When mutual ardours of the melting fair
More than repay us for whole years of care,
At *friendſhip*'s ſummons will my Wilkes retreat,
And ſee, *once ſeen before*, that *ancient* ſeat,
That *ancient* ſeat, where majeſty diſplay'd
Her enſigns, *long before the world was made!*
Mean narrow maxims, which enſlave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy ſettled mind.
Not dup'd by party, nor opinion's ſlave,
Thoſe faculties which bounteous Nature gave,
Thy honeſt ſpirit into practice brings,
Nor courts the ſmile, nor dreads the frowns of kings.
Let *rude licentious* Engliſhmen comply
With tumult's voice, and curſe they know not why;
Unwilling to condemn, thy ſoul diſdains
To wear vile faction's arbitrary chains,
And ſtrictly weighs, in apprehenſion clear,
Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With thee Good-Humour tempers lively Wit,
Enthron'd with Judgment, Candour loves to ſit,
And Nature gave thee, open to diſtreſs,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bleſs.
Oft have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
Of the poor, mean, deſpis'd, inſulted *Scot*,
Who, might calm reaſon credit idle tales,
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,
Or ſtarves at home, or practiſes, thro' fear
Of ſtarving, arts which damn all conſcience here.
When *Scribblers*, to the charge by int'reſt led,
The fierce *North-Briton* foaming at their head,
Pour forth invectives, deaf to candour's call,
And injur'd by one alien, rail at all;
On *Northern Piſgah* when they take their ſtand,
To mark the weakneſs of that *Holy Land*,
With needleſs truths their libels to adorn,
And hang a nation up to public ſcorn,
Thy gen'rous ſoul condemns the frantic rage,
And hates the faithful but ill-natur'd page.
The *Scots* are poor, cries ſurly Engliſh pride;
True is the charge, nor by themſelves deny'd.
Are they not then in ſtricteſt reaſon clear,
Who wiſely come to mend their fortunes here?
If by low ſupple arts ſucceſsful grown,
They ſapp'd our vigour to increaſe their own,
If, mean in want, and inſolent in pow'r,
They only fawn'd more ſurely to devour,
Rous'd by ſuch wrongs ſhould Reaſon take alarm,
And e'en the Muſe for public ſafety arm;
But if they own ingenious Virtue's ſway,
And follow where true-Honour points the way,
If they revere the hand by which they're fed,
And bleſs the donors for their daily bread,
Or by vaſt debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful found,
If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,
Become diſcreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate, but Juſtice can't condemn.
"Into our places, ſtates, and beds they creep;"
They've ſenſe to get, what we want ſenſe to keep.
Once, be the hour accurs'd, accurs'd the place,
I ventur'd to blaſpheme the choſen race.
Into thoſe traps, which men *call'd* Patriots laid,
By ſpecious arts unwarily betray'd.
Madly I leagu'd againſt that ſacred earth,
Vile parricide! which gave a parent birth.
But ſhall I meanly Error's path purſue,
When heavenly Truth preſents her friendly clue,
Once plung'd in ill, ſhall I go farther in?
To make the oath was raſh, to keep it, ſin.
Backward I tread the paths I trod before,
And calm reflection hates what paſſion ſwore.
Converted, (bleſſed are the ſouls which know
Thoſe pleaſures which from true converſion flow,
Whether to reaſon, who now rules my breaſt,
Or to pure faith, like Lyttleton and Weſt)
Paſt crimes to expiate, be my preſent aim
To raiſe new trophies to the Scottiſh name,
To make (what can the proudeſt Muſe do more?)
E'en Faction's ſons her brighter worth adore,
To make her glories ſtamp'd with honeſt rimes,
In fulleſt tide roll down to lateſt times.
"Preſumptuous wretch! and ſhall a *Muſe* like thine,
"An *Engliſh Muſe*, the meaneſt of the nine,
"Attempt a theme like this? Can her weak "ſtrain
"Expect indulgence from the mighty Thane?
"Should he from toils of government retire,
"And for a moment fan the poet's fire,
"Should he, of ſciences the moral friend,
"Each *curious*, each *important* ſearch ſuſpend,
"Leave *unaſſiſted* Hill of herbs to tell,
"And *all the wonders of a cockle-ſhell*,
"Having the Lord's good grace before his eyes,
"Would not *the* Home ſtep forth, and gain the "prize?
"Or if this wreath of honour might adorn
"The humble brows of one in *England* born,
"Preſumptuous ſtill thy daring muſt appear;
"Vain all thy tow'ring hopes, whilſt I am here."
Thus ſpake a *form*, by ſilken ſmile and tone
Dull and unvaried, for the Laureat known.
Folly's chief friend, Decorum's eldeſt ſon,
In ev'ry party found and yet of none.
This *airy ſubſtance*, this *ſubſtantial ſhade*,
Abaſh'd I heard, and with reſpect obey'd.
From themes too lofty for a bard ſo mean,
Diſcretion beckons to an humbler ſcene.
The reſtleſs fever of ambition laid,
Calm I retire, and ſeek the ſylvan ſhade.

Now be the *Muſe* diſrob'd of all her pride,
Be all the glaze of verſe by *Truth* ſupplied,
And if plain Nature pours a ſimple ſtrain,
Which Bute may praiſe, and Oſſian not diſdain,
Oſſian, *ſublimeſt, ſimpleſt* bard of all,
Whom *Engliſh infidels* Macpherſon *call*,
Then round my head ſhall honour's enſigns wave,
And penſions mark me for a willing ſlave.

Two boys, whoſe birth beyond all queſtion ſprings
From great and glorious, tho' forgotten, kings,
Shepherds of *Scottiſh* lineage, born and bred
On the ſame bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard Nature doom'd on the ſame rocks
To ſpin out life, and ſtarve themſelves and flocks,
Freſh as the morning, which, enrob'd in miſt,
The mountain's top with uſual dulneſs kiſs'd,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours roſe;
Soon clad I ween, where Nature needs no cloaths,
Where, from their youth enur'd to winter-ſkies,
Dreſs and her vain refinements they deſpiſe.
Jockey, whoſe manly high-bon'd cheeks to crown
With freckles ſpotted flam'd the golden down,
With mikle art could on the bagpipes play,
E'en from the riſing to the ſetting day;
Sawney as long without remorſe could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal.
Oft at his ſtrains, all natural tho' rude,
The *Highland laſs* forgot her want of food,
And, whilſt ſhe *ſcratch'd* her lover into reſt,
Sunk pleas'd, tho' hungry, on her Sawney's breaſt.
Far as the eye could reach, no tree was ſeen,
Earth, clad in ruſſet, ſcorn'd the lively green.
The plague of locuſts they ſecure defy,
For in three hours a graſhopper muſt die.
No living thing, whate'er its food, feaſts there,
But the Cameleon, who can feaſt on air.
No birds, except as birds of paſſage, flew,
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo.
No ſtreams as amber ſmooth, as amber clear,
Were ſeen to glide, or heard to warble here.
Rebellion's ſpring, which through the country ran,
Furniſh'd with bitter draughts, the ſteady clan.
No flow'rs embalm'd the air, but one white roſe,
Which on the 10th of June by inſtinct blows,
By inſtinct blows at morn, and, when the ſhades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by inſtinct fades.
One, and but one poor ſolitary cave,
Too ſparing of her favours, Nature gave;
That one alone (hard tax on *Scottiſh* pride!)
Shelter at once for man and beaſt ſupplied.
Their ſnares *without* entangling briers ſpread,
And thiſtles, arm'd againſt the invader's head.
Stood in cloſe ranks all entrance to oppoſe,
Thiſtles now held more precious than the roſe.
All creatures which, on Nature's earlieſt plan,
Were form'd to loath, and to be loath'd by man,
Which ow'd their birth to naſtineſs and ſpite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the ſight,
Creatures, which when admitted in the ark,
Their Saviour ſhunn'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place *within*: marking her noiſome road
With poiſon's trail, *here* crawl'd the bloated toad;
There webs were ſpread of more than common ſize,
And half-ſtarv'd ſpiders prey'd on half-ſtarv'd flies;
In queſt of food, eft ſtrove in vain to crawl;
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, ſmear'd the ſlimy wall;
The cave around with hiſſing ſerpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapours hung;
And FAMINE, *by her children always known,*
As proud as poor, here fix'd her *native* throne.
Here, for the ſullen ſky was overcaſt,
And ſummer ſhrunk beneath a wint'ry blaſt,
A native blaſt, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked ſwain,
The boys for ſhelter made; behind the ſheep
Of which thoſe ſhepherds every day *take keep*,
Sickly crept on, and with complainings rude,
On Nature ſeem'd to call, and bleat for food.

JOCKEY.

Sith to this cave, by tempeſt, we're confin'd,
And within *ken* our flocks, under the wind,
Safe from the pelting of this perilous ſtorm,
Are laid *emong* yon thiſtles dry and warm,
What, Sawney, if by ſhepherd's art we try
To mock the rigour of this cruel ſky?
What if we tune ſome merry *roundelay*?
Well doſt thou ſing, nor ill doth Jockey play.

SAWNEY.

Ah, Jockey, ill adviſes thou, *I wis*,
To think of ſongs at ſuch a time as this.
Sooner ſhall herbage crown theſe barren rocks,
Sooner ſhall fleeces cloath theſe ragged flocks,
Sooner ſhall want ſeize ſhepherds of the ſouth,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
Than Sawney, out of ſeaſon, ſhall impart
The ſongs of gladneſs with an aching heart.

JOCKEY.

Still have I known thee for a filly ſwain;
Of things paſt help, what boots it to complain?
Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's ſpite;
No ſky is heavy, if the heart be light:
Patience is ſorrow's ſalve; what can't be cur'd,
So Donald right *areeds*, muſt be endur'd.

SAWNEY.

Full filly ſwain, *I wot*, is Jockey now;
How didſt thou bear thy Maggy's falſhood? how,
When with a foreign loon ſhe ſtole away,
Did'ſt thou forſwear thy pipe and ſhepherd's lay?
Where was thy boaſted wiſdom then, when I
Applied thoſe proverbs, which you now apply?

JOCKEY.

O ſhe was *bonny!* All the Highlands round
Was there a rival to my Maggy found!
More precious (tho' that precious is to all)
Than the rare med'cine which we Brimſtone call,
Or that choice plant, ſo grateful to the noſe,
Which in I know not what far country grows,
Was Maggy unto me; dear do I rue,
A laſs ſo fair ſhould ever prove untrue.

SAWNEY.

Whether with pipe or ſong to charm the ear,
Thro' all the land did Jamie find a peer?
Curs'd be that year by ev'ry honeſt Scot,
And in the ſhepherd's calendar forgot,
That fatal year, when Jamie, hapleſs ſwain,
In evil hour forſook the peaceful plain.
Jamie, when our young Laird diſcreetly fled,
Was ſeiz'd and hang'd till he was dead, dea
dead.

JOCKEY.

Full ſorely may we all lament that day;
For all were loſers in the deadly fray.
Five brothers had I, on the Scottiſh plains,
Well doſt thou know were none more hopeful ſwains;
Five brothers there I loſt, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets died:
Ah! ſilly ſwains, to follow war's alarms!
Ah! what hath ſhepherd's life to do with arms!

SAWNEY.

Mention it not—There ſaw I ſtrangers clad
In all the honours of our raviſh'd *plaid*,
Saw the Ferrara too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the aukward victor's ſide.
There fell our choiceſt youth, and from that day
Mute never Sawney tune the merry lay;
Bleſs'd thoſe which fell! curs'd thoſe which ſtill ſurvive,
To mourn *Fifteen* renew'd in *Forty-five*.

Thus plain'd the Boys, when from her throne of turf,
With boils emboſs'd, and overgrown with ſcurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well,
Mix'd at the birth, not abſtinence could quell,
Pale FAMINE rear'd the head: her eager eyes,
Where hunger e'en to madneſs ſeem'd to riſe,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get looſe, and from their orbs to ſtart;
Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-ſunk cell,
Where wretchedneſs and horror lov'd to dwell;
With double rows of uſeleſs teeth ſupplied,
Her mouth, from ear to ear, extended wide,
Which, when for want of food her entrails pin'd,
She op'd, and curſing ſwallow'd nought but wind;
All ſhrivell'd was her ſkin, and here and there,
Making their way by force, her bones ley bare:
Such filthy ſight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd plaid ſhe threw.
Ceaſe, cried the goddeſs, ceaſe, deſpairing ſwains,
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains!
Pent in this barren corner of the iſle,
Where partial fortune never deigned to ſmile;
Like Nature's baſtards, reaping for our ſhare
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown amongſt the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raiſe contempt and mirth;
Long free, becauſe the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us ſlaves;
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whoſe ruin we for ages vainly fought;
Whom ſtill with unſlack'd heat we view, and ſtill,
The pow'r of miſchief loſt, retain the will;
Conſider'd as the refuſe of mankind,
A maſs till the laſt moment left behind,
Which frugal Nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to ſtamp with life, or throw away;
Which, form'd in haſte, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in Creation's book;
Branded as traitors, who for love of gold
Would ſell their God, as once their King they ſold;
Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
Theſe vile injurious taunts, and bear them ſtill.
But times of happier note are now at hand,
And the full promiſe of a better land:
There, like the *Sons of Iſrael*, having trod,
For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,
A barren deſert, we ſhall ſeize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns.
With ſome few natives join'd, ſome *pliant* few,
Who worſhip int'reſt, and our track purſue,
There ſhall we, tho' the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor aſk the owners leave.
For us, the earth ſhall bring forth her increaſe;
For us, the flocks ſhall wear a golden fleece;
Fat beeves ſhall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown;
For our advantage ſhall their harveſts grow,
And *Scotſmen* reap what they diſdain'd to ſow;
For us, the ſun ſhall climb the eaſtern hill;
For us, the rain ſhall fall, the dew diſtil;
When to our wiſhes Nature cannot riſe,
Art ſhall be taſk'd to grant us freſh ſupplies.
His brawny arm ſhall drudging Labour ſtrain,
And for our pleaſure ſuffer daily pain;
Trade ſhall for us exert her utmoſt pow'rs,
Her's all the toil, and all the profit, our's;
For us, the oak ſhall from his native ſteep
Deſcend, and fearleſs travel thro' the deep;
The ſail of Commerce for our uſe unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treaſures of each diſtant world;
For us, ſublimer heights ſhall Science reach,
For us, their Stateſmen plot, their Churchmen preach;
Their nobleſt limbs of counſel we'll diſjoint,
And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint;
Devouring War, impriſon'd in the north,
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
And, when, his chariot wheels with thunder hung,
Fell Diſcord braying with her braſen tongue,
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
And Deſolation ſtalking in the rear.
Revenge, by Juſtice guided, in his train,
He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey
And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give way.
Think not, my ſons, that this ſo bleſs'd eſtate
Stands at a diſtance on the roll of fate;
Already big with hopes of future ſway,
E'en from this cave I ſcent my deſtin'd prey.
Think not, that this dominion o'er a race,
Whoſe former deeds ſhall Time's laſt annals grace,
In the rough face of peril muſt be ſought,
And with the lives of thouſands dearly bought;
No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art
Which laugh's to ſcorn the blundering hero's heart.
Into the ſnare ſhall our kind neighbours fall
With open eyes, and fondly give us all.
When Rome, to prop her ſinking empire, bore
Their choiceſt levies to a foreign ſhore,
What if we ſeiz'd, like a deſtroying flood,
Their widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with blood.
Gave an unbounded looſe to manly rage,
And ſcorning mercy, ſpar'd nor ſex nor age;
When, for our int'reſt too mighty grown,
Monarchs of warlike bent poſſeſs'd the throne,
What if we ſtrove diviſions to foment,
And ſpread the flames of civil diſcontent,
Aſſiſted thoſe 'gainſt their king made head,
And gave the traitors refuge when they fled;
When reſtleſs Glory bad her ſons advance,
And pitch'd her ſtandard in the fields of France;

What if, diſdaining oaths, and empty ſound,
By which our nation never ſhall be bound,
Bravely we taught unmuzzled war to roam
Thro' the weak land, and brought cheap laurels home;
When the bold traitors leagu'd for the defence
Of Law, Religion, Liberty and Senſe,
When they againſt their lawful monarch roſe,
And dar'd the Lord's Anointed to oppoſe,
What if we ſtill rever'd the baniſh'd race,
And ſtrove the Royal Vagrants to replace,
With fierce rebellions ſhook th' unſettled ſtate,
And greatly dar'd, tho' croſs'd by partial fate;
Theſe facts, which might, where wiſdom held the ſway,
Awake the very ſtones to bar our way,
There ſhall be nothing, nor one trace remain
In the dull region of an Engliſh brain.
Bleſs'd with that *faith*, which mountains can remove,
Firſt they ſhall *dupes*, next *ſaints*, laſt *martyrs* prove.
Already is this game of fate begun
Under the ſanction of my darling ſon:
That ſon of nature royal as his name,
Is deſtin'd to redeem our race from ſhame;
His boundleſs pow'r, beyond example great,
Shall make the rough way ſmooth, the crooked ſtraight,
Shall for our eaſe the raging floods reſtrain,
And ſink the mountain level to the plain.
Diſcord, whom in a cavern under ground
With maſſy fetters their late Patriot bound,
Where her own fleſh the furious hag might tear,
And vent her curſes to the vacant air,
Where, that ſhe never might be heard of more,
He planted Loyalty to guard the door,
For better purpoſe ſhall our Chief releaſe,
Diſguiſe her for a time, and call her Peace.
Lur'd by that name, fine engine of deceit,
Shall the weak Engliſh help themſelves to cheat;
To gain our love, with honours ſhall they grace
The old adherents of the Stuart race,
Who pointed out, no matter by what name,
Tories or Jacobites are ſtill the ſame,
To ſoothe our rage, the temporiſing brood
Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude,
Againſt their Saviour venom'd falſehoods frame,
And brand with calumny their William's name;
To win our grace, (rare argument of wit)
To our untainted faith ſhall they commit
(Our faith which in extremeſt perils tried,
Diſdain'd, and ſtill diſdains, to change her ſide)
That ſacred Majeſty they all approve,
Who moſt enjoys, and beſt deſerves their love.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

AMONGST the ſons of men how few are known
Who dare be juſt to merit not their own!
Superior virtue and ſuperior ſenſe
To knaves and fools will always give offence;
Nay, men of real worth can ſcarcely bear,
So nice is Jealouſy, a rival there.
Be wicked as thou wilt, do all that's baſe,
Proclaim thyſelf the monſter of thy race;
Let Vice and Folly thy black ſoul divide,
Be proud with meanneſs, and be mean with pride;
Deaf to the voice of faith and honour, fall
From ſide to ſide, yet be of none at all;
Spurn all thoſe charities, thoſe ſacred ties,
Which Nature in her bounty, good as wiſe,
To work our ſafety, and enſure her plan,
Contriv'd to bind, and rivet man to man;
Lift againſt Virtue pow'r's oppreſſive rod,
Betray thy country, and deny thy God;
And, in one gen'ral comprehenſive line,
To group, which volumes ſcarcely could define,
Whate'er of ſin and dullneſs can be ſaid,
Join to a F——'s heart a D——'s head;
Yet may'ſt thou paſs unnotic'd in the throng,
And free from envy, ſafely ſneak along.
The rigid ſaint, by whom no mercy's ſhewn
To ſaints whoſe lives are better than his own,
Shall ſpare thy crimes; and Wit, who never once
Forgave a brother, ſhall forgive a dunce.
But ſhould thy ſoul, form'd in ſome luckleſs hour,
Vile int'reſt ſcorn, nor madly graſp at pow'r;
Should love of fame, in ev'ry noble mind
A brave diſeaſe, with love of virtue join'd,
Spur thee to deeds of pith, where courage, tried
In Reaſon's court, is amply juſtified;
Or fond of knowledge, and averſe to ſtrife,
Should'ſt thou prefer the calmer walk of life;
Should'ſt thou, by pale and ſickly Study led,
Purſue coy Science to the fountain-head;
Virtue thy Guide, and Public Good thy end,
Should ev'ry thought to our improvement tend,
To curb the paſſions, to enlarge the mind,
Purge the ſick weal, and humanize mankind:
Rage in her eye, and malice in her breaſt,
Redoubled horror grinning on her creſt,
Fiercer each ſnake, and ſharper ev'ry dart,
Quick from her cell ſhall maddening Envy ſtart.
Then ſhalt thou find, but find alas! too late,
How vain is worth! how ſhort is glory's date!
Then ſhalt thou find, whilſt friends with foes conſpire
To give more proof than virtue would deſire,
Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime's ſo great as daring to excel.
Whilſt Satire thus diſdaining mean controul,
Urg'd the free dictates of an honeſt ſoul,
Candour, who, with the charity of *Paul*,
Still thinks the beſt, when'er ſhe thinks at all,
With the ſweet milk of human kindneſs bleſs'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repreſt'd.
Can'ſt thou, with more than uſual warmth, ſhe cry'd,
Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride,
Can'ſt thou, ſevere by Nature as thou art,
With all that wond'rous rancour in thy heart,
Delight to torture Truth ten thouſand ways,
To ſpin detraction forth from themes of praiſe,
To make Vice fit for purpoſes of ſtrife,
And draw the hag much larger than the life,
To make the good ſeem bad, the bad ſeem worſe,
And repreſent our nature as our curſe?
Doth not humanity condemn that zeal
Which tends to aggravate and not to heal?

Doth not diſcretion warn thee of diſgrace,
And danger grinning ſtare thee in the face;
Loud as the drum, which ſpreading terror round
From emptineſs acquires the pow'r of ſound?
Doth not the voice of Norton ſtrike thy ear,
And the pale Mansfield chill thy ſoul with fear?
Do'ſt thou, fond man, believe thyſelf ſecure,
Becauſe thou'rt honeſt, and becauſe thou'rt poor?
Do'ſt thou on law and liberty depend?
Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend.
Art thou beyond the ruffian gripe of pow'r?
When Wilkes, *prejudg'd*, is ſentenc'd to the Tow'r?
Do'ſt thou by privilege exemption claim,
When privilege is little more than name?
Or to prerogative (that glorious ground
On which ſtate-ſcoundrels oft have ſafety found)
Do'ſt thou pretend, and there a ſanction find,
Unpunish'd, thus to libel human kind?
When poverty, the poet's conſtant crime,
Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rime,
Had not romantic notions turn'd thy head,
Had'ſt thou not valu'd honour more than bread,
Had int'reſt, pliant jad'reſt, been thy guide,
And had not prudence been debauch'd by pride,
In flattery's ſtream thou would'ſt have dipp'd thy pen,
Applied to great, and not to honeſt men,
Nor ſhould conviction have ſeduc'd thy heart
To take the weaker tho' the better part.
What but rank folly, for thy curſe decreed,
Could into Satire's barren path miſlead,
When, open to thy view, before thee lay
Soul-ſoothing Panegyric's flow'ry way?
There might the Muſe have ſaunter'd at her eaſe,
And, pleaſing others, learn'd herſelf to pleaſe;
Lords ſhould have liſten'd to the ſugar'd treat,
And *ladies*, ſimp'ring, own'd it vaſtly ſweet;
Rogers, in thy prudent verſe with virtue grac'd,
Pitts, mark'd by thee as prodigies of taſte,
Muſt have forbid, pouring preferment down,
Such Wit, ſuch Truth as thine to quit the gown.
Thy ſacred brethren too (for they no leſs
Than laymen, bring their offerings to ſucceſs)
Had hail'd thee good if great, and paid the vow
Sincere as that they pay to God, whilſt thou
In *lowne* hadſt whiſper'd to a ſleeping croud,
As dull as R——, and half as proud.
Peace, Candour!—Wiſely had'ſt thou ſaid, and well,
Could int'reſt in this breaſt one moment dwell,
Could ſhe, with proſpect of ſucceſs, oppoſe
The firm reſolves which from conviction roſe.
I cannot truckle to a fool of ſtate,
Nor take a favour from the man I hate.
Free leave have others by ſuch means to ſhine;
I ſcorn their practice, they may laugh at mine.
But in this charge, forgetful of thyſelf,
Thou haſt aſſum'd the maxims of that elf,
Whom God in wrath for man's diſhonour fram'd,
Cunning in Heav'n, amongſt us Prudence nam'd,
That *ſervile* Prudence which I leave to thoſe
Who dare not be my friends, can't be my foes.
Had I with cruel and oppreſſive rimes
Purſu'd, and turn'd misfortunes into crimes;
Had I, when Virtue gaſping lay and low,
Join'd tyrant Vice, and added woe to woe;
Had I made Modeſty in bluſhes ſpeak,
And drawn the tear down Beauty's ſacred cheek;
Had I (damn'd then) in thought debas'd my lays,
To wound that ſex which honour bids me praiſe;
Had I, from vengeance by baſe views betray'd,
In endleſs night ſunk injur'd Ayliff's ſhade;
Had I (which Satiriſts of mighty name,
Renown'd in rime, rever'd for *moral* fame,
Have done before, whom Juſtice ſhall purſue
In future verſe) brought forth to public view
A noble friend, and made his foibles known,
Becauſe his worth was greater than my own;
Had I ſpar'd thoſe (ſo *Prudence* had decreed)
Whom, God ſo help me at my greateſt need,
I ne'er will ſpare, thoſe vipers to their King,
Who ſmooth their looks, and flatter whilſt they ſting.
Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boaſt
Of thoſe, who flatter leaſt, but love him moſt;
Had I thus ſinn'd, my ſtubborn ſoul ſhould bend
At Candour's voice, and take, as from a friend,
The deep rebuke; myſelf ſhould be the firſt
To hate myſelf, and ſtamp my Muſe accurs'd.
But ſhall my arm—forbid it manly pride,
Forbid it Reaſon, warring on my ſide—
For vengeance lifted high, the ſtroke forbear,
And hang ſuſpended in the defart air,
Or to my trembling ſide unnerv'd ſink down,
Palſied, forſooth, by Candour's half-made frown?
When Juſtice bids me on, ſhall I delay
Becauſe inſipid Candour bars my way?
When ſhe, of all alike the puling friend,
Would diſappoint my Satire's nobleſt end,
When ſhe to villains would a ſanction give,
And ſhelter thoſe who are not fit to live,
When ſhe would ſcreen the guilty from a bluſh,
And bids me ſpare whom Reaſon bids me cruſh,
All leagues with Candour proudly I reſign;
She cannot be for honour's turn, nor mine.
Yet come, cold monitor, half foe, half friend,
Whom Vice can't fear, whom Virtue can't commend,
Come Candour, by thy dull indiff'rence known,
Thou equal-blooded judge, thou lukewarm drone,
Who, faſhion'd without feelings, doſt expect,
We call that Virtue which we know Defect;
Come, and obſerve the nature of our crimes,
The groſs and rank complexion of the times,
Obſerve it well, and then review my plan,
Praiſe if you will, or cenſure if you can.
Whilſt Vice preſumptuous lords it as in ſport,
And Piety is only known at court;
Whilſt wretched Liberty expiring lies
Beneath the fatal burthen of Exciſe;
Whilſt nobles act without one touch of ſhame,
What men of humble rank would bluſh to name;
Whilſt Honour's plac'd in higheſt point of view,
Worſhipp'd by thoſe, who juſtice never knew;
Whilſt bubbles of diſtinction waſte in play
The hours of reſt, and blunder thro' the day,
With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
Then turn to ruin empires in their ſleep;
Whilſt fathers, by relentleſs paſſion led,
Doom worthy injur'd ſons to beg their bread,
Merely with ill-got, ill-ſav'd wealth to grace
An alien, abject, poor, proud, upſtart race;
Whilſt Martin flatters only to betray,
And Webb gives up his dirty ſoul for pay;
Whilſt titles ſerve to huſh a villain's fears;
Whilſt peers are agents made, and agents peers;

Whilſt baſe betrayers are themſelves betray'd,
And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;
Whilſt C——, falſe to God and man, for gold,
Like the old traitor who a Saviour ſold,
To ſhame his maſter, friend, and father gives;
Whilſt Bute remains in pow'r, whilſt Holland lives;
Can Satire want a ſubject, where Diſdain,
By Virtue fir'd, may point her ſharpeſt ſtrain;
Where cloath'd with thunder, Truth may roll along,
And Candour juſtify the rage of ſong?

Such things! ſuch men before thee! ſuch an age!
Where Rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage,
And ſicken e'en to ſurfeit, where the pride
Of Satire, pouring down in fulleſt tide,
May ſpread wide vengeance round, yet all the while
Juſtice behold the ruin with a ſmile;
Whilſt I, thy foe miſdeem'd cannot condemn,
Nor diſapprove that rage I wiſh to ſtem,
Wilt thou, degen'rate and corrupted, chuſe
To ſoil the credit of thy haughty Muſe?
With fallacy, moſt infamous, to ſtain
Her truth, and render all her anger vain?
When I beheld thee incorrect, but bold,
A various comment on the ſtage unfold;
When play'rs on play'rs before thy ſatire fell,
And poor Reviews conſpir'd thy wrath to ſwell;
When ſtates and ſtateſmen next became thy care,
And only kings were ſafe if thou waſt there;
Thy ev'ry word I weigh'd in Judgment's ſcale,
And in thy ev'ry word found truth prevail,
Why doſt thou now to falſhood meanly fly?
Not even Candour can forgive a lye.

Bad as men are, why ſhould thy frantic rimes
Traffic in ſlander, and invent new crimes?
Crimes, which exiſting only in thy mind,
Weak ſpleen brings forth to blacken all mankind.
By pleaſing hopes we lure the human heart
To practiſe virtue, and improve in art;
To thwart theſe ends, (which proud of honeſt fame,
A noble Muſe would cheriſh and enflame)
Thy *drudge* contrives, and in our full career
Sick lies our hopes with the pale hue of fear;
Tells us that all our labours are in vain;
That what we ſeek, we never can obtain;
That dead to Virtue, loſt to Nature's plan,
Envy poſſeſſes the whole race of man;
That worth is criminal, and danger lies,
Danger extreme, in being good and wiſe.

'Tis a rank falſhood; ſearch the world around,
There cannot be ſo vile a monſter found,
Not one ſo vile, on whom ſuſpicions fall
Of that groſs guilt, which you impute to all.
Approv'd by thoſe who diſobey her laws,
Virtue from Vice itſelf extorts applauſe.
Her very foes bear witneſs to her ſtate;
They will not love her, but they cannot hate.
Hate Virtue for herſelf, with ſpite purſue
Merit for merit's ſake! Might this be true,
I would renounce my Nature with diſdain,
And with the beaſts that periſh graze the plain:
Might this be true, had we ſo far fill'd up
The meaſure of our crimes, and from the cup
Of guilt ſo deeply drank, as not to find,
Thirſting for ſin, one drop, one dreg behind,
Quick ruin muſt involve this flaming ball,
And Providence in juſtice cruſh us all.
None but the damn'd, and amongſt them the worſt,
Thoſe who for double guilt are doubly curs'd,
Can be ſo loſt; nor can the worſt of all
At once into ſuch deep damnation fall;
By painful ſlow degrees they reach this crime,
Which e'en in hell muſt be a work of time.
Ceaſe then thy guilty rage, thou wayward ſon,
With the foul gall of diſcontent o'er-run,
Liſt to my voice—be honeſt, if you can,
Nor ſlander Nature in her fav'rite Man.
But if thy ſpirit, reſolute in ill,
One having err'd, perſiſts in error ſtill,
Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
And freely vent thoſe blaſphemies in air,
Which I would ſtamp as falſe, tho' on the tongue
Of angels the injurious ſlander hung.

Dup'd by thy vanity (that cunning elf
Who ſnares the coxcomb to deceive himſelf)
Or blinded by that rage, did'ſt thou believe
That we, too, coolly, would ourſelves deceive?
That we as ſterling falſhood would admit,
Becauſe 'twas ſeaſon'd with ſome little wit?
When fiction riſes pleaſing to the eye,
Men will believe, becauſe they love the lie;
But Truth herſelf, if clouded with a frown,
Muſt have ſome ſolemn proof to paſs her down.
Haſt thou, maintaining that which muſt diſgrace
And bring into contempt the human race,
Haſt thou, or can'ſt thou, in Truth's ſacred court,
To ſave thy credit, and thy cauſe ſupport,
Produce one proof, make out one real ground
On which ſo great, ſo groſs a charge to found!
Nay, do'ſt thou know one man (let that appear
From wilful falſhood I'll proclaim thee clear)
One man ſo loſt, to Nature ſo untrue,
From whom this gen'ral charge, thy raſhneſs drew?
On this foundation ſhalt thou ſtand or fall—
Prove that in One, which you have charg'd on *All*.
Reaſon determines, and it muſt be done;
'Mongſt men, or paſt, or preſent, name me One.

Hogarth—I take thee, Candour, at thy word,
Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard;
Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
Nothing retain'd of Candour but the name;
By thee have I been charg'd in angry ſtrains
With that mean falſhood which my ſoul diſdains—
Hogarth ſtand forth—Nay hang not thus aloof—
Now, Candour, now thou ſhalt receive ſuch proof,
Such damning proof, that henceforth thou ſhalt fear
To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear—
Hogarth ſtand forth—I dare thee to be tried
In that great court, where Conſcience muſt preſide;
At that moſt ſolemn bar hold up thy hand;
Think before whom, on what account you ſtand—
Speak, but conſider well—from firſt to laſt
Review thy life, weigh ev'ry action paſt—
Nay, you ſhall have no reaſon to complain—
Take longer time, and view them o'er again—
Can'ſt thou remember from thy earlieſt youth,
And as thy God muſt judge thee, ſpeak the truth,
A ſingle inſtance where, *ſelf* laid aſide,
And juſtice taking place of fear and pride,
Thou with an equal eye did'ſt Genius view,
And give to merit what was merit's due?
Genius and merit are a ſure offence,
And thy ſoul ſickens at the name of ſenſe.
Is any one ſo fooliſh to ſucceed,
On Envy's altar he is doom'd to bleed?
Hogarth, a guilty pleaſure in his eyes,
The place of executioner ſupplies.

See how he glotes, enjoys the ſacred feaſt,
And proves himſelf by cruelty a prieſt.
Whilſt the weak artiſt to thy whims a ſlave,
Would bury all thoſe pow'rs which Nature gave.
Would ſuffer blank concealment to obſcure
Thoſe rays, thy jealouſy could not endure;
To feed thy vanity would ruſt unknown,
And to ſecure thy credit blaſt his own,
In Hogarth he was ſure to find a friend;
He could not fear, and therefore might commend.
But when his ſpirit, rous'd by honeſt ſhame,
Shook off that lethargy, and ſoar'd to fame,
When, with the pride of man, reſolv'd and ſtrong,
He ſcorn'd thoſe fears which did his honour wrong,
And, on himſelf determin'd to rely,
Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
No friend in thee, could ſuch a rebel know;
He had deſert, and Hogarth was his foe.
Souls of a tim'rous caſt, of petty name
In Envy's court, not yet quite dead to ſhame,
May ſome remorſe, ſome qualms of conſcience feel,
And ſuffer honour to abate their zeal;
But the man truly and compleatly great,
Allows no rule of action but his hate;
Thro' ev'ry bar he bravely breaks his way,
Paſſion his principle, and parts his prey.
McGuins in vice and virtue ſpeak a mind
Within the pale of temperance confin'd;
The daring ſpirit ſcorns her narrow ſchemes,
And, good, or bad, is always in extremes.
Man's practice duly weigh'd, thro' ev'ry age
On the ſame plan hath Envy form'd her rage:
'Gainſt thoſe whom fortune hath our rivals made
In way of Science, and in way of Trade,
Smug with mean jealouſy ſhe arms her ſpite,
Fait works, then views their ruin with delight.
Our Hogarth here a grand improver ſhines,
And nobly on the gen'ral plan refines;
He like himſelf o'erleaps the ſervile bound;
Worth is his mark, wherever worth is found.
Should painters only his vaſt wrath ſuffice?
Genius in ev'ry walk is lawful prize.
'Tis a groſs inſult to his o'ergrown ſtate;
His love to merit is to feel his hate.
When Wilkes, our countryman, our common friend,
Anſe, his king, his country to defend,
When tools of pow'r he bar'd to public view,
And from their holes the ſneaking cowards drew,
When Rancour found it far beyond her reach
To foil his honour, and his truth impeach,
What could induce thee, at a time and place,
Where manly foes had bluſh'd to ſhew their face,
To make that effort, which muſt damn thy name,
And ſink thee deep, deep in thy grave with ſhame?
Did virtue move thee? No, 'twas pride, rank pride,
And if thou hadſt not done it, thou hadſt dy'd.
Malice (who, diſappointed of her end,
Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,
Preys on herſelf, and driven to the ſtake,
Gives Virtue that revenge ſhe ſcorns to take)
Had kill'd thee, tott'ring on life's utmoſt verge,
Had Wilkes and Liberty eſcap'd thy ſcourge.
When that great Charter, which our fathers bought
With their beſt blood, was into queſtion brought;
When, big with ruin, o'er each Engliſh head
Vile ſav'ry hung ſuſpended by a thread;
When Liberty, all trembling and aghaſt,
Fear'd for the future, knowing what was paſt;
When ev'ry breaſt was chill'd with deep deſpair,
Till reaſon pointed out that Pratt was there;
Lurking, moſt ruffian-like, behind a ſcreen,
So plac'd all things to ſee, himſelf unſeen,
Virtue, with due contempt, ſaw Hogarth ſtand,
The murd'rous pencil in his palſied hand.
What was the cauſe of Liberty to him,
Or what was Honour? Let them ſink or ſwim,
So he may gratify without controul,
The mean reſentments of his ſelfiſh ſoul.
Let Freedom periſh, if, to Freedom true,
In the ſame ruin Wilkes may periſh too.
With all the ſymptoms of aſſur'd decay,
With age and ſickneſs pinch'd, and worn away,
Pale quiv'ring lips, lank cheeks, and fault'ring tongue,
The ſpirits out of tune, the nerves unſtrung,
Thy body ſhrivell'd up, thy dim eyes ſunk
Within their ſockets deep, thy weak hams ſhrunk
Thy body's weight unable to ſuſtain,
The ſtream of life ſcarce trembling thro' the vein,
More than half-kill'd by honeſt truths, which fell,
Thro' thy own fault, from men who wiſh'd thee well,
Can'ſt thou, e'en thus, thy thoughts to vengeance give,
And, dead to all things elſe, to malice live?
Hence, dotard, to thy cloſet, ſhut thee in.
By deep repentance waſh away thy ſin,
From haunts of men to ſhame and ſorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.
Vain exhortation! Waſh the Ethiop white,
Diſcharge the leopard's ſpots, turn day to night,
Controul the courſe of Nature, bid the deep
Huſh at thy pigmy voice her waves to ſleep,
Perform things paſſing ſtrange, yet own thy art
Too weak to work a change in ſuch a heart.
That Envy which was woven in the frame
At firſt, will to the laſt remain the ſame.
Reaſon may droop, may die, but Envy's rage
Improves by time, and gathers ſtrength from age.
Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen,
Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
Tell us that Envy, who with giant ſtride
Stalks thro' the vale of life by Virtue's ſide,
Retreats when ſhe hath drawn her lateſt breath,
And calmly hears her praiſes after death.
To ſuch obſervers Hogarth gives the lie;
Worth may be hears'd, but Envy cannot die;
Within the manſion of his gloomy breaſt,
A manſion ſuited well to ſuch a gueſt,
Immortal, unimpair'd ſhe rears her head,
And damns alike the living and the dead.
Oft have I known thee Hogarth, weak and vain,
Thyſelf the idol of thy awkward ſtrain,
Thro' the dull meaſure of a ſummer's day,
In phraſe moſt vile, prate long long hours away,
Whilſt friends with friends all gaping ſit, and gaze
To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praiſe.
But if athwart thee interruption came,
And mentioned with reſpect ſome ancient's name,
Some ancient's name, who in the days of yore
The crown of Art with greateſt honour wore,
How have I ſeen thy coward cheek turn pale,
And blank confuſion ſeize thy mangled tale!

How hath thy jealousy to madness grown,
And deem'd his praise injurious to thy own!
Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
And Arts and Artists all became thy prey;
Then did'st thou trample on establish'd rules,
And proudly levell'd all the ancient schools,
Condemn'd those works, with praise through ages grac'd,
Which you had never seen, or could not taste.
"But would mankind have true perfection shewn,
"It must be found in labours of my own.
"I dare to challenge in one single piece,
"Th' united force of Italy and Greece."
Thy eager hand the curtain then undrew,
And brought the boasted master-piece to view.
Spare thy remarks—say not a single word—
The picture seen, why is the painter heard?
Call not up shame and anger in our cheeks;
Without a comment Sigismunda speaks.
Poor Sigismunda; what a fate is thine!
Dryden, the great High-Priest of all the Nine,
Reviv'd thy name, gave what a Muse could give,
And in his numbers bade thy mem'ry live;
Gave thee those soft sensations, which might move
And warm the coldest anchorite to love;
Gave thee that virtue which could curb desire,
Refine and consecrate love's headstrong fire;
Gave thee those griefs which made the stoic feel,
And call'd compassion forth from hearts of steel;
Gave thee that firmness which our sex may shame,
And make Man bow to Woman's juster claim,
So that our tears, which from compassion flow,
Seem to debase thy dignity of woe.
But O, how much unlike! how fallen! how chang'd!
How much from Nature and herself estrang'd!
How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
To shew her feelings, and awaken ours,
Doth Sigismunda now devoted stand,
The helpless victim of a Dauber's hand!
But why, *my* Hogarth, such a progress made,
So rare a pattern for the sign-post trade,
In the full force and whirlwind of thy pride,
Why was *Heroic* painting laid aside?
Why is it not resum'd? Thy friends at court,
Men all in place and pow'r, crave thy support;
Be grateful then for once, and thro' the field
Of politics, thy *Epic* pencil wield,
Maintain the cause, which they, good lack! avow,
And would maintain too, but they know not how.
Thro' ev'ry *Pannel* let thy virtue tell
How Bute prevail'd, How Pitt and Temple fell!
How England's sons (whom they conspir'd to bless
Against our will, with insolent success)
Approve their fall, and with addresses run,
How got, God knows, to hail the Scottish sun!
Point out our fame in war, when vengeance, hurl'd
From the strong arm of Justice, shook the world;
Thine, and thy country's honour to encrease,
Point out the honours of succeeding peace;
Our *moderation*, christian-like, display,
Shew what we got, and what we gave away.
In colours, dull and heavy as the tale,
Let a *State*-chaos thro' the whole prevail.
But, of events regardless, whilst the Muse,
Perhaps with too much heat, her theme pursues;
Whilst her quick spirits rouse at Freedom's call,
And ev'ry drop of blood is turn'd to gall;
Whilst a dear country, and an injur'd *friend*,
Urge my strong anger to the bitter'st end;
Whilst honest trophies to revenge are rais'd,
Let not one real virtue pass unprais'd:
Justice with equal course bids Satire flow,
And loves the virtue of her greatest foe.
O! that I here could that rare Virtue mean,
Which scorns the rule of Envy, Pride, and Spleen,
Which springs not from the labour'd works of Art,
But hath its rise from Nature in the heart,
Which in itself with happiness is crown'd,
And spreads with joy the blessing all around!
But Truth forbids, and in these simple lays,
Contented with a diff'rent kind of praise,
Must Hogarth stand: that praise which Genius gives,
In which to latest time the *Artist* lives,
But not the *Man*; which, rightly understood,
May make us great, but cannot make us good;
That praise be Hogarth's; freely let him wear
The wreath which Genius wove, and planted there.
Foe as I am, should Envy tear it down,
Myself would labour to replace the crown.
In walks of humour, in that cast of style,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In Comedy, his nat'ral road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole.
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.
How could'st thou then to shame perversely run,
And tread that path which Nature bade thee shun?
Why did Ambition overleap her rules,
And thy vast parts become the sport of fools?
By diff'rent methods diff'rent men excel,
But where is he who can do all things well?
Humour thy province, for some monstrous crime
Pride struck thee with the phrenzy of *Sublime*.
But, when the work was finish'd, could thy mind
So partial be, and to herself so blind,
What with contempt all view'd, to view with awe,
Nor see those faults which ev'ry blockhead saw?
Blush, thou vain man, and if desire of fame.
Founded on real Art, thy thoughts inflame,
To quick destruction Sigismunda give,
And let her mem'ry die, that thine may live.
But should fond Candour, for her mercy take,
With pity view, and pardon this mistake;
Or should oblivion, to thy wish most kind,
Wipe off that stain, nor leave one trace behind;
Of Arts *despis'd*, of Artists by thy frown
Aw'd from just hopes, of *rising worth kept down*,
Of all thy meanness thro' this mortal race,
Can'st thou the living memory erase?
Or shall not vengeance follow to the grave,
And give back just that measure which you gave?
With so much merit, and so much success,
With so much power to curse, so much to bless,
Would he have been man's friend instead of foe,
Hogarth had been a little God below.
Why then, like savage giants, fam'd of old,
Of whom in scripture story we are told,

Doſt thou in cruelty that ſtrength employ,
Which Nature meant to ſave, not to deſtroy?
Why doſt thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,
Sit grinning o'er the ruins thou haſt made?
Moſt rank Ill-nature muſt applaud thy art;
But even Candour muſt condemn thy heart.
For me, who warm and zealous for my friend,
In ſpite of railing thouſands, will commend,
And, no leſs warm and zealous 'gainſt my foes,
Spite of commending thouſands, will oppoſe,
I dare thy worſt, with ſcorn behold thy rage,
But with an eye of pity view thy age;
Thy feeble age, in which, as in a glaſs,
We ſee how men to diſſolution paſs.
Thou *wretched Being*, whom, on Reaſon's plan,
So chang'd, ſo loſt, I cannot call a man,
What could perſuade thee, at this time of life,
To launch afreſh into the ſea of ſtrife?
Better for thee, ſcarce crawling on the earth,
Almoſt as much a child as at thy birth,
To have reſign'd in peace thy parting breath,
And ſunk unnotic'd in the arms of Death.
Why would thy grey, grey hairs reſentment brave,
Thus to go down with ſorrow to the grave?
Now, by my ſoul, it makes me bluſh to know
My ſpirits could deſcend to ſuch a foe.
Whatever cauſe the vengeance might provoke,
It ſeems rank cowardice to give the ſtroke
Sure 'tis a curſe which angry Fates impoſe,
To mortify man's arrogance, that thoſe
Who're faſhion'd of ſome better ſort of clay,
Much ſooner than the common herd decay.
What bitter pangs muſt humble Genius feel,
In their laſt hours, to view a Swift and Steele?
How muſt ill-boding horrors fill her breaſt,
When ſhe beholds men, mark'd above the reſt
For qualities moſt dear, plung'd from that height,
And ſunk, deep ſunk, in ſecond childhood's night?
Are men, indeed, ſuch things, and are the beſt
More ſubject to this evil, than the reſt,
To drivel out whole years of ideot breath,
And ſit the monuments of living death?
O, galling circumſtance to human pride!
Abaſing thought, but not to be denied!
With curious art the brain too finely wrought,
Preys on herſelf, and is deſtroy'd by thought.
Conſtant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her pow'rs and leaves a blank behind.
But let not youth, to inſolence allied,
In heat of blood, in full career of pride,
Poſſeſs'd of Genius, with unhallow'd rage,
Mock the infirmities of rev'rend age.
The greateſt Genius to this fate may bow;
Reynolds, in time, may be like Hogarth now.

THE

GHOST.

IN

FOUR BOOKS.

BOOK I.

WITH eager ſearch to dart the ſoul,
Curiouſly vain, from pole to pole,
And from the planets, wand'ring ſpheres
T' extort the number of our years,
And whether all thoſe years ſhall flow
Serenely ſmooth, and free from woe,
Or rude misfortune ſhall deform
Our life, with one continual ſtorm;
Or if the ſcene ſhall motley be,
Alternate joy and miſery;
Is a deſire, which, more or leſs,
All men muſt feel, tho' few confeſs.
Hence, ev'ry place and ev'ry age
Affords ſubſiſtence to the ſage,
Who, free from this world and its cares,
Holds an acquaintance with the ſtars,
From whom he gains intelligence
Of things to come ſome ages hence,
Which unto friends, at eaſy rates,
He readily communicates.
At its firſt riſe, which all agree on,
This noble ſcience was Chaldean,
That ancient people, as they fed
Their flocks upon the mountains head,
Gaz'd on the ſtars, obſerv'd their motions,
And ſtruck in aſtrologic notions,
Which they ſo eagerly purſue,
As folks are apt whate'er is new,
That things below at random rove,
Whilſt they're conſulting things above;
And when they now ſo poor were grown,
That they'd no houſes of their own,
They made bold with their friends the ſtars,
And prudently made uſe of theirs.
To Egypt from Chaldee it travell'd,
And Fate at Memphis was unravell'd:
Th' exotic Science ſoon ſtruck root,
And flouriſh'd into high repute.
Each learned prieſt, O ſtrange to tell!
Could circles make, and caſt a ſpell;
Could read and write, and taught the nation
The holy art of Divination.
Nobles themſelves, for at that time
Knowledge in Nobles was no crime,
Could talk as learned as the prieſt,
And prophecy as much at leaſt.
Hence all the fortune-telling crew,
Whoſe crafty ſkill mars Nature's hue,
Who, in vile tatters, with ſmirch'd face,
Run up and down from place to place,
To gratify their friend's deſires,
From Bampfield Carew to Moll Squires,
Are rightly term'd Egyptians all;
Whom we, miſtaking, Gypſies call.
The Grecian Sages borrow'd this,
As they did other ſciences,
From fertile Egypt, tho' the loan
They had not honeſty to own,
Dodona's oaks, inſpir'd by Jove,
A learned and prophetic grove,
Turn'd vegetable Necromancers,
And to all comers gave their anſwers:
At Delphos, to Apollo dear,
All men the voice of Fate might hear;
Each ſubtle prieſt on three-legg'd ſtool,
To take in wiſe men, play'd the fool.
A myſtery, ſo made for gain,
E'en now in faſhion muſt remain.
Enthuſiaſts never will let drop
What brings ſuch buſineſs to their ſhop,

And that great ſaint we Whitfield call,
Keeps up the Humbug Spiritual.
Among the Romans, not a bird
Without a prophecy was heard;
Fortunes of empires often hung
On the magician magpie's tongue.
And ev'ry crow was to the ſtate
A ſure interpreter of Fate.
Prophets, embodied in a College,
(Time out of mind your ſeat of knowledge,
For Genius never fruit can bear
Unleſs it firſt is planted there,
And ſolid learning never falls
Without the verge of College walls)
Infallible accounts would keep
When it was beſt to watch or ſleep,
To eat or drink, to go or ſtay,
And when to fight or run away;
When matters were for action ripe,
By looking at a *double tripe*;
When Emperors would live or die,
They in an *Aſs's ſcull* could ſpy;
When gen'rals would their ſtation keep,
Or turn their backs, *in hearts of ſheep*.
In matters, whether ſmall or great,
In private families or ſtate,
As amongſt us, the holy Seer
Officiouſly would interfere,
With pious arts and rev'rend ſkill
Would bend Lay Bigots to his will,
Would help or injure foes or friends,
Juſt as it ſerv'd his private ends.
Whether in honeſt way of trade,
Traps for virginity were laid,
Or if, to make their party great,
Deſigns were form'd againſt the State.
Regardleſs of the common weal,
By int'reſt led, which they call zeal,
Into the ſcales was always thrown
The will of Heav'n to back *their own*.
England, a happy land we know,
Where follies naturally grow;
Where without culture they ariſe,
And tow'r above the common ſize;
England a fortune-telling hoſt,
As num'rous as the ſtars, could boaſt;
Matrons, who toſs the cup, and ſee
The grounds of Fate in grounds of Tea;
Who vers'd in ev'ry modeſt lore,
Can a loſt maidenhead reſtore,
Or, if their pupils rather chuſe it,
Can ſhew the readieſt way to loſe it;
Gypſies, who ev'ry ill can cure,
Except the ill of being poor;
Who charms 'gainſt Love and Agues ſell,
Who can in hen-rooſt ſet a ſpell,
Prepar'd by arts, to them beſt known,
To catch all feet except their own;
Who as to fortune can unlock it,
As eaſily as pick a pocket;
Scotchmen who, in their country's right,
Poſſeſs the gift of *ſecond-ſight*,
Who (when their barren heaths they quit,
Sure argument of *prudent* wit,
Which reputation to maintain,
They never venture back again)
By lies prophetic heap up riches,
And boaſt the luxury of breeches.

Amongſt the reſt, in former years,
Campbell, illuſtrious name, appears
Great hero of futurity,
Who *blind* could every thing *foreſee*,
Who *dumb* could ev'ry thing *foretell*,
Who, Fate with equity to ſell,
Always dealt out the will of Heaven
According to what price was given.
Of Scottiſh race, in Highlands born,
Poſſeſs'd with native pride and ſcorn,
He hither came, by cuſtom led,
To curſe the hands which gave him bread.
With want of truth, and want of ſenſe,
Amply made up by impudence,
(A *ſuccedaneum*, which we find
In common uſe with all mankind)
Careſs'd and favour'd too by thoſe,
Whoſe heart with patriot feelings glows;
Who fooliſhly, where'er diſpers'd,
Still place their native country firſt;
(For Engliſhmen alone have ſenſe,
To give a *ſtranger* preference,
Whilſt modeſt merit of their own
Is left in poverty to groan)
Campbell foretold juſt what he wou'd,
And left the ſtars to make it good;
On whom he had impreſs'd ſuch awe,
His dictates current paſs'd for law;
Submiſſive all his empire own'd;
No ſtar durſt ſmile, when Campbell frown'd.
This Sage deceas'd, for all muſt die,
And Campbell's no more ſafe than I,
No more than I can guard the heart,
When Death ſhall hurl the fatal dart,
Succeeded, ripe in art and years,
Another fav'rite of the ſpheres;
Another and *another* came,
Of equal ſkill, and equal fame;
As white each wand, as black each gown,
As long each beard, as wiſe each frown;
In ev'ry thing ſo like, you'd ſwear,
Campbell himſelf was ſitting there.
To *all* the happy Art was known,
To tell *our* fortunes, make *their own*.
Seated in garret, for you know,
The nearer to the ſtars we go,
The greater we eſteem his art,
Fools curious flock'd from ev'ry part.
The rich, the poor, the maid, the married,
And thoſe who could not walk, were carried.
The Butler, hanging down his head,
By *chamber-maid* or *cook-maid* led,
Enquires, if from his friend the Moon,
He has advice of pilfer'd ſpoon.
The Court-bred Woman of Condition
(Who to approve her diſpoſition
As much ſuperior as her birth
To thoſe compos'd of common earth,
With double ſpirit muſt engage
In ev'ry folly of the age)
The *honourable* arts would buy,
To pack the cards, and cog a die.
The Hero (who for brawn and face
May claim right honourable place
Amongſt the chiefs of *Butcher-Row*,
Who might ſome thirty years ago,
If we may be allow'd to gueſs
At his employment by his dreſs,

Put med'cines off from cart or ſtage,
The grand Toſcano of the age,
Or might about the countries go,
High-Steward of a puppet-ſhew,
Steward and Stewardſhip moſt meet,
For all know puppets never eat;
Who would be thought, (tho', ſave the mark,
That point is ſomething in the dark)
The Man of Honour, one like thoſe
Renown'd in ſtory, who lov'd blows
Better than victuals, and would fight,
Merely for ſport, from morn to night;
Who treads like Mavors firm, whoſe tongue
Is with the triple thunder hung;
Who cries to Fear—Stand off—aloof—
And talks as he were cannon-proof;
Would be deem'd ready, when you lift,
With ſword and piſtol, ſtick and fiſt,
Careleſs of points, balls, bruiſes, knocks,
At once to fence, fire, cudgel, box,
But at the ſame time bears about,
Within himſelf, ſome touch of doubt,
Of *prudent* doubt, which hints—that fame
Is nothing but an empty name;
That life is rightly underſtood
By all to be a real good;
That, even in a *Hero's* heart,
Diſcretion is the better part;
That this ſame Honour may be won,
And yet no kind of danger run)
Like Dragger comes, that magic pow'rs
May aſcertain his *lucky* hours.
For at ſome hours the fickle dame
Whom Fortune properly we name,
Who ne'er conſiders wrong or right,
When wanted moſt plays leaſt in ſight,
And, like a modern *Court-bred jilt*,
Leaves her chief fav'rites in a tilt.
Some hours there are, when from the heart
Courage into ſome other part,
No matter wherefore, makes retreat,
And fear uſurps the vacant ſeat;
Whence *planet-ſtruck* we often find
Stuarts and Sackvilles of mankind.
Father he'd know (and by his art
A conjurer can that impart)
Whether politer it is reckon'd
To have or not to have a ſecond,
To drag the friends in, or alone
To make the danger all their own;
Whether repletion is not bad,
And fighters with full ſtomachs mad;
Whether before he ſeeks the plain,
It were not well to breathe a vein;
Whether a gentle ſalivation,
Conſiſtently with reputation,
Might not of precious uſe be found,
Not to prevent indeed a wound,
But to prevent the conſequence
Which oftentimes ariſes thence,
Thoſe fevers, which the patient urge on
To gates of death, by help of ſurgeon;
Whether a wind at eaſt or weſt
Is for green wounds accounted beſt;
Whether (was he to chuſe) his mouth
Should point towards the north or ſouth;
Whether more ſafely he might uſe,
On theſe occaſions, pumps or ſhoes;
Whether it better is to fight
By *ſun-ſhine*, or by *candle-light*;
Or (leſt a *candle* ſhould appear
Too mean to ſhine in ſuch a ſphere,
For who would of a candle tell
To light a hero into hell,
And leſt the *Sun* ſhould partial riſe
To dazzle one or t'other's eyes.
Or one or t'other's brains to ſcorch)
Might not *Dame* Luna hold a torch?
These points with dignity diſcuſs'd,
And gravely fix'd, a taſk which muſt
Require no little time and pains,
To make our hearts friends with our brains,
The *Man of War* would next engage
The kind aſſiſtance of the Sage,
Some previous method to direct,
Which ſhould make theſe of none effect.
Could he not, from the myſtic ſchool
Of Art, produce ſome ſacred rule,
By which a knowledge could be got,
Whether men valiant, were, or not,
So he that challenges might write
Only to thoſe who would not fight?
Or could he not ſome way diſpenſe,
By help of which (without offence
To *Honour*, whoſe nice nature's ſuch,
She ſcarce endures the ſlighteſt touch)
When he for want of t'other rule
Miſtakes his man, and, like a fool,
With ſome vain fighting blade gets in,
He fairly may get out again?
Or, ſhould ſome Dæmon lay a ſcheme
To drive him to the laſt extreme,
So that he muſt confeſs his fears.
In mercy to his noſe and ears,
And like a prudent recreant knight,
Rather do any thing than fight,
Could he not ſome expedient buy
To keep his ſhame from public eye?
For well he held, and men review,
Nine in ten hold the maxim too,
That Honour's like a *maiden-head*,
Which if in private brought to bed,
Is none the worſe, but walks the town,
Ne'er loſt, until the loſs be known.
The Parſon too (for now and then
Parſons are juſt like other men,
And here and there a *grave* Divine
Has paſſion's ſuch as your's or mine)
Burning with *holy* luſt to know
When Fate preferment will beſtow,
'Fraid of detection, not of ſin,
With circumſpection ſneaking in
To *Conj'ror*, as he does to *Whore*,
Thro' ſome bye-alley, or back-door,
With the ſame caution *orthodox*
Conſults the *ſtars*, and gets a *pox*.
The Citizen, in fraud grown old,
Who knows no Deity but Gold,
Worn out, and gaſping now for breath,
A med'cine wants to keep off death;
Would know, if That he cannot have,
What coins are current in the grave;
If, when the ſtocks (which by *his* pow'r,
Would riſe or fall in half an hour,
For, though unthought of and unſeen,
He work'd the ſprings behind the ſcreen)

By *his* directions came about,
And roſe to *ſtar*, he ſhould ſell out;
Whether he ſafely might, or no,
Replace it in the funds *below*.
By all addreſs'd, believ'd, and paid,
Many purſu'd the thriving trade,
And, great in reputation grown,
Succeſſive held the Magic throne.
Favour'd by ev'ry darling paſſion,
The love of novelty and faſhion,
Ambition, Av'rice, Luſt, and Pride,
Riches pour'd in on ev'ry ſide.
But when the *prudent* laws thought fit
To curb this inſolence of Wit;
When Senates wiſely had provided,
Decreed, enacted, and decided,
That no ſuch vile and upſtart elves
Should have more knowledge than themſelves;
When fines and penalties were laid
To ſtop the progreſs of the trade,
And ſtars no longer could diſpenſe,
With *honour*, farther influence,
And Wizards (which muſt be confeſt
Was of more force than all the reſt)
No certain way to tell had got,
Which were informers, and which not;
Affrighted Sages were, perforce,
Oblig'd to ſteer ſome other courſe.
By various ways, theſe *Sons of Chance*
Their fortunes labour'd to advance,
Well knowing, by unerring rules,
Knaves ſtarve not in the *Land of Fools*.
Some, with high titles and degrees,
Which wiſe men borrow when they pleaſe,
Without or trouble or expence,
Phyſicians inſtantly commence,
And proudly boaſt an equal ſkill
With thoſe who claim the *right to kill*.
Others about the countries roam,
(For not one thought of going *home*)
With piſtol and adopted leg
Prepar'd at once to rob or beg.
Some, the more ſubtle of their race,
(Who felt ſome touch of *coward* grace,
Who Tyburn to avoid had wit,
But never fear'd deſerving it)
Came to their *brother* Smollet's aid,
And carried on the Critic trade.
Attach'd to Letters and the Muſe,
Some verſes wrote, and *ſome* wrote news;
Thoſe each revolving month are ſeen,
The heroes of a *Magazine*;
Theſe, ev'ry morning, great appear
In Ledger, or in Gazetteer;
Spreading the falſehoods of the day
By turns for Faden and for Say;
Like Swiſs, their force is always laid
On that ſide where they beſt are paid.
Hence mighty prodigies ariſe,
And daily Monſters ſtrike our eyes;
Wonders, to propagate the trade,
More ſtrange than ever Baker made,
Are hawk'd about from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And Fools believe, whilſt Liars eat.
Now armies in the air engage,
To fright a ſuperſtitious age;
Now comets through the æther range,
In governments portending change;
Now rivers to the ocean fly
So quick they leave their channels dry;
Now monſtrous whales on Lambeth ſhore
Drink the Thames dry, and thirſt for more?
And ev'ry now and then appears
An Iriſh ſavage numb'ring years
More than thoſe happy ſages con'd,
Who drew their breath before the Flood.
Now, to the wonder of all people,
A *church* is left without a *ſteeple*;
A *ſteeple* now is left in lurch,
And mourns departure of the *church*,
Which borne on wings of mighty wind,
Remov'd a furlong off we find.
Now, wrath on cattle to diſcharge,
Hail-ſtones as deadly fall, and large
As thoſe which were on Egypt ſent,
At once their crime and puniſhment;
Or thoſe which, as the Prophet writes,
Fell on the necks of Amorites,
When, ſtruck with wonder and amaze,
The *Sun* ſuſpended, ſtay'd to gaze,
And, from her duty longer kept,
In Ajalon his *ſiſter* ſlept.
But if ſuch things no more engage
The taſte of a politer age,
To help them out in time of need
Another Tofts muſt *rabbits* breed.
Each pregnant female trembling hears,
And, overcome with ſpleen and fears,
Conſults her faithful glaſs no more,
But madly bounding o'er the floor,
Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,
By Fancy turn'd into a *doe*.
Now to promote their private ends,
Nature her uſual courſe ſuſpends,
And varies from the ſtated plan,
Obſerv'd e'er ſince the world began.
Bodies (which fooliſhly we thought,
By cuſtom's ſervile maxims taught,
Needed a regular ſupply,
And without nouriſhment muſt die)
With craving appetites and ſenſe
Of hunger eaſily diſpenſe,
And, pliant to *their* wond'rous ſkill,
Are taught, like *watches*, to ſtand ſtill
Uninjur'd, for a month or more;
Then go on as they did before.
The novel takes, the tale ſucceeds,
Amply ſupplies its author's needs,
And Betty Canning is at leaſt,
With Gaſcoyne's help, a ſix month's feaſt.
Whilſt in contempt of all our pains,
The tyrant Superſtition reigns
Imperious in the heart of man,
And warps his thoughts from Nature's plan;
Whilſt fond Credulity, who ne'er
The weight of wholeſome doubts could bear,
To Reaſon and herſelf unjuſt,
Takes all things blindly up on truſt;
Whilſt Curioſity, whoſe rage
No mercy ſhews to ſex or age,
Muſt be indulg'd at the expence
Of *Judgment*, *Truth*, and *Common Senſe*;
Impoſtures cannot but prevail,
And when *old miracles* grow ſtale,
Jugglers will ſtill the art purſue,
And entertain the world with *new*.

For Them, obedient to their will,
And trembling at their mighty ſkill,
Sad Spirits, ſummon'd from the tomb,
Glide glaring ghaſtly thro' the gloom,
In all the uſual pomp of ſtorms,
In horrid cuſtomary forms,
A Wolf, a Bear, a Horſe, an Ape,
As Fear and Fancy give them ſhape
Tormented with deſpair and pain,
They roar, they yell, and clank the chain.
Folly and Guilt (for Guilt, howe'er
The face of courage it may wear,
Is ſtill a coward at the heart)
At fear-created phantoms ſtart.
The Prieſt, that very word implies
That he's both innocent and wiſe,
Yet fears to travel in the dark,
Unleſs eſcorted by his Clerk.
But let not ev'ry bungler deem
Too lightly of ſo deep a ſcheme:
For reputation of the *Art*,
Each Ghoſt muſt act a proper part,
Obſerve *Decorum*'s needful grace,
And keep the laws of *Time* and *Place*,
Muſt change, with happy variation,
His manners with his ſituation;
What in the country might paſs down,
Would be impertinent in town,
No ſpirit of *diſcretion* here
Can think of breeding awe and fear,
'Twill ſerve the purpoſe more by half
To make the congregation laugh.
We want no enſigns of ſurprize,
Locks ſtiff with gore, and ſawcer eyes;
Give us an entertaining *Sprite*,
Gentle, familiar, and polite,
One who appears in ſuch a form
As might an holy hermit warm,
Or who on former ſchemes refines,
And only talks by ſounds and ſigns,
Who will not to the eye appear,
But pay: her viſits to the ear,
And knocks ſo gently, 'twould not fright
A lady in the darkeſt night.
Such is our FANNY, whoſe good-will,
Which cannot in the grave lie ſtill,
Brings her on earth to entertain
Her friends and lovers in Cock-Lane.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK II.

A SACRED ſtandard rule we find,
By poets held time out of mind,
To offer at Apollo's ſhrine,
And call on One, or All the Nine.
This cuſtom thro' a *bigot* zeal,
Which Moderns of *fine taſte* muſt feel
For thoſe who wrote in days of yore,
Adopted ſtands like many more,
Tho' ev'ry cauſe which them conſpir'd
To make it practis'd and admir'd,
Yielding to time's deſtructive courſe,
For ages paſt hath loſt its force.
With *ancient* bards, an invocation
Was a true act of adoration,
Of worſhip an eſſential part,
And not a formal piece of art,
Of paltry reading a parade,
A dull ſolemnity in trade,
A pious fever, taught to burn
An hour or two to ſerve a turn.
They talk'd not of Caſtalian Springs,
By way of ſaying *pretty things*,
As *we* dreſs out our ſlimſey rimes;
'Twas the Religion of the *times*,
And they believ'd that *holy* ſtream
With greater force made Fancy teem,
Reckon'd by all a true ſpecific
To make the barren brain prolific:
Thus Romiſh Church (a ſcheme which bears
Not half ſo much excuſe as theirs)
Since Faith *implicitly* hath taught her,
Reveres the force of *Holy Water*.
The Pagan Syſtem, whether true
Or falſe, its ſtrength, like *buildings*, drew
From many parts diſpos'd to bear,
In one great Whole, their proper ſhare.
Each God of *eminent* degree
To ſome vaſt *beam* compar'd might be;
Each Godling was a *peg*, or rather
A *cramp*, to keep the *beams* together:
And man as ſafely might pretend,
From Jove the *thunder-bolt* to rend,
As with an impious pride aſpire
To rob Apollo of his *lyre*.
But why ſhould We, who cannot feel
Theſe glowings of a *Pagan* zeal,
That wild *enthuſiaſtic* force,
By which, above her common courſe,
Nature in *extacy* up-borne,
Look'd down on earthly things with ſcorn;
Who have no more regard, 'tis known,
For *their* religion than *our own*,
And feel not half ſo fierce a flame
At Clio's as at Fiſher's name;
Who know theſe boaſted *ſacred ſtreams*
Were mere romantic idle dreams,
That Thames has water clear as thoſe
Which on the top of Pindus roſe,
And that the Fancy to refine,
Water's not half ſo good as wine;
Who know, if profit ſtrikes our eye,
Should we drink Helicon quite dry,
Th' whole fountain would not thither leſt
So ſoon as one poor jug from Tweed;
Who, if to raiſe poetic fire,
The pow'r of *beauty* we require,
In any public place can view
More than the Grecians ever knew;
If *Wit* into the ſcale is thrown,
Can boaſt a Lennox of our own;
Why ſhould *we* ſervile cuſtoms chuſe,
And court an *antiquated Muſe*?
No matter why—to aſk a *reaſon*,
In Pedant Bigotry is treaſon.
In the broad, beaten, turnpike-road
Of *hackney'd Panegyric Ode*,

No *Modern Poet* dares to ride
Without Apollo by his ſide,
Nor in a *Sonnet* take the air,
Unleſs his *Lady Muſe* be there.
She, from ſome *Amaranthine* grove,
Where little Loves and Graces rove,
The laurel to *my Lord* muſt bear,
Or garlands make for *whores* to wear;
She, with ſoft *elegiac* verſe,
Muſt grace ſome *mighty villain*'s hearſe;
Or for ſome *infant*, doom'd by Fate,
To wallow in a large eſtate,
With rimes the cradle muſt adorn,
To tell the world a *fool* is born.
Since then our Critic Lords expect
No hardy Poet ſhould reject
Eſtabliſh'd maxims, or preſume
To place much better in their room,
By nature fearful, I ſubmit,
And in the dearth of Senſe and Wit,
With *nothing done*, and *little ſaid*,
(By wild excurſive Fancy led,
Into a Second Book thus far,
Like ſome unwary *traveller*,
Whom varied ſcenes of wood and lawn,
With treacherous delight, have drawn;
Deluded from his purpos'd way,
Whom ev'ry ſtep leads more aſtray;
Who gazing round can no where ſpy,
Or houſe, or friendly cottage nigh,
And reſolution ſeems to lack
To venture forward or go back)
Invoke ſome Goddeſs to deſcend,
And help me to my journey's end.
Tho' conſcious Arrow all the while
Hears the petition with a ſmile,
Before the glaſs her charms unfolds,
And in *herſelf* My *Muſe* beholds.
Truth, Goddeſs of celeſtial birth,
But little lov'd, or known on earth,
Whoſe pow'r but ſeldom rules the heart,
Whoſe name, with hypocritic art,
An errant ſtalking-horſe is made,
A ſnug pretence to drive a trade,
An inſtrument convenient grown
To plant, more firmly, Falſhood's throne,
As rebels varniſh o'er their cauſe
With ſpecious colouring of laws,
And *pious* traitors draw the knife
In the King's *name* againſt his *life*;
Whether (from *cities* far away,
Where *fraud* and *falſehood* ſcorn thy ſway)
The faithful nymph's and ſhepherd's pride,
With Love and Virtue by thy ſide,
Your hours in harmleſs joys are ſpent
Amongſt the children of Content;
Or, fond of gaiety and ſport,
You tread the round of England's Court;
Howe'er my Lord may frowning go,
And treat the *ſtranger* as a *foe*,
Sure to be found a welcome gueſt
In George's and in Charlotte's breaſt;
If, in the giddy hours of youth,
My conſtant ſoul adher'd to Truth;
If, from the time I firſt wrote Man,
I ſtill purſu'd thy ſacred plan,
Tempted by intereſt in vain
To wear mean Falſhood's golden chain;
If, for a ſeaſon drawn away,
Starting from Virtue's path aſtray,
All low diſguiſe I ſcorn'd to try,
And dar'd to ſin, but not to lye;
Hither, O hither, condeſcend,
Eternal Truth, thy ſteps to bend,
And favour *him*, who ev'ry hour,
Confeſſes and obeys thy pow'r!
But come not with that eaſy mien,
By which you won the *lovely* Dean,
Nor yet aſſume the ſtrumpet air,
Which Rabelais taught thee firſt to wear,
Nor yet that arch ambiguous face,
Which with Cervantes gave thee grace,
But come in ſacred veſture clad,
Solemnly dull, and truly ſad!
Far from thy ſeemly matron train
Be ideot Mirth, and Laughter vain!
For Wit and Humour which pretend
At once to pleaſe us and amend,
They are not for my preſent turn,
Let them remain in *France* with Sterne.
Of nobleſt *City parents* born,
Whom wealth and dignities adorn.
Who ſtill one conſtant tenor keep,
Not quite awake, nor quite aſleep,
With Thee, let formal Dullneſs come,
And deep Attention, ever dumb,
Who on her lips her fingers lays,
Whilſt every circumſtance ſhe weighs,
Whoſe down-caſt eye is often found
Bent without motion to the ground,
Or, to ſome outward thing confin'd,
Remits no image to the mind,
No pregnant mark of meaning bears,
But ſtupid without viſion ſtares;
Thy ſteps let Gravity attend,
Wiſdom's and *Truth*'s unerring friend.
For *one* may ſee with half an eye,
That Gravity can never lye;
And his arch'd brow, pull'd o'er his eyes,
With ſolemn proof proclaims him *wiſe*.
Free from all waggeries and ſports,
The produce of luxurious *Courts*,
Where ſloth and lewd enervate youth,
Come *thou*, a down-right *City* Truth;
The City, which we ever find,
A ſober pattern for mankind;
Where *man*, in equilibrio hung,
Is ſeldom old, and never young,
And from the cradle to the grave,
Not Virtue's friend, nor Vice's ſlave;
As *dancers* on the *wire* we ſpy,
Hanging between the earth and ſky.
She comes—I ſee her from afar
Bending her courſe to *Temple-Bar*:
All ſage and ſilent in her train,
Deportment grave, and garments plain,
Such as may ſuit a *Parſon*'s wear,
And fit the head-piece of a *Mayor*.
By Truth inſpir'd, *our* Bacon's force
Open'd the way to Learning's ſource;
Boyle thro' the works of Nature ran;
And Newton, ſomething more than man,
Div'd into Nature's hidden ſprings,
Laid bare the principles of things,
Above the earth our ſpirits bore,
And gave us worlds unknown before.

By Truth inſpir'd when *Lauder*'s ſpight
O'er Milton caſt the veil of night,
Douglas aroſe, and thro' the maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Came where the ſubtle traitor lay,
And dragged him trembling to the day;
Whilſt He (O ſhame to nobler parts,
Diſhonour to the lib'ral arts,
To traffic in ſo vile a ſcheme!)
Whilſt He, *our letter'd* Polypheme,
Who had *Confed'rate* forces join'd,
Like a baſe coward, ſkulk'd behind.
By Truth inſpir'd, our *Critics* go
To track Fingal in *Highland* ſnow,
To form their own and others *creed*
From *Manuſcripts* they cannot read.
By Truth inſpir'd, we numbers ſee
Of each profeſſion and degree,
Gentle and Simple, Lord and Cit,
Wit without wealth, wealth without wit,
When Punch and Sheridan have done,
To FANNY's *Ghoſtly Lectures* run.
By Truth and FANNY now inſpir'd,
I feel my glowing boſom fir'd;
Deſire beats high in ev'ry vein
To ſing the Spirit of Cock-Lane;
To tell (juſt as the meaſure flows
In halting rime, half verſe, half proſe)
With more than mortal arts endu'd,
How *ſhe* united force withſtood,
And proudly gave a brave defiance
To *Wit* and *Dulneſs* in alliance.
This APPARITION (with relation
To ancient modes of *derivation*,
This we may properly ſo call,
Although it ne'er appears at all,
As by the way of *Innendo*,
Lucus is made *à non lucendo*)
Superior to the vulgar mode,
Nobly diſdains that ſervile road,
Which coward ghoſts, as it appears,
Have walk'd in full five thouſand years,
And for reſtraint too mighty grown,
Strikes out a method of *her own*.
Others may meanly ſtart away,
Aw'd by the herald of the day,
With faculties too weak to bear
The freſhneſs of the morning air,
May vaniſh with the melting gloom,
And glide in ſilence to the tomb;
She dares the ſun's moſt piercing light,
And knocks by day as well as night.
Others, with mean and partial view,
Their viſits pay to *one* or *two*;
She great in reputation grown,
Keeps the beſt company in town.
Our active enterprizing Ghoſt
As large and ſplendid routs can boaſt
As thoſe which, rais'd by Pride's command,
Block up the paſſage thro' the *Strand*.
Great adepts in the fighting trade,
Who ſerve their time on the *parade*;
She-Saints who, true to pleaſure's plan,
Talk about God, and luſt for man;
Wits, who believe nor God, nor Ghoſt,
And fools, who worſhip ev'ry poſt;
Cowards whoſe lips with war are hung;
Men truly brave, who hold their tongue;
Courtiers, who laugh they know not why,
And Cits, who for the ſame cauſe cry;
The canting Tabernacle-Brother,
(For one rogue ſtill ſuſpects another)
Ladies, who to a *Spirit* fly,
Rather than with their *huſbands* lie;
Lords, who as chaſtely paſs their lives
With *other* women as their *wives*;
Proud of their intellects and cloaths,
Phyſicians, Lawyers, Parſons, Beaux.
And, truant from their deſks and ſhops,
Spruce Temple clerks, and 'prentice fops,
To FANNY come, with the ſame view,
To find her falſe, or find her true.
Hark! ſomething creeps about the houſe!
Is it a *Spirit*, or a *Mouſe*?
Hark! ſomething *ſcratches* round the room!
A *cat*, a *rat*, a *ſtubb'd birch-broom*.
Hark! on the wainſcot now it *knocks!*
If thour't a *Ghoſt*, cried Orthodox,
With that affected *ſolemn* air
Which Hypocrites delight to wear,
And all thoſe *forms of conſequence*
Which fools adopt inſtead of *ſenſe*;
If thou'rt a *Ghoſt*, who from the tomb
Stalk'ſt ſadly *ſilent* thro' this gloom,
In breach of Nature's ſtated laws,
For *good*, or *bad*, or for *no* cauſe,
Give *now* nine knocks: like Prieſts of old,
Nine *we* a *ſacred number* hold.
'Pſha, cries Profound, (a man of parts,
Deep read in all the *curious* arts,
Who to their hidden ſprings had trac'd
The force of numbers, *rightly plac'd*)
As to the Number, you are right,
As to the *form*, miſtaken quite.
What's Nine? Your Adepts all agree,
The virtue lies in *three times three*.
He ſaid, no need to ſay it twice,
For Thrice ſhe *knock'd*, and Thrice, and Thrice.
The crowd, confounded and amaz'd,
In ſilence at each other gaz'd,
From Celia's hand the ſnuff box fell,
Tinſel, who ogled with the Belle,
To pick it up attempts in vain,
He ſtoops, but cannot riſe again.
Immane Pompoſo was not heard
T' import one crabbed foreign word.
Fear ſeizes Heroes, Fools, and Wits,
And Plauſible his pray'rs forgets.
At length, as people juſt awake,
Into wild diſſonance they break;
All talk'd at once, but not a word
Was underſtood, or plainly heard.
Such is the noiſe of chatt'ring geeſe,
Slow ſailing on the Summer breeze;
Such is the language Diſcord ſpeaks
In *Welch-women* o'er beds of *leeks*;
Such the confus'd and horrid ſounds
Of *Iriſh* in potatoe-grounds.
But tir'd, for even C———'s tongue
Is not on iron hinges hung,
Fear and Confuſion ſound retreat,
Reaſon and Order take their ſeat.
The fact confirm'd beyond all doubt,
They now would find the cauſes out.
For this a ſacred rule we find
Among the niceſt of mankind,

Which never might exception brook,
From Hobbes e'en down to Bolingbroke,
To doubt of facts, how ever true,
Unleſs they know the cauſes too.
Trifle, of whom 'twas hard to tell
When he intended ill or well,
Who, to prevent all farther pother,
Probably meant not one nor t' other,
Who to be ſilent, always loth,
Would ſpeak on either ſide, or both,
Who, led away by love of fame,
If any new idea came,
Whate'er it made for, always ſaid it,
Not with an eye to Truth, but Credit;
For Orators *profeſs*, 'tis known,
Talk not for *our* ſake, but their *own*;
Who always ſhew'd his talents beſt
When ſerious things were turn'd to jeſt,
And, under much impertinence,
Poſſeſs'd no common ſhare of ſenſe;
Who could deceive the flying hours
With chat on butterflies and flow'rs;
Could talk of powder, patches, paint,
With the ſame zeal as of a ſaint;
Could prove a *Sybil* brighter far
Than *Venus* or the *Morning Star*;
Whilſt ſomething ſtill ſo gay, ſo new,
The ſmile of approbation drew,
And females ey'd the charming man,
Whilſt their hearts flutter'd with their fan;
Trifle, who would by no means miſs
An opportunity like this,
Proceeding on his uſual plan,
Smil'd, ſtrok'd his chin, and thus began.
With *ſheers*, or *ſciſſors*, *ſword* or *knife*,
When the Fates cut the thread of life,
(For if we to the grave are ſent,
No matter with what *inſtrument*)
The *body* in ſome lonely ſpot,
On dunghill vile, is laid to rot,
Or ſleeps among more *holy* dead,
With pray'rs *irreverently* read;
The ſoul is ſent, where Fate ordains,
To reap rewards, or ſuffer pains.
The virtuous to thoſe manſions go,
Where pleaſures unembitter'd flow;
Where, *leading up* a jocund band,
Vigour and Youth *dance* hand in hand,
Whilſt Zephyr, with *harmonious* gales,
Pipes ſofteſt *muſic* thro' the vales,
And Spring and Flora, gaily crown'd,
With *velvet carpets* ſpread the ground;
With *livelier bluſh* where roſes bloom,
And ev'ry ſhrub *expires perfume*;
Where *cryſtal* ſtreams *meand'ring glide*,
Where *warbling* flows the *amber tide*;
Where other *Suns* dart brighter beams,
And Light thro' *purer æther* ſtreams.
Far other ſeats, far diff'rent ſtate
The ſons of Wickedneſs await.
Juſtice (not that *old hag* I mean,
Who's nightly in the *Garden* ſeen,
Who lets no ſpark of *mercy* riſe
For crimes, *by wolviſh men loſe their eyes*;
Nor Her who, with an equal hand,
Weighs *tea* and *ſugar* in the Strand;
Nor Her who, by the world deem'd *wiſe*,
Deaf to the widow's piercing cries,
Steel'd 'gainſt the ſtarving orphan's tears,
On *pawns* her baſe *tribunal* rears;
But Her who after death preſides,
Who ſacred Truth unerring guides;
Who, free from partial influence,
Nor ſinks nor raiſes *evidence*,
Before whom nothing's in the dark,
Who takes no *bribe*, and keeps no *clerk*)
Juſtice with equal ſcale below
In due proportion weighs out woe,
And always with ſuch lucky aim
Knows puniſhments ſo fit to frame,
That ſhe augments their grief and pain,
Leaving no reaſon to complain.
Old Maids and Rakes are join'd together,
Coquettes and *prudes*, like *April* weather.
Wit's forc'd to *chum* with *Common-Senſe*,
And *Luſt* is yok'd to *Impotence*.
Profeſſors (*Juſtice* ſo decreed)
Unpaid muſt conſtant *Lectures* read;
On earth it often doth befal,
They're *paid*, and *never read at all*.
Parſons muſt practiſe what they teach,
And *Biſhops* are compell'd to preach.
She who on earth was nice and prim,
Of delicacy full, and whim,
Whoſe tender nature could not bear
The rudeneſs of the churliſh air,
Is doom'd, to mortify her pride,
The change of weather to abide,
And ſells, whilſt tears with liquor mix,
Burnt brandy on the ſhore of Styx.
Avaro, by long uſe grown bold
In ev'ry ill which brings him gold,
Who his Redeemer would pull down,
And ſell his God for half-a-crown;
Who, if ſome blockhead ſhould be willing
To lend him on his ſoul a ſhilling,
A well-made bargain would eſteem it,
And have more ſenſe than to redeem it;
Juſtice ſhall in thoſe ſhades confine,
To drudge for Plutus in the mine,
All the day long to toil and roar,
And curſing work the ſtubborn ore,
For coxcombs *here*, who have no brains,
Without a ſixpence for his pains.
Thence, with each due return of night,
Compell'd, the *tall*, *thin*, half-ſtarv'd ſprite
Shall earth re-viſit, and ſurvey
The place where once his treaſure lay;
Shall view the *ſtall*, where *holy* Pride
With *letter'd* Ignorance allied,
Once hail'd him mighty and ador'd,
Deſcended to another Lord.
Then ſhall *he* ſcreaming pierce the air,
Hang his lank jaws, and ſcowl deſpair;
Then ſhall *he* ban at Heaven's decrees,
And, howling, ſink to hell for eaſe.
Thoſe who on earth thro' life have paſt
With equal pace, from firſt to laſt,
Nor vex'd with paſſions nor with ſpleen,
Inſipid, eaſy, and ſerene;
Whoſe heads were made too weak to bear
The weight of buſineſs, or of care;
Who without *merit*, without *crime*,
Contrive to while away their time,
Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wits,
Mild Juſtice with a ſmile permits

Still to purſue their darling plan,
And find amuſement how they can.
The Beau, in gaudieſt plumage dreſt
With lucky fancy, o'er the reſt
Of *Air* a curious mantle throws,
And chats among his brother Beaux;
Or, if the weather's fine and clear,
No ſign of rain or tempeſt near,
Encourag'd by the cloudleſs day,
Like *gilded butterflies* at play,
So lively all, ſo gay, ſo briſk,
In air they *flutter*, *float*, and *friſk*.
The Belle (what mortal doth not know,
Belles after death admire a Beau?)
With happy grace renews her art,
To trap the Coxcomb's wand'ring heart.
And after death, as whilſt they live,
A heart is *all* which Beaux can give.
In ſome ſtill, ſolemn, ſacred ſhade,
Behold a group of Authors laid,
News-paper Wits, and Sonneteers,
Gentlemen Bards, and *rhiming* Peers,
Biographers, whoſe wond'rous worth
Is ſcarce remember'd now on earth,
Whom Fielding's *humour* led aſtray,
And *plaintive* Fops, debauch'd by Gray,
All ſit together in a ring,
And laugh and prattle, write and ſing.
On his *own* works, with *laurel* crown'd,
Neatly and *elegantly bound*,
(For this is *one* of many rules
With *writing Lords* and *laureat Fools*,
And which for ever muſt ſucceed
With *other Lords* who cannot *read*,
However deſtitute of wit,
To make their works for Book-caſe fit)
Acknowledg'd maſter of thoſe ſeats,
Cibber his *Birth-day Odes* repeats.
With triumph *now* poſſeſs that ſeat,
With triumph *now* thy Odes repeat,
Unrivall'd vigils proudly keep,
Whilſt ev'ry hearer's lull'd to ſleep;
But know, *illuſtrious* Bard, when *Fate*,
Which ſtill purſues thy name with hate,
The regal *laurel* blaſts which now
Blooms on the placid Whitehead's brow,
Low muſt deſcend thy pride and fame,
And Cibber's be the ſecond name.
Here Triſle cough'd (for *coughing* ſtill
Bears witneſs of the *ſpeaker's* ſkill,
A neceſſary piece of art,
Of *him've* an eſſential part,
And adepts in the Speaking trade
Keep a cough by them *ready made*,
Which they ſucceſsfully diſpenſe
When at a loſs for *words* or *ſenſe*)
Here Triſle cough'd, here paus'd—but while
He ſtrove to recollect his *ſmile*,
That happy engine of his art,
Which triumph'd o'er the female heart,
Credulity, the child of Folly,
Inept as *claſſic'd* Melancholy,
Who heard, with grief, the florid fool
Turn ſacred things to ridicule,
And ſaw him, led by Whim away,
Still farther from the ſubject ſtray,
Jeſt in the happy nick, aloud,
In ſhape of M—e, addreſs'd the crowd.

Were we with patience here to ſit,
Dupes to th' impertinence of Wit,
Till Triſle his harangue ſhould end,
A *Greenland* night we might attend,
Whilſt He, with fluency of ſpeech,
Would various *mighty nothings* teach,
(Here Triſle, ſternly looking down,
Gravely endeavour'd at a frown,
But Nature unawares ſtept in,
And, mocking, turn'd it to a grin)
And when, in Fancy's chariot hurl'd,
We had been carried round the world,
Involv'd in error ſtill and doubt,
He'd leave us where we firſt ſet out.
Thus *ſoldiers* (in whoſe exerciſe
Material uſe with grandeur vies)
Lift up their legs with mighty pain,
Only to ſet them down again.
Believe ye not (yes, all I ſee
In ſound belief concur with me)
That Providence, for worthy ends,
To us unknown, *this* Spirit ſends!
Tho' ſpeechleſs lay the trembling tongue,
Your *faith* was on your features hung,
Your *faith* I in your eyes could ſee,
When *all* were pale and ſtar'd like *me*.
But ſcruples to prevent, and root
Out ev'ry ſhadow of diſpute,
Pompoſo, Plauſible, and I,
With FANNY have agreed to try
A deep concerted ſcheme—This night
To fix or to deſtroy Her quite.
If it be *true*, before we've done,
We'll make it glaring as the ſun;
If it be *falſe*, admit no doubt,
Ere morning's dawn we'll find it out.
Into the vaulted womb of death,
Where FANNY now, depriv'd of breath,
Lies *ſeſſ'ring*, whilſt her troubled *ſpirit*
Adds horror to the gloom of night,
Will *we* deſcend, and bring from thence
Proofs of ſuch force to Common Senſe,
Vain *Triflers* ſhall no more deceive,
And Atheiſts tremble and believe.
He ſaid, and ceas'd; the chamber rung
With due applauſe from every tongue.
The mingled ſound (now let me ſee,
Something by way of *ſimile*)
Was it more like *Strymonian cranes*,
Or *winds*, *low murmuring*, *when it rains*,
Or *drowſy hum of cluſt'ring bees*,
Or the *hoarſe roar of angry ſeas*?
Or ſtill to heighten and explain,
For elſe our *ſimile* is vain)
Shall we declare it like *all four*,
A *ſcream*, a *murmur*, *hum* and *roar*?
Let Fancy now in awful ſtate
Preſent this *great* Triumvirate,
(A method which receiv'd we find
In *other* caſes by mankind)
Elected with a joint conſent,
All *fools* in town to *repreſent*.
The clock ſtrikes twelve—M—e ſtarts and ſwears,
In *oaths*, we know, as well as pray'rs,
Religion lies, and a *Church* brother
May uſe at will or one or t' other.
Plauſible from his caſſock drew
A holy manual, ſeeming new;

A book it was of *private pray'r*,
But not a pin the worſe for wear;
For, as we by the buy may ſay,
None but *ſmall* ſaints in private pray.
Religion, faireſt maid on earth,
As meek as good, who drew her birth
From that bleſt union, when in heaven
Pleaſure was bride to virtue given;
Religion, ever pleas'd to pray,
Poſſeſs'd the precious gift one day;
Hypocriſy, of Cunning born,
Crept in and ſtole it ere the morn,
Wh—te—d, that greateſt of all ſaints,
Who always prays and never faints,
Whom She to her *own brothers* bore,
Rapine and Luſt, on Severn's ſhore,
Receiv'd it from the *ſquinting* dame;
From *him* to Plauſible it came,
Who, with unuſual care oppreſt,
Now trembling, pulled it from his breaſt.
Doubts in his boding heart ariſe,
And fancied ſpectres blaſt his eyes.
Devotion ſprings from abject *fear*,
And ſtamps his pray'rs for *once* ſincere.
Pompoſo (inſolent and loud,
Vain idol of a *ſcribbling* crowd,
Whoſe very name inſpires an awe,
Whoſe ev'ry word is ſenſe and law,
For what his greatneſs hath decreed,
Like laws of Perſia and of Mede,
Sacred through all the realm of *Wit*,
Muſt never of repeal admit;
Who, curſing flattery, is the tool
Of ev'ry fawning, flatt'ring fool;
Who wit with jealous eye ſurveys,
And ſickens at another's praiſe;
Who proudly ſeiz'd of *Learning*'s throne,
Now damns all learning but his own;
Who ſcorns thoſe common wares to trade in,
Reaſ'ning, *Convincing* and *Perſuading*,
But makes each ſentence current paſs
With *Puppy*, *Coxcomb*, *Scoundrel*, *Aſs*;
For 'tis with him a certain rule,
The folly's prov'd when he calls fool;
Who, to increaſe his native ſtrength,
Draws words fix ſyllables in length,
With which, aſſiſted with a frown
By way of club, he knocks us down;
Who 'bove the vulgar dares to riſe,
And ſenſe of *decency* defies;
For this ſame *decency* is made
Only for bunglers in the trade,
And like the *cobweb* laws, is ſtill
Broke thro' by *great ones* when they will)—
Pompoſo, with *ſtrong ſenſe* ſupplied,
Supported and confirm'd by *pride*,
His comrades' terrors to beguile,
Grinn'd horribly a ghaſtly ſmile:
Features ſo horrid, were it light,
Would put the Devil himſelf to flight.
Such were the *three* in name and worth,
Whom Zeal and Judgment fingled forth
To try the *ſprite* on Reaſon's plan,
Whether it was of *God* or *Man*.
Dark was the night, it was that hour
When Terror reigns in fulleſt pow'r,
When, as the Learn'd of old have ſaid,
The yawning grave gives up her dead.
When Murder, Rapine by her ſide,
Stalks o'er the earth with *giant* ſtride;
Our Quixotes (for that *knight of* old
Was not in truth by half *ſo bold*,
Tho' Reaſon at the ſame time cries,
Our Quixotes are not half *ſo wiſe*,
Since they, with other follies, boaſt
An expedition 'gainſt a *Ghoſt*)
Thro' the dull deep ſurrounding gloom,
In cloſe array, tow'rds FANNY's tomb
Adventur'd forth.—Caution before,
With heedful ſtep, the *lanthorn* bore,
Pointing at graves; and in the rear,
Trembling, and *talking loud*, went Fear.
The church-yard teem'd—th' unſettled ground,
As in an ague, ſhook around;
While in ſome *dreary vault* confin'd,
Or riding on the *hollow wind*,
Horror, which turns the heart to ſtone,
In dreadful ſounds was heard to groan.
All ſtaring, wild, and out of breath,
At length they reach the place of death.
A Vault *it* was, long time apply'd
To hold the laſt remains of *pride*:
No *beggar* there, of humble race,
And humble fortunes, finds a place;
To reſt in *pomp* as well as *eaſe*,
The only way's to pay the *fees*.
Fools, Rogues, and Whores, if *rich* and *great*,
Proud e'en in death, Here *rot* in *ſtate*.
No thieves diſrobe the *well-dreſt* dead,
No plumbers ſteal the *ſacred* lead;
Quiet and ſafe the bodies lie,
No ſextons *fell*, no ſurgeons *buy*.
Thrice each the pond'rous key apply'd,
And *thrice* to turn it vainly try'd,
Till taught by *prudence* to unite,
And ſtraining with collected might,
The ſtubborn wards reſiſt no more,
But open flies the *growling* door.
Three paces back they fell amaz'd,
Like *ſtatues* ſtood, like *madmen* gaz'd;
The frighted blood forſakes the face,
And ſeeks the heart with quicker pace:
The throbbing heart its fears declares,
And upright ſtand the briſtled hairs;
The head in wild diſtraction ſwims;
Cold ſweats bedew the trembling limbs;
Nature, whilſt fears her boſom chill,
Suſpends her pow'rs, and Life ſtands ſtill.
Thus had they ſtood till *now*, but Shame
(An uſeful, tho' neglected dame,
By Heav'n deſign'd the friend of Man,
Tho' we degrade her all we can,
And ſtrive, as our firſt proof of wit,
Her name and nature to forget)
Came to their aid in happy hour,
And with a wand of mighty pow'r,
Struck on their hearts; vain *fears* ſubſide,
And baffled, leave the field to Pride.
Shall They, (forbid it *Fame*) ſhall They
The dictates of vile fear obey?
Shall They, the *idols* of the Town,
To *bugbears Fancy form'd* bow down?
Shall They, who greateſt zeal expreſt,
And undertook for all the reſt,
Whoſe matchleſs courage all admire,
Inglorious from the talk retire?

How would the *wicked ones* rejoice,
And *Infidels* exalt their voice,
If M—e and Plausible were found,
By *shadows* aw'd to quit their ground?
How would *fools* laugh, should it appear
Pomposo was the slave of fear?
"Perish the thought! Tho' to our eyes
In all its terrors *hell* should rise,
"Tho' thousand Ghosts, in dread-array,
"With glaring eye-balls, cross our way,
"Tho' Caution, trembling, stands aloof,
"Still we will on, and dare the proof."
They said, and without farther halt,
Dauntless march'd onward to the vault.
What mortal men, who e'er drew breath,
Shall break into the house of Death,
With foot *unhallow'd*, and from thence
The myst'ries of that state dispense,
Unless they, with due rites, prepare
Their weaker sense such sights to bear,
And gain permission from the *State*,
On earth their journal to relate?
Poets themselves, without a crime,
Cannot attempt it e'en in *rime*,
But always, on such grand occasion,
Prepare a *solemn invocation*,
A *poly* for grim Pluto weave,
And in smooth numbers ask his leave.
But why this caution? Why prepare
Rites, needless now? for *thrice* in air
The spirit of the Night hath *sneez'd*,
And *thrice* hath clapp'd his wings well-pleas'd.
Descend then, Truth, and guard thy side,
My *Muse*, my *Patroness*, and *Guide*!
Let others at invention aim,
And seek by falsities for fame;
Our story wants not at this time,
Flounces and *furbelows* in rime:
Relate plain facts; be brief and bold;
And let the Poets, fam'd of *old*,
Seek, whilst our artless tale we tell,
In vain to find a Parallel:
SILENT ALL THREE WENT IN, ABOUT
ALL THREE TURN'D SILENT, AND CAME OUT.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK III.

IT WAS THE HOUR, when *huswife Morn*
With *pearl* and *linen* hangs each thorn,
When happy Bards, who can regale
Their Muse with country air and ale
Rumble afield, to brooks and bow'rs,
To pick up *sentiments* and *flow'rs*;
When dogs and 'Squires from kennel fly,
And hogs and farmers quit their sty;
When my *Lord* rises to the chace,
And brawny Chaplain takes his place.
These images, or bad or good,
If they are rightly understood,
Sagacious readers must allow,
Proclaim us in the country now;
For observations mostly rise
From objects just before our eyes,
And ev'ry Lord in Critic Wit
Can tell you where the piece was writ,
Can point out, as he goes along,
(And who shall dare to say he's wrong?)
Whether the warmth (for Bards we know
At present, never more than glow)
Was in the town or country caught,
By the peculiar turn of thought.
IT WAS THE HOUR—tho' Critics frown,
We now declare ourselves in town,
Nor will a moment's pause allow
For finding when we came, or how.
The man who deals in humble prose,
Tied down by rule and method, goes?
But they who court the vig'rous Muse,
Their carriage have a right to chuse.
Free as the air, and unconfin'd,
Swift as the motions of the mind,
The Poet darts from place to place,
And instant bounds o'er time and space;
Nature (whilst blended fire and skill
Inflame our passions to his will)
Smiles at her violated laws,
And crowns his daring with applause.
Should there be still some rigid few,
Who keep *propriety* in view,
Whose heads turn round, and cannot bear
This whirling passage thro' the air,
Free leave have such at home to sit,
And write a *regimen* for wit;
To clip our pinions let them try,
Not having heart themselves to fly.
IT WAS THE HOUR, when devotees
Breathe *pious curses* on their knees,
When they with pray'rs the day begin
To sanctify a night of sin;
When rogues of modesty, who roam
Under the veil of night, sneak home,
That free from all restraint and awe,
Just to the windward of the law,
Less modest rogues their tricks may play,
And plunder in the face of day.
But hold—whilst thus we play the fool,
In bold contempt of ev'ry rule,
Things of no consequence expressing,
Describing now, and now *digressing*,
To the discredit of our skill,
The main concern is standing still.
In *Plays* indeed, when storms of rage
Tempestuous in the soul engage,
Or when the spirits, weak and low,
Are sunk in deep distress and woe,
With strict propriety we hear
Description stealing on the ear,
And put off feeling half an hour,
To *thatch a cot*, or *paint a flow'r*;
But in these *serious* works, design'd
To mend the morals of mankind,
We must for ever be disgrac'd
With all the nicer sons of Taste,
If once, the shadow to pursue,
We let the substance out of view.
Our means must uniformly tend
In due proportion to their end,
And ev'ry passage aptly join
To bring about the *one* design.

Our friends themſelves cannot admit
This rambling, wild, digreſſive Wit,
No—not thoſe very friends, who found
Their credit on the ſelf-ſame ground.
Peace, my good grumbling Sir—for once,
Sunk in the ſolemn, formal dunce,
This Coxcomb ſhall your fears beguile——
We will be dull, that you may ſmile.
Come Method, come in all thy pride,
Dullneſs and Whitehead by thy ſide,
Dullneſs and Method ſtill are one,
And Whitehead is their darling ſon.
Not He * whoſe pen, above controul,
Struck terror to the guilty ſoul,
Made Fully tremble thro' her ſtate,
And villains bluſh at being great,
Whilſt he himſelf with ſteady face,
Diſdaining modeſty and grace,
Could blunder on thro' thick and thin,
Thro' ev'ry mean and ſervile ſin,
Yet ſwear by Philip and by Paul,
He nobly ſcorn'd to bluſh at all;
But He, who in the Laureat Chair,
By Grace not Merit planted there,
In aukward pomp is ſeen to ſit,
And by his *patent* proves his wit;
For favours of the Great, we know,
Can wit as well as rank beſtow,
And they who without one pretenſion,
Can get for fools a place or penſion,
Muſt able be ſuppos'd of courſe
(If reaſon is allow'd due force)
To give ſuch qualities and grace
As may equip them for the place.
But He—who meaſures as he goes,
A mongrel kind of tinkling proſe,
And is too frugal to diſpenſe
At once both Poetry and Senſe;
Who, from amidſt his *ſlumb'ring* guards,
Deals out a Charge to *ſubject Bards*,
Where couplets after couplets creep
Propitious to the reign of ſleep,
Yet ev'ry word imprints an awe,
And all his dictates paſs for law
With Beaux who ſimper all around,
And Belles, who die at ev'ry ſound.
For in all things of this relation,
Men moſtly judge from *ſituation*,
Nor in a thouſand find we one
Who really weighs what's ſaid or done.
They deal out cenſure, or give credit,
Merely from him who did or ſaid it.
But He—who, *haptily ſerene*,
Means nothing, yet would ſeem to mean;
Who rules and cautions can diſpenſe
With all that humble inſolence,
Which Impudence in vain would teach,
And none but modeſt men can reach;
Who adds to Sentiments the grace
Of always being out of place,
And *drawls* out Morals with an air
A gentleman would bluſh to wear;
Who, on the *chaſteſt*, *ſimpleſt* plan,
As *chaſte*, as *ſimple* as the man,
Without or *character*, or *plot*,
Nature unknown, and Art forgot;

* Paul Whitehead.

Can, with much racking of the brain,
And years conſum'd in letter'd pains,
A heap of words together lay,
And, ſmirking, call the thing a Play;
Who champion ſworn in Virtue's cauſe,
'Gainſt Vice his *tiny bodkin* draws,
But to no part of *prudence* ſtranger,
Firſt blunts the point for fear of danger.
So nurſes ſage, as caution works,
When children firſt uſe knives and forks,
For fear of miſchief, it is known,
To others fingers, or their own,
To take the edge off wiſely chuſe,
Tho' the ſame ſtroke takes off the uſe.
Thee, Whitehead, Thee I now invoke,
Sworn foe to Satire's gen'rous ſtroke,
Which makes unwilling Conſcience feel,
And wounds, but only wounds to heal.
Good-natur'd, eaſy creature, mild,
And gentle as a new-born child,
Thy *heart* would never once admit
E'en *wholeſome* rigour to thy wit;
Thy *head*, if Conſcience ſhould comply,
Its kind aſſiſtance would deny,
And lend thee neither force, nor art,
To drive it onward to the heart.
O may thy ſacred pow'r controul
Each fiercer working of my ſoul,
Damp every ſpark of genuine fire,
And langours like thine own inſpire;
Trite be each thought, and ev'ry line
As *moral*, and as *dull* as Thine.
Pois'd in mid-air—(it matters not
To aſcertain the very ſpot,
Nor yet to give you a relation,
How it eluded *gravitation*——)
Hung a *Watch-Tower*—by Vulcan plann'd
With ſuch rare ſkill, by Jove's command,
That ev'ry word, which whiſper'd here
Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,
On the ſtill boſom of the air
Is borne, and heard diſtinctly there,
The palace of an ancient dame,
Whom men as well as gods call Fame.
A *prattling goſſip*, on whoſe tongue
Proof of perpetual motion hung;
Whoſe lungs in ſtrength all lungs ſurpaſs,
Like her own trumpet made of braſs;
Who with an hundred pair of eyes
The vain attack of ſleep defies;
Who with an hundred pair of wings
News from the fartheſt quarters brings;
Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,
All that ſhe knows, and ten times more.
Not all the virtues which we find
Concenter'd in a Hunter's mind,
Can make her ſpare the ranc'rous tale,
If in one point ſhe chance to fail;
Or if, once in a thouſand years,
A perfect character appears,
Such as of late with joy and pride
My ſoul poſſeſs'd, ere Arrow died;
Or ſuch as, Envy muſt allow,
The world enjoys in H——— now;
This hag, who aims at all alike,
At virtues e'en like theirs will ſtrike,
And make faults, in the way of trade,
When ſhe can't find them ready made.

All things he takes in, small and great,
Talks of a *toy-shop* and a *state*;
Of *wits* and *fools*, of *saints* and *kings*,
Of *garters*, *furs*, and *leading-strings*;
Of *old lords fumbling for a clap*,
And *young wits full of pray'r and pap*;
Of *courts*, of *morals*, and *eye-sights*,
Of *bears* and *serjeants* dancing jigs;
Of *grave professors* at the *bar*
Learning to *thrum* on the *guittar*,
Whilst laws are *slubber'd* o'er in haste,
And *Judgment* sacrific'd to Taste;
Of *vaulted sepulchres*, *lawn sleeves*,
And God's *house* made a *den of thieves*;
Of *fun'ral pomps*, where clamours hung,
And fix'd disgrace on ev'ry tongue,
Whilst Sense and Order blush'd to see
Nobles without Humanity;
Of *coronations*, where each heart,
With honest raptures, bore a part;
Of *City feasts*, where Elegance
Was pound her colours to advance,
And Gluttony, uncommon case,
Can'd only get the second place;
Of *arras-rais'd* pillars in the state,
Who must be good as being great;
Of *shoulders*, on which Honours sit
Almost as clumsily as *Wit*;
Of *doughty-knights*, whom *titles* please,
But not the payment of the *fees*;
Of *lectures*, whither ev'ry fool
In *second childhood* goes to school;
Of *grey-beard's* deaf to Reason's call,
From *Inns of Court*, or *City Hall*,
Whom youthful appetites enslave,
With one foot fairly in the grave,
By help of crutch a needful brother,
Learning of Hart to dance with t'other;
Of *doctors regularly bred*
To fill the mansions of the dead;
Of *quacks* (for quacks they must be still
Who save when forms require to kill)
Who life, and health, and vigour give
To Him, not one would wish to live;
Of *artists* who, with noblest view
Disinterested plans pursue,
For trembling worth the ladder raise,
And mark out the ascent to praise;
Of *Arts* and *Sciences*, where meet
Sublime, *profound*, and *all compleat*,
A Set (whom at some fitter time
The Muse shall *consecrate* in *rime*)
Who humble Artists to out-do
A far more *fab'rul* plan pursue,
And let their *well-judg'd* Premiums fall
On those who have no worth at all;
Of *yea-past Exhibitions*, rais'd
For laughter more than to be prais'd
(Tho' by the way we cannot see
Why *praise* and *laughter* may'nt agree)
Where *genuine* Humours runs to waste,
And justly chides our want of taste,
Censur'd, like other things, tho' good,
Because they are not understood.
To higher subjects now She soars,
And talks of *politics* and *wars*
(If to your nice and chaster ears
That term *indelicate* appears,
Scripture *politely* shall refine,
And melt it into *concubine*);
In the same breath spreads Bourbon's *league*,
And publishes the *grand intrigue*;
In Brussels or *our own* Gazette
Makes armies fight which never met,
And circulates the pox or plague
To London, by the way of Hague;
For all the lies which there appear
Stamp'd with *authority* come here;
Borrows as freely from the gabble
Of some rude leader of a rabble,
Or from the *quaint* harangues of those
Who lead a nation by the nose,
As from those *storms* which, void of art,
Burst from our *honest* Patriot's heart,
When Eloquence and Virtue (late
Remark'd to live in mutual hate)
Fond of each other's friendship grown,
Claim ev'ry sentence for their own;
And with an equal joy recites
Parade amours, and *half-pay flights*,
Perform'd by *heroes* of *fair weather*,
Merely by dint of *lace* and *feather*,
As those sure acts which Honour taught
Our daring sons where Granby fought,
Or those which, with superior skill,
Sackville atchiev'd by *standing still*.
This Hag (the curious if they please
May search from earliest times to these.
And Poets they will always see,
With *gods* and *goddesses* make free,
Treating them all, except the Muse,
As scarcely fit to wipe their shoes)
Who had beheld, from first to last,
How our Triumvirate had past
Night's dreadful interval, and heard
With strict attention every word,
Soon as she saw return of light,
On sounding pinions took her flight.
Swift thro' the regions of the sky,
Above the reach of human eye,
Onward she drove the furious blast,
And rapid as a whirlwind past
O'er *countries*, once the seats of *Taste*,
By Time and Ignorance laid waste;
O'er lands, where former ages saw
Reason and *Truth* the only law;
Where *Arts and Arms*, and *Public Love*
In gen'rous emulation strove;
Where *kings* were proud of *legal* sway,
And subjects *happy* to obey,
Tho' now in slav'ry sunk, and broke
To *superstition's* galling yoke;
Of *Arts*, of *Arms*, no more they tell,
Or *Freedom*, which with *Science* fell.
By tyrants aw'd, who never find
The passage to their people's mind,
To whom the joy was never known
Of planting in their heart the throne,
Far from all prospect of relief,
Their hours in fruitless pray'rs and grief,
For loss of blessings *they* employ,
Which We *unthankfully* enjoy.
Now is the time (had we the will)
T' amaze the reader with our skill,
To pour out such a flood of knowledge,
As might suffice for a whole College,

Whilſt with a true poetic force
We trac'd the Goddeſs in her courſe,
Sweetly deſcribing, in our flight,
Each *common* and *uncommon* ſight,
Making our journal gay and pleaſant,
With things long paſt, and things now preſent.
Rivers—once Nymphs—(a *tranſformation*
Is mighty pretty in relation)
From *great authorities* we know,
Will matter for a *tale* beſtow.
To make the obſervation clear,
We give our friends an inſtance here.
The Day (that never is forgot)
Was *very fine*, but *very hot*;
The Nymph (another gen'ral rule)
Enflam'd with heat, laid down to cool;
Her *hair* (we no exceptions find
Wav'd careleſs floating in the wind;
Her *heaving breaſts*, like *ſummer ſeas*,
Seem'd am'rous of the playful breeze;
Should *fond* Deſcription tune our lays
In *choiceſt* accents to her praiſe,
Deſcription we at laſt ſhould find,
Baffled and weak, would halt behind.
Nature had form'd her to inſpire
In ev'ry boſom ſoft deſire,
Paſſions to raiſe ſhe could not feel,
Would to inflict ſhe would not heal.
A God (his name is no great matter,
Perhaps a Jove, perhaps a Satyr)
Raging with *luſt*, a godlike flame,
By chance, *as uſual*, thither came;
With gloting eyes the fair-one view'd,
Deſir'd her firſt, and then purſu'd.
She (for what other can ſhe do?)
Muſt fly—or how can He purſue?
The *Muſe* (ſo cuſtom hath decreed)
Now proves her ſpirit by her ſpeed,
Nor muſt one *limping* line diſgrace
The life and vigour of the race.
SHE RUNS, AND HE RUNS, 'till at length,
Quite deſtitute of breath and ſtrength,
To *Heav'n* (for there we *all* apply
For help, when there's no other nigh)
She offers up her *virgin* pray'r,
(Can *virgins* pray unpitied there?
And when the God thinks he has caught her,
Slips thro' his hands, and runs to water,
Becomes a *ſtream*, in which the Poet,
If he has any wit, may ſhew it.
A *city* once for pow'r renown'd,
Now levell'd even to the ground,
Beyond all doubt is a direction
To introduce ſome *fine* reflection.
Ah, woeful me! Ah, woeful man!
Ah, woeful all! do all we can!
Who can on earthly things depend
From one to t'other moment's end?
Honour, Wit, Genius, Wealth and Glory,
Good lack! good lack! are tranſitory;
Nothing is ſure and ſtable found,
The very *earth* itſelf turns round.
Monarchs, nay Miniſters muſt die,
Muſt *rot*, muſt *ſtink*—*Ah me! ah why!*
Cities themſelves in time decay,
If *cities* thus—*Ah, well-a-day!*
If *brick* and *mortar* have an end,
On what can *fleſh* and *blood* depend!

Ah, woeful me! Ah, woeful man!
Ah, woeful all! do all we can!
England (for that's at laſt the ſcene,
Tho' worlds on worlds ſhould riſe between,
Whither we muſt our courſe purſue)
England ſhould call into review
Times long ſince paſt indeed, but not
By Engliſhmen to be forgot,
Tho' England, *once* ſo dear to Fame,
Sinks in Great Britain's *dearer name*.
Here could we mention *chiefs of old*,
In plain and rugged honour bold,
To Virtue kind, to Vice ſevere,
Strangers to bribery and fear,
Who kept no wretched *clans* in awe,
Who never broke or *warp'd* the law;
Patriots, whom, in her *better* days,
Old Rome might have been proud to raiſe;
Who, ſteady to their Country's claims,
Boldly ſtood up in *Freedom's* name,
E'en to the teeth of *Tyrant Pride*,
And when they could no more, THEY DIED.
There (*ſtriking contraſt!*) might we place
A ſervile, mean, degen'rate race,
Hirelings, who valued nought but gold,
By the beſt bidder bought and ſold;
Truants from Honour's ſacred laws,
Betrayers of their Country's cauſe;
The dupes of party, tools of pow'r,
Slaves to the *minion of an hour*;
Lacquies, who watch'd a *favourite's* nod,
And took a *puppet* for their *God*.
Sincere and honeſt in our rimes,
How might we praiſe theſe *happier* times!
How might the Muſe exalt her lays,
And wanton in a Monarch's praiſe!
Tell of a Prince in England born,
Whoſe virtue's England's crown adorn;
In youth a pattern unto age,
So chaſte, ſo pious, and ſo ſage;
Who true to all thoſe ſacred bands
Which private happineſs demands,
Yet never lets them riſe above
The ſtronger ties of public love.
With conſcious pride ſee England ſtand,
Our *holy Charter* in her hand,
She waves it round, and o'er the iſle
See *Liberty* and *Courage* ſmile.
No more ſhe mourns her treaſures hurl'd
In *ſubſidies* to all the world;
No more by foreign threats diſmay'd,
No more deceiv'd with foreign aid,
She deals out ſums to *petty* States,
Whom *Honour* ſcorns, and Reaſon hates;
But, wiſer by experience grown,
Finds ſafety in herſelf alone.
Whilſt thus, ſhe cries, my children ſtand,
An honeſt, valiant, *native* band,
A train'd Militia, brave and free,
True to their King, and true to Me,
No *foreign* hirelings ſhall be known,
Nor need we hirelings of *our own*.
Under a juſt and pious reign
The Stateſman's ſophiſtry is vain;
Vain is each vile corrupt pretence,
Theſe are my *natural* defence;
Their Faith I know, and they ſhall prove
The bulwark of the King they love.

These, and a thousand things beside,
Did we consult a Poet's pride,
Some gay, some serious, might be said,
But ten to one they'd not be read;
Or were they by some curious few,
Not even those would think them true.
For, from the time that Jubal first
Sweet ditties to the harp rehears'd,
Puts have always been suspected
Of having truth in rime neglected,
That *Bard* except, who from his youth
Equally fam'd for *faith* and *truth*,
By prudence taught, in *courtly chime*
To *courtly ears* brought *Truth in Rime*.
But tho' to Poets we allow,
No matter when acquir'd or how,
From Truth unbounded deviation,
Which custom calls *Imagination*,
Yet can't they be suppos'd to lye
One half so fast as Fame can fly.
Therefore (to solve the *Gordian* knot,
A point we had almost forgot)
To courteous readers be it known,
That fond of verse and falsehood grown,
Whilst we in sweet digression sung,
Fame check'd her flight, and held her tongue,
And now pursues with double force
And double speed her destin'd course;
Nor stops, till she the place arrives
Where Genius starves, and Dullness thrives;
Where riches virtue are esteem'd,
And craft is truest wisdom deem'd;
Where Commerce proudly rears her throne
In state to other lands unknown;
Where to be cheated, and to cheat,
Strangers from ev'ry quarter meet;
Where Christians, Jews, and Turks shake hands,
United in *commercial* bands,
All of one *faith*, and that, to own
No God but Interest alone.
When gods and goddesses come down
To look about them here in town,
(For change of air is understood
By sons of Physic to be good,
In due proportion now and then
For these same gods as well as men)
By custom rul'd, and not a Poet
So very dull, but he must know it,
In order to remain *incog.*
They always travel in a fog.
For if we Majesty expose
To vulgar eyes, too cheap it grows;
The force is lost, and free from awe,
We spy and censure ev'ry flaw.
But well preserv'd from public view,
It always breaks forth fresh and new;
Fierce as the Sun in all his pride,
It shines, and not a spot's descried.
Was Jove to lay his thunder by,
And with his brethren of the sky
Descend to earth, and frisk about,
Like chattering N***, from rout to rout,
He would be found, with all his host,
A nine days wonder at the most.
Would we in trim our honours wear,
We must preserve them from the air;
What is familiar, men neglect;
However worthy of respect.
Did they not find a certain friend
In *novelty* to recommend,
(Such we by sad experience find
The wretched folly of mankind)
Venus might unattractive shine,
And H*** fix no eyes but *mine*.
But Fame, who never car'd a jot
Whether she was admir'd or not,
And never blush'd to shew her face
At any time in any place,
In her own shape, without disguise,
And visible to mortal eyes,
On 'Change, exact at seven o'clock,
Alighted on the *weather-cock*,
Which, planted there time out of mind,
To note the changes of the wind,
Might no improper emblem be
Of her own mutability.
Thrice did *she* sound her Trump (the same
Which from the first belong'd to Fame,
An *old ill-favour'd* instrument
With which the goddess was content,
Tho' under a *polite* race,
Bag-pipes might well supply its place)
And thrice awaken'd by the sound,
A gen'ral din prevail'd around,
Confusion thro' the City past,
And Fear bestrode the dreadful blast.
Those *fragrant currents*, which we meet
Distilling soft thro' ev'ry street,
Affrighted from the usual course,
Ran *murm'ring* upwards to their source;
Statues wept tears of blood, as fast
As when a Cæsar breath'd his last;
Horses, which always us'd to go
A *foot-pace* in my *Lord Mayor's Show*,
Impetuous from their stable broke,
And Aldermen and Oxen spoke.
Halls felt the force, *two's* shook around,
And *steeples* nodded to the ground,
St. Paul himself (strange sight!) was seen
To bow as humbly as the *Dean*.
The *Mansion-House*, for ever plac'd
A monument of *City Taste*,
Trembled, and seem'd aloud to groan
Thro' all that hideous weight of stone.
To still the sound, or stop her ears,
Remove the cause or sense of fears,
Physic, in *college* seated high,
Would any thing but *med'cine* try.
No more in Pewt'rers-Hall * was heard
The proper force of ev'ry word;
Those seats were desolate become
A hapless Elocution dumb.
Form, *City-born*, and *City-bred*,
By strict *decorum* ever led,
Who threescore years had known the grace
Of *one*, *dull*, *stiff*, *unvaried* pace,
Terror prevailing over Pride,
Was seen to take a larger stride;
Worn to the bone, and cloath'd in rags,
See Av'rice closer hug his bags;
With her own weight unwieldy grown,
See Credit totter on her throne;

* Where Mr. Sheridan, at this period, read Lectures on Elocution.

Virtue alone, had ſhe been there,
The mighty ſound, unmov'd, could bear.
Up from the gorgeous bed, where Fate
Dooms annual fools to ſleep in ſtate,
To ſleep ſo ſound that not one gleam
Of fancy can provoke a dream,
Great Dullman ſtarted at the ſound,
Gap'd, rubb'd his eyes, and ſtar'd around.
Much did he wiſh to know, much fear
Whence ſounds ſo horrid ſtruck his ear,
So much unlike thoſe peaceful notes,
That equal harmony which floats
On the dull wing of City air,
Grave prelude to a feaſt or fair:
Much did he inly ruminate
Concerning the decrees of Fate,
Revolving, tho' to little end,
What this ſame trumpet might portend.
Could the French—no—that could not be
Under Bute's *active* miniſtry,
Too watchful to be ſo deceiv'd,
Have ſtolen hither unperceiv'd?
To Newfoundland, indeed, we know,
Fleets of war unobſerv'd may go;
Or, if obſerv'd, may be ſuppos'd,
At intervals when Reaſon dos'd,
No other point in view to bear
But pleaſure, health, and change of air.
But Reaſon ne'er could ſleep ſo ſound
To let an enemy be found
In our Land's heart, ere it was known
They had departed from their own.
Or could his *ſucceſſor* (ambition
Is ever haunted with ſuſpicion)
His daring *ſucceſſor elect*,
All cuſtoms, rules, and forms reject,
And aim, regardleſs of the crime,
To ſeize the chair before his time?
Or (deeming this the lucky hour,
Seeing his *countrymen* in pow'r,
Thoſe countrymen, who, from the firſt,
In tumults and *rebellion* nurs'd,
How'er they wear the maſk of art,
Still love a Stuart *in their heart*)
Could Scottiſh Charles——

Conjecture thus,

That mental Ignis Fatuus,
Led his poor brains a weary dance
From France to England, hence to France,
'Till Information (in the ſhape
Of Chaplain learned, good Sir Crape,
A lazy, lounging, pamper'd prieſt,
Well known at ev'ry City feaſt,
For he was ſeen much oft'ner there
Than in the Houſe of God at Pray'r;
Who always ready in his place,
Ne'er let God's creatures wait for grace,
Tho', as the beſt hiſtorians write,
Leſs fam'd for Faith than Appetite,
His diſpoſition to reveal,
The grace was ſhort, and long the meal;
Who always would exceſs admit,
If *Haunch* or *Turtle* came with it,
And ne'er engag'd in the defence
Of ſelf-denying abſtinence,
When he could fortunately make
With any thing he lik'd to eat)

Who knew that Wine, on Scripture plan,
Was made to chear the heart of man;
Knew too, by long experience taught,
That chearfulneſs was kill'd by thought;
And from thoſe premiſes collected,
(Which few perhaps would have ſuſpected)
That none, who with due ſhare of ſenſe
Obſerv'd the ways of Providence,
Could with ſafe conſcience leave off drinking,
'Till they had loſt the pow'r of thinking;
With eyes half-cloſ'd came *waddling* in,
And, having ſtrok'd his double *chin*,
(That *chin*, whoſe credit to maintain
Againſt the ſcoffs of the profane,
Had coſt him more than ever State
Paid for a *poor Electorate*,
Which after all the coſt and rout
It had been better much without)
Briefly, (for *breakfaſt*, you muſt know,
Was waiting all the while below)
Related, bowing to the ground,
The cauſe of that uncommon ſound;
Related too, that at the door,
Pompoſo, Plauſible, and Moore*,
Begg'd that Fame might not be allow'd
Their ſhame to publiſh to the crowd;
That ſome new laws he would provide,
(If old could not be miſapplied,
With as much eaſe and ſafety there,
As they are miſapplied *elſewhere*)
By which it might be conſtrued treaſon
In Man to exerciſe his reaſon;
Which might *ingeniouſly* deviſe
One puniſhment for truth and lies;
And fairly prove, when they had done,
That Truth and Falſhood were but one;
Which Juries muſt indeed retain,
But their effect ſhould render vain,
Making all real pow'r to reſt
In *one corrupted rotten breaſt*,
By whoſe *falſe gloſs* the very Bible
Might be interpreted a *libel*.
Moore, (who, his rev'rence to ſave,
Pleaded the Fool to ſcreen the Knave,
Tho' all, who witneſs'd on his part,
Swore for his *head* againſt his *heart*)
Had taken down, from firſt to laſt,
A juſt account of all that paſt;
But, ſince the gracious will of *Fate*,
Who mark'd the child for wealth and ſtate
E'en in the cradle, had decreed
The *mighty* Dullman ne'er ſhould read,
That office of *diſgrace* to bear
The *ſmooth-lipp'd* Plauſible was there.
From H***** e'en to Clerkenwell
Who knows not *ſmooth-lipp'd* Plauſible?
A preacher deem'd of greateſt note,
For preaching that which others wrote.
Had Dullman now (and fools we ſee
Seldom want curioſity)
Conſented (but the *mourning ſhade*
Of Gaſcoyne † haſten'd to his aid,
And in his hand, what could be more?
Triumphant Canning's picture bore)

* Clergyman, who unluckily involved himſelf in the Cock-Lane Ghoſt impoſition.

† Sir Criſp Gaſcoyne.

That *our three heroes* ſhould advance,
And read their *comical romance*,
How rich a feaſt, what royal fare
We for our readers might prepare!
So rich, and yet ſo ſafe a feaſt,
That no *one foreign blatant* beaſt,
Within the purlieus of the *law*
Shou'd dare thereon to lay his paw,
And, *growling*, cry, with ſurly tone,
Keep off—*this feaſt is all my own.*
Bending to earth the downcaſt eye
Or planting it againſt the ſky,
As *one* immers'd in deepeſt thought,
Or with ſome holy viſion caught,
His hands to aid the traitor's art,
Devoutly folded o'er his heart,
Here Moore, in fraud well ſkill'd, ſhould go,
All Saint, with ſolemn ſtep and ſlow.
O that Religion's ſacred name,
Meant to inſpire the pureſt flame,
A proſtitute ſhould ever be
To that *arch fiend* Hypocriſy,
Where we find ev'ry other vice
Crown'd with *damn'd ſneaking cowardice!*
Bold ſin reclaim'd is often ſeen;
Paſt hope that man, who dares be mean.
There full of *fleſh*, and full of *grace*,
With that *fine round unmeaning face*
Which Nature gives to ſons of earth
Whom ſhe deſigns for eaſe and mirth,
Should the *prim* Plauſible be ſeen,
Obſerve his ſtiff affected mien;
'Gainſt Nature, arm'd by Gravity,
His features too in buckle ſee;
See with what ſanctity he reads,
With what Devotion tells his beads!
Now Prophet, ſhew me, by thine art,
What's the Religion of his heart;
Shew *there*, if truth thou can'ſt unfold,
Religion center'd all in gold:
Shew *him*, nor fear correction's rod,
As falſe to *friendſhip*, as to God.
Horrid, *unwieldy*, *without form*,
Savage, as ocean in a ſtorm,
Of ſins prodigious, in the rear,
That paſt of honour, ſhould appear
Pompoſo; *Fame* around ſhould tell
How he a ſlave to int'reſt fell;
How, for *integrity* renown'd,
Which bookſellers have often found,
He for *ſubſcribers* baits his hook,
And takes their caſh—but where's the book?
No matter where—*Wiſe* fear, we know,
Forbids the robbing of a foe;
But what, to ſerve our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our friends?
No man alive, who would not ſwear
All's *ſafe*, and therefore *honeſt* there.
For ſpite of all the learned ſay,
If we to truth attention pay,
The word *Diſhoneſty* is meant
For nothing elſe but *puniſhment.*
Fame too ſhould tell, nor heed the threat
Of rogues, who brother rogues abet,
Nor tremble at the terrors hung
Aloft, *to make her hold her tongue*,
How to all principles untrue,
Not fix'd to *old* friends, nor to *new*,
He damns the *penſion* which he takes,
And loves the Stuart he forſakes.
Nature (who juſtly regular
Is very ſeldom known to err,
But now and then in *ſportive mood*,
As ſome *rude* wits have underſtood,
Or *through much work required in haſte*,
Is with a random ſtroke diſgrac'd)
Pompoſo, form'd on *doubtful* plan,
Not quite a *beaſt*, nor quite a *man*,
Like—*God knows what*—for never yet
Could the moſt ſubtle human wit
Find out a monſter, which might be
The ſhadow of a *ſimile.*
THESE THREE, THESE GREAT, THESE MIGHTY THREE,
Nor can the *Poet's* truth agree,
Howe'er report hath done him wrong,
And warp'd the purpoſe of his ſong,
Amongſt the refuſe of their race,
The ſons of infamy, to place
That open, gen'rous, manly mind
Which we with joy in Aldrich find.
Theſe Three, who now are *faintly* ſhewn,
Juſt ſtretch'd, and ſcarcely to be known,
If Dullman their requeſt had heard,
In ſtronger colours had appear'd;
And friends, tho' partial at firſt view,
Shudd'ring, had own'd the picture true.
But had their journal been diſplay'd,
And the whole proceſs open laid,
What a vaſt unexhauſted field
For mirth muſt ſuch a Journal yield!
In her own anger ſtrongly charm'd,
'Gainſt hope, 'gainſt fear, by conſcience arm'd,
Then had bold Satire made her way,
Knights, *Lords*, and *Dukes*, her deſtin'd prey.
But Prudence, ever ſacred name
To thoſe who feel not Virtue's flame,
Or only feel it at the beſt
As the dull dupe of *intereſt*,
Whiſper'd aloud (for this we find
A cuſtom current with mankind,
So loud to whiſper, that each word
May all around be plainly heard,
And Prudence ſure would never miſs
A cuſtom ſo contriv'd as this
Her candour to ſecure, yet aim
Sure death againſt another's fame)
Knights, *Lords*, and *Dukes*—mad wretch, forbear,
Dangers unthought of ambuſh there;
Confine thy rage to weaker ſlaves,
Laugh at *ſmall fools*, and laſh *ſmall knaves*,
But never, *helpleſs*, *mean*, and *poor*,
Ruſh on, where laws cannot ſecure;
Nor think thyſelf, miſtaken youth,
Secure in principles of *truth.*
Truth! Why, ſhall ev'ry wretch of letters
Dare to ſpeak *truth* againſt his *betters!*
Let *ragged* Virtue ſtand aloof,
Nor mutter accents of reproof;
Let *ragged* Wit a mute become,
When wealth and pow'r would have her dumb.
For who the devil doth not know,
That titles and eſtates beſtow
An ample ſtock, where'er they fall,
Of graces which we mental call?
Beggars, in ev'ry age and nation,
Are rogues and fools by ſituation;

The rich and great are underſtood
To be of courſe both wiſe and good.
Conſult then int'reſt more than pride,
Diſcreetly take the ſtronger ſide;
Deſert in time the ſimple few,
Who *Virtue*'s barren path purſue;
Adopt my maxims—follow me——
To Baal bow the prudent knee;
Deny thy God, betray thy friend,
At Baal's altars hourly bend;
So ſhalt thou rich and great be ſeen;
To be great *now*, you muſt be mean.
Hence, *Tempter*, to ſome weaker ſoul,
Which fear and intereſt controul;
Vainly thy precepts are addreſs'd,
Where Virtue ſteels the ſteady breaſt.
Thro' meanneſs wade to boaſted pow'r,
Thro' guilt repeated ev'ry hour;
What is thy gain, when all is done,
What mighty laurels haſt thou won?
Dull crowds, to whom the heart's unknown,
Praiſe thee for virtues not thy own;
But will, at once man's ſcourge and friend,
Impartial Conſcience too commend?
From her reproaches can'ſt thou fly?
Can'ſt thou with worlds her ſilence buy!
Believe it not—her ſtings ſhall find
A paſſage to thy *coward* mind.
There ſhall ſhe fix her ſharpeſt dart,
There ſhew thee truly, *as thou art*,
Unknown to thoſe by whom thou'rt prais'd;
Known to thyſelf to be deſpis'd.
The man who weds the ſacred Muſe,
Diſdains all mercenary views,
And he who Virtue's throne would rear,
Laughs at the phantoms rais'd by fear.
Tho', *Folly*, rob'd in purple, ſhines,
Tho' *Vice* exhauſts *Peruvian* mines,
Yet ſhall they tremble, and turn pale,
When Satire wields her mighty flail;
Or ſhould they, of rebuke afraid,
With Melcombe ſeek hell's deepeſt ſhade,
Satire, ſtill mindful of her aim,
Shall bring the cowards back to ſhame.
Hated by many, lov'd by few,
Above each little private view,
Honeſt, tho' poor, (and who ſhall dare
To diſappoint my boaſting there?)
Hardy and reſolute, tho' weak,
The dictates of my heart to ſpeak,
Willing I bend at Satire's throne;
What pow'r I have, be all her own.
Nor ſhall yon' *Levyaw*'s ſpecious art,
Conſcious of a corrupted heart,
Create imaginary fear,
To damp us in our bold career.
Why ſhould we fear? and what? The laws?
They all are arm'd in Virtue's cauſe;
And aiming at the ſelf-ſame end,
Satire is always Virtue's friend:
Nor ſhall that Muſe, whoſe honeſt rage,
In a corrupt degen'rate age,
(When dead to ev'ry nicer ſenſe,
Deep ſunk in vice and indolence,
The ſpirit of old Rome was broke
Beneath the *tyrant fiddler*'s yoke)
Baniſh'd the roſe from Nero's cheek,
Under a Brunſwick fear to ſpeak.
Drawn by *Conceit* from Reaſon's plan,
How vain is that *poor creature*, Man!
How pleas'd is ev'ry paltry elf
To prate about that thing himſelf!
After my promiſe made in rime,
And meant in earneſt at that time,
To jog, according to the mode,
In one dull pace, in one dull road,
What but that curſe of heart and head
To this *digreſſion* could have led,
Where plung'd, in vain I look about,
And can't ſtay in, nor well get out.
Could I, whilſt *Humour* held the quill,
Could I *digreſs* with half that ſkill,
Could I with half that ſkill return,
Which we ſo much admire in Sterne;
Where each *digreſſion* ſeeming vain,
And only fit to entertain,
Is found on better recollection,
To have a juſt and nice connection,
To help the whole with wond'rous art
Whence it ſeems idly to depart;
Then ſhould our readers ne'er accuſe
Theſe wild excurſions of the Muſe,
Ne'er backward turn dull pages o'er
To recollect what went before;
Deeply impreſs'd, and ever new,
Each image paſt ſhould ſtart to view,
And we to Dullman now come in,
As if we ne'er had abſent been.
Have you not ſeen, when danger's near,
The coward cheek turn *white* with fear?
Have you not ſeen, when danger's fled,
The ſelf-ſame cheek with joy turn *red*?
Theſe are *low* ſymptoms which we find
Fit only for a vulgar mind,
Where honeſt features, void of art,
Betray the feelings of the heart:
Our Dullman with a face was bleſs'd
Where no one paſſion was expreſs'd;
His eye, in a *fine ſtupor* caught,
Imply'd a plenteous lack of thought;
Nor was one line that whole face ſeen in,
Which could be juſtly charg'd with meaning.
To Avarice by *birth* ally'd,
Debauch'd by *marriage* into *pride*,
In age grown fond of youthful ſports,
Of pomps, of vanities, and courts,
And by ſucceſs too mighty made
To love his country as his trade,
Stiff in opinion (no rare caſe
With blockheads in or out of place)
Too weak, and inſolent of ſoul,
To ſuffer Reaſon's juſt controul,
But bending, of his own accord,
To that *trim tranſient toy*, My Lord;
The dupe of Scots (a fatal race,
Whom God in *wrath* contriv'd to place,
To ſcourge our crimes, and gall our pride,
A conſtant thorn in England's ſide;
Whom firſt, our greateſt to oppoſe,
He in his vengeance mark'd for *foes*;
Then, more to ſerve his wrathful ends,
And *more to curſe us*, mark'd for *friends*)
Deep in the State, if we give credit
To *him*, for no one elſe e'er ſaid it;
Sworn friends of great ones not a few,
Tho' he their titles only knew,

And thoſe (which envious of his breeding
Book-worms have charg'd to want of reading)
Merely to ſhew himſelf polite,
He never would pronounce aright;
An *Orator* with whom a hoſt
Of thoſe which Rome and Athens boaſt,
In all their pride might not contend;
Who, with no pow'rs to recommend,
Whilſt Jackey Hume, and Billy Whitehead,
And Dickey Glover ſat delighted,
Could ſpeak whole days in Nature's ſpite,
Juſt as thoſe *able Verſe-men* write,
Great Dullman from his bed aroſe—
Thrice did he ſpit—thrice wip'd his noſe—
Thrice ſtrove to ſmile—thrice ſtrove to frown—
And thrice look'd up—and thrice look'd down—
Then ſilence broke—Crape, who am I?
Crape bow'd, and ſmil'd an arch reply.
Am I not, Crape—I am, you know,
Above all thoſe who are below.
Have I not knowledge? and for *wit*,
Money will always purchaſe it;
Nor, if it needful ſhould be found,
Will I grudge ten, or twenty pound,
For which the whole ſtock may be bought
Of *ſcoundrel wits* not worth a groat.
But leſt I ſhould proceed too far,
I'll feel my friend *the Miniſter*,
(Great men, Crape, muſt not be neglected)
How he in this point is affected;
For, as I ſtand a magiſtrate,
To ſerve him firſt, and next the State.
Perhaps he may not think it fit
To let *his* magiſtrates have wit.
Boaſt I not, at this very hour,
Thoſe large effects which troop with pow'r?
Am I not mighty in the land?
Do not I ſit, whilſt others ſtand?
Am I not with rich garments grac'd,
In ſeat of honour always plac'd?
And do not *Cits* of chief degree,
Tho' proud to others, bend to me?
Have I not, as a Juſtice ought,
The laws ſuch wholeſome rigour taught,
That *Fornication*, in diſgrace,
Is now afraid to ſhew her face,
And not one whore theſe walls approaches,
Unleſs they ride in our own coaches?
And ſhall *this* Fame, an *old poor* ſtrumpet,
Without our licence ſound her trumpet,
And, envious of our City's quiet,
In broad day-light blow up a riot?
If inſolence like this we bear,
Where is our ſtate? our office where?
Farewell all honours of our reign,
Farewell the *neck-ennobling* Chain,
Freedom's *known* badge o'er all the globe,
Farewell the *ſolemn-ſpreading* Robe,
Farewell the Sword—*farewell* the Mace,
Farewell all Title, Pomp, and Place.
Remov'd from man of high degree,
(A loſs to *them*, Crape, not to *me*)
Baniſh'd to Chippenham, or to Frome,
Dullman once more ſhall ply the Loom.
Crape, lifting up his hands and eyes,
Dullman—the *Loom*—at Chippenham—cries,
If there be Pow'rs which greatneſs love,
Which *rule below*, but *dwell above*,
Thoſe Pow'rs united all ſhall join
To contradict the raſh deſign.
Sooner ſhall ſtubborn Will lay down
His oppoſition with his *gown*,
Sooner ſhall Temple leave the road
Which leads to Virtue's *mean* abode,
Sooner ſhall Scots this country quit,
And England's foes be friends to Pitt,
Than Dullman from his grandeur thrown,
Shall wander out-caſt, and unknown,
Sure as that *cane* (a *cane* there ſtood
Near to a *table*, made of *wood*,
Of *dry fine* wood a table made,
By ſome rare artiſt in the trade,
Who had enjoy'd immortal praiſe
If he had liv'd in Homer's days)
Sure as that *cane*, which once was ſeen,
In pride of life all freſh and green,
The banks of Indus to adorn;
Then, of its leafy honours ſhorn,
According to exacteſt rule,
Was faſhion'd by the workman's tool,
And which at preſent we behold
Curiouſly poliſh'd, crown'd with *gold*,
With gold *well-wrought*; ſure as that *cane*
Shall never on its native plain
Strike root afreſh, ſhall never more
Flouriſh in tawny India's ſhore,
So Sure ſhall Dullman and his race
To lateſt times this ſtation grace.
Dullman, who all this while had kept
His eye-lids cloſ'd as if he ſlept,
Now looking ſtedfaſtly on Crape,
As at ſome God in human ſhape—
Crape, I proteſt, you ſeem to me
To have diſcharged a prophecy;
Yes—from the firſt it doth appear,
Planted by Fate, the Dullmans *here*
Have always held a quiet reign,
And *here* ſhall to the laſt remain.
Crape, they're all wrong about this *Ghoſt*—
Quite on the wrong ſide of the poſt—
Blockheads, to take *it* in their head
To be a meſſage from the dead,
For that by *miſſion* they deſign,
A word not half ſo good as mine,
Crape—*here* it is—ſtart not one doubt—
A *plot*—a *plot*—I've found it out.
O God!—cries Crape, how bleſt the nation,
Where one ſon boaſts ſuch penetration!
Crape, I've not time to tell you now
When I diſcover'd this, or *how*;
To Stentor go—if he's not there,
His place let *Bully* Norton bear—
Our Citizens to council call—
Let *all* meet—'tis the cauſe of *all*,
Let the three witneſſes attend
With *allegations* to befriend,
To ſwear juſt ſo much, and no more,
As we inſtruct them in before.
Stay—Crape—come back—what, don't you ſee
Th' effects of this diſcovery?
Dullman all care and toil endures—
The profit, Crape, will all be *yours*.
A *Mitre* (for, this arduous taſk
Perform'd, they'll grant what'er I aſk)
A *Mitre* (and perhaps the beſt)
Shall thro' my intereſt make thee bleſt.

And at this time, when *gracious* Fate
Dooms to the *Scot* the reins of State,
Who is more fit (and for your uſe
We could ſome inſtances produce)
Of England's *Church* to be the *Head*,
Than you, a *Preſbyterian* bred?
But when thus mighty you are made,
Unlike the brethren of thy trade,
Be grateful, Crape, and let me not,
Like *old* Newcaſtle, be forgot.
But an affair, Crape, of this ſize
Will aſk from Conduct vaſt ſupplies;
It muſt not, as the vulgar ſay,
Be done in *hugger-mugger* way.
Traitors indeed (and that's diſcreet)
Who hatch the plot, in private meet;
They ſhould in public go, no doubt,
Whoſe buſineſs is to find it out.
To-morrow—if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a *grand Proceſſionade*—
Be all the City pomp diſplay'd,
Let the *Train-bands*—Crape ſhook his head—
They heard the trumpet and were fled—
Well—cries the Knight—if that's the caſe,
My ſervants ſhall ſupply their place—
My ſervants—*mine alone*—no more
Than what *my* ſervants did before—
Doſt not remember, Crape, that day,
When, Dullman's grandeur to diſplay,
As all too ſimple, and too low,
Our City friends were thruſt below,
Whilſt, as more worthy of our love,
Courtiers were entertain'd above?
Tell me, who waited then? and how?
My ſervants—*mine*—and why not now?
In haſte then, Crape, to Stentor go—
But ſend up Hart, who waits below;
With him, till you return again,
(Reach me my *ſpectacles* and *cane*)
I'll make a proof how I advance in
My new accompliſhment of *dancing*.
Not quite ſo faſt as lightning flies,
Wing'd with *red* anger, thro' the ſkies;
Not quite ſo faſt as, ſent by Jove,
Iris deſcends on wings of Love;
Not quite ſo faſt as Terror rides,
When he the chafing winds beſtrides;
Crape hobbled—but his mind was good—
Cou'd he go faſter than he cou'd?
Near to that *Tow'r*, which, as we're told,
The mighty Julius rais'd of old,
Where to the block by Juſtice led,
The *rebel* Scot hath often bled,
Where arms are kept ſo clean, ſo bright,
'Twere ſin they ſhould be ſoil'd in fight,
Where brutes of *foreign* race are ſhewn
By brutes much greater of *our own*;
Faſt by the crowded *Thames*, is found
An ample ſquare of ſacred ground,
Where artleſs *Eloquence* preſides,
And *Nature* ev'ry ſentence guides.
Here *Female Parliaments* debate
About Religion, Trade, and State;
Here ev'ry Naiad's patriot's ſoul,
Diſdaining *foreign* baſe controul,
Deſpiſing *French*, deſpiſing *Erſe*,
Pours forth the *plain old Engliſh* curſe,
And bears aloft, with terrors hung,
The honours of the *vulgar tongue*.
Here Stentor, always heard with awe,
In thund'ring accents deals out law.
Twelve furlongs off each dreadful word
Was plainly and diſtinctly heard,
And ev'ry neighbour hill around
Return'd and ſwell'd the mighty ſound.
The loudeſt Virgin of the ſtream,
Compar'd with *him*, would ſilent ſeem;
Thames, (who enrag'd to find his courſe
Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,
Againſt the Bridge indignant roars,
And laſhes the reſounding ſhores)
Compar'd with *him*, at loweſt tide,
In ſofteſt whiſpers ſeems to glide.
Hither directed by the noiſe,
Swell'd with the hope of future joys,
Thro' too much zeal and haſte made lame,
The *rev'rend* ſlave of Dullman came.
Stentor—with ſuch a ſerious air,
With ſuch a face of *ſolemn* care,
As might import him to contain
A nation's welfare in his brain—
Stentor—cries Crape—I'm hither ſent
On buſineſs of moſt high intent,
Great Dullman's orders to convey;
Dullman commands, and I obey.
Big with thoſe throes which patriots feel,
And lab'ring for the common weal,
Some ſecret which forbids him reſt,
Tumbles and *toſſes* in his breaſt,
Tumbles and *toſſes* to get free;
And thus the chief commands by me.
To-morrow, if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a *grand Proceſſionade*—
Be all the City pomp diſplay'd—
Our Citizens to council call—
Let *all* meet—'tis the cauſe of *all*.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK IV.

COXCOMBS, who vainly make pretence
To ſomething of exalted ſenſe
'Bove other men, and, *gravely wiſe*,
Affect thoſe pleaſures to deſpiſe,
Which, merely to the eye confin'd,
Bring no improvement to the mind,
Rail at all pomp: They would not go
For millions to a *puppet-ſhow*,
Nor can forgive the mighty crime
Of countenancing *pantomime*;
No, not at Covent-Garden, where,
Without a head for play or play'r,
Or, could a head be found moſt fit,
Without one play'r to ſecond it,
They muſt, obeying *Folly*'s call,
Thrive by mere ſhow, or not at all.
With theſe *grave* fops, who (bleſs their brains)
Moſt cruel to themſelves, take pains

For wretchedneſs, and would be thought
Much wiſer than a wiſe man ought
For his own happineſs to be;
Who, what they hear, and what they ſee,
And what they ſmell, and taſte, and feel,
Diſtruſt, till Reaſon, ſets her ſeal,
And, by long trains of conſequences
Fetch'd, gives ſanction to the *Senſes*;
Who would not, Heav'n forbid it! waſte
One hour in what the world calls Taſte,
Nor kindly deign to laugh or cry,
Unleſs they know ſome reaſon why;
With theſe *grave* fops, whoſe ſyſtem ſeems
To give up certainty for dreams,
The *Eye* of Man is underſtood
As for no other purpoſe good
Than as a door, thro' which of courſe
Their paſſage crouding objects force,
A downright uſher, to admit
New-comers to the court of *Wit*,
(Good Gravity, forbear thy ſpleen,
When I ſay *Wit*, I *Wiſdom* mean)
Where (ſuch the practice of the Court,
Which legal precedents ſupport)
Not one idea is allow'd
To paſs unqueſtion'd in the crowd,
But ere it can obtain the grace
Of holding in the brain a place,
Before the Chief in congregation
Muſt ſtand a *ſtrict examination*.

Not ſuch as *theſe*, who Phyſic twirl,
Full fraught with death, from ev'ry curl;
Who prove, with all becoming ſtate,
Their voice to be the voice of Fate;
Prepar'd with *Eſſence*, *Drop*, and *Pill*,
To be another Ward, or Hill,
Before they can obtain their ends,
To ſign death-warrants for their friends,
And talents vaſt as their's employ,
Scandam artem to deſtroy,
Muſt paſs (or laws their rage reſtrain)
Before the Chiefs of *Warwick-Lane*.
Thrice happy *Lane*, where uncontroul'd,
In *pow'r* and *lethargy* grown old,
Moſt fit to take, in this bleſt land,
The reins which fell from Wyndham's hand,
Her lawful throne great Dullneſs rears,
Still more herſelf as more in years;
Where ſhe (and who ſhall dare deny
Her right, when Reeves and Chauncy's by)
Calling to mind, in ancient time,
One Garth who err'd in wit and rime,
Ordains from henceforth to admit
None of the rebel Sons of Wit,
And makes it her peculiar care
That Schomberg never ſhall be there.

Not ſuch as *theſe*, whom Folly trains
To letters, tho' unbleſs'd with brains;
Who deſtitute of pow'r and will
To learn, are kept to learning ſtill;
Whoſe heads, when other methods fail,
Receive inſtruction from the tail,
Becauſe their ſires, a common caſe
Which brings the children to diſgrace,
Imagine it a certain rule,
They never could beget a fool,
Muſt paſs, or muſt *compound for*, ere
The *Chaplain*, full of beef and pray'r,
Will give his *reverend permit*,
Announcing them for Orders fit,
So that the Prelate (what's a name?
All Prelates now are much the ſame)
May with a conſcience ſafe and quiet,
With holy hands lay on that *fiat*,
Which doth all faculties diſpenſe,
All ſanctity, *all faith*, *all ſenſe*,
Make Madan quite a ſaint appear,
And makes an oracle of Cheere.

Not ſuch as in that ſolemn ſeat,
Where the *Nine Ladies* hold retreat,
The *Ladies Nine*, who, as we're told,
Scorning thoſe haunts they lov'd of old,
The banks of Iſis now prefer,
Nor will one hour from Oxford ſtir,
Are held for form; which Balaam's *aſs*
As well as Balaam's ſelf might paſs,
And with his maſter take degrees,
Could he contrive to pay the fees.

Men of ſound parts, who, deeply read,
O'erload the ſtorehouſe of the head
With furniture they ne'er can uſe,
Cannot forgive our rambling Muſe
This wild excurſion; cannot ſee
Why *Phyſic* and *Divinity*,
To the ſurprize of all beholders,
Are lugg'd in by the head and ſhoulders;
Or how, in any point of view,
Oxford hath any thing to do;
But men of nice and ſubtle learning,
Remarkable for quick diſcerning,
Thro' ſpectacles of critic mould,
Without inſtruction, will behold
That we a method here have got,
To ſhew what is, by what is not,
And that our drift (*parenthеſis*
For once apart) is briefly this.

Within the Brain's moſt ſecret cells
A certain *Lord Chief Juſtice* dwells
Of ſov'reign pow'r, whom one and all,
With common voice, we Reaſon call;
Tho' for the purpoſe of ſatire,
A name in truth is no great matter,
Jefferies or Mansfield, which you will,
It means a *Lord Chief Juſtice* ſtill.
Here, ſo our great projectors ſay,
The Senſes all muſt homage pay;
Hither they all muſt tribute bring,
And proſtrate fall before their King.
Whatever unto them is brought,
Is carry'd on the wings of Thought
Before his throne, where, in full ſtate,
He on their merits holds debate,
Examines, croſs-examines, weighs
Their right to cenſure or to praiſe;
Nor doth his equal voice depend
On narrow views of foe and friend;
Nor can or flattery or force
Divert him from his ſteady courſe;
The channel of enquiry's clear,
No *ſham examination*'s here.

He, upright Juſticer, no doubt,
Ad libitum puts in and out,
Adjuſts and ſettles in a trice
What virtue is, and what is vice,
What is perfection, what defect,
What we muſt chuſe, and what reject;

He takes upon him to explain
What pleasure is, and what is pain;
Whilst we, obedient to the whim,
And resting all our faith on him,
True members of the *State* weal,
Must learn to think, and cease to feel.
This glorious system form'd, for Man
To practise when and how he can,
If the five Senses in alliance
To Reason hurl a proud defiance,
And, tho' oft conquer'd, yet unbroke,
Endeavour to throw off that yoke,
Which they a greater slav'ry hold,
Than Jewish bondage was of old;
Or if they, something touch'd with shame,
Allow him to retain the name
Of Royalty, and, as in sport,
To hold a mimic formal court;
Permitted, no uncommon thing,
To be a kind of Puppet King,
And suffer'd by the way of toy,
To hold the globe, but not employ;
Our *system-mongers*, struck with fear,
Prognosticate destruction near;
All things to anarchy must run;
The little world of Man's undone.
Nay should the *Eye*, that nicest Sense,
Neglect to send intelligence
Unto the Brain, distinct and clear,
Of all that passes in her sphere;
Should she presumptuous joy receive,
Without the Understanding's leave,
They deem it rank and daring treason
Against the monarchy of Reason,
Not thinking, tho' they're *wond'rous* wise,
That few have *Reason*, most have *Eyes*;
So that the pleasures of the Mind
To a small circle are confin'd,
Whilst those which to the Senses fall,
Become the property of all.
Besides (and this is sure a case
Not much at present out of place)
Where Nature Reason doth deny,
No art can that defect supply;
But if (for it is our intent
Fairly to state the argument)
A Man should want an eye or two,
The remedy is sure, tho' new;
The cure's at hand—no need of fear—
For proof—behold the Chevalier—
As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt,
To put eyes in, as put them out.
But, argument apart, which tends
T'embitter foes and sep'rate friends,
(Nor, turn'd apostate for the *Nine*,
Would I, tho 'bred up a divine,
And foe of course to Reason's weal,
Widen that breach I cannot heal)
By his own sense and feelings taught,
In speech as lib'ral as in thought,
Let ev'ry Man enjoy his whim;
What's He to Me, or I to Him?
Might I, tho' never rob'd in *ermine*,
A matter of this weight determine,
No penalties should settled be
To force men to hypocrify,
To make them ape an awkward zeal,
And, feeling not, pretend to feel.
I would not have, might sentence rest
Finally fix'd within my breast,
E'en Annet censur'd and confin'd,
Because we're of a diff'rent mind.
Nature, who in her act most free,
Herself delights in Liberty,
Profuse in love, and, without bound,
Pours joy on ev'ry creature round;
Whom yet, was ev'ry bounty shed
In double portions on our head,
We could not truly bounteous call,
If Freedom did not crown them all.
By Providence forbid to stray,
Brutes never can mistake their way;
Determin'd still, they plod along
By instinct, neither right nor wrong;
But Man, had he the heart to use
His freedom, hath a right to chuse;
Whether he acts or well or ill,
Depends entirely on his will:
To her last work, her fav'rite Man,
Is giv'n on Nature's better plan
A privilege in pow'r to *err*.
Nor let this phrase resentment stir
Amongst the grave ones, since indeed,
The little merit Man can plead
In doing well, dependeth still
Upon his pow'r of doing ill.
Opinions should be free as air;
No man, what'er his rank, whate'er
His qualities, a claim can found
That my opinion must be bound,
And square with his; such slavish chains
From foes the lib'ral soul disdains,
Nor can, tho' true to friendship, bend
To wear them even from a friend.
Let those, who rigid Judgment own,
Submissive bow at Judgment's throne;
And if they of no value hold
Pleasure, till pleasure is grown cold,
Pall'd and insipid, shew'd to wait
For Judgment's regular debate
To give it warrant, let them find
Dull subjects suited to their mind;
Their's be slow wisdom: Be *my* plan
To live as merry as I can,
Regardless as the fashions go,
Whether there's reason for 't, or no;
Be my employment here on earth
To give a lib'ral scope to mirth,
Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,
And pluck a rose from ev'ry thorn.
But if, by Error led astray,
I chance to wander from my way,
Let no blind guide observe, in spite,
I'm wrong, who cannot set me right.
That Doctor could I ne'er endure,
Who found disease, and not a cure;
Nor can I hold that man a friend,
Whose zeal a helping hand shall lend
To open happy Folly's eyes,
And, making wretched, makes me wise;
For next, a truth which can't admit
Reproof from Wisdom or from Wit,
To *being* happy here below,
Is to *believe* that we are so.
Some few in *knowledge* find relief,
I place my comfort in *belief*.

Some for *Reality* may call,
Fancy to me is all in all.
Imagination, thro' the trick
Of Doctors, often makes us ſick;
And why, let any Sophiſt tell,
May it not likewiſe make us well?
This am I ſure, whate'er our view,
Whatever ſhadows we purſue,
For our purſuits, be what they will,
Are little more than ſhadows ſtill,
Too ſwift they fly, too ſwift and ſtrong,
For man to catch, or hold them long.
But joys which in the Fancy live,
Each moment to each man may give.
True to himſelf, and true to eaſe,
He ſoftens Fate's ſevere decrees,
And (can a mortal wiſh for more?)
Creates, and makes himſelf new o'er,
Mocks boaſted vain *Reality*,
And *Is*, whate'er he wants to Be.
Hail, Fancy—to thy pow'r I owe
Deliv'rance from the gripe of Woe;
To thee I owe a mighty debt,
Which Gratitude ſhall ne'er forget,
Whilſt Mem'ry can her force employ,
A large encreaſe of ev'ry joy.
When at my doors, too ſtrongly barr'd,
Authority had plac'd a guard,
A *hireling* guard, ordain'd by Law
To keep *poor Hungſby* in awe;
Authority, ſevere and ſtern,
To intercept my wiſh'd return;
When Foes grew proud, and Friends grew cool,
And laughter ſeiz'd each ſober fool;
When Candour ſtarted in amaze,
And, meaning cenſure, hinted praiſe;
When Prudence, lifting up her eyes
And hands, thank'd Heav'n, that ſhe was wiſe:
When all around me, with an air
Of hopeleſs ſorrow, look'd deſpair;
When they or ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay,
There is but one, one only way
Better, and be adviſ'd by us,
Not be at all, than to be thus;
When Virtue ſhunn'd the ſhock, and Pride
Diſabled, lay by Virtue's ſide,
Too weak my ruffled ſoul to chear,
Which could not hope, yet would not fear;
Health in her motion, the wild grace
Of Pleaſure ſpeaking in her face,
Dull Regularity thrown by,
And Comfort beaming from her eye;
Fancy, in richeſt robes array'd,
Came ſmiling forth, and brought me aid,
Came ſmiling o'er that dreadful time,
And, more to bleſs me, came in *rime*.
Nor is her pow'r to *Me* confin'd,
It ſpreads, it comprehends Mankind.
When (to the ſpirit-ſtirring ſound
Of trumpets breathing courage round,
And fifes, well mingled to reſtrain,
And bring that courage down again,
Or to the melancholy knell
Of the dull, deep, and doleful bell,
Such as of late the good *Saint Bride*
Muffled, to mortify the pride
Of thoſe, who, England quite forget,
Paid their vile homage to the Scot,
Where Aſgill held the foremoſt place,
Whilſt my Lord figur'd at a race)
Proceſſions ('tis not worth debate
Whether they are of Stage or State)
Move on, ſo very very ſlow,
'Tis doubtful if they move or no;
When the Performers all the while
Mechanically frown or ſmile,
Or, with a dull and ſtupid ſtare,
A vacancy of ſenſe declare,
Or, with down-bending eye, ſeem wrought
Into a labyrinth of thought,
Where Reaſon wanders ſtill in doubt,
And, once got in, cannot get out;
What cauſe ſufficient can we find
To ſatisfy a thinking mind,
Why, dup'd by ſuch vain farces, Man
Deſcends to act on ſuch a plan?
Why they, who hold themſelves divine,
Can in ſuch wretched follies join,
Strutting like peacocks, or like crows,
Themſelves and *Nature* to expoſe?
What cauſe, but that (you'll underſtand
We have our remedy at hand,
That if perchance we ſtart a doubt,
Ere it is fix'd, we wipe it out,
As ſurgeons, when they lop a limb,
Whether for profit, fame, or whim,
Or mere experiment to try,
Muſt always have a *ſtyptic* by)
Fancy ſteps in, and ſtamps that *real*,
Which, *ipſo facto*, is *ideal*.
Can none remember, yes, I know,
All muſt remember that rare ſhow,
When to the country Senſe went down,
And Fools came flocking up to town,
When *Knights* (a work which all admit
To be for *Knighthood* much unfit)
Built booths for hire; when *Parſons* play'd,
In robes *canonical* array'd,
And, fiddling, join'd the *Smithfield* dance,
The price of tickets to advance;
Or, unto tapſters turn'd, dealt out,
Running from booth to booth about,
To ev'ry ſcoundrel, by retail,
True pennyworths of beef and ale,
Then firſt prepar'd, by bringing beer in,
For preſent grand *Electioneering*;
When *Heralds*, running all about
To bring in Order, turn'd it out;
When, by the *prudent Marſhal*'s care,
Left the rude populace ſhould ſtare,
And with unhallow'd eyes profane
Gay puppets of patrician ſtrain,
The whole proceſſion, as in ſpite,
Unheard, unſeen, ſtole off by night;
When our lov'd Monarch, nothing loth,
Solemnly took that ſacred oath,
Whence mutual firm agreements ſpring
Betwixt the *Subject* and the *King*,
By which, in uſual manner crown'd,
His *head*, his *heart*, his *hands* he bound,
Againſt *himſelf*, ſhould paſſion ſtir
The leaſt propenſity to err,
Againſt all *Power*, who might propoſe
Or open force, or hidden ſnare,
That *glorious* Charter to maintain,
By which We ſerve, and He muſt reign;

Then Fancy, with unbounded ſway,
Revell'd ſole miſtreſs of the day,
And wrought ſuch wonders, as might make
Egyptian ſorcerers forſake
Their baffled mockeries, and own
The palm of *magic* her's alone.
A Knight (who in the ſilken lap
Of lazy Peace had liv'd on pap,
Who never yet had dar'd to roam
'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,
Nor even that, unleſs a *guide*
Was plac'd to amble by his ſide,
And troops of ſlaves were ſpread around
To keep his Honour ſafe and ſound;
Who could not ſuffer for his life
A point to ſword, or edge to knife,
And always fainted at the ſight
Of blood, tho' 'twas not ſhed in fight,
Who diſinherited one ſon
For firing off an *elder* gun,
And whipt another, ſix years old,
Becauſe the boy, preſumptuous, bold
To madneſs, likely to become
A very Swiſs, had beat a drum,
Tho' it appear'd an inſtrument
Moſt *peaceable* and *innocent*,
Having from firſt been in the hands
And ſervice of the *City Bands*)
Grac'd with thoſe enſigns which were meant
To further Honour's dread intent,
The minds of warriors to inflame,
And ſpur them on to deeds of fame,
With little ſword, large ſpurs, high feather,
Fearful of ev'ry thing but weather,
(And all muſt own, who pay regard
To charity, it had been hard
That in his very firſt *campaign*
His *honours* ſhould be ſoil'd with rain)
A hero all at once became,
And (ſeeing others much the ſame
In point of valour as himſelf,
Who leave their courage on a ſhelf
From year to year, till ſome ſuch rout
In proper ſeaſon calls it out)
Strutted, look'd big, and ſwagger'd more
Than ever hero did before;
Look'd up, look'd down, look'd all around,
Like Mavors, grimly ſmil'd and frown'd;
Seem'd Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell to call
To fight, that he might rout them all;
And perſonated Valour's ſtile
So long, ſpectators to beguile,
That paſſing ſtrange, and wond'rous true,
Himſelf at laſt believ'd it too,
Nor for a time could he diſcern,
Till Truth and Darkneſs took their turn,
So well did Fancy play her part,
That Coward ſtill was at the heart.
Whiffle (who knows not Whiffle's name,
By the impartial voice of Fame
Recorded firſt, thro' all this land,
In Vanity's illuſtrious band?)
Who, by all-bounteous Nature meant
For offices of hardiment,
A modern Hercules at leaſt,
To rid the world of each wild beaſt,
Of each wild beaſt which came in view,
Whether on four legs or on two,
Degenerate, delights to prove,
His force on the *parade* of Love,
Diſclaims the joys which camps afford,
And for the diſtaff quits the ſword;
Who fond of women would appear
To public eye, and public ear,
But, when in private, lets them know
How little they can truſt to ſhow;
Who ſports a woman as of courſe,
Juſt as a jockey ſhews a horſe,
And then returns her to the ſtable,
Or vainly plants her at his table,
Where he would rather Venus find,
(So pall'd, and ſo deprav'd his mind)
Than, by ſome great occaſion led,
To ſeize her panting in her bed,
Burning with more than mortal fires,
And melting in her own deſires;
Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,
Thro' faſhion, not thro' feeling wild;
Whate'er in others, who proceed
As Senſe and Nature have decreed,
From real paſſion flows, in him
Is mere effect of mode and whim;
Who laughs, a very common way,
Becauſe he nothing has to ſay,
As your *choice* Spirits oaths diſpenſe
To fill up vacancies of ſenſe;
Who having ſome ſmall ſenſe, defies it,
Or, uſing, always miſapplies it;
Who now and then brings ſomething forth,
Which ſeems indeed of ſterling worth,
Something, by ſudden ſtart and fit,
Which at a diſtance looks like wit,
But, on examination near,
To his confuſion will appear
By Truth's fair glaſs, to be at beſt
A threadbare jeſter's threadbare jeſt:
Who friſks and dances thro' the ſtreet,
Sings without voice, rides without ſeat,
Plays o'er his tricks, like Æſop's aſs,
A gratis fool to all who paſs;
Who riots, tho' he loves not waſte,
Whores without luſt, drinks without taſte,
Acts without ſenſe, talks without thought,
Does ev'ry thing but what he ought;
Who led by forms, without the pow'r
Of vice, is vicious; who one hour,
Proud without pride, the next will be
Humble without humility;
Whoſe vanity we all diſcern,
The ſpring on which his actions turn;
Whoſe aim in erring, is to err,
So that he may be ſingular,
And all his utmoſt wiſhes mean,
Is, tho' he's laugh'd at, to be ſeen;
Such (for when Flattery's ſoothing ſtrain
Had robb'd the Muſe of her diſdain,
And found a method to perſuade
Her art to ſoften ev'ry ſhade,
Juſtice enrag'd, the pencil ſnatch'd
From her degen'rate hand, and ſcratch'd
Out ev'ry trace; then, quick as thought,
From life this ſtriking likeneſs caught)
In mind, in manners, and in mien,
Such Whiffle came, and ſuch was ſeen
In the World's eye; but (ſtrange to tell!)
Miſled by Fancy's magic ſpell,

Deceiv'd, not dreaming of deceit,
Cheated, but happy in the cheat,
Was more than human in his own,
O low, low all at Fancy's throne,
Whose pow'r could make so vile an elf
With patience bear that thing, *himself*.
But, mistress of each art to please,
Creative Fancy, what are these,
These pageant's of a trifler's pen,
To what thy power effected then?
Familiar with the human mind,
As swift and subtle as the wind,
Which we all find, yet no one knows
Or whence it comes, or whence it goes,
Fancy *at once* in ev'ry part
Pierc'd the eye, the head, the heart,
And in a thousand forms array'd,
A thousand various gambols play'd.
Here, in a face which well might ask
The privilege to wear a mask
In spite of Law, and Justice teach
For public good t' excuse the breach,
Within the furrow of a wrinkle
'Twixt eyes, which could not shine but twinkle,
Like centinels i' th' starry way,
Who wait for the return of day,
Almost burnt out, and seem to keep
Their watch, like soldiers, in their sleep,
Or like those lamps which, by the pow'r
Of Law, must burn from hour to hour,
(Else they, without redemption, fall
Under the terrors of that Hall,
Which, once notorious for a *hop*,
Is now become *a Justice-shop*)
Which are so manag'd, to go out
Just when the time comes round about,
Which yet thro' emulation strive
To keep their dying light alive,
And (not uncommon, as we find,
Amongst the children of mankind)
As they grow weaker, would seem stronger,
And burn a little, little longer;
Fancy, betwixt such eyes enshrin'd,
No brush to daub, no mill to grind,
Thrice wav'd her wand around, whose force
Chang'd in an instant Nature's course.
And, hardly credible in rime,
Not only stopp'd, but call'd back Time.
The face of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,
Smooth as the floating stream appear'd,
Down the neck ringlets spread their flames,
The neck admiring whence they came;
On the arch'd brow the *Graces* play'd;
On the full bosom *Cupid* laid;
Eyes, from their proper orbits sent,
Became for eyes a supplement;
Teeth, white as teeth were ever seen
Deliver'd from the hand of Green*,
Smooth, in regular array,
Like Twin-bands on a grand field-day,
Into the gums, which would have fled,
But, wond'ring, turn'd from white to red,
Quite alter'd was the whole machine,
And Lady ——— ——— was fifteen.
Here she made lordly temples rise
Before the pious Duchwood's eyes,
Temples which built aloft in air,
May serve for show, if not for pray'r;
In solemn form herself, before,
Array'd like *Faith*, the *Bible* bore.
There, over Melcomb's feather'd head,
Who, quite a man of gingerbread,
Savour'd in talk, in dress, and phyz,
More of another world than this,
To a *dwarf Muse a Giant Page*,
The last grave fop of the last age,
In a superb and feather'd hearse,
Bescutcheon'd and *betagg'd* with verse,
Which, to beholders from afar,
Appear'd like a triumphal car,
She rode, in a *cast* rainbow clad;
There, throwing off the *hallow'd plaid*,
Naked, as when (in those drear cells
Where, *self-blest'd*, *self-curs'd* Madness dwells)
Pleasure, on whom, in *Laughter*'s shape,
Frenzy had perfected a rape,
First brought her forth, before her time,
Wild witness of her shame and crime,
Driving before an idol band
Of driv'ling Stuarts, hand in hand,
Some, who to curse mankind, had wore
A crown they ne'er must think of more,
Others, whose baby brows were grac'd
With paper crowns, and toys of paste,
She jigg'd, and playing on the flute
Spread raptures o'er the soul of Bute.
Big with vast hopes, some mighty plan,
Which wrought the busy soul of man
To her full bent, the Civil Law,
Fit *code* to keep a world in awe,
Bound o'er his brows, fair to behold,
As *Jewish frontlets* were of old,
The famous Charter of our land,
Defac'd, and mangled in his hand;
As one whom deepest thoughts employ,
But deepest thoughts of truest joy,
Serious and slow he strode, he stalk'd,
Before him troops of heroes walk'd,
Whom best he lov'd, of heroes crown'd,
By Tories guarded all around,
Dull solemn pleasure in his face,
He saw the honours of his race,
He saw their lineal glories rise,
And touch'd, or seem'd to touch the skies.
Not the most distant mark of fear,
No sign of *axe*, or *scaffold* near,
Not one curs'd thought, to cross his will,
Of such a place as *Tower-Hill*.
Curse on this *Muse*, a flippant jade,
A shrew, like ev'ry other maid
Who turns the corner of nineteen,
Devour'd with peevishness and spleen.
Her tongue, (for as when bound for life,
The husband suffers for the wife,
So if in any works of rime
Perchance there blunders out a crime,
Poor culprit bards must always rue it,
Altho' it is plain the Muses do it)
Sooner or later cannot fail
To send me headlong to a jail.
Whate'r my theme (our themes we chuse
In modern days without a *Muse*,
Just as a father will provide
To join a bridegroom and a bride,

* An eminent Dentist at this period.

As if, tho' they muſt be the play'rs,
The game was wholly *his*, not *theirs*)
Whate'er my theme, the *Muſe*, who ſtill
Owns no direction but her will,
Flies off, and, ere I could expect,
By ways oblique and indirect,
At once quite over head and ears,
In fatal *politics* appears.
Time was, and, if I aught diſcern
Of fate, that time ſhall ſoon return,
When *decent* and *demure* at leaſt,
As grave and dull as any prieſt,
I could ſee *Vice* in robes array'd,
Could ſee the game of *Folly* play'd
Succeſsfully in Fortune's ſchool,
Without exclaiming rogue or fool;
Time was, when nothing loth or proud,
I lacquied, with the fawning crowd,
Scoundrels in office, and would bow
To cyphers great in place; but now
Upright I ſtand, as if wiſe Fate,
To compliment a ſhatter'd ſtate,
Had me, like Atlas, hither ſent
To ſhoulder up the firmament,
And if I ſtoop'd, with gen'ral crack
The Heavens would tumble from my back;
Time was, when rank and ſituation
Secur'd the great ones of the nation
From all controul; *Satire* and *Law*
Kept only little knaves in awe;
But now, *decorum* loſt, I ſtand
Bemus'd, a pencil in my hand,
And, dead to ev'ry ſenſe of ſhame,
Careleſs of ſafety and of fame,
The names of ſcoundrels minute down,
And libel more than half the Town.
How can a Stateſman be ſecure
In all his villainies, if poor
And dirty authors thus ſhall dare
To lay his rotten boſom bare?
Muſes ſhould paſs away their time
In dreſſing out the poet's rime
With bills and ribbands, and array
Each line in harmleſs taſte, tho' gay.
When the hot burning fit is on,
They ſhould regale their reſtleſs ſon
With ſomething to allay his rage,
Some cool Caſtalian beverage,
Or ſome ſuch draught (tho' *they*, 'tis plain,
Taking the Muſes name in vain,
Know nothing of their real court,
And only fable from report)
As makes a Whitehead's *Ode* go down,
Or ſlakes the *feverette* of Brown:
But who would in his ſenſes think
Of Muſes giving gall to drink,
Or that their folly ſhould afford
To raving poets gun or ſword?
Poets were ne'er deſign'd by fate
To meddle with affairs of State,
Nor ſhould (if we may ſpeak our thought
Truly as men of honour ought)
Sound policy their rage admit,
To launch the thunderbolts of wit
About thoſe heads, which, when they're ſhot,
Can't tell if 'twas by wit, or not.
Theſe things well known, what Devil in ſpite
Can have ſeduc'd me thus to write
Out of that road, which muſt have led
To riches, without heart or head,
Into that road, which, had I more
Than ever poet had before,
Of Wit and Virtue, in diſgrace
Would keep me ſtill, and out of place,
Which, if ſome *Judge* (you'll underſtand
One famous, famous thro' the land
For *making* law) ſhould ſtand my friend,
At laſt may in a pill'ry end,
And all this, I myſelf admit,
Without one cauſe to lead to it.——
For inſtance now—this book—the GHOST—
Methinks I hear ſome Critic Poſt
Remark moſt gravely—"The firſt word
"Which we about the GHOST have heard."
Peace my good Sir—not quite ſo faſt—
What is the firſt, may be the laſt,
Which is a point, all muſt agree,
Cannot depend on you or me.
FANNY, no Ghoſt of common mould,
Is not by forms to be controul'd;
To keep her ſtate, and ſhew her ſkill,
She never comes but when ſhe will.
I wrote and wrote (perhaps you doubt,
And ſhrewdly, what I wrote about,
Believe me, much to my diſgrace,
I too am in the ſelf-ſame caſe)
But ſtill I wrote, till FANNY came
Impatient, nor could any ſhame
On me with equal juſtice fall,
If ſhe had never come at all.
An underling, I could not ſtir
Without the cue thrown out by her,
Nor from the ſubject aid receive
Until ſhe came, and gave me leave.
So that (ye Sons of Erudition
Mark, this is but a ſuppoſition,
Nor would I to ſo wiſe a nation
Suggeſt it as a *revelation*)
If henceforth dully turning o'er
Page after page, ye read no more
Of FANNY, who, in ſea or air,
May be departed God knows where,
Rail at jilt Fortune, but agree
No cenſure can be laid on me,
For ſure (the cauſe let Mansfield try)
FANNY is in the fault, not I.
But to return—and this I hold,
A ſecret worth its weight in gold
To thoſe who write, as I write now,
Not to mind where they go, or how,
Thro' ditch, thro' bog, o'er hedge and ſtile;
Make it but worth the reader's while,
And keep a paſſage fair and plain
Always to bring him back again.
Thro' dirt, who ſcruples to approach,
At Pleaſure's call, to take a coach?
But we ſhould think the man a clown
Who in the dirt ſhould ſet us down?
But to return—if Wit, who ne'er
The ſhackles of reſtraint could bear,
In wayward humour ſhould refuſe
Her timely ſuccour to the Muſe,
And to no rules and orders tied,
Roughly deny to be her guide,
She muſt renounce *decorum*'s plan,
And get back when, and how ſhe can

As *Perſons*, who, without pretext,
As ſoon as mentioned, quit their text,
And, to promote ſleep's genial pow'r,
Grope in the dark for half an hour,
Give no more reaſon (for we know
Reaſon is vulgar, mean and low)
Why they come back (ſhould it befal
That ever they come back at all)
Into the road, to end the rout,
Than they can give why they went out.
But to return—this book—the GHOST—
A mere amuſement at the moſt,
A trifle, fit to wear away
The horrors of a rainy day,
A light thot ſilk, for ſummer wear,
Juſt as our modern ſtateſmen are,
If rigid honeſty permit
That I for once purloin the wit
Of him, who, were we all to ſteal,
Is much too rich the theft to feel.
Yet in this book, where Eaſe ſhould join
With Mirth to *ſugar* ev'ry line,
Where it ſhould all be mere *chit-chat*,
Lively, good-humour'd, and *all that*,
Where *honeſt* Satire, in diſgrace,
Should not ſo much as ſhew her face,
The ſhrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,
Breaks into Laughter's ſacred grounds,
And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks
In *Science*, *Trade*, and *Politics*.
But why ſhould the diſtemper'd ſcold
Attempt to blacken men enroll'd
In Power's dread book, whoſe mighty ſkill
Can twiſt an empire to their will;
Whoſe voice is Fate, and on their tongue
Law, *Liberty*, and *Life* are hung;
Whom, on enquiry, Truth ſhall find
With Stuarts *link'd*, time out of mind
Superior to their Country's laws,
Defenders of a tyrant's cauſe;
Men, who the ſame damn'd maxims hold
Darkly, which they avow'd of old;
Who, tho' by diff'rent means, purſue
The end which they had firſt in view,
And, force found vain, now play their part
With much leſs honour, much more art?
Why, at the corners of the ſtreets,
To ev'ry patriot drudge ſhe meets,
Known or unknown, with furious cry
Should ſhe wild clamours vent; or why,
The minds of *groundlings* to inflame,
A Dafhwood, Bute, and Wyndham name?
Why, having not to our ſurprize
The fear of death before her eyes,
Bearing, and that but now and then,
No other weapon but her pen,
Should ſhe an argument afford,
For blood, to men who *wear a ſword*;
Men, who can nicely *trim* and *pare*
A point of honour to a hair
(Honour—a word of nice import,
A pretty trinket in a court,
Which *my Lord* quite in rapture feels
Dangling and rattling with his Seals—
Honour—a word which all the *Nine*
Would be much puzzled to define—
Honour—a word which torture mocks,
And might confound a thouſand Lockes—
Which (for I leave to wiſer heads,
Who fields of death prefer to beds
Of down, to find out, if they can,
What Honour *is*, on their wild plan)
Is *not*, to take it in their way,
And this we ſure may dare to ſay
Without incurring an offence,
Courage, *Law*, *Honeſty*, or *Senſe*);
Men, who all ſpirit, life and ſoul,
Neat butchers of a *button-hole*,
Having more ſkill, believe it true
That they muſt have more courage too;
Men, who without a place or name,
Their fortunes ſpeechleſs as their fame,
Would by the ſword new fortunes carve,
And rather die in fight than ſtarve?
At *Coronations*, a vaſt field
Which food of ev'ry kind might yield,
Of good ſound food, at once moſt fit
For purpoſes of health and wit,
Could not ambitious Satire reſt,
Content with what ſhe might digeſt?
Could ſhe not feaſt on things of courſe,
A *Champion*, or a Champion's *horſe*?
A Champion's *horſe*—No, better ſay,
Tho' better figur'd on that day—
A *horſe*, which might appear to us,
Who deal in rime, a Pegaſus;
A *rider*, who, when once got on,
Might paſs for a Bellerophon,
Dropt on a ſudden from the ſkies,
To catch and fix our wond'ring eyes,
To witch, with wand inſtead of whip,
The world with *noble* horſemanſhip,
To twiſt and twine, both horſe and man,
On ſuch a well-concerted plan,
That *Centaur*-like, when all was done,
We ſcarce could think they were not one?
Could ſhe not to our itching ears
Bring the new-names of *new-coin'd* peers,
Who walk'd, Nobility forgot,
With ſhoulders fitter for a knot
Than robes of honour; for whoſe ſake
Heralds in form were forc'd to make,
To make, becauſe they could not find,
Great predeceſſors to their mind?
Cou'd ſhe not (tho' 'tis doubtful ſince
Whether he *Plumber* is, or *Prince*)
Tell of a ſimple Knight's advance
To be a doughty Peer of *France*;
Tell how he did a Dukedom gain,
And Robinſon was Aquitain *;
Tell how her City-Chiefs diſgrac'd,
Were at an empty table plac'd?
A groſs neglect, which, whilſt they live,
They can't forget, and won't forgive;
A groſs neglect of all thoſe rights
Which march with City appetites;
Of all thoſe canons, which we find
By *gluttony*, time out of mind,
Eſtabliſh'd; which they ever hold
Dearer than any thing but gold:
Thanks to my ſtars—I now ſee ſhore—
Of Courtiers, and of Courts no more—

* At the Coronation Sir Thomas Robinſon walked as the repreſentative of the Duke of Aquitain.

Thus ſtumbling on my City friends,
Blind Chance my guide, my purpoſe bends
In line direct, and ſhall purſue
The point which I had firſt in view,
Nor more ſhall with the reader ſport,
Till I have ſeen him ſafe in port.
Huſh'd be each fear—no more I bear
Thro' the [illegible] regions of the air
The reader terrified, no more
Wild Ocean's horrid paths explore.
Be the plain track from henceforth mine—
Croſs-roads to Allen * I reſign
Allen, the honour of this nation,
Allen, himſelf a *corporation*,
Allen, of late notorious grown
For writings none, or all his own,
Allen, the firſt of *letter'd* men,
Since the *good* Biſhop holds his pen,
And at his elbow takes his ſtand
To mend his head, and guide his hand.
But hold—once more *Digreſſion* hence—
Let us return to *Common Senſe*;
The car of Phœbus I diſcharge,
My carriage now a Lord Mayor's *barge*.
Suppoſe we now—we may ſuppoſe
In verſe, what would be ſin in proſe—
The ſky with darkneſs overſpread,
And ev'ry ſtar retir'd to bed;
The gew-gaw robes of Pomp and Pride
In ſome dark corner thrown aſide;
Great *Lords* and *Ladies* giving way
To what they ſeem to ſcorn by day,
The real feelings of the heart,
And Nature taking place of Art;
Deſire triumphant thro' the night,
And *Beauty* panting with delight;
Chaſtity, Woman's faireſt crown,
Till the return of morn laid down,
Then to be worn again as bright
As if not ſullied in the night;
Dull *Ceremony*, buſineſs o'er,
Dreaming in form at Cottrell's door;
Precaution trudging all about
To ſee the candles ſafely out,
Bearing a mighty *maſter-key*,
Habited like *Oeconomy*,
Stamping each lock with triple ſeals,
Mean Av'rice creeping at her heels.
Suppoſe we too, like ſheep in pen,
The *Mayor* and *Court of Aldermen*
Within their barge, which thro' the deep,
The rowers more than half aſleep,
Mov'd ſlow, as over-charg'd with ſtate;
Thames groan'd beneath the mighty weight,
And felt that *bauble* heavier far,
Than a whole fleet of men of war.
Sleep o'er each well-known faithful head
With lib'ral hand his poppies ſhed,
Each head, by Dullneſs render'd fit
Sleep and his empire to admit.
Thro' the whole paſſage not a word,
Not one faint, weak, half ſound was heard;
Sleep had prevail'd to overwhelm
The ſteerſman nodding o'er the helm;
The rowers, without force or ſkill,
Left the dull barge to drive at will;
The ſluggiſh oars ſuſpended hung,
And even Beardmore † held his *tongue*.
Commerce, regardful of a freight
On which depended half her *State*,
Stepp'd to the helm, with ready hand
She ſafely clear'd that bank of ſand,
Where, ſtranded, our Weſt-country fleet
Delay and danger often meet;
Till Neptune, anxious for the trade,
Comes in full tides, and brings them aid.
Next (for the Muſes can ſurvey
Objects by night as well as day,
Nothing prevents their taking aim,
Darkneſs and light to them the ſame)
They paſt that building, which of old
Queen-Mothers was deſign'd to hold;
At preſent a mere *lodging-pen*,
A palace turn'd into a den,
To barracks turn'd, and ſoldiers tread
Where *Dowagers* have laid their head.
Why ſhould we mention *Surrey-Street*,
Where ev'ry week grave judges meet,
All fitted out with *hum* and *ha*,
In proper form to drawl out law,
To ſee all cauſes duly tried
'Twixt knaves who drive, and fools who ride?
Why at the *Temple* ſhould we ſtay?
What of the *Temple* dare we ſay?
A dangerous ground we tread on there,
And words perhaps may actions bear,
Where, as the brethren of the ſeas
For *fares*, the lawyers ply for fees.
What of that *Bridge*, moſt wiſely made
To ſerve the purpoſes of trade,
In the great mart of all this nation,
By ſtopping up the navigation,
And to that ſand-bank adding weight,
Which is already much too great?—
What of that *Bridge*, which, void of ſenſe,
But well ſupplied with impudence,
Engliſhmen, knowing not the *Guild*,
Thought they might have a claim to build,
Till Paterſon, as white as milk,
As ſmooth as oil, as ſoft as ſilk,
In ſolemn manner had decreed,
That on the other ſide the Tweed,
Art, born and bred, and fully grown,
Was with one Mylne ‡, a man unknown,
But grace, preferment, and renown
Deſerving, juſt arriv'd in town;
One Mylne, an artiſt perfect quite,
Both in his own and country's right,
As fit to make a bridge, as he,
With glorious *Patavinity*,
To build inſcriptions worthy found
To lie for ever under ground.
Much more, worth obſervation top,
Was this a ſeaſon to purſue
The theme, our Muſe might tell in time:
The wiſh ſhe hath, but not the time;

* Ralph Allen, Eſq; of Prior Park, near Bath, the correſpondent of Pope, of whom Allworthy in Tom Jones is ſaid to have been the repreſentative.

† An Attorney, and Common-Council-Man, [illegible] poſed to have afforded ſome aſſiſtance at time [illegible] "The Monitor."

‡ The Architect of Blackfriars Bridge.

For, swift as shaft from Indian bow,
(And when a Goddess comes, we know,
Surpassing Nature acts prevail,
And boats want neither oar nor sail)
The vessel past, and reach'd the shore
So quick, that Thought was scarce before.
Suppose we now our *City-Court*
Safely deliver'd at the port,
And, of their state regardless quite,
Landed, like smuggled goods, by night;
The solemn Magistrate laid down,
The dignity of robe and gown
With ev'ry other ensign gone,
Suppose the woollen night-cap on:
The *flesh-brush* us'd with decent state
To make the spirits circulate,
(A form, which, to the senses true,
The liq'rish Chaplain uses too,
Tho', something to improve the plan,
He takes the Maid instead of Man)
Swath'd, and with flannel cover'd o'er
To shew the vigour of threescore,
The vigour of threescore and ten
Above the proof of younger men,
Suppose the mighty Dullman led
Betwixt two slaves, and put to bed;
Suppose the moment he lies down,
No miracle in this great town,
The drone as fast asleep as he
Must in the course of Nature be,
Who, truth for our foundation take,
When up, is never half awake.
There let him sleep, whilst we survey
The preparations for the day,
That day, on which was to be shewn
Court-pride by *City-pride* outdone.
The jealous mother sends away,
As only fit for childish play,
That daughter, who, to gall her pride,
Shoots up too forward by her side.
The *wretch*, of God and Man accurs'd,
Of all Hell's instruments the worst,
Drawn forth his *furies*, and for the day
Struts in some spendthrift's vain array;
Around his awkward doxy shine
The treasures of Golconda's mine;
Each neighbour, with a jealous glare,
Beholds her folly publish'd there.
Garments, well-sav'd (an anecdote
Which we can prove, or would not quote)
Garments well-sav'd, which first were made,
When taylors, to promote their trade,
Against the *Picts* in arms arose,
And drove them out, or made them cloaths;
Garments, immortal, without end,
Like names, and titles, which descend
Successively from sire to son;
Garments, unless some work is done
Of note, not suffer'd to appear
Above once at most in ev'ry year,
Were now, in solemn form, laid bare
To take the benefit of air,
And, ere they came to be employ'd
On this solemnity, to void
That scent, which Russia's leather gave
From vile and impious moth to save.
Each head was busy, and each heart,
In preparation bore a part.
Running together all about,
The servants put each other out,
Till the grave master had decreed,
The more haste, ever the worst speed;
Miss, with her little eyes half-clos'd,
Over a smuggled toilet dos'd;
The *Waiting-maid*, whom story notes
A very *Scrub* in petticoats,
Hir'd for one work, but doing all,
In slumbers lean'd against the wall:
Milliners, summon'd from afar,
Arriv'd in shoals at *Temple-bar*,
Strictly commanded to import
Cart-loads of foppery from Court;
With labour'd visible design
Art strove to be *superbly* fine;
Nature, more pleasing, tho' more wild,
Taught otherwise her *darling* child,
And cried, with spirited disdain,
Be H——— elegant and plain.
Lo! from the chambers of the East,
A welcome prelude to the feast,
In *saffron-colour'd* robe array'd,
High in a car by Vulcan made,
Who work'd for Jove himself, each steed
High mettled, of celestial breed,
Pawing and pacing all the way,
Aurora brought the wish'd-for day,
And held her empire, till out-run
By that brave jolly groom the Sun.
The trumpet—hark!—It speaks—It swells
The loud full harmony—It tells,
The time at hand, when Dullman, led
By form, his Citizens must head,
And march those troops, which at his call
Were now assembled, to *Guild-Hall*,
On matters of importance great
To *Court* and *City*, *Church* and *State*.
From end to end the sound makes way,
All hear the signal and obey;
But Dullman, who, his charge forgot,
By Morpheus fetter'd, heard it not;
Nor could, so sound he slept and fast,
Hear any trumpet, but the last.
Crape, ever true and trusty known,
Stole from the maid's bed to his own,
Then in the spirituals of pride,
Planted himself at Dullman's side.
Thrice did the ever-faithful slave,
With voice which might have reach'd the grave,
And broke death's adamantine chain,
On Dullman call, but call'd in vain;
Thrice with an arm, which might have made
The Theban boxer curse his trade,
The drone he shook, who rear'd the head,
And *thrice* fell backward on his bed.
What could be done? Where force hath fail'd,
Policy often hath prevail'd;
And what, an inference most plain,
Had been, Crape thought might be again,
Under his pillow (still in mind
The proverb kept, *Fast bind, fast find*)
Each blessed night the keys were laid,
Which Crape to draw away assay'd.
What not the pow'r of voice or arm
Could do, this did, and broke the charm;
Quick started he with stupid stare,
For all his little soul was there.

Behold him, taken up, rubb'd down,
In elbow chair, and morning-gown;
Behold him, in his latter bloom,
Stripp'd, waſh'd, and ſprinkled with perfume;
Behold him bending with the weight
Of robes and trumpery of ſtate;
Behold him (for the maxim's true,
Whate'er we by another do,
We do ourſelves; and Chaplain paid,
Like ſlaves, in ev'ry other trade,
Had mutter'd over God knows what,
Something which he by heart had got)
Having, as uſual, ſaid his pray'rs,
Go *titter totter* to the ſtairs;
Behold him for deſcent prepare,
With one foot trembling in the air;
He *ſtarts*, he *pauſes* on the brink,
And, hard to credit, ſeems to *think*;
Thro' his whole train (the Chaplain gave
The proper cue to ev'ry ſlave)
At once, as with infection caught,
Each *ſtarted*, *paus'd*, and *aim'd* at thought;
He turns, and they turn; big with care,
He waddles to his elbow-chair,
Squats down, and, ſilent for a ſeaſon,
At laſt with Crape begins to reaſon:
But firſt of all he made a ſign
That ev'ry ſoul, but the *Divine*,
Should quit the room; in him, he knows,
He may all confidence repoſe.

Crape—tho' I'm yet not quite awake—
Before this awful ſtep I take,
On which my future all depends,
I ought to know my foes and friends,
By foes and friends, obſerve me ſtill,
I mean not thoſe who well or ill
Perhaps may with me, but thoſe who
Have 't in their power to do it too.
Now if, attentive to the State,
In too much hurry to be great,
Or thro' much zeal, a motive, Crape,
Deſerving praiſe, into a ſcrape
I, like a fool, am got, no doubt,
I, like a wiſe man, ſhould get out.
Not that, remark without replies,
I ſay that to get out is wiſe,
Or, by the very ſelf-ſame rule
That to get in was like a fool:
The marrow of this argument
Muſt wholly reſt on the event;
And therefore, which is really hard,
Againſt events too I muſt guard.

Should things continue as they *ſtand*,
And Bute prevail thro' all the land
Without a rival, by his aid,
My fortunes in a trice are made;
Nay, honours on my zeal may ſmile,
And ſtamp me Earl of ſome great iſle:
But if, a matter of much doubt,
The preſent Miniſter goes out,
Fain would I know on what pretext
I can ſtand fairly with the next?
For as my aim at ev'ry hour
Is to be well with thoſe in pow'r,
And my material point of view,
Whoever's in, to be in too,
I ſhould not, like a blockhead, chuſe
To gain *theſe* ſo as *thoſe* to loſe;
'Tis good in ev'ry caſe, you know,
To have two ſtrings unto our bow.

As one in wonder loſt, Crape view'd
His Lord, who thus his ſpeech purſu'd.

This, my good Crape, is my grand point,
And as the times are out of joint,
The greater caution is requir'd
To bring about the point deſir'd.
What I would wiſh to bring about,
Cannot admit a moment's doubt,
The matter in diſpute, you know,
Is what we call the *quomodo*.
That be thy taſk.—The *rev'rend* ſlave,
Becoming in a moment grave,
Fix'd to the ground and rooted ſtood,
Juſt like a man cut out of wood;
Such as we ſee (without the leaſt
Reflection glancing on the Prieſt)
One or more, planted up and down,
Almoſt in ev'ry church in town:
He ſtood ſome minutes; then like one
Who wiſh'd the matter might be done,
But could not do it, ſhook his head,
And thus the Man of Sorrow ſaid:

Hard is this taſk, too hard I ſwear,
By much too hard for me to bear;
Beyond expreſſion hard my part,
Could mighty Dullman ſee my heart,
When he, alas! makes known a will,
Which Crape's not able to fulfil.
Was ever my obedience barr'd
By any trifling nice regard
To Senſe and Honour? Could I reach
Thy meaning without help of ſpeech,
At the firſt motion of thy eye
Did not thy faithful creature fly?
Have I not ſaid, not what I ought,
But what by earthly maſter taught?
Did I e'er weigh, thro' duty ſtrong,
In thy great biddings, right and wrong?
Did ever int'reſt, to whom thou
Can'ſt not with more devotion bow,
Warp my ſound faith, or will of mine
In contradiction run to thine?
Have I not, at thy table plac'd,
When buſineſs call'd aloud for haſte,
Torn myſelf thence, yet never heard
To utter one complaining word,
And had, till thy great work was done,
All appetites as having none?
Hard is it, this great plan purſu'd
Of voluntary ſervitude;
Purſu'd without or ſhame or fear,
Thro' the great circle of the year;
Now to receive, in this grand hour,
Commands which lie beyond my pow'r;
Commands which baffle all my ſkill,
And leave me nothing but my will:
Be that accepted; let my Lord
Indulgence to his ſlave afford;
This taſk, for my poor ſtrength unfit,
Will yield to none but Dullman's wit.

With ſuch groſs incenſe gratified,
And turning up the lip of pride,
Poor Crape—and ſhook his empty head—
Poor puzzled Crape, wiſe Dullman ſaid,
Of judgment weak, of ſenſe confin'd,
For things of lower note deſign'd,

For things within the vulgar reach,
To run of errands, and to preach,
Well haſt thou judg'd, that heads like mine
Cannot want help from heads like thine;
Well haſt thou judg'd thyſelf unmeet
Of ſuch high argument to treat;
'Twas but to try thee that I ſpoke,
And all I ſaid was but a joke.
Nor think a joke, Crape, a diſgrace
Or to my perſon, or my place;
The wiſeſt of the ſons of men
Have deign'd to uſe them now and then:
The only caution, do you ſee,
Demanded by our dignity,
From common uſe and men exempt,
Is, that they may not breed contempt.
Great uſe they have, when in the hands
Of one, like me, who underſtands;
Who underſtands the time and place,
The perſons, manner, and the grace,
Which fools neglect; ſo that we find,
If all the requiſites are join'd,
From whence a perfect joke muſt ſpring,
A joke's a very ſerious thing.
But to our buſineſs—My deſign,
Which gave ſo rough a ſhock to thine,
To my capacity is made
As ready as a fraud in trade,
Which like broad-cloth, I can, with eaſe,
Cut out in any ſhape I pleaſe.
Some, in my circumſtance, ſome few,
Aye, and thoſe men of genius too,
Good men, who, without love or hate,
Whether they early riſe or late,
With names uncrack'd, and credit ſound,
Riſe worth a hundred thouſand pound,
By *threadbare* ways and means would try
To bear their point; ſo will not I.
New methods ſhall my wiſdom find
To ſuit theſe matters to my mind,
So that the infidels at court,
Who make our City Wits their ſport,
Shall hail the honours of my reign,
And own that Dullman beats a brain.
Some, in my place, to gain their ends,
Would give relations up, and friends;
Would lend a wife, who they might ſwear
Safely, was none the worſe for wear;
Would ſee a daughter, yet a maid,
Into a Statesman's arms betray'd;
Nay, ſhould the girl prove coy, nor know
What daughters to a father owe,
Sooner than ſchemes ſo nobly plann'd
Should fail, themſelves would lend a hand;
Would vote on one ſide, whilſt a brother,
Properly taught, would vote on t'other;
Would ev'ry petty band forget;
The public eye be with *one* ſet,
In private with a *ſecond* herd,
And be by proxy with a *third*;
Would (like a *Queen*, of whom I read
The other day—her name is fled—
In a book (where, together bound,
Whittington and his Cat I found,
A tale moſt true, and free from art,
Which all Lord-Mayors ſhould have by heart)
A Queen (O might thoſe days begin
Afreſh when Queens would learn to ſpin)
Who wrought, and wrought, but for ſome plot,
The cauſe of which I've now forgot,
During the abſence of the ſun
Undid what ſhe by day had done)
Whilſt they a double viſage wear,
What's ſworn by day, by night unſwear.
Such be their arts, and ſuch perchance
May happily their ends advance:
From a new ſyſtem *mine* ſhall ſpring,
A *Locum-Tenens* is the thing.
That's your true plan.—To obligate
The preſent Miniſters of State,
My *ſhadow* ſhall our Court approach,
And bear my pow'r, and have my *coach*;
My *fine ſtate coach*, ſuperb to view,
A fine ſtate coach, and paid for too;
To curry favour, and the grace
Obtain, of thoſe who're out of place:
In the mean time *I*—that's to ſay—
I proper, *I* myſelf—*here* ſtay.
But hold—perhaps unto the nation,
Who hate the Scot's adminiſtration,
To lend my coach may ſeem to be
Declaring for the Miniſtry;
For where the City-coach is, there
Is the true eſſence of the Mayor:
Therefore (for wiſe men are intent
Evils at diſtance to prevent,
Whilſt fools the evils firſt endure,
And then are plagu'd to ſeek a cure)
No *coach*—a *horſe*—and free from fear
To make our *Deputy* appear,
Fresh on his back ſhall he be tied,
With two grooms marching by his ſide:
Then for a *horſe*—thro' all the land.
To head our ſolemn City-band,
Can any one ſo fit be found,
As he, who in *Artill'ry-ground*,
Without a rider, noble ſight,
Led on our braveſt troops to fight.
But firſt, Crape, for my honour's ſake,
A tender point, enquiry make
About that *horſe*, if the diſpute
Is ended, or is ſtill in ſuit.
For whilſt a cauſe (obſerve this plan
Of juſtice) whether *horſe* or *man*
The parties be, remains in doubt,
Till 'tis determin'd out and out,
That pow'r muſt tyranny appear,
Which ſhould, *pre-judging*, interfere,
And weak faint judges over-awe
To bias the free courſe of law.
You have my will—now quickly run,
And take care that my will be done.
In public, Crape, you muſt appear,
Whilſt I in privacy ſit here;
Here ſhall great Dullman ſit alone,
Making this elbow-chair my throne,
And you, performing what I bid,
Do all, as if I nothing did.
Crape heard, and ſpeeded on his way;
With him to hear was to obey.
Not without trouble, be aſſur'd,
A proper proxy was procur'd
To ſerve ſuch infamous intent,
And ſuch a Lord to repreſent;
Nor could one have been found at all
On t'other ſide of *London-wall*.

The trumpet ſounds:—ſolemn and ſlow
Behold the grand proceſſion go,
All moving on, eat after kind,
As if for motion ne'er deſign'd.
Conſtables, whom the laws admit
To keep the peace by breaking it;
Beadles, who hold the ſecond place
By virtue of a ſilver mace,
Which ev'ry *Saturday* is drawn,
For uſe of *Sunday*, out of pawn;
Treaſurers, who with empty key
Secure an empty Treaſury;
Churchwardens, who their courſe purſue
In the ſame ſtate, as to their pew
Churchwardens of *Saint Marg'ret* go,
Since Peirſon taught them pride and ſhow,
Who in ſhort tranſient pomp appear,
Like Almanacks chang'd ev'ry year,
Behind whom, with unbroken locks,
Charity carries the *Poor's Box*,
Not knowing that with private keys
They ope and ſhut it when they pleaſe;
Overſeers, who by frauds enſure
The heavy curſes of the poor;
Unclean came flocking, *Bulls* and *Bears*,
Like beaſts into the ark, by pairs.
Portentous flaming in the van
Stalk'd the *Profeſſor* Sheridan:
A man of *wire*, a mere *Pantine*,
A downright *animal machine*,
He knows alone in proper mode
How to take vengeance on an *Ode*,
And how to butcher Ammon's ſon
And poor *Jack Dryden* both in one.
On all occaſions next the Chair
He ſtands for ſervice of the Mayor,
And to inſtruct him how to uſe
His *a*'s and *b*'s, and *p*'s and *q*'s.
O'er *letters*, into tatters worn,
O'er *ſyllables*, defac'd and torn,
O'er *words* disjointed, and o'er *ſenſe*
Left deſtitute of all defence,
He ſtrides, and all the way he goes,
Wades, deep in blood, o'er *Criſs-Croſs-Rows*.
Before him, ev'ry *Conſonant*
In agonies is ſeen to pant;
Behind, in forms not to be known,
The ghoſts of tortur'd *Vowels* groan.
Next Hart and Duke, well worthy grace
And City favour, came in place.
No children can their toils engage,
Their toils are turn'd to rev'rend age.
When a *Court-Dame*, to grace his brows
Reſolv'd, is wed to City ſpouſe,
Their aid with *Madam*'s aid muſt join
The aukward dotard to refine,
And teach, whence trueſt glory flows,
Grave Sixty to turn out his toes.
Each bore in hand a kit, and each
To ſhew how fit he was to teach
A *Cit*, an *Alderman*, a *Mayor*,
Led in a ſtring a *dancing bear*.
Since the revival of *Fingal*,
Cuſtom, and Cuſtom's all in all,
Commands that we ſhould have regard.
On all high ſeaſons, to the *Bard*.
Great acts like theſe, by vulgar tongue
Profan'd, ſhould not be ſaid, but ſung.

This place to fill, renown'd in fame,
The high and mighty Lockman * came;
And, ne'er forgot in Dullman's reign,
With proper order to maintain
The *uniformity* of pride,
Brought *brother* Whitehead by his ſide.
On horſe, who proudly paw'd the ground,
And caſt his fiery eye-balls round,
Snorting, and champing the rude bit,
As if, for warlike purpoſe fit,
His high and gen'rous blood diſdain'd
To be for ſports and paſtimes rein'd,
Great Dymock, in his glorious ſtation,
Paraded at the Coronation.
Not ſo our *City* Dymock came,
Heavy, diſpirited, and tame;
No mark of ſenſe, his eyes half-cloſ'd.
He on a mighty *dray-horſe* ſtrid 'd.
Fate never could a horſe provide
So fit for ſuch a man to ride;
Nor find a man, with ſtricteſt care,
So fit for ſuch a horſe to bear.
Hung round with inſtruments of death
The ſight of him would ſtop the breath.
Of braggart Cowardice, and make
The very *Court Drawcanſir* quake.
With *dirks*, which, in the hands of ſpite,
Do their damn'd buſineſs in the night,
From *Scotland* ſent, but here diſplay'd
Only to fill up the parade;
With *ſwords*, unſleſh'd, of maiden hue,
Which rage or valour never drew;
With *blunderbuſſes*, taught to ride,
Like *pocket piſtols*, by his ſide,
In girdle ſtuck, he ſeem'd to be
A little moving *armory*.
One thing much wanting to complete
The ſight, and make a perfect treat,
Was, that the horſe (a courteſy
In horſes found of high degree)
Inſtead of *going forward* on,
All the way *backward* ſhould have gone.
Horſes, unleſs they breeding lack,
Some ſcruple make to turn their back,
Tho' riders, which plain truth declares,
No ſcruple make of turning theirs.
Far, far apart from all the reſt,
Fit only for a ſtanding jeſt,
The *independent* (can you get
A better ſuited epithet)
The *independent* Amy and cattle,
All burning with the ſacred flame
Of Liberty, which well he knows
On the great ſtock of Slav'ry grows.
Like Sparrow, who, depriv'd of mate
Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,
From ſpray to ſpray no more will hop,
But ſits alone on the houſe-top,
Or like himſelf, when all alone
At *Croydon*, he was heard to groan,
Lifting *both* hands in the defence
Of Intereſt and Common-Senſe;
Both hands, for as no other man
Adopted and purſu'd his plan,

* John Lockman, Secretary to the British Herring Fiſhery, Author of Many forgotten Poems, and Tranſlator of ſeveral works from the French.

The *left*-hand had been loneſome quite,
If he had not held up the *right*.
Apart he came, and fix'd his eyes
With rapture on a diſtant prize,
On which in letters worthy note,
There "Twenty Thouſand Pounds" was wrote:
Falſe trap, for credit ſapp'd is found
By getting twenty thouſand pound.
Nay, look not thus on me, and ſtare,
Doubting the certainty.—To ſwear
In ſuch a caſe I ſhould be loth—
But Perry Cuft * may take his oath.
In plain and decent garb array'd,
With the prim quaker Fraud came Trade;
Connivance to improve the plan,
Habited like a *Jury-man*,
Judging as intereſt prevails,
Came next with meaſures, weights, and ſcales;
Extortion next, of helliſh race,
A cub moſt damn'd, to ſhew his face
Forbid by fear, but not by ſhame,
Turn'd to a *Jew*, like ——— came;
Corruption, Midas-like, behold
Turning whate'er ſhe touch'd to gold;
Impotence led by Luſt, and Pride
Strutting with Ponton by her ſide;
Hypocriſy, demure and ſad,
In garments of the Prieſthood clad,
So well diſguis'd, that you might ſwear,
Deceiv'd, a very Prieſt was there;
Bankruptcy, full of eaſe and health,
And wallowing in *well-fav'd* wealth,
Came ſneering thro' a ruin'd band,
And bringing B——— in her hand;
Victory hanging down her head,
Was by a Highland ſtallion led;
Peace, cloth'd in ſables, with a face
Which witneſs'd ſenſe of huge diſgrace,
Which ſpake a deep and rooted ſhame
Both of herſelf and of her name,
Mourning creeps on, and bluſhing feels
War, grim War treading on her heels;
Pale Credit, ſhaken by the arts
Of men with bad heads and worſe hearts,
Taking no notice of a band
Which near her were ordain'd to ſtand,
Well nigh deſtroy'd by ſickly fit,
Look'd wiſtful all around for Pitt;
Freedom—at that moſt hallow'd name
My ſpirits mount into a flame,
Each pulſe beats high, and each nerve ſtrains
E'en to the cracking; thro' my veins
The tides of life more rapid run,
And tell me I am Freedom's ſon—
Freedom came next, but ſcarce was ſeen,
When the ſky, which appear'd ſerene
And gay before, was overcaſt;
Horror beſtrode a *foreign* blaſt,
And from the *priſon* of the *North*,
To Freedom deadly, ſtorms burſt forth.
A car like thoſe, in which, we're told,
Our wild forefathers warr'd of old,
Loaded with death, ſix horſes bear
Thro' the blank region of the air.
Too fierce for time or art to tame,
They pour'd forth mingled ſmoke and flame
From their wide noſtrils; ev'ry ſteed
Was of that ancient ſavage breed
Which fell Geryon nurs'd; their food
The fleſh of man, their drink his blood.
On the firſt horſes, ill-match'd pair,
This fat and ſleek, *that* lean and bare,
Came ill-match'd riders ſide by ſide,
And Poverty was yok'd with Pride.
Union moſt ſtrange it muſt appear,
Till other unions make it clear.
Next, in the gall of bitterneſs,
With rage which words can ill expreſs,
With unforgiving rage, which ſprings
From a falſe zeal for holy things,
Wearing ſuch robes as prophets wear,
Falſe prophet's place in Peter's chair;
On which, in characters of fire,
Shapes antic, horrible and dire,
Inwoven flam'd; where to the view,
In groups appear'd a rabble crew
Of ſainted devils where all round
Vile *reliques* of vile men were found,
Who, worſe than devils, from the birth
Perform'd the work of hell on earth,
Jugglers, *Inquiſitors*, and *Popes*,
Pointing at *axes*, *wheels*, and *ropes*,
And *engines*, fram'd on horrid plan,
Which none but the deſtroyer Man
Could, to promote his ſelfiſh views,
Have heads to make, or hearts to uſe;
Bearing, to conſecrate her tricks,
In her left-hand a *Crucifix*,
Remembrance of our dying Lord,
And in her right a *two-edg'd ſword*;
Having her brows, in impious ſport,
Adorn'd with words of high import,
On earth Peace *amongſt men*, Good-will,
Love *bearing*, and *forbearing* ſtill,
All wrote in the *heart's-blood* of thoſe
Who rather death than falſehood choſe;
On her breaſt (where in days of yore,
When God lov'd *Jews*, the High-prieſt wore
Thoſe oracles which were decreed
T' inſtruct and guide the choſen ſeed)
Having with glory clad and ſtrength,
The Virgin pictur'd at *full length*,
Whilſt at her feet, in ſmall pourtray'd,
As ſcarce worth notice, Chriſt was laid;
Came Superſtition fierce and fell,
An imp deteſted, e'en in hell;
Her eye inflam'd, her face all o'er
Foully beſmear'd with human gore,
O'er heaps of mangled *Saints* ſhe rode;
Faſt at her heels Death proudly ſtrode,
And grimly ſmil'd, well-pleas'd to ſee
Such havock of mortality.
Cloſe by her ſide, on miſchief bent,
And urging on each bad intent
To its full bearing, ſavage, wild,
The mother fit of ſuch a child,
Striving the empire to advance
Of ſin and death, came Ignorance.
With looks, where dread command was plac'd,
And ſov'reign pow'r by pride diſgrac'd,
Where loudly witneſſing a mind
Of ſavage more than human kind,
Not chuſing to be lov'd, but fear'd,
Mocking at right, Miſrule appear'd.

* See North Briton, Vol. III.

With eyeballs glaring fiery red
Enough to ſtrike beholders dead,
Gnaſhing his teeth, and in a flood
Pouring corruption forth and blood
From his chaf'd jaws; without remorſe
Whipping, and ſpurring on his horſe,
Whoſe ſides, in their own blood embay'd,
E'en to the bone were open laid,
Came Tyranny; diſdaining awe,
And trampling over *Senſe* and *Law*.
One thing and only one he knew,
One object only would purſue,
Tho' leſs (ſo low doth paſſion bring)
Than man, he would be more than King.
With ev'ry argument and art
Which might corrupt the head and heart,
Soothing the frenzy of his mind,
Companion meet, was Flatt'ry join'd.
Winning his carriage, ev'ry look
Employ'd, whilſt it conceal'd a hook;
When ſimple moſt, moſt to be fear'd;
Moſt crafty when no craft appear'd;
His tales no man like him could tell,
His words, which melted as they fell,
Might e'en a hypocrite deceive,
And make an infidel believe,
Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er
Thoſe who had cheated been before:
Such Flatt'ry came in evil hour,
Pois'ning the royal ear of pow'r,
And, grown by *proſtitution* great,
Would be firſt Miniſter of State.
Within the chariot, all alone,
High ſeated on a kind of throne,
With pebbles grac'd, a figure came,
Whom Juſtice would, but dare not, name.
Hard times when Juſtice, without fear,
Dare not bring forth to public ear
The names of thoſe, who dare offend,
'Gainſt Juſtice, and pervert her end:
But, if the Muſe afford me grace,
Deſcription ſhall ſupply the place.
In *foreign* garments he was clad:
Sage ermine o'er the gloſſy *plaid*
Caſt rev'rend honour; on his heart,
Wrought by the curious hand of art,
In ſilver wrought, and brighter far
Than heav'nly or than earthly ſtar,
Shone a *White Roſe*, the emblem dear
Of him he ever muſt revere;
Of that dread Lord, who with his hoſt
Of faithful native rebels loſt,
Like thoſe black ſpirits doom'd to hell,
At once from pow'r and virtue fell;
Around his clouded brows was plac'd
A *bonnet*, moſt ſuperbly grac'd
With mighty *thiſtles*, nor forgot
The ſacred motto, *Touch me not*.
In the right hand a ſword he bore
Harder than adamant, and more
Fatal than winds, which from the mouth
Of the rough North invade the South:
The reeking blade to view preſents
The blood of helpleſs innocents;
And on the hilt, as meek become
As lambs before the ſhearers dumb,
With downcaſt eye, and ſolemn ſhow
Of deep unutterable woe,
Mourning the time when Freedom reign'd,
Faſt to a rock was Juſtice chain'd.
In his left-hand, in wax impreſt,
With bells and gewgaws idly dreſt,
An *image*, caſt in baby mould,
He held, and ſeem'd overjoy'd to hold.
On this he fix'd his eyes, to this
Bowing he gave the loyal kiſs,
And, for rebellion fully ripe,
Seem'd to deſire the Antitype.
What if to that *Pretender's* foes
His greatneſs, nay, his life he owes,
Shall common obligations bind,
And ſhake his conſtancy of mind?
Scorning ſuch weak and petty chains,
Faithful to James he ſtill remains,
Tho' he the friend of George appear:
Diſſimulation's Virtue here.
Jealous and mean, he with a frown
Would awe, and keep all merit down,
Nor would to Truth and Juſtice bend,
Unleſs *out-bulked* by his *friend*:
Brave with the coward, with the brave
He is himſelf a coward ſlave;
Aw'd by his fears, he has no heart
To take a great and open part;
Mines in a ſubtle train he ſprings,
And, ſecret, ſaps the ears of kings;
But not e'en there continues firm
'Gainſt the reſiſtance of a worm:
Born in a country, *where the will*
Of one is law to all, he ſtill
Retain'd th' infection, with full aim
To ſpread it wherefoe'er he came;
Freedom he hated, *Law* defied,
The proſtitute of pow'r and pride:
Law he with eaſe explains away,
And leads bewilder'd Senſe aſtray;
Much to the credit of his brain
Puzzles the cauſe he can't maintain,
Proceeds on moſt familiar grounds,
And, where he can't convince, confounds;
Talents of rareſt ſtamp and ſize,
To Nature falſe, he miſapplies,
And turns to poiſon what was ſent
For purpoſes of nouriſhment.
Paleneſs, not ſuch as on his wings
The meſſenger of ſickneſs brings,
But ſuch as takes its coward riſe
From conſcious baſeneſs, conſcious vice,
O'erſpread his cheeks; *Diſdain* and *Pride*,
To upſtart fortunes ever tied,
Scowl'd on his brow; within his eye,
Inſidious, lurking like a ſpy
To Caution principled by Fear,
Not daring open to appear,
Lodg'd covert *Miſchief*; *Paſſion* hung
On his lip quiv'ring; on his tongue
Fraud dwelt at large; within his breaſt
All that makes Villain found a neſt,
All that, on hell's compleateſt plan,
E'er join'd to damn the heart of man.
Soon as the car reach'd land, he roſe,
And with a look which might have froze
The heart's beſt blood, which was enough,
Had hearts been made of ſterner ſtuff
In cities than elſewhere, to make
The very ſtouteſt quail and quake,

He cast his baleful eyes around,
Fix'd without motion to the ground,
Fear waiting on surprize, all stood,
And horror chill'd their curdled blood:
No more they thought of *pomp*, no more
(For they had seen his face before)
Of *Law* they thought; the cause forgot,
Whether it was or Ghost, or Plot,
Which drew them there. They all stood more,
Like statues than they were before.
What could be done? Could art, could force,
Or both direct a proper course
To make this savage monster tame,
Or send him back the way he came?
What neither art, nor force, nor both
Could do, a *Lord* of foreign growth,
A Lord to that base wretch allied
In country, not in vice and pride,
Effected: from the self-same land,
(Bad news for our blaspheming band
Of scribblers, but deserving note)
The poison came, and antidote.
Abash'd the monster hung his head;
And like an empty vision fled;
His train, like virgin snows which run,
Kiss'd by the burning bawdy sun,
To lovesick streams, dissolv'd in air;
Joy, who from absence seem'd more fair,
Came smiling, freed from slavish awe;
Loyalty, Liberty, and Law,
Impatient of the galling chain,
And yoke of pow'r, resum'd their reign;
And burning with the glorious flame
Of public virtue, Mansfield came.

END OF THE GHOST.

THE

CONFERENCE.

GRACE said in form, which Sceptics must agree,
When they are told that grace was said by me;
The servants gone, to break the scurvy jest
On the proud landlord, and his threadbare guest;
The King gone round, my Lady too withdrawn,
My Lord, in usual taste, began to yawn,
And lolling backward in his elbow-chair,
With an insipid kind of stupid stare,
Picking his teeth, twirling his seals about—
Churchill, you have a poem coming out.
You've my best wishes; but I really fear
Your libels in general are too severe;
Her spirit fetters her int'rest to oppose,
And whene she makes one friend, makes twenty foes.

C. Your Lordship's fears are just, I feel their force,
But only think it as a thing of course.
The man whose lordly spirit shall engage
To lash the vices of a guilty age,
At his first setting forward ought to know,
That ev'ry rogue he meets must be his foe;
That the rude breath of satire will provoke
Many who feel, and more who fear the stroke.
But shall the partial rage of selfish men
From stubborn justice wrench the righteous pen,
Or shall I not my settled course pursue,
Because my foes are foes to Virtue too?

L. What is this boasted Virtue, taught in Schools,
And idly drawn from antiquated rules?
What is her use? Point out one wholesome end:
Will she hurt foes, or can she make a friend?
When from long fasts fierce appetites arise,
Can this same Virtue stifle Nature's cries?
Can she the pittance of a meal afford,
Or bid thee welcome to one great man's board?
When northern winds the rough December arm
With frost and snow, can Virtue keep thee warm?
Can'st thou dismiss the hard unfeeling dun
Barely by saying, Thou art Virtue's son?
Or by base blund'ring statesmen sent to jail,
Will Mansfield take this Virtue for thy bail?
Believe it not, the name is in disgrace,
Virtue and Temple now are out of place.
Quit then this meteor, whose delusive ray
From wealth and honour leads thee far astray.
True Virtue means, let Reason use her eyes,
Nothing with fools, and int'rest with the wise.
Would'st thou be great, her patronage disclaim,
Nor madly triumph in so mean a name:
Let nobler wreaths thy happy brows adorn,
And leave to Virtue poverty and scorn.
Let Prudence be thy guide; who doth not know
How seldom Prudence can with Virtue go?
To be successful try thy utmost force,
And Virtue follows as a thing of course.
Hirco, who knows not Hirco? stains the bed
Of that kind master who first gave him bread,
Scatters the seeds of discord thro' the land,
Breaks ev'ry public, ev'ry private band,
Beholds with joy a trusting friend undone,
Betrays a brother, and would cheat a son:
What mortal in his senses can endure
The name of Hirco for the wretch is poor!
"Let him hang, drown, starve, on a dunghill rot,
"By all detested live, and die forgot;
"Let him, a poor return, in ev'ry breath
"Feel all death's pains, yet be whole years in death."
Is now the gen'ral cry we all pursue:
Let Fortune change, and Prudence changes too;
Supple and pliant a new system feels,
Throws up her cap, and spaniels at his heels;
Long live great Hirco, cries, by int'rest taught,
And let his foes, tho' I prove one, be nought.

C. Peace to such men, if such men can have peace,
Let their possessions, let their state increase;
Let their base services in Courts strike root,
And in the season bring forth golden fruit;
I envy not: let those who have the will,
And, with so little spirit, so much skill,
With such vile instruments their fortunes carve;
Rogues may grow fat, an honest man dares starve.

L. These stale conceits thrown off, let us advance
For once to real life, and quit romance.

Starve! pretty talking! but I fain would view
That man, that honeſt man, would do it too.
Hence to yon mountain which outbraves the ſky,
And dart from pole to pole thy ſtrengthen'd eye,
Thro' all that ſpace you ſhall not view one man,
Not one, who dares to act on ſuch a plan.
Cowards in calms will ſay, what in a ſtorm
The brave will tremble at, and not perform.
Thine be the proof, and, ſpite of all you've ſaid,
You'd give your honour for a cruſt of bread.

C. What proof might do what hunger might effect,
What famiſh'd Nature, looking with neglect
On all ſhe once held dear, what fear, at ſtrife
With fainting Virtue for the means of life,
Might make this coward fleſh, in love with breath,
Shudd'ring at pain, and ſhrinking back from death,
In treaſon to my ſoul, deſcend to bear,
Truſting to Fate, I neither know nor care.
Once, at this hour thoſe wounds afreſh I feel,
Which nor proſperity nor time can heal,
Thoſe wounds, which Fate ſeverely hath decreed,
Mention'd or thought of, muſt for ever bleed,
Thoſe wounds, which humbled all that pride of man,
Which brings ſuch mighty aid to Virtue's plan;
Once, aw'd by Fortune's moſt oppreſſive frown,
By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,
My credit at laſt gaſp, my ſtate undone,
Trembling to meet the ſhock I could not ſhun,
Virtue gave ground, and black deſpair prevail'd;
Sinking beneath the ſtorm, my ſpirits fail'd,
Like Peter's faith; 'till one, a friend indeed,
May all diſtreſs find ſuch in time of need,
One kind good man, in act, in word, in thought,
By Virtue guided, and by Wiſdom taught,
Image of him whom Chriſtians ſhould adore,
Stretch'd forth his hand, and brought me ſafe to ſhore.
Since, by good fortune into notice rais'd,
And for ſome little merit largely prais'd,
Indulg'd in ſwerving from prudential rules,
Hated by rogues, and not belov'd by fools,
Plac'd above want, ſhall abject thirſt of wealth
So fiercely war 'gainſt my ſoul's deareſt health,
That, as a boon, I ſhould baſe ſhackles crave,
And, born to freedom, make myſelf a ſlave;
That I ſhould in the train of thoſe appear,
Whom Honour cannot love, nor Manhood fear?
That I no longer ſkulk from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Afraid leſt duns aſſail, and bailiffs meet;
That I from place to place this carcaſe bear,
Walk forth at large, and wander free as air;
That I no longer dread the aukward friend,
Whoſe very obligations muſt offend,
Nor, all too forward, with impatience burn,
At ſuff'ring favours which I can't return;
That, from dependence and from pride ſecure,
I am not plac'd ſo high to ſcorn the poor,
Nor yet ſo low, that I my Lord ſhould fear,
Or heſitate to give him ſneer for ſneer;
That, whilſt ſage Prudence my purſuits confirms,
I can enjoy the world on equal terms;
That, kind to others, to myſelf moſt true,
Feeling no want, I comfort thoſe who do,
And with the will have power to aid diſtreſs:
Theſe, and what other bleſſings I poſſeſs,
From the indulgence of the Public riſe;
All private patronage my ſoul deſies.
By candour more inclin'd to ſave, than damn,
A gen'rous PUBLIC made me what I am.
All that I have, they gave; juſt Mem'ry bears
The grateful ſtamp, and what I am is theirs.

L. To feign a red-hot zeal for Freedom's cauſe,
To mouth aloud for liberties and laws,
For public good to bellow all abroad,
Serves well the purpoſes of private fraud.
Prudence by public good intends her own;
If you mean otherwiſe, you ſtand alone.
What do we mean by Country and by Court?
What is it to Oppoſe, what to Support?
Mere words of courſe, and what is more abſurd
Than to pay homage to an empty word?
Majors and Minors differ but in name,
Patriots and Miniſters are much the ſame;
The only diff'rence, after all their rout,
Is, that the one is *in*, the other *out*.
Explore the dark receſſes of the mind,
In the ſoul's honeſt volume read mankind,
And own, in wiſe and ſimple, great and ſmall,
The ſame grand leading principle in all.
Whate'er we talk of wiſdom to the wiſe,
Of goodneſs to the good, of public ties
Which to our country link, of private bands
Which claim moſt dear attention at our hands,
For parent and for child, for wife and friend,
Our firſt great Mover, and our laſt great End,
Is one, and, by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, Self is all in all.
This, which unwilling Faction ſhall admit,
Guided in diff'rent ways a Bute and Pitt,
Made Tyrants break, made Kings obſerve the law,
And gave the world a Stuart and Naſſau.
Hath Nature (ſtrange and wild conceit of pride)
Diſtinguiſh'd thee from all her ſons beſide?
Doth virtue in thy boſom brighter glow,
Or from a ſpring more pure doth action flow?
Is not thy ſoul bound with thoſe very chains
Which ſhackle us; or is that Self, which reigns
O'er kings and beggars, which in all we ſee
Moſt ſtrong and ſov'reign, only weak in thee?
Fond man, believe it not; experience tells
'Tis not thy virtue, but thy pride rebels.
Think (and for once lay by thy lawleſs pen)
Think, and confeſs thyſelf like other men;
Think but one hour, and to thy conſcience led
By Reaſon's hand, bow down and hang thy head
Think on thy private life, recal thy youth,
View thyſelf now, and own with ſtricteſt truth,
That Self hath drawn thee from fair Virtue's way
Farther than Folly would have dar'd to ſtray,
And that the talents lib'ral Nature gave
To make thee free, have made thee more a ſlave.
Quit then, in prudence quit, that idle train
Of toys, which have ſo long abus'd thy brain,
And captive led thy pow'rs; with boundleſs will
Let Self maintain her ſtate and empire ſtill,
But let her, with more worthy objects caught,
Strain all the faculties and force of thought
To things of higher daring; let her range
Thro' better paſtures, and learn how to change;
Let her, no longer to weak faction tied,
Wiſely revolt, and join our ſtronger ſide.

C. Ah! what, my Lord, hath private life to do
With things of public nature? Why to view
Would you thus cruelly thoſe ſcenes unfold,
Which, without pain and horror to behold,
Muſt ſpeak me ſomething more or leſs than man;
Which friends may pardon, but I never can?
Look back! a thought which borders on deſpair,
Which human nature muſt, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a buſy world,
Where praiſe and cenſure are at random hurl'd,
Which can the meaneſt of my thoughts controul,
Or ſhake one ſettled purpoſe of my ſoul.
Free and at large might their wild curſes roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
No—'tis the tale which angry Conſcience tells,
When ſhe with more than tragic horror ſwells
Each circumſtance of guilt; when ſtern but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review;
And, like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
Bids Late Remorſe awake at Reaſon's call;
Arm'd at all points bids ſcorpion Vengeance paſs,
And to the mind holds up Reflection glaſs;
The mind, which ſtarting, heaves the heart-felt groan,
And hates that form ſhe knows to be her own.
Enough of this—let private ſorrows reſt—
As to the Public I dare ſtand the teſt;
Dare proudly boaſt, I feel no wiſh above
The good of England, and my Country's love.
Stranger to party-rage, by Reaſon's voice,
Unerring guide, directed in my choice,
Not all the tyrant pow'rs of earth combin'd,
No, nor of hell, ſhall make me change my mind.
What! herd with men my honeſt ſoul diſdains,
Men who, with ſervile zeal, are forging chains
For Freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand,
To ſpread deſtruction o'er my native land.
What! ſhall I not, e'en to my lateſt breath,
In the full face of danger and of death,
Exert that little ſtrength which Nature gave,
And boldly ſtem, or periſh in the wave?

L. When I look backward for ſome fifty years,
And ſee *proteſting* Patriots turn to Peers;
Hear men moſt looſe, for decency declaim,
And talk of character without a name;
See infidels aſſert the cauſe of God,
And meek divines wield perſecution's rod;
See men transform'd to brutes, and brutes to men,
See Whitehead* take a place, † Ralph change his pen,
I mock the zeal, and deem the men in ſport,
Who rail at Miniſters, and curſe a Court.
Thee, haughty as thou art, and proud in rime,
Shall ſome preferment, offer'd at a time
When Virtue ſleeps, ſome ſacrifice to pride,
Or ſome fair victim, move to change thy ſide.
Thee ſhall theſe eyes behold, to health reſtor'd,
Uſing, as Prudence bids, bold Satire's ſword,
Galling thy preſent friends, and praiſing thoſe,
Whom now thy frenzy holds thy greateſt foes.

C. May I (can worſe diſgrace on manhood fall?)
Be born a Whitehead, and baptiz'd a Paul;
May I (tho' to his ſervice deeply tied
By ſacred oaths, and now by will allied)
With falſe feign'd zeal an injur'd God defend,
And uſe his name for ſome baſe private end;
May I (that thought bids double horrors roll
O'er my ſick ſpirits, and unmans my ſoul)
Ruin the virtue which I held moſt dear,
And ſtill muſt hold; may I, thro' abject fear,
Betray my friend; may to ſucceeding times,
Engrav'd on plates of adamant, my crimes
Stand blazing forth, whilſt mark'd with envious blot,
Each little act of virtue is forgot;
Of all thoſe evils which, to ſtamp men curs'd,
Hell keeps in ſtore for vengeance, may the worſt
Light on my head, and in my day of woe,
To make the cup of bitterneſs o'erflow,
May I be ſcorn'd by ev'ry man of worth,
Wander, like Cain, a vagabond on earth,
Bearing about a hell in my own mind,
Or be to Scotland for my life confin'd,
If I am one among the many known,
Whom Shelburne fled, and Calcraft bluſh'd to own.

L. Do you reflect what men you make your foes?

C. I do, and that's the reaſon I oppoſe.
Friends I have made, whom Envy muſt commend,
But not one foe, whom I would wiſh a friend.
What if ten thouſand Butes and Hollands bawl,
One Wilkes hath made a large amends for all.
'Tis not the title, whether handed down
From age to age, or flowing from the crown
In copious ſtreams on recent men, who came
From ſtems unknown, and ſires without a name?
'Tis not the *ſtar*, which our great Edward gave
To mark the virtuous, and reward the brave,
Blazing without, whilſt a baſe heart within
Is rotten to the core with filth and ſin;
'Tis not the tinſel grandeur, taught to wait,
At cuſtom's call, to mark a fool of ſtate
From fools of leſſer note, that ſoul can awe
Whoſe Pride is Reaſon, whoſe defence is Law.

L. Suppoſe (a thing ſcarce poſſible in art,
Were it thy cue to play a common part;)
Suppoſe thy writings ſo well fenc'd in law,
That Norton ‡ cannot find, nor make a flaw,
Haſt thou not heard, that 'mongſt our ancient tribes,
By party warpt, or lull'd aſleep by bribes,
Or trembling at the ruffian hand of Force,
Law hath ſuſpended ſtood, or chang'd its courſe?
Art thou aſſur'd, that, for deſtruction ripe,
Thou may'ſt not ſmart beneath the ſelf-ſame gripe?
What ſanction haſt thou, frantic in thy rimes,
Thy life, thy freedom to ſecure?

C. The times.
'Tis not on law, a ſyſtem great and good,
By wiſdom penn'd, and bought by nobleſt blood,
My faith relies: by wicked men and vain,
Law, once abus'd, may be abus'd again.—
No, on our great Law-giver I depend,
Who knows and guides her to her proper end;
Whoſe royalty of nature blazes out
So fierce 'twere ſin to entertain a doubt—
Did tyrant Stuarts now the laws diſpenſe,
(Bleſt be the hour and hand which ſent them hence)
For ſomething, or for nothing, for a word,
Or thought, I might be doom'd to death, *unheard*.

* Paul Whitehead.

† James Ralph. See Lord Melcombe's "Diary."

‡ Sir Fletcher Norton, Attorney-General.

Life we might all reſign to lawleſs pow'r,
Nor think it worth the purchaſe of an hour:
But Envy ne'er ſhall fix ſo foul a ſtain
On the fair annals of a Brunſwick's reign.
If, ſlave to party, to revenge, or pride,
If, by frail human error drawn aſide,
I break the Law, ſtrict rigour let her wear;
'Tis her's to puniſh, and 'tis mine to bear;
Nor by the voice of Juſtice doom'd to death,
Would I aſk mercy with my laſteſt breath.
But, anxious only for my Country's good,
In which my King's, *of courſe*, is underſtood;
Form'd on a plan with ſome few patriot friends,
Whilſt by juſt means I aim at nobleſt ends,
My ſpirits cannot ſink; tho' from the tomb
Stern Jeffries ſhould be plac'd in Mansfield's room;
Tho' he ſhould bring, his baſe deſigns to aid,
Some *black Attorney*, for his purpoſe made,
And ſhove, whilſt Decency and Law retreat,
The modeſt Norton from his maiden ſeat;
Tho' both, in ill conſed'rates, ſhould agree,
In damned league, to torture law and me,
Whilſt George is King, I cannot fear endure;
Not to be guilty, is to be ſecure.
But when, in after-times, (be far remov'd
That day) our monarch, glorious and belov'd,
Sleeps with his fathers, ſhould imperious Fate,
In vengeance, with freſh Stuarts curſe our ſtate;
Should they, o'erleaping ev'ry fence of law,
Butcher the brave to keep tame fools in awe;
Should they, by brutal and oppreſſive force,
Divert ſweet Juſtice from her even courſe;
Should they, of ev'ry other means bereft,
Make my right-hand a witneſs 'gainſt my left;
Should they, abroad by Inquiſitions taught,
Search out my ſoul, and damn me for a thought;
Still would I keep my courſe, ſtill ſpeak, ſtill
write,
'Till death had plung'd me in the ſhades of night.
Thou God of *Truth*, thou great, all-ſearching eye,
To whom our thoughts, our ſpirits open lie,
Grant me thy ſtrength, and in that needful hour,
(Should it e'er come) when Law ſubmits to Pow'r,
With firm reſolve my ſteady boſom ſteel,
Bravely to ſuffer, tho' I deeply feel.
Let me, as hitherto, ſtill draw my breath,
In love with life, but not in fear of death;
And, if Oppreſſion brings me to the grave,
And marks me dead, ſhe ne'er ſhall mark a ſlave.
Let no unworthy marks of grief be heard,
No wild laments, not one unſeemly word;
Let ſober triumphs wait upon my bier,
I won't forgive that friend who drops one tear,
Whether he's raviſh'd in life's early morn,
Or, in old age, drops like an ear of corn,
Full ripe he falls, on Nature's nobleſt plan,
Who lives to Reaſon, and who dies a Man.

END OF THE CONFERENCE.

THE

AUTHOR.

ACCURS'D the man, whom Fate ordains in ſpite,
And cruel parents teach, to Read and Write!
What need of letters? Wherefore ſhould we ſpell?
Why write our names? A mark will do as well,
Much are the precious hours of youth miſ-ſpent,
In climbing Learning's rugged ſteep aſcent;
When to the top the bold adventurer's got,
He reigns, vain monarch, o'er a barren ſpot,
Whilſt in the *vale of Ignorance* below,
Folly and Vice to rank luxuriance grow;
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry ſide,
And proud Preferment rolls her golden tide.
O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waſte,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taſte,
To bear the ſlaviſh drudgery of ſchools,
And tamely ſtoop to ev'ry pedant's rules,
For ſeven long years debarr'd of lib'ral eaſe,
To plod in college trammels to *degrees*,
Beneath the weight of ſolemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown;
To praiſe each ſenior blockhead's thread-bare tale,
And laugh till reaſon bluſh, and ſpirits fail,
Manhood with vile ſubmiſſion to diſgrace,
And *cap* the fool, whoſe merit is his place;
Vice-Chancellors, whoſe knowledge is but ſmall,
And Chancellors, who nothing know at all;
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous ſpirit in thoſe days
When learning was the certain road to praiſe,
When nobles, with a love of ſcience bleſs'd,
Approv'd in others what themſelves poſſeſs'd.
But *now*, when Dulneſs rears aloft her throne,
When Lordly vaſſals her wide empire own,
When Wit, ſeduc'd by Envy, ſtarts aſide,
And baſely leagues with Ignorance and Pride,
What *now* ſhould tempt us, by falſe hopes miſled,
Learning's unfaſhionable paths to tread;
To bear thoſe labours, which our fathers bore,
That crown with-held, which they in triumph wore
When with much pains this boaſted learning's got,
'Tis an affront to thoſe who have it not.
In ſome it cauſes hate, in others fear,
Inſtructs our foes to rail, our friends to ſneer.
With prudent haſte the worldly-minded fool
Forgets the little which he learn'd at ſchool;
The elder brother, to vaſt fortunes born,
Looks on all ſcience with an eye of ſcorn;
Dependent brethren the ſame features wear,
And younger ſons are ſtupid as the heir,
In Senates, at the Bar, in Church and State,
Genius is vile, and Learning out of date.
Is this—O death to think! is this the land
Where Merit and Reward went hand in hand,
Where heroes, parent-like, the Poet view'd,
By whom they ſaw their glorious deeds renew'd;
Where Poets, true to honour, tun'd their lays,
And by their patron ſanctify'd their praiſe?
Is this the land, where, on our Spenſer's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, deſcription hung;
Where Jonſon rigid gravity beguil'd,
Whilſt Reaſon thro' her critic fences ſmil'd;

Where Nature lift'ning ſtood, whilſt Shakeſpeare play'd,
And wonder'd at the work herſelf had made?
Is this the land, where, mindful of her charge
And office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large;
Where, finding in our laws a ſure defence,
She mock'd at all reſtraints, but thoſe of ſenſe;
Where Health and Honour trooping by her ſide,
She ſpread her ſacred empire far and wide;
Pointed the way Affliction to beguile,
And bade the face of Sorrow wear a ſmile;
Bade thoſe, who dare obey the gen'rous call,
Enjoy her bleſſings, which God meant for all?
Is this the land, where in ſome tyrant's reign,
When a *weak*, *wicked*, *miniſterial* train,
The tools of pow'r, the ſlaves of int'reſt, plann'd
Their Country's ruin, and with bribes unmann'd
Thoſe wretches, who, ordain'd in Freedom's cauſe,
Gave up their liberties, and ſold our laws;
When Pow'r was taught by Meanneſs where to go,
Nor dar'd to love the virtue of a foe;
When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
To the foul heart her ſores Corruption ſpread,
Her iron arm when ſtern Oppreſſion rear'd,
And Virtue, from her broad baſe ſhaken, fear'd
The ſcourge of Vice; when, impotent and vain,
Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slavery's chain;
Is this the land, where in thoſe worſt of times,
The hardy Poet rais'd his honeſt rimes
To dread rebuke, and bade controulment ſpeak
In guilty bluſhes on the villain's cheek,
Bade pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
And made them fear the Muſe, who fear'd not Law?
How do I laugh, when men of narrow ſouls,
Whom folly guides, and prejudice controuls;
Who, one dull drowſy track of buſineſs trod,
Worſhip their Mammon and neglect their God;
Who, breathing by one muſty ſet of rules,
Date from the birth, and are by ſyſtem fools;
Who, form'd to dullneſs from their very youth,
Lies of the day prefer to Goſpel truth,
Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
And lay out all their ſtock of faith in news:
How do I laugh, when creatures, form'd like theſe,
Whom Reaſon ſcorns, and I ſhould bluſh to pleaſe,
Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verſe a crime,
And hold not truth as truth, if told in rime?
How do I laugh, when Publius, hoary groan
In zeal for Scotland's welfare and his own,
By ſlow degrees, and courſe of office, drawn
In mood and figure at the helm to yawn,
Too mean (the worſt of curſes Heav'n can ſend)
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,
Erring by form, which blockheads ſacred hold,
We'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,
Rebukes my ſpirit, bids the daring Muſe
Subject; more equal to her weakneſs chuſe;
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble ſwains,
Nor dare to traffick in ambitious ſtrains;
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
In quaint-wrought Ode, or Sonnet pertly trim,
Along the church-way path complain with Gray,
Or dance with Maſon on the firſt of May?
"All ſacred is the name and pow'r of Kings,
"All States and Statefmen are thoſe mighty things
"Which, howſoe'er they out of courſe may roll,
"Were never made for Poets to controul."

Peace, peace, thou dotard, nor thus vilely deem
Of ſacred numbers, and their pow'r blaſpheme:
I tell thee, wretch, ſearch all creation round,
In earth, in heav'n, no ſubject can be found
(Our God alone except) above whoſe weight
The Poet cannot riſe, and hold his ſtate.
The bleſſed Saints above in numbers ſpeak
The praiſe of God, tho' there all praiſe is weak;
In numbers here below the Bard ſhall teach
Virtue to ſoar beyond the villains reach;
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, ſtrain his hoarſe throat,
And raiſe his voice beyond the trumpet's note,
Should an afflicted Country, aw'd by men
Of ſlaviſh principles demand his pen.
This is a great, a glorious point of view,
Fit for an Engliſh Poet to purſue,
Undaunted to purſue, tho' in return,
His writings by the common hangman burn.
How do I laugh, when men, by fortune plac'd
Above their betters, and by rank diſgrac'd,
Who found their pride on titles which they ſtain,
And, mean themſelves, are of their fathers vain;
Who would a bill of privilege prefer,
And treat a Poet like a creditor,
The gen'rous ardour of the Muſe condemn,
And curſe the ſtorm they know muſt break on them.
"What, ſhall a reptile Bard, a wretch unknown,
"Without one badge of merit, but his own,
"Great Nobles laſh, and *Lords*, like common men,
"Smart from the vengeance of a ſcribbler's pen?"
What's in this name of *Lord*, that I ſhould fear
To bring their vices to the public ear?
Flows not the honeſt blood of humble ſwains
Quick as the tide which ſwells a monarch's veins?
Monarchs, who wealth and titles can beſtow,
Cannot make virtues in ſucceſſion flow.
Would'ſt thou, proud man, be ſafely plac'd above
The cenſure of the Muſe, deſerve her love,
Act as thy birth demands, as nobles ought;
Look back, and by thy worthy father taught,
Who *earn'd* thoſe honours, thou wert *born* to wear,
Follow his ſteps, and be his Virtues' heir.
But if, regardleſs of the road to fame,
You ſtart aſide, and tread the paths of ſhame;
If ſuch thy life, that ſhould thy ſire ariſe,
The ſight of ſuch a ſon would blaſt his eyes,
Would make him curſe the hour which gave thee birth,
Would drive him, ſhudd'ring, from the face of earth.
Once more, with ſhame and ſorrow, 'mongſt the dead
In endleſs night to hide his rev'rend head;
If ſuch thy life, tho' Kings had made thee more
Than ever King a ſcoundrel made before;
Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper ſpring,
Tho' God in vengeance had made thee a King,
Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,
The Muſe ſhould drag thee trembling to the light,
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy boſom bare
To the keen queſtion of the ſearching air.
Gods! with what pride I ſee the titled ſlave,
Who ſmarts beneath the ſtroke which Satire gave,
Aiming at eaſe, and with diſhoneſt art,
Striving to hide the feelings of his heart!
How do I laugh, when with affected air,
(Scarce able thro' deſpite to keep his chair,

Whilſt on his trembling lip pale anger ſpeaks,
And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
He talks of conſcience, which good men ſecures
From all thoſe evil moments guilt endures,
And ſeems to laugh at thoſe, who pay regard
To the wild ravings of a frantic bard.
" Satire, whilſt envy and ill-humour ſway
" The mind of man, muſt always make her way;
" Nor to a boſom, with diſcretion fraught,
" Is all her malice worth a ſingle thought.
" The Wiſe have not the will, nor Fools the pow'r
" To ſtop her headſtrong courſe; within the hour,
" Left to herſelf, ſhe dies; oppoſing ſtrife
" Gives her freſh vigour, and prolongs her life.
" All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,
" I can no patent for exemption claim,
" Nor would I wiſh to ſtop that harmleſs dart
" Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart;
" Tho' pointed at myſelf, be Satire free;
" To her 'tis pleaſure, and no pain to me."
Diſſembling wretch! hence to the Stoic ſchool,
And there amongſt thy brethren play the fool;
There, unrebuk'd, theſe wild, vain doctrines preach;
Lives there a man, whom Satire cannot reach?
Lives there a man, who calmly can ſtand by,
And ſee his conſcience ripp'd with ſteady eye?
When Satire flies abroad on Falſhood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her ſting;
But, when to Truth allied, the wound ſhe gives
Sinks deep, and to remoteſt ages lives.
When in the tomb thy pamper'd fleſh ſhall rot,
And e'en by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
Still ſhalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
Live in her page, and ſtink to after-times.
Haſt thou no feeling yet? Come throw off pride,
And own thoſe paſſions which thou ſhalt not hide.
S——, who from the moment of his birth,
Made human nature a reproach on earth;
Who never dar'd, nor wiſh'd behind to ſtay,
When Folly, Vice, and Meanneſs led the way,
Would bluſh, ſhould he be told, by Truth and Wit,
Thoſe actions which he bluſh'd not to commit;
Men the moſt infamous are fond of fame,
And thoſe who fear not guilt, yet ſtart at ſhame.
But whither runs my zeal, whoſe rapid force,
Turning the brain, bears Reaſon from her courſe;
Carries me back to times, when Poets, bleſs'd
With courage, grac'd the ſcience they profeſs'd;
When they, in honour rooted, firmly ſtood
The bad to puniſh, and reward the good;
When, to a flame by public Virtue wrought,
The foes of Freedom they to juſtice brought,
And dar'd expoſe thoſe ſlaves who dar'd ſupport
A tyrant plan, and call'd themſelves a Court?
Ah! what are Poets now? As ſlaviſh thoſe
Who deal in verſe, as thoſe who deal in proſe.
Is there an Author, ſearch the kingdom round,
In whom true worth and real ſpirit's found?
The ſlaves of bookſellers, or (doom'd by Fate
To baſer chains) vile penſioners of State;
Some, dead to ſhame, and of thoſe ſhackles proud
Which Honour ſcorns, for ſlav'ry roar aloud;
Others *half-palſied* only, mutes become,
And what makes Smollet write, makes Johnſon dumb.
Why turns yon villain pale? Why bends his eye
Inward, abaſh'd, when Murphy paſſes by?
Doſt thou ſage Murphy for a blockhead take,
Who wages war with Vice for Virtue's ſake?
No, no—like other *worldlings*, you will find
He ſhifts his ſails, and catches ev'ry wind.
His ſoul the ſhock of int'reſt can't endure:
Give him a penſion then, and fin ſecure.
With laurell'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn,
Bid Cowards thrive, put Honeſty to flight,
Murphy ſhall prove, or try to prove it right.
Try, thou State-Juggler, ev'ry paltry art,
Ranſack the inmoſt cloſet of my heart,
Swear thou'rt my friend; by that baſe oath make way
Into my breaſt, and flatter to betray:
Or, if thoſe tricks are vain, if wholeſome doubt
Detects the fraud, and points the villain out,
Bribe thoſe who daily at my board are fed,
And make them take my life who eat my bread;
On authors for defence, for praiſe depend;
Pay him but well, and Murphy is thy friend.
He, he ſhall ready ſtand with venal rimes,
To varniſh guilt, and conſecrate thy crimes;
To make Corruption in falſe colours ſhine,
And dama his own good name, to reſcue thine.
But if thy niggard hands their gifts with-hold,
And Vice no longer rains down ſhow'rs of gold,
Expect no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach,
Murphy, if not rewarded, will impeach.
What tho' each man of nice and juſter thought,
Shunning his ſteps, decrees, by Honour taught,
He ne'er can be a friend, who ſtoops ſo low
To be the baſe betrayer of a foe;
What tho', with thine together link'd, his name
Muſt be with thine tranſmitted down to ſhame,
To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
Rather than not blaſt thine, he'll blaſt his own.
To ope the fountain whence ſedition ſprings,
To ſlander Government, and libel Kings,
With Freedom's name to ſerve a preſent hour,
Tho' born and bred to arbitrary pow'r,
To talk of William with inſidious art,
Whilſt a vile Stuart's lurking in his heart,
And, whilſt mean Envy rears her loathſome head,
Flatt'ring the living, to abuſe the dead,
Where is Shebbeare? O, let not foul reproach,
Travelling thither in a City coach,
The pill'ry dare to name; the whole intent
Of that parade was Fame, not Puniſhment,
And that old ſtaunch Whig Beardmore ſtanding by
Can in full Court give that report the lye.
With rude unnat'ral jargon to ſupport,
Half *Scotch*, half *Engliſh*, a declining Court;
To make moſt glaring contraries unite,
And prove, beyond diſpute, that black is white;
To make firm Honour tamely league with Shame,
Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name;
To prove that Chains and Freedom are but one,
That to be ſav'd muſt mean to be undone,
Is there not Guthrie? Who, like him can call
All oppoſites to proof, and conquer all?
He calls forth living waters from the rock;
He calls forth children from the barren ſtock;
He, far beyond the ſprings of Nature led,
Makes women bring forth after they are dead;
He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
In *wedl*c.'s ſacred bands joins man to man;

And, to complete the whole, moſt ſtrange, but true,
By ſome rare magic, makes them fruitful too,
Whilſt from their loins, in the due courſe of years,
Flows the rich blood of Guthrie's *Engliſh Peers*,
Doſt thou contrive ſome blacker deed of ſhame,
Something which Nature ſhudders but to name,
Something which makes the ſoul of man retreat,
And the life-blood run backward to her ſeat?
Doſt thou contrive for ſome baſe private end,
Some ſelfiſh view, to hang a truſting friend,
To lure him on, e'en to his parting breath,
And promiſe life, to work him ſurer death?
Grown old in villainy, and dead to grace,
Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face;
Behold, a Parſon at thy elbow ſtands,
Low'ring damnation, and with open hands
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward;
The Atheiſt Chaplain of an Atheiſt Lord.
Bred to the Church, and for the gown decreed,
Ere it was known that I ſhould learn to read;
Tho' that was nothing, for my friends, who knew
What mighty Dullneſs of itſelf could do,
Never deſign'd me for a working Prieſt,
But hop'd, I ſhould have been a Dean at leaſt;
Condemn'd (like many more, and worthier men,
To whom I pledge the ſervice of my pen),
Condemn'd (whilſt proud and pamper'd ſons of lawn,
Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
In pomp of *rev'rend beggary* to appear,
To pray, and ſtarve on forty pounds a year;
My friends, who never felt the galling load,
Lament that I forſook the packhorſe road,
Whilſt Virtue to my conduct witneſs bears
In throwing off that gown which Francis wears.
What creature's that, ſo very pert and prim;
So very full of foppery, and whim;
So gentle, yet ſo briſk; ſo wond'rous ſweet,
So fit to prattle as a lady's feet,
Who looks, as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
And by his garb appears a man of God?
Truſt not to looks, nor credit outward ſhow;
The villain lurks beneath the *caſſock'd* beau;
That's an informer; what avails the name?
Suffice it that the wretch from Sodom came.
His tongue is deadly—from his preſence run,
Unleſs thy rage would wiſh to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And fear alone reſtrains his coward mind;
Free him from that, no monſter is ſo fell,
Nor is ſo ſure a blood-hound found in hell.
His ſilken ſmiles, his hypocritic air,
His meek demeanor, plauſible and fair,
Are only worn to pave Fraud's eaſier way,
And make gull'd Virtue fall a ſurer prey.
Attend his church—his plan of doctrine view—
The Preacher is a Chriſtian, dull, but true;
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
That plan of doctrine's never thought of more;
Chriſt is laid by neglected on the ſhelf,
And the vile Prieſt is Goſpel to himſelf.
By Cleland tutor'd, and with Blacow bred,
(Blacow, whom by a brave reſentment led,
Oxford, if Oxford had not ſunk in fame,
Ere this, had damn'd to everlaſting ſhame)
Their ſteps he follows, and their crimes partakes,
To Virtue loſt, to Vice alone he wakes,
Moſt luſciouſly declaims 'gainſt luſcious themes,
And, whilſt he rails at blaſphemy, blaſphemes.

Are theſe the arts, which poſicy ſupplies?
Are theſe the ſteps, by which grave Churchmen riſe?
Forbid it, Heav'n; or, ſhould it turn out ſo,
Let me and mine continue mean and low.
Such be their arts, whom intereſt controuls;
Kidgell and I have free and honeſt ſouls.
We ſcorn preferment which is gain'd by ſin,
And will, tho' poor without, have peace within.

END OF THE AUTHOR.

THE

DUELLIST.

IN

THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

THE clock ſtruck twelve, o'er half the globe
Darkneſs had ſpread her pitchy robe;
Morpheus, his feet with velvet ſhod,
Treading as if in fear he trod,
Gentle as dews at even-tide,
Diſtill'd his poppies far and wide.
Ambition, who, when waking, dreams
Of mighty, but phantaſtic, ſchemes,
Who, when aſleep, ne'er knows that reſt
With which the humbler ſoul is bleſt,
Was building caſtles in the air,
Goodly to look upon and fair,
But, on a bad foundation laid,
Doom'd at return of morn to fade.
Pale Study, by the taper's light,
Wearing away the watch of night,
Sat reading; but, with o'ercharg'd head,
Remember'd nothing that he read.
Starving 'midſt plenty, with a face
Which might the Court of Famine grace,
Ragged, and filthy to behold,
Grey Av'rice nodded o'er his gold.
Jealouſy, his quick eye half-cloſ'd,
With watchings worn, reluctant doz'd,
And mean diſtruſt not quite forgot,
Slumber'd as if he ſlumber'd not,
Stretch'd at his length on the bare ground,
His hardy offſpring ſleeping round,
Snor'd *reſtleſs* Labour; by his ſide
Lay Health, a coarſe, but comely bride.
Virtue, without the doctor's aid,
In the ſoft arms of ſleep was laid,
Whilſt Vice, within the guilty breaſt,
Could not be phyſick'd into reſt,
Thou bloody Man! whoſe ruffian knife
Is drawn againſt thy neighbour's life,
And never ſtruples to deſcend
Into the boſom of a friend.
A firm, faſt friend, by vice allied,
And to thy *ſecret* ſervice tied,
In whom ten murders breed no awe,
If properly ſecur'd from law.
Thou man of Luſt! whom paſſion fires
To fouleſt deeds, whoſe hot deſires

O'er honeſt bars with eaſe make way,
Whilſt *ideot* beauty falls a prey,
And to indulge thy brutal flame,
A Lucrece muſt be brought to ſhame;
Who doſt, a brave, bold ſinner, bear
Rank inceſt to the open air,
And rapes, full blown upon thy crown,
Enough to weigh a nation down.
Thou ſimular of Luſt! vain man,
Whoſe reſtleſs thoughts ſtill form the plan
Of guilt, which wither'd to the root,
Thy lifeleſs nerves can't execute,
Whilſt in thy marrowleſs dry bones,
Deſire without enjoyment groans.
Thou perjur'd Wretch! whom falſhood cloaths
E'en like a garment; who with oaths
Doſt triſle, as with brokers, meant
To ſerve thy ev'ry vile intent,
In the days broad and ſearching eye
Making God witneſs to a lye,
Blaſpheming Heav'n and Earth for pelf,
And hanging *friends* to ſave thyſelf.
Thou ſon of Chance! whoſe glorious ſoul
On the four aces doom'd to roll,
Was never yet with Honour caught,
Nor on poor Virtue loſt one thought;
Who doſt thy *wife*, thy *children* ſet,
Thy *all*, upon a ſingle bet,
Rifquing, the deſp'rate ſtake to try,
Here, and *hereafter* on a die;
Who, thy own private fortune loſt,
Doſt game on at thy country's coſt,
And, grown expert in ſharping rules,
Firſt fool'd thyſelf, now prey'ſt on fools.
Thou noble Gameſter, whoſe high place
Gives too much credit to diſgrace;
Who, with the motion of a die,
Doſt make a mighty iſland fly,
The ſums, I mean, of good *French* gold
For which a mighty iſland ſold;
Who doſt *betray intelligence*,
Abuſe the *deareſt confidence*,
And, private fortune to create,
Moſt falſely play the game of State;
Who doſt within the *Alley* ſport
Sums, which might beggar a whole Court,
And make us bankrupts all, if Care,
With good *Earl* Talbot, was not there.
Thou daring Infidel! whom pride
And ſin have drawn from Reaſon's ſide;
Who, fearing his avengeful rod,
Doſt wiſh not to believe a God;
Whoſe hope is founded on a plan,
Which ſhould diſtract the ſoul of man,
And make him curſe his abject birth;
Whoſe hope is, once return'd to earth,
There to lie down, for worms a feaſt,
To rot and periſh, like a beaſt;
Who doſt, of puniſhment afraid,
And by thy crimes a coward made,
To ev'ry gen'rous ſoul a curſe,
Than hell and all her torments worſe,
When crawling to thy latter end,
Call on deſtruction as a friend,
Chuſing to crumble into duſt,
Rather than riſe, tho' riſe you muſt.
Thou Hypocrite! who doſt prophane,
And take the patriot's name in vain,
Then moſt thy Country's foe, when moſt
Of love and loyalty you boaſt;
Who for the filthy love of gold,
Thy friend, thy King, thy God haſt ſold,
And, mocking the juſt claim of Hell,
Were bidders found, thyſelf wouldſt ſell.
Ye Villains! of whatever name,
Whatever rank, to whom the claim
Of Hell is certain, on whoſe lids
That worm which never dies, forbids
Sweet ſleep to fall, *come* and *behold*,
Whilſt envy makes your blood run cold,
Behold, by pitileſs Conſcience led,
So Juſtice wills, that holy bed,
Where Peace her full dominion keeps,
And Innocence with Holland ſleeps.
Bid Terror, poſting on the wind,
Affray the ſpirits of mankind,
Bid earthquakes heaving for a vent,
Rive their concealing continent,
And, forcing an untimely birth
Thro' the vaſt bowels of the earth,
Endeavour in her monſtrous womb
At once all Nature to entomb;
Bid all that's horrible and dire,
All that man hates and fears, conſpire
To make night hideous, as they can;
Still is thy ſleep, thou virtuous man,
Pure as the thoughts, which in thy breaſt
Inhabit, and inſure thy reſt;
Still ſhall thy Avliff, taught, tho' late,
Thy friendly juſtice in his fate,
Turn'd to a guardian angel, ſpread
Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head.
Dark was the night by Fate decreed
For the contrivance of a deed
More black than common, which might make
This land from her foundations ſhake
Might tear up Freedom from the root,
Deſtroy a Wilkes, and fix a Bute.
Deep Horror held her wide domain;
The ſky in ſullen drops of rain
Forewept the morn, and thro' the air,
Which, op'ning, laid its boſom bare,
Loud thunders roll'd, and lightning ſtream'd;
The owl at Freedom's window ſcream'd,
The ſcreech-owl, prophet dire, whoſe breath
Brings ſickneſs, and whoſe note is death;
The church-yard teem'd, and from the tomb,
All ſad and ſilent, thro' the gloom,
The ghoſts of men, in former times
Whoſe public virtues were their crimes,
Indignant ſtalk'd; ſorrow and rage
Blank'd their pale cheek; in his own age
The prop of Freedom, Hampden there
Felt after death the gen'rous care;
Sidney by grief from Heav'n was kept,
And for his brother patriot wept:
All friends of Liberty, when Fate
Prepar'd to ſhorten Wilkes's date,
Heav'd, deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,
And knew that wound to be their own.
Hail, LIBERTY! a glorious word,
In other countries ſcarcely heard,
Or heard but as a thing of courſe,
Without or energy or force;
Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd the ſprings,
Far, far beyond the reach of kings,

Freſh blooming from our mother earth:
With pride and joy ſhe owns her birth
Deriv'd from us, and in return
Bids in our breaſts her genius burn;
Bids us with all thoſe bleſſings live
Which Liberty alone can give,
Or nobly with that ſpirit die,
Which makes death more than victory.
Hail thoſe old patriots, on whoſe tongue
Perſuaſion in the Senate hung,
Whilſt they the ſacred cauſe maintain'd!
Hail thoſe old chiefs, to honour train'd,
Who ſpread, when other methods fail'd,
War's bloody banner, and prevail'd!
Shall men like theſe unmention'd ſleep
Promiſcuous with the common heap,
And (gratitude forbid the crime)
Be carried down the ſtream of time
In ſhoals, unnotic'd and forgot,
On Lethe's ſtream, like flags, to rot?
No—they ſhall live, and each fair name,
Recorded in the book of Fame,
Founded on Honour's baſis, faſt
As the round earth to ages laſt.
Some virtues vaniſh with our breath,
Virtue like this lives after death.
Old Time himſelf, his ſcythe thrown by,
Himſelf loſt in eternity,
An everlaſting crown ſhall twine
To make a Wilkes and Sidney join.
But ſhould ſome ſlave-got villain dare
Chains for his Country to prepare,
And, by his birth to ſlav'ry broke,
Make her to feel the galling yoke,
May he be evermore accurs'd,
Amongſt bad men be rank'd the worſt;
May he be ſtill himſelf, and ſtill
Go on in vice, and perfect ill;
May his broad crimes each day increaſe,
Till he can't live, nor die in peace;
May he be plung'd ſo deep in ſhame
That Satan may'nt endure his name,
And hear, ſcarce crawling on the earth,
His children curſe him for their birth;
May Liberty, beyond the grave,
Ordain him to be ſtill a ſlave,
Grant him what here he moſt requires,
And damn him with his own deſires!
But ſhould ſome villain, in ſupport
And zeal for a deſpairing Court,
Placing in craft his confidence,
And making honour a pretence
To do a deed of deepeſt ſhame,
Whilſt filthy lucre is his aim;
Should ſuch a wretch, with ſword or knife,
Contrive to practiſe 'gainſt the life
Of one, who honour'd thro' the land,
For Freedom made a glorious ſtand;
Whoſe chief, perhaps his only crime,
Is (if plain Truth at ſuch a time
May dare her ſentiments to tell)
That he his Country loves too well;
May he—but words are all too weak
The feelings of my heart to ſpeak—
May he—O for a noble curſe
Which might his very marrow pierce—
The general contempt engage,
And be the Martin of his age.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK II.

DEEP in the boſom of a wood,
Out of the road, a Temple ſtood;
Antient, and much the worſe for wear,
It call'd aloud for quick repair,
And, tottering from ſide to ſide,
Menac'd deſtruction far and wide,
Nor able ſeem'd, unleſs made ſtronger,
To hold out four or five years longer.
Four hundred pillars, from the ground
Riſing in order, *moſt* unſound,
Some rotten to the heart aloof,
Seem'd to ſupport the tott'ring roof,
But to inſpection nearer laid,
Inſtead of giving wanted aid.
The ſtructure, rare and curious, made
By men moſt famous in their trade,
A work of years, admir'd by all,
Was ſuffer'd into duſt to fall;
Or, juſt to make it hang together,
And keep off the effects of weather,
Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time
By wretches, whom it were a crime,
A crime, which Art would treaſon hold,
To mention with thoſe names of old.
Builders, who had the pile ſurvey'd,
And thoſe not *Flitcroft's** in their trade,
Doubted (the wiſe hand in a doubt
Merely ſometimes to hand her out)
Whether (like churches in a brief,
Taught wiſely to obtain relief
Thro' Chancery, who gives her fees
To this and other charities)
It muſt not, in all parts unſound,
Be ripp'd, and pull'd down to the ground;
Whether (tho' after-ages ne'er
Shall raiſe a building to compare)
Art, if they ſhould their art employ,
Meant to preſerve, might not deſtroy:
As human bodies, worn away,
Batter'd and haſting to decay,
Bidding the pow'r of Art deſpair,
Cannot thoſe very medicines bear,
Which, and which only can reſtore,
And make them healthy as before.
To LIBERTY, whoſe gracious ſmile
Shed peace and plenty o'er the iſle,
Our grateful anceſtors, her plain
But faithful children, rais'd this fane.
Full in the front, ſtretch'd out in length,
Where Nature put forth all her ſtrength
In ſpring eternal, lay a plain,
Where our brave father's us'd to train
Their ſons to arms, to teach the art
Of war, and ſteel the infant heart.
Labour, their hardy nurſe, when young,
Their joints had knit, their nerves had ſtrung;
Abſtinence, foe declar'd to death,
Had, from the time they firſt drew breath,
The beſt of doctors, with plain food,
Kept pure the channel of their blood;
Health in their cheeks bade colour riſe,
And Glory ſparkled in her eyes.

* Henry Flitcroft was the architect of St. Giles's in the Fields, St. Olave Southwark, &c.

The inſtruments of huſbandry,
As in contempt, were all thrown by,
And, flattering a manly pride,
War's keener tools their place ſupplied.
Their arrows to the head they drew:
Swift to the point their javelins flew;
They graſp'd the ſword, they ſhook the ſpear;
Their fathers felt a pleaſing fear;
And even Courage, ſtanding by,
Scarcely beheld with ſteady eye.
Each ſtripling, leſſon'd by his ſire,
Knew when to cloſe, when to retire,
When near at hand, when from afar
To fight, and was himſelf a War.
Their wives, their mothers all around,
Careleſs of order, on the ground,
Breath'd forth to Heav'n the pious vow,
And for a ſon's or huſband's brow,
With eager fingers laurel wove;
Laurel, which in the ſacred grove,
Planted by LIBERTY, they find,
The brows of conquerors to bind,
To give them pride and ſpirits, fit
To make a world in arms ſubmit.
What raptures did the boſom fire
Of the young, rugged, peaſant ſire,
When from the toil of mimic fight,
Returning with return of night,
He ſaw his babe reſign the breaſt,
And, ſmiling, ſtroke thoſe arms in jeſt,
With which hereafter he ſhall make
The proudeſt heart in Gallia quake!
Gods! with what joy, what honeſt pride,
Did each fond, wiſhing, ruſtic bride
Behold her manly ſwain return!
How did her love-ſick boſom burn,
Tho' on parades he was not bred,
Nor wore the livery of red,
When, Pleaſure height'ning all her charms,
She ſtrain'd her warrior in her arms,
And begg'd, whilſt love and glory fire,
A ſon, a ſon juſt like his ſire!
Such were the men in former times,
Ere luxury had made our crimes
Our bitter puniſhment, who bore
Their terrors to a foreign ſhore;
Such were the men, who free from dread,
By Edwards and by Henries led,
Spread, like a torrent ſwell'd with rains,
O'er haughty Gallia's trembling plains;
Such were the men, when luſt of pow'r,
To work him woe, in evil hour
Debauch'd the tyrant from thoſe ways
On which a King ſhould found his praiſe;
When ſtern Oppreſſion, hand in hand
With Pride, ſtalk'd proudly thro' the land;
When weeping Juſtice was miſled
From her fair courſe, and Mercy dead;
Such were the men, in virtue ſtrong,
Who dar'd not ſee their Country's wrong;
Who left the mattock, and the ſpade,
And, in the robes of war array'd,
In their rough arms, departing, took
Their helpleſs babes, and with a look
Stern and determin'd, ſwore to ſee
Thoſe babes no more, or ſee them free;
Such were the men whom tyrant Pride
Could never faſten to his ſide
By threats or bribes; who, Freemen born,
Chains, tho' of gold, beheld with ſcorn;
Who, free from ev'ry ſervile awe,
Could never be divorc'd from Law,
From that broad gen'ral Law, which Senſe
Made for the general defence;
Could never yield to partial ties
Which from dependent ſtations riſe;
Could never be to ſlav'ry led,
For Property was at their head;
Such were the men in days of yore,
Who, call'd by Liberty, before
Her Temple on the ſacred green,
In martial paſtimes oft were ſeen—
Now ſeen no longer—in their ſtead,
To lazineſs and vermin bred,
A race who, ſtrangers to the cauſe
Of Freedom, live by other laws,
On other motives fight, a prey
To intereſt, and ſlaves for pay.
Valour, how glorious on a plan
Of Honour founded, leads their van;
Diſcretion, free from taint of fear,
Cool, but reſolv'd, brings up their rear,
Diſcretion, Valour's better half;
Dependence hold's the General's ſtaff.
In plain and home-ſpun garb array'd,
Not for vain ſhew, but ſervice made,
In a green flouriſhing old age,
Not damn'd yet with an equipage,
In rules of *portcrage* untaught,
Simplicity, not worth a groat,
For years had kept the Temple-door;
Full on his breaſt a glaſs he wore,
Thro' which his boſom open lay
To ev'ry one that paſs'd that way.
Now turn'd adrift—with humbler face
But prouder heart, his vacant place
Corruption fills, and bears the key;
No entrance now without a fee.
With belly round, and full fat face,
Which on the houſe reflected grace,
Full of good fare, and honeſt glee,
The *ſteward* Hoſpitality,
Old Welcome ſmiling by his ſide,
A good old ſervant, often tried,
And faithful found, who kept in view
His Lady's fame and int'reſt too,
Who made each heart with joy rebound,
Yet never run her ſtate a-ground,
Was turn'd off, or (which word I find
Is more in modern uſe) *reſign'd*.
Half-ſtarv'd, half-ſtarving others, bred
In beggary, with carrion fed,
Deteſted, and deteſting all,
Made up of avarice and gall,
Boaſting great thrift, yet waſting more
Than ever ſteward did before,
Succeeded *one*, who, to engage
The praiſe of an exhauſted age,
Aſſum'd a name of high degree,
And call'd himſelf Oeconomy.
Within the Temple, full in ſight,
Where, without ceaſing, day and night,
The workmen toil'd, where Labour bar'd
His brawny arm, where Art prepar'd,
In regular and even rows,
Her types, a *Printing-Preſs* aroſe;

Each workman knew his task, and each
Was honest and expert as Leach.
Hence Learning struck a deeper root.
And Science brought forth riper fruit;
Hence Loyalty receiv'd support,
Even when banish'd from the Court;
Hence Government gain'd strength, and *hence*
Religion sought, and found defence;
Hence England's fairest fame arose,
And liberty subdu'd her foes.
On a low, simple, turf-made throne
Rais'd by *Allegiance*, scarcely known
From her attendants, glad to be
Pattern of that equality
She wish'd to all, so far as cou'd
Safely consist with social good,
The Goddess sat; around her head
A chearful radiance Glory spread;
Courage, a youth of royal race,
Lovelily stern, possess'd a place
On her left-hand, and on her right
Sat Honour, cloath'd with robes of light;
Before her Magna Charta lay,
Which some great lawyer, of his day
The Pratt, was offic'd to explain,
And make the basis of her reign:
Peace, crown'd with olive, to her breast
Two smiling twin-born infants prest;
At her feet couching, War was laid,
And with a brindled lion play'd;
Justice and Mercy, hand and hand,
Joint guardians of the happy land,
Together held their mighty charge,
And Truth walk'd all about at large;
Health for the royal troop the feast
Prepar'd and Virtue was High-Priest.
Such was the fame our *Goddess* bore,
Her Temple such in days of yore.
What changes ruthless Time presents!
Behold her ruin'd battlements,
Her walls decay'd, her nodding spires,
Her altars broke, her dying fires,
Her name despis'd, her priests destroy'd,
Her friends disgrac'd, her foes employ'd,
Herself (by *ministerial* arts
Deprav'd e'en of the People's hearts,
Whilst they, to work her surer woe,
Feign her to monarchy a foe)
Exil'd by grief, self-doom'd to dwell
With some poor hermit in a cell,
Or, that retirement tedious grown,
If she walks forth, she walks *unknown*,
Hooted and pointed at with scorn,
As one in some strange country born.
Behold a rude and ruffian race,
A band of spoilers, seize her place:
With looks, which might the heart dis-seat,
And make life sound a quick retreat,
To rapine from the cradle bred,
A *staunch*, *old blood-hound* at their head,
Who, free from virtue and from awe,
Knew none but the bad part of law,
They rov'd at large; each on his breast
Mark'd with a *grey-hound*, stood confest.
Controulment waited on their nod,
High-wielding Persecution's rod;
Confusion follow'd at their heels,
And a *cast Statesman* held the seals,
Those seals, for which he dear shall pay,
When awful Justice takes her day.
The Printers saw—they saw and fled—
Science declining, hung her head,
Property in despair appear'd,
And for herself destruction fear'd;
Whilst under foot the rude slaves trod
The works of men, and word of God;
Whilst close behind, on many a book,
In which he never deigns to look,
Which he did not, nay—could not read,
A *bold*, *bad* man (by pow'r decreed
For that bad end, who in the dark
Scorn'd to do mischief) set his mark
In the full day, the mark of Hell,
And on the Gospel stamp'd an *L*.
LIBERTY fled, her friends withdrew,
Her friends, a faithful, chosen few;
Honour in grief threw up, and Shame,
Cloathing herself with Honour's name,
Usurp'd his station; on the throne
Which LIBERTY once call'd her own,
(Gods, that such mighty ills should spring
Under so great, so good a King,
So lov'd, so loving, thro' the arts
Of Statesmen curs'd with wicked hearts!)
For ev'ry darker purpose fit,
Behold in triumph State-Craft sit.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK III.

AH me! what mighty perils wait
The man who meddles with a State,
Whether to strengthen, or oppose!
False are his friends, and firm his foes.
How must his soul, once ventur'd in,
Plunge blindly on from sin to sin!
What toils he suffers, what disgrace,
To get, and then to keep a place!
How often, whether wrong or right,
Must he in jest or earnest fight,
Risquing for those both life and limb,
Who would not risque one groat for him!
Under the Temple lay a cave,
Made by some guilty, coward slave,
Whose actions fear'd rebuke, a maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Not to be found without a clue;
One passage only, known to few,
In paths direct led to a cell,
Where Fraud in secret lov'd to dwell,
With all her tools and slaves about her,
Nor fear'd lest Honesty should rout her.
In a dark corner, shunning sight
Of man, and shrinking from the light,
One dull, dim taper thro' the cell
Glimm'ring, to make more horrible
The face of darkness, she prepares,
Working unseen, all kinds of snares,

With curious, but deſtructive art:
Here, thro' the eye to catch the heart,
Gay *ſtars* their tinſel beams afford,
Neat artifice to trap a Lord;
There, fit for all whom Folly bred,
Wave *plumes* of *feathers* for the head;
Garters the hag contrives to make,
Which as it ſeems, a babe might break,
But which ambitious madmen feel
More firm and ſure than chains of ſteel;
Which, ſlipp'd juſt underneath the knee,
Forbid a Freeman to be free;
Purſes ſhe knew (did ever curſe
Travel more ſure than in a purſe?)
Which, by ſome ſtrange and magic hands
Enſlave the ſoul, and tie the hands.
Here Flatt'ry, eldeſt-born of Guile,
Weaves with rare ſkill the ſilken ſmile,
The courtly cringe, the ſupple bow,
The private ſqueeze, the levee vow,
With which, no ſtrange or recent caſe,
Fools *in* deceive fools *out* of place.
Corruption (who, in former times,
Thro' fear or ſhame conceal'd her crimes,
And what ſhe did contriv'd to do it
So that the public might not view it)
Preſumptuous grown, unſit was held
For their dark councils, and expell'd,
Since in the day her buſineſs might
Be done as ſafe as in the night.
Her eye down-bending to the ground,
Planning ſome dark and deadly wound,
Holding a dagger, on which ſtood,
All freſh and reeking, drops of blood,
Bearing a lanthorn, which of yore,
By Treaſon borrow'd, Guy Fawkes bore,
By which, ſince they improv'd in trade,
Exciſemen have their lanthorns made,
Aſſaſſination, her whole mind
Blood-thirſting, on her arm reclin'd.
Death, grinning, at her elbow ſtood,
And held forth inſtruments of blood,
Vile inſtruments, which cowards chuſe,
But men of honour dare not uſe;
Around his Lordſhip and his Grace,
Both qualified for ſuch a place,
With many a Forbes *, and many a Dun †,
Each a reſolv'd, and pious ſon,
Wait her high bidding; each prepar'd,
As ſhe around her orders ſhar'd,
Proof 'gainſt remorſe, to run, to fly,
And bid the deſtin'd victim die,
Poſting on Villainy's black wing,
Whether he Patriot is, or King.
Oppreſſion, willing to appear
An object of our love, not fear,
Or at the moſt a rev'rend awe
To breed, uſurp'd the garb of Law.
A book ſhe held, on which her eyes
Were deeply fixed, whence ſeemed to riſe
Joy in her breaſt; a book, of might
Moſt wonderful, which black to white
Could turn, and without help of laws,
Could make the worſe the better cauſe.

She read, by flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd,
She wiſh'd, and what ſhe wiſh'd, believ'd,
To make that book for ever ſtand
The rule of wrong through all the land;
On the back, fair and worthy note,
At large was Magna Charta wrote,
But turn your eye within, and read,
A bitter leſſon, Norton's Creed.
Ready, e'en with a look, to run,
Faſt as the courſers of the ſun,
To worry Virtue, at her hand
Two half-ſtarv'd greyhounds took their ſtand.
A curious model, cut in wood,
Of a moſt ancient caſtle ſtood
Full in her view; the gates were barr'd,
And ſoldiers on the watch kept guard;
In the front, openly, in black
Was wrote, "the Tow'r;" but on the back,
Mark'd with a Secretary's ſeal,
In bloody letters, the Baſtille."
Around a table, fully bent
On miſchief of moſt black intent
Deeply determin'd, that their reign
Might longer laſt, to work the bane
Of one firm patriot, whoſe heart, tied
To Honour, all their pow'r defied,
And brought thoſe actions into light
They wiſh'd to have conceal'd in night,
Begot, born, bred to infamy,
A Privy-Council ſat of Three;
Great were their names, of high repute
And favour thro' the land of Bute.
The Firſt (entitled to the place
Of Honour both by Gown and Grace,
Who never let occaſion ſlip
To take right-hand of fellowſhip,
And was ſo proud, that ſhould he meet
The twelve Apoſtles in the ſtreet,
He'd turn his noſe up at them all,
And ſhove his Saviour from the wall;
Who was ſo mean (Meanneſs and Pride
Still go together ſide by ſide)
That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
And hold a ſtirrup for the Devil,
If in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount and ride behind;
Who baſely fawn'd thro' all his life,
For *patrons* firſt, then for a *wife*;
Wrote *Dedications* which muſt make
The heart of ev'ry Chriſtian quake;
Made one man equal to, or more
Than God, then left him, as before
His God he left, and drawn by pride,
Shifted about to t' other ſide)
Was by his ſire a parſon made,
Merely to give the boy a trade;
But he himſelf was thereto drawn
By ſome faint omens of the lawn,
And on the truly Chriſtian plan
To make himſelf a Gentleman,
A title in which form array'd him,
Tho' Fate ne'er thought on't when ſhe made him.
The oaths he took, 'tis very true,
But took them, as all wiſe men do,
With an intent, if things ſhould turn,
Rather to temporize, than burn.
Goſpel and Loyalty were made
To ſerve the purpoſes of trade;

* A Scotch officer who challenged Mr. Wilkes.

† A poor Lunatic, who was charged with an intention to aſſaſſinate Mr. Wilkes.

Religions are but paper ties,
Which bind the fool, but which the wiſe,
Such idle notions far above,
Drew on and off, juſt like a glove;
All Gods, all Kings (let his great aim
Be anſwer'd) were to him the ſame.
A Curate firſt, he read and read,
And laid in, whilſt he ſhould have fed
The ſouls of his neglected flock,
Of reading ſuch a mighty ſtock,
That he o'ercharg'd the weary Brain
With more than ſhe could well contain,
More than ſhe was with ſpirits fraught
To turn, and methodize to thought,
And which, like ill-digeſted food,
To humours turn'd, and not to blood.
Brought up to London, from the plow
And pulpit, how to make a bow
He try'd to learn, he grew polite,
And was the Poet's parаſite.
With Wits converſing (and Wits then
Were to be found 'mongſt Noblemen)
He caught, or would have caught the flame,
And would be nothing, or the ſame;
He drank with drunkards, liv'd with ſinners,
Herded with infidels for dinners;
With ſuch an emphaſis and grace
Blaſphem'd, that Potter kept not pace;
He, in the higheſt reign of noon,
Roar'd bawdry ſongs to a Pſalm tune;
Liv'd with men infamous and vile,
Truck'd his ſalvation for a ſmile,
To catch their humour caught their plan,
And laugh'd at God to laugh with man;
Prais'd them, when living, in each breath,
And damn'd their mem'ries after death.
To prove his faith, which all admit
Is at leaſt equal to his wit,
And make himſelf a man of note,
He in defence of Scripture wrote;
So long he wrote, and long about it,
That e'en believers 'gan to doubt it:
He wrote too of the Inward Light,
Tho' no one knew how he came by't,
And of that Influencing Grace,
Which in his life ne'er found a place:
He wrote too of the Holy Ghoſt,
Of whom no more than doth a poſt
He knew; nor, ſhould an Angel ſhew him,
Would he or know, or chuſe to know him.
Next (for he knew 'twixt ev'ry ſcience
There was a natural alliance)
He wrote, t' advance his Maker's praiſe,
Comments on rimes, and notes on plays,
And with an all-ſufficient air
Plac'd himſelf in the Critic's chair,
Uſurp'd o'er Reaſon full dominion,
And govern'd merely by opinion.
At length dethron'd, and kept in awe
By one plain ſimple Man of Law*,
He arm'd dead friends †, to vengeance true,
T' abuſe the man they never knew.
Examine ſtrictly all mankind,
Moſt characters are mix'd, we find;
And Vice and Virtue take their turn
In the ſame breaſt to beat and burn.
Our Prieſt was an exception here,
Nor did one ſpark of grace appear,
Not one dull, dim ſpark in his ſoul;
Vice, glorious Vice poſſeſs'd the whole,
And, in her ſervice truly warm,
He was in ſin moſt uniform.
Injurious Satire, own at leaſt
One ſnivelling virtue in the Prieſt,
One ſnivelling virtue which is plac'd,
They ſay, in or about the waiſt,
Call'd Chaſtity; the prudiſh dame
Knows it at large by Virtue's name.
To this his wife (and in theſe days
Wives ſeldom without reaſon praiſe)
Bears evidence—then calls her child,
And ſwears that Tom was vaſtly wild.
Ripen'd by a long courſe of years,
He great and perfect now appears.
In ſhape ſcarce of the human kind;
A man, without a manly mind;
No huſband, tho' he's truly wed;
Tho' on his knees a child is bred,
No father; injur'd, without end
A foe; and tho' oblig'd, no friend;
A heart, which Virtue ne'er diſgrac'd;
A head, where Learning runs to waſte;
A gentleman well-bred, if breeding
Reſts in the article of reading;
A man of this world, for the next
Was ne'er included in his text;
A judge af genius, tho' confeſt
With not one ſpark of genius bleſt;
Amongſt the firſt of critics plac'd,
Tho' free from ev'ry taint of taſte;
A Chriſtian without faith or works,
As he would be a Turk 'mongſt Turks;
A great divine, as Lords agree,
Without the leaſt divinity;
To crown all, in declining age,
Enflam'd with church and party rage,
Behold him, full and perfect quite,
A falſe Saint, and true Hypocrite.
Next ſat a *Lawyer*, often try'd
In perilous extremes; when Pride
And Pow'r, all wild and trembling, ſtood,
Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood;
This bold, bad man aroſe to view,
And gave his hand to help them through.
Steel'd 'gainſt compaſſion, as they paſt,
He ſaw poor Freedom breathe her laſt;
He ſaw her ſtruggle, heard her groan,
He ſaw her helpleſs and alone,
Whelm'd in that ſtorm, which fear'd and prais'd
By ſlaves leſs bold, himſelf had rais'd.
Bred to the law, he from the firſt
Of all bad lawyers was the worſt.
Perfection (for bad men maintain
In ill we may perfection gain)
In others is a work of time,
And they creep on from crime to crime;
He, for a prodigy deſign'd
To ſpread amazement o'er mankind,
Started full ripen'd all at once
A perfect knave and perfect dunce.
Who will for him may boaſt of ſenſe,
His better guard is Impudence.

* Thomas Edwards, Eſq. See Canons of Criticiſm.

† See Notes to Pope.

His front with ten-fold plates of braſs
Secur'd, Shame never yet could paſs,
Nor on the ſurface of his ſkin
Bluſh for that guilt which dwelt within.
How often in contempt of laws,
To ſound the bottom of a cauſe,
To ſearch out ev'ry rotten part,
And worm into its very heart,
Hath he ta'en briefs on falſe pretence,
And undertaken the defence
Of truſting fools, whom in the end
He meant to ruin, not defend?
How often, e'en in open court,
Hath the wretch made his ſhame his ſport,
And laugh'd off, with a villain's eaſe,
Throwing up briefs, and keeping fees?
Such things, as, tho' to roguery bred,
Had ſtruck a little villain dead.
Cauſes, whatever their import,
He undertakes, to ſerve a court;
For he by heart his rule had got,
Pow'r can affect, what law cannot.
Fools he forgives, but rogues he fears;
If Genius, yok'd with Worth, appears,
His weak ſoul ſickens at the ſight,
And ſtrives to plunge them down in night.
So loud he talks, ſo very loud,
He is an Angel with the crowd,
Whilſt he makes juſtice hang her head,
And Judges turn from pale to red.
Bid all that nature, on a plan
Moſt intimate, makes dear to man,
All that with grand and gen'ral ties
Binds good and bad, the fool and wiſe,
Knock at his heart; they knock in vain,
No entrance there ſuch ſuitors gain.
Bid kneeling Kings forſake the throne;
Bid at his feet his Country groan;
Bid Liberty ſtretch out her hands;
Religion plead her ſtronger bands;
Bid parents, children, wife and friends;
If they come, 'twhart his private ends,
Unmov'd he hears the gen'ral call;
And bravely tramples on them all.
Who will for him may cant and whine,
And let weak Conſcience with her line
Chalk out their ways; ſuch ſtarving rules
Are only fit for coward fools,
Fellows who credit what Prieſts tell,
And tremble at the thoughts of Hell;
His ſpirit dares contend with grace,
And meets damnation face to face.
Such was our *Lawyer*; by his ſide,
In all bad qualities allied,
In all bad counſels, ſat a *third*,
By birth a Lord. O ſacred word!
O word moſt ſacred, whence men get
A privilege to run in debt;
Whence they at large exemption claim
From Satire, and her ſervant Shame;
Whence they, depriv'd of all her force,
Forbid bold Truth to hold her courſe.
Conſult his perſon, dreſs, and air,
He ſeems, which ſtrangers well might ſwear,
The Maſter, or by *courteſy*,
The Captain of a Colliery.
Look at his viſage, and agree
Half-hang'd he ſeems, juſt from the tree
Eſcap'd; a rope may ſometimes break,
Or men be cut down by miſtake.
He hath not virtue, (in the ſchool
Of Vice bred up) to live by rule,
Nor hath he ſenſe (which none can doubt
Who know the man) to live without.
His life is a continued ſcene
Of all that's infamous and mean;
He knows not change, unleſs grown nice
And delicate, from vice to vice;
Nature deſign'd him, in a rage,
To be the Wharton of his age,
But, having giv'n all the ſin,
Forgot to put the Virtues in.
To run a horſe, to make a match,
To revel deep, to roar a catch,
To knock a tott'ring watchman down,
To ſweat a woman of the town,
By fits to keep the peace, or break it,
In turn to give a pox, or take it,
He is, in faith, moſt excellent,
And in the word's moſt full intent,
A true Choice Spirit we admit;
With Wits a Fool, with Fools a Wit:
Hear him but talk, and you would ſwear
Obſcenity herſelf was there;
And that Prophaneneſs had made choice,
By way of trump, to uſe his voice;
That, in all mean and low things great,
He had been bred at *Billingſgate*;
And that, aſcending to the earth
Before the ſeaſon of his birth,
Blaſphemy, making way and room,
Had mark'd him in his mother's womb;
Too honeſt (for the worſt of men
In forms are honeſt now and then)
Not to have, in the uſual way,
His bills ſent in; too great, to pay;
Too proud to ſpeak to, if he meets,
The honeſt tradeſman whom he cheats;
Too infamous to have a friend,
Too bad for bad men to commend,
Or good to name; beneath whoſe weight
Earth groans; who hath been ſpar'd by Fate
Only to ſhew, on Mercy's plan,
How far and long God bears with man.
Such were the Three, who, mocking ſleep,
At midnight ſat, in counſel deep,
Plotting deſtruction 'gainſt a head,
Whoſe wiſdom could not be miſled;
Plotting deſtruction 'gainſt a heart,
Which ne'er from honour would depart.
"Is he not rank'd amongſt our foes?
"Hath not his ſpirit dar'd oppoſe
"Our deareſt meaſures, made our name
"Stand forward on the roll of ſhame?
"Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,
"By ſcorning menaces and bribes,
"And proving, that his darling cauſe
"Is of their Liberties and Laws
"To ſtand the champion? In a word,
"Nor need one argument be heard
"Beyond this, to awake our zeal,
"To quicken our reſolves, and ſteel
"Our ſteady ſouls to bloody bent,
"(Sure ruin to each dear intent,
"Each flatt'ring hope) he, without fear,
"Hath dar'd to make the *Truth* appear."

They ſaid, and, by reſentment taught,
Each on revenge employ'd his thought;
Each, bent on miſchief, rack'd his brain
To her full ſtretch, but rack'd in vain;
Scheme after ſcheme they brought to view;
All were examin'd, none would do.
When Fraud, with pleaſure in her face,
Forth iſſu'd from her hiding-place,
And at the table where they meet,
Firſt having bleſt them, took her ſeat.
"No trifling cauſe, my darling boys,
"Your preſent thoughts and cares employs;
"No common ſnare, no random blow
"Can work the bane of ſuch a foe:
"By Nature cautious as he's brave,
"To *Honour* only he's a ſlave;
"In that weak part without defence,
"We muſt to *Honour* make pretence:
"That lure ſhall to his ruin draw
"The wretch, who ſtands ſecure in law.
"Nor think that I have idly plann'd
"This full-ripe ſcheme; behold at hand,
"With three months training on his head,
"An inſtrument, whom I have bred,
"Born of theſe bowels, far from ſight
"Of Virtue's falſe, but glaring light,
"My youngeſt-born, my deareſt joy,
"Moſt like myſelf, my darling boy.
"He, never touch'd with vile remorſe,
"Reſolv'd and crafty in his courſe,
"Shall work our ends, complete our ſchemes,
"Moſt ſure, when moſt he *Honour*'s ſeems;
"Nor can be found, at home, abroad,
"So form and full a ſlave of Fraud."
She ſaid, and from each envious ſon
A diſcontented murmur run
Around the table; all in place
Thought his full-praiſe their own diſgrace,
Wond'ring what ſtranger ſhe had got,
Who had one vice that they had not.
When ſtrait the portals open flew,
And, clad in armour, to their view
M——, *The Duelliſt*, came forth;
All knew, and all confeſt his worth,
All ſatisfied, with ſmiles array'd,
The happy choice their dam had made.

END OF THE DUELLIST.

G. O T H A M.

IN

THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

FAR off (no matter whether *Eaſt* or *Weſt*,
A real country, or one made in jeſt)
Nor yet by modern Mandevilles diſgrac'd,
Nor by *Map-jobbers* wretchedly miſplac'd,
There lies an *Iſland*, neither great nor ſmall,
Which, for diſtinction-ſake, I GOTHAM call.
The man who finds an unknown country out,
By giving it a name, acquires, no doubt,
A Goſpel title, tho' the people there
The pious Chriſtian thinks not worth his care.
Bar this pretence, and into air is hurl'd
The claim of Europe to the *Weſtern World*.
Caſt by a tempeſt on the ſavage coaſt,
Some roving buccaneer ſet up a poſt;
A beam in proper form tranſverſely laid,
Of his Redeemer's Croſs the figure made,
Of that Redeemer, with whoſe laws his life,
From firſt to laſt, had been one ſcene of ſtrife;
His royal maſter's name thereon engrav'd,
Without more proceſs, the whole race enſlav'd,
Cut off that Charter they from Nature drew,
And made them ſlaves to men they never knew.
Search ancient hiſtories, conſult records,
Under this title the moſt Chriſtian Lords
Hold (thanks to conſcience) more than half the ball;
O'erthrow this title, they have none at all.
For never yet might any Monarch dare,
Who liv'd to Truth, and breath'd a Chriſtian air,
Pretend that Chriſt (who came, we all agree,
To bleſs his people, and to ſet them free)
To make a convert ever one law gave,
By which converters made him firſt a ſlave.
Spite of the gloſſes of a canting Prieſt,
Who talks of charity, but means a feaſt;
Who recommends it (whilſt he ſeems to feel
The holy glowings of a real zeal)
To all his hearers, as a deed of worth,
To give them heaven, whom they have robb'd of earth,
Never ſhall one, one truly honeſt man,
Who, bleſt with Liberty, reveres her plan,
Allow one moment, that a ſavage fire
Could from his wretched race, for childiſh hire,
By a wild grant, their All, their Freedom paſs,
And ſell his Country for a bit of glaſs.
Or grant this barb'rous right, let Spain and France,
In ſlav'ry bred, as purchaſers advance,
Let them, whilſt Conſcience is at diſtance hurl'd,
With ſome gay bawble by a golden world;
An Engliſhman, in *charter'd* Freedom born,
Shall ſpurn the ſlaviſh merchandize, ſhall ſcorn
To take from others, thro' baſe private views,
What he himſelf would rather die, than loſe.
Happy the ſavage of thoſe *early* times
Ere Europe's ſons were known, and Europe's crimes!
Gold, curſed gold! ſlept in the womb of earth,
Unfelt its miſchiefs, as unknown its worth;
In full content he found the trueſt wealth;
In toil he found diverſion, food, and health;
Stranger to eaſe and luxury of Courts,
His ſports were labours, and his labours ſports;
His youth was hardy, and his old age green;
Life's morn was vig'rous, and her eve ſerene;
No rules he held, but what were made for uſe;
No arts he learn'd, nor ills which arts produce;
Falſe lights he follow'd, but believ'd them true;
He knew not much, but liv'd to what he knew.
Happy, thrice happy *now* the ſavage race,
Since Europe took their *gold*, and gave them *grace!*

Paſtors ſhe ſends to help them in their need,
Some who can't write, with others who can't read,
And on ſure grounds the Goſpel pile to rear,
Sends *miſſionary* felons ev'ry year;
Our vices, with more zeal than holy pray'rs,
She teaches them, and in return takes theirs;
Her rank oppreſſions give them cauſe to riſe,
Her want of prudence means, and arms ſupplies,
Whilſt her brave rage, not ſatisfied with life,
Riſing in blood, adopts the *ſcalping-knife*;
Knowledge ſhe gives, enough to make them know
How abject is their ſtate, how deep their woe;
The worth of Freedom ſtrongly ſhe explains,
Whilſt ſhe bows down, and loads their necks with chains;
Faith too ſhe plants, for her own ends impreſt,
To make them bear the worſt, and hope the beſt;
And whilſt ſhe teaches on vile Int'reſt's plan,
As laws of God, the wild decrees of man,
Like Phariſees, of whom the Scriptures tell,
She makes them ten times more the ſons of Hell.
But whither do theſe grave reflections tend?
Are they deſign'd for any, or no end?
Briefly but this—To prove, that by no act
Which nature made, that by no equal pact
'Twixt man and man, which might, if Juſtice heard,
Stand good, that by no benefits conferr'd
Or purchaſe made, Europe in chains can hold
The ſons of India, and her mines of gold.
Chance led her there in an accurſed hour,
She ſaw, and made the country her's by pow'r;
Nor drawn by virtue's love from love of fame,
Shall my raſh folly controvert the claim,
Or wiſh in thought that title overthrown,
Which coincides with, and involves my own.
Europe diſcover'd India firſt; I found
My right to Gotham on the ſelf-ſame ground:
I firſt diſcover'd it, nor ſhall that plea
To her be granted, and denied to me.
I plead poſſeſſion, and 'till one more bold
Shall drive me out, will that poſſeſſion hold:
With Europe's rights my kindred rights I twine;
Her's be the Weſtern world, be Gotham *mine*.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
As on a day, a high and holy day,
Let ev'ry inſtrument of muſic play,
Ancient and *modern*; thoſe which drew their birth
(Punctilio's laid aſide) from *Pagan* earth,
As well as thoſe by *Chriſtian* made and *Jew*;
Thoſe known to many, and thoſe known to few;
Thoſe which in whim and frolic lightly float,
And thoſe which ſwell the ſlow and ſolemn note;
Thoſe which (whilſt Reaſon ſtands in wonder by)
Make ſome *complexions* laugh and others cry;
Thoſe which by ſome ſtrange faculty of ſound,
Can build walls up, and raze them to the ground;
Thoſe which can tear up foreſts by the roots,
And make brutes dance like men, and men like brutes;
Thoſe which whilſt Ridicule leads up the dance,
Make clowns of Monmouth ape the fops of France;
Thoſe which, where *Lady* Duſneſs with *Lord Mayors*
Preſides, diſdaining ſight and trifling airs,
Hallow the feaſt with *Pſalmody*; and thoſe
Which, planted in our churches to diſpoſe
And lift the mind to Heav'n, are diſgrac'd
With what a foppiſh organiſt calls *Taſte*:
All, from the fiddle (on which ev'ry fool,
The pert ſon of dull ſire, diſcharg'd from ſchool,
Serves an apprenticeſhip in College eaſe,
And riſes thro' the *gamut* to degrees)
To thoſe which (tho' leſs common, not leſs ſweet)
From ſam'd *Saint Giles*'s, and more ſam'd *Vine ſtreet*,
(Where Heav'n, the utmoſt wiſh of man to grant,
Gave me an old houſe, and an older aunt)
Thornton, whilſt Humour pointed out the road
To her arch cub, hath hitch'd into an Ode *;
All inſtruments (attend ye liſt'ning ſpheres
Attend ye ſons of men, and hear with ears)
All inſtruments (nor ſhall they ſeek one hand
Impreſt from *modern* Muſic's *coxcomb* bend)
All inſtruments, *ſelf-acted*, at my name
Shall pour forth harmony, and loud proclaim,
Loud but yet ſweet, to the according globe,
My praiſes; whilſt *gay* Nature, in a robe,
A *coxcomb Doctor's robe*, to the full ſound
Keeps time, like Boyce, and the world dances round.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on every tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
Infancy, ſtraining backward from the breaſt,
Techy and wayward, what he loveth beſt
Refuſing in his fits, whilſt all the while
The mother eyes the wrangler with a ſmile,
And the fond father ſits on t' other ſide,
Laughs at his moods, and views his ſpleen with pride,
Shall murmur forth my name, whilſt at his hand
Nurſe ſtands interpreter, thro' Gotham's land.
Childhood, who like an *April* morn appears,
Sunſhine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,
Pleas'd and diſpleas'd by ſtarts, in paſſion warm,
In reaſon weak; who, wrought into a ſtorm,
Like to the fretful bullies of the deep,
Soon ſpends his rage, and cries himſelf aſleep:
Who, with a ſev'riſh appetite oppreſs'd,
For trifles ſighs, but hates them when poſſeſs'd
His trembling laſh ſuſpended in the air,
Half-bent, and ſtroking back his long lank hair
Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,
And let his top go down to prate of me.
Youth, who, fierce, fickle, inſolent, and vain
Impatient urges on to Manhood's reign,
Impatient urges on, yet with a caſt
Of dear regard looks back on Childhood paſt,
In the *mid-chaſe*, when the hot blood runs high
And the quick ſpirits mount into his eye,
When pleaſure, which he deems his greateſt wealth,
Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with health,

* A burleſque Ode on St. Cecilia's day, by Thornton, performed at Ranelagh.

When the chaf'd ſteed tugs proudly at the rein,
And ere he ſtarts, hath run o'er half the plain,
When, wing'd with fear, the ſtag flies full in view,
And in full cry the eager hounds purſue,
Shall ſhout my praiſe to hills which ſhout again,
And e'en the *huntſman* ſtop to cry *Amen*.
Manhood, of form erect, who would not bow
Tho' worlds ſhould crack around him; on his brow
Wiſdom ſerene, to paſſion giving law,
Beſpeaking love, and yet commanding awe;
Dignity into grace by mildneſs wrought;
Courage attemper'd and refin'd by thought;
Virtue ſupreme enthron'd; within his breaſt
The image of his Maker deep impreſs'd;
Lord of this earth, which trembles at his nod,
With reaſon bleſs'd, and only leſs than God;
Manhood, tho' weeping Beauty kneels for aid,
Tho' Honour calls in Danger's form array'd,
Tho' cloth'd with ſackcloth, Juſtice in the gates,
By wicked Elders chain'd, redemption waits,
Manhood ſhall ſteal an hour, a little hour,
(Is't not a little one?) to hail my pow'r.
Old Age, a *ſecond child*, by Nature curs'd
With more and greater evils than the firſt,
Weak, ſickly, full of pains; in ev'ry breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death;
Putting things off, with ſage and ſolemn air,
From day to day, without one day to ſpare;
Without enjoyment, covetous of pelf,
Tireſome to friends, and tireſome to himſelf;
His faculties impair'd, his temper ſour'd,
His memory of recent things devour'd
E'en with the acting on his ſhatter'd brain,
Tho' the falſe regiſters of youth remain;
From morn to evening babbling forth vain praiſe
Of thoſe rare men who liv'd in thoſe rare days,
When he, the hero of his tale, was young;
Dull repetitions falt'ring on his tongue,
Praiſing grey hairs, ſure mark of Wiſdom's ſway,
E'en whilſt he curſes time which made him gray;
Scoffing at youth, e'en whilſt he would afford
All but his gold to have his youth reſtor'd;
Shall for a moment, from himſelf ſet free,
Lean on his crutch, and pipe forth praiſe to me.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
Things without life ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
The *Snow-drop*, who, in habit white and plain,
Comes on, the *herald* of fair Flora's train;
The coxcomb *Crocus*, flow'r of ſimple note,
Who by her ſide ſtruts in a *herald's* coat;
The *Tulip*, idly glaring to the view,
Who, tho' no clown, his birth from Holland drew,
Who, once full dreſs'd, fears from his place to ſtir,
The fop of flow'rs, the More of a parterre;
The *Wood-bine*, who her *Elm* in marriage meets,
And brings her dowry in ſurrounding ſweets;
The *Lily*, ſilver miſtreſs of the vale;
The *Roſe* of Sharon which perfumes the gale;
The *Jeſſamine*, with which the Queen of Flow'rs
To charm her God adorns his fav'rite bow'rs,
Which brides, by the plain hand of Neatneſs dreſt,
Unenvied rival, wear upon their breaſt,
Sweet as the incenſe of the morn, and chaſte
As the pure zone which circles Dian's waiſt;
All flow'rs, of various names, and various forms,
Which the ſun into ſtrength and beauty warms,
From the dwarf *Daiſy*, which, like infants, clings,
And fears to leave the earth from whence it ſprings,
To the proud giant of the garden race,
Who, madly ruſhing to the ſun's embrace,
O'ertops her fellows with aſpiring 'm,
Demands his wedded love, and bears his name;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
Forming a gloom, thro' which to ſpleen-ſtruck minds
Religion, horror-ſtamp'd, a paſſage finds,
The *Ivy* crawling o'er the hallow'd cell,
Where ſome old hermit's wont his beads to tell
By day, by night; the *Myrtle* ever-green,
Beneath whoſe ſhade Love holds his rites unſeen;
The *Willow* weeping o'er the fatal wave
Where many a lover finds a wat'ry grave;
The *Cypreſs* ſacred held, when lovers mourn
Their true love ſnatch'd away; the *Laurel* worn
By Poets in old time, but deſtin'd now
In grief to wither on a Whitehead's brow;
The *Fig*, which, large as what in India grows,
Itſelf a grove, gave our firſt parents cloaths,
The *Vine*, which, like a bluſhing new-made bride,
Cluſt'ring, empurples all the mountain's ſide;
The *Yew*, which, in the place of ſculptur'd ſtone,
Marks out the reſting-place of men unknown;
The hedge-row *Elm*, the *Pine* of mountain race,
The *Fir*, the Scotch *Fir*, never out of place;
The *Cedar*, whoſe top meets the higheſt cloud,
Whilſt his old father Lebanon grows proud
Of ſuch a child, and his vaſt body laid
Out many a mile, enjoys the filial ſhade;
The *Oak*, when living, monarch of the wood;
The Engliſh *Oak*, which dead, commands the flood;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
The *Show'rs* which make the young hills, like young lambs,
Bound and rebound; the old hills, like old rams,
Unwieldy, jump for joy; the *Streams* which glide,
Whilſt Plenty marches ſmiling by their ſide,
And from their boſom riſing Commerce ſprings;
The *Winds* which riſe with healing on their wings,
Before whoſe cleanſing breath contagion flies;
The *Sun*, who, travelling in eaſtern ſkies,
Freſh, full of ſtrength, juſt riſen from his bed,
Tho' in Jove's paſtures they were born and bred,
With voice and whip, can ſcarce make his ſteeds ſtir,
Step by ſtep, up the perpendicular;
Who, at the hour of eve, panting for reſt,
Rolls on amain, and gallops down the weſt,

As faſt as Jehu, oil'd for Ahab's ſin,
Drove for a crown, or *poſt-boys* for an inn;
The *Moon*, who holds o'er night her ſilver reign,
Regent of tides, and miſtreſs of the brain,
Who to her ſons, thoſe ſons who own her pow'r,
And do her homage at the midnight hour,
Gives madneſs as a bleſſing, but diſpenſes
Wiſdom to fools, and damns them with their ſenſes;
The *Stars*, who by I know not what ſtrange right,
Preſide o'er mortals in their own deſpite,
Who without reaſon govern thoſe, who moſt
(How truly, judge from thence!) of reaſon boaſt,
And, by ſome mighty magic yet unknown,
Our actions guide, yet cannot guide their own;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
The *Moment*, *Minute*, *Hour*, *Day*, *Week*, *Month*, *Year*,
Morning and *Eve*, as they in turn appear;
Moments and *Minutes* which, without a crime,
Can't be omitted in accounts of time,
Or, if omitted, (proof we might afford)
Worthy by Parliaments to be reſtor'd;
The *Hours*, which dreſt by turns in black and white,
Ordain'd as handmaids, wait on Day and Night;
The *Day*, thoſe hours I mean when light preſides,
And Buſineſs in a cart with Prudence rides;
The *Night*, thoſe hours I mean with darkneſs hung,
When Senſe ſpeaks free, and Folly holds her tongue;
The *Morn*, when Nature routing from her ſtrife
With death-like Sleep, awakes to ſecond life;
The *Eve*, when, as unequal to the taſk,
She mercy from her foe deſcends to aſk;
The *Week*, in which ſix days are kindly given
To think of earth, and one to think of heaven;
The *Months*, twelve ſiſters all of different hue,
Tho' there appears in all a likeneſs too;
Not ſuch a likeneſs, as, thro' Hayman's works,
Dull manneriſt, in Chriſtians, Jews, and Turks,
Cloys with a ſameneſs in each female face,
But a ſtrange ſomething, born of Art and Grace,
Which ſpeaks them all, to vary and adorn,
At diff'rent times of the ſame parents born;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on every tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
Frore January, leader of the Year,
Mitre'd-pies in van, and *calves-heads* in the rear;
Dull February, in whoſe leaden reign
My mother bore a bard without a brain;
March various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crack'd cheeks,
By wilder Welchmen led, and crown'd with leeks!
April with fools, and May with baſtards bleſt;
June with white roſes on her rebel breaſt;
July, to whom, the Dog-ſtar in her train,
Saint James gives oyſters, and *Saint* Swithin rain;
Auguſt, who, baniſh'd from her *Smithfield* ſtand,
To *Cheſea* flies, with Dogget in her hand*;
September, when by cuſtom (right divine)
Geeſe are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's ſhrine,
Whilſt the Prieſt, not ſo full of grace as wit,
Falls to, unbleſs'd, nor gives the Saint a bit;
October, who the cauſe of Freedom join'd,
And gave a *ſecond* George to bleſs mankind;
November, who at once to grace our earth,
Saint Andrew boaſts, and our Auguſta's† birth;
December, laſt of months, but beſt, who gave
A Chriſt to man, a Saviour to the ſlave,
Whilſt falſely grateful, Man, at the full feaſt,
To do God honour, makes himſelf a beaſt;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
The *Seaſons* as they roll; Spring, by her ſide
Lech'ry and *Lent*, *Lay-Folly*, and *Church-Pride*,
Bare rank monk to copulation led,
A tub of *ſainted ſalt-fiſh* on her head;
Summer, in light, tranſparent gawze array'd,
Like Maids of Honour at a maſquerade,
In bawdry gawze, for which our daughters leave
The Fig, more modeſt, firſt brought up by Eve,
Panting for breath, enflamed with luſtful fires,
Yet wanting ſtrength to perfect her deſires,
Leaning on Sloth, who, fainting with the heat,
Stops at each ſtep, and ſlumbers on his feet;
Autumn, when Nature, who with ſorrow feels
Her dread foe Winter treading on her heels,
Makes up in value what ſhe wants in length,
Exerts her pow'rs, and puts forth all her ſtrength,
Bids corn and fruits in full perfection riſe,
Corn fairly tax'd, and fruits without Exciſe:
Winter, benumb'd with cold, no longer known
By robes of fur, ſince furs became *our own*;
A hag, who loathing all, by all is loath'd,
With weekly, daily, hourly libels cloath'd,
Vile Faction at her heels, who mighty grown,
Would rule the Ruler, and *foreclooſe* the throne;
Would turn all State-affairs into a trade,
Make laws one day, the next to be unmade,
Beggar at home a people fear'd abroad
And, force defeated, make them ſlaves by fraud;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
The *Year*, grand circle, in whoſe ample round
The ſeaſons regular and fix'd are bound,
(Who, in his courſe repeated o'er and o'er,
Sees the ſame things which he had ſeen before;
The ſame *ſtars* keep their watch, and the ſame ſu
Runs in the track where he from firſt hath run;

* Dogget the celebrated Comedian's Badge, rov
for on the firſt of Auguſt.

† Princeſs Dowager of Wales.

The ſame moon rules the night; tides ebb and flow;
Man is a puppet, and this world a ſhow;
The' old dull follies old dull fools purſue,
And vice in nothing but in mode is new;
He ——— a Lord (now fair befall that pride,
He liv'd a villain, but a Lord he dies!)
Dashwood is *pious*, Berkeley *fix'd as fate**,
Sandwich (thank Heav'n!) firſt Miniſter of State;
And, tho' by *fools* deſpis'd, by *ſaints* unbleſs'd,
By *friends* neglected, and by *foes* oppreſs'd,
Scorning the ſervile arts of each *court elf*,
Founded on Honour, Wilkes is ſtill *himſelf*)
The *Year*, encircled with the various train
Which waits, and fills the glories of his reign,
Shall, taking up this theme, in chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, he happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
Thus far in ſport—nor let our critics hence,
Who ſell out monthly traſh, and call it Senſe,
Too lightly of our preſent labours deem,
Or judge at random of ſo high a theme;
High is our theme, and worthy are the men
To feel the ſharpeſt ſtroke of Satire's pen;
But when kind time a proper ſeaſon brings,
In ſerious mood to treat of ſerious things,
Then ſhall they find, diſdaining idle play,
That I can be as grave and dull as they.
Thus far in ſport—nor let half patriots, thoſe
Who ſhrink from ev'ry blaſt of pow'r which blows;
Who with tame cowardice familiar grown,
Would hear my thoughts, but fear to ſpeak their own;
Who, (leſt bold truths, to do ſage Prudence ſpite,
Should burſt the portals of their lips by night,
Tremble to truſt themſelves one hour in ſleep)
Condemn our courſe, and hold our caution cheap.
When brave occaſion bids, for ſome great end
When Honour calls the Poet as a friend,
Then ſhall they find, that, e'en on danger's brink,
He dares to ſpeak, what they ſcarce dare to think.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK. II.

HOW much miſtaken are the men, who think
That all who will, without reſtraint, may drink,
May largely drink, e'en till their bowels burſt,
Pleading no right but merely that of thirſt,
At the pure waters of the living well,
Beſide whoſe ſtreams the Muſes love to dwell!
Verſe is with them a knack, an idle toy,
A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy
May play untaught, whilſt, without art or force,
Make it but jingle, Muſic comes of courſe.
Little do ſuch men know the toil, the pains,
The daily, nightly racking of the brains,
To range the thoughts, the matter to digeſt,
To cull fit phraſes, and reject the reſt;
To know the times when Humour on the cheek
Of Mirth may hold her ſports; when Wit ſhould ſpeak,
And when be ſilent; when to uſe the pow'rs
Of ornament, and how to place the flow'rs,
So that they neither give a tawdry glare,
Nor waſte their ſweetneſs in the deſart air;
To form (which few can do, and ſcarcely one,
One Critic in an age can find, when done)
To form a plan, to ſtrike a grand outline,
To fill it up, and make the picture ſhine
A full, and perfect piece; to make coy Rhime
Renounce her follies, and with Senſe keep time;
To make proud Senſe againſt her nature bend,
And wear the chains of Rhime, yet call her friend.
Some fops there are among the ſcribbling tribe,
Who make it all their buſineſs to *deſcribe*,
No matter whether in, or out of place;
Studious of finery, and fond of lace,
Alike they trim, as coxcomb Fancy brings,
The rags of beggars, and the robes of kings.
Let dull *Propriety* in ſtate preſide
O'er her dull children, nature is their guide,
Wild Nature, who at random breaks the fence
Of thoſe tame drudges, *Judgment*, *Taſte*, and *Senſe*,
Nor would forgive herſelf the mighty crime
Of keeping terms with *Perſon*, *Place*, and *Time*.
Let *liquid* gold emblaze the ſun at noon,
With *borrow'd* beams let ſilver *pale* the moon,
Let ſurges *hoarſe* laſh the ſurrounding ſhore,
Let ſtreams *meander*, and let torrents *roar*,
Let them breed up the *melancholy* breeze
To *ſigh with ſighing*, *ſob with ſobbing trees*,
Let vales *embroid'ry* wear, let flow'rs be *ting'd*
With various *tints*, let clouds be *lac'd* or *fring'd*,
They have their wiſh; like idle monarch boys,
Neglecting things of weight, they ſigh for toys;
Give them the crown, the ſceptre, and the robe,
Who will may take the pow'r, and rule the globe.
Others there are, who in one ſolemn pace,
With as much zeal as Quakers rail at lace,
Railing at needful ornament, depend
On Senſe to bring them to their journey's end.
They would not (Heav'n forbid!) their courſe delay,
Nor for a moment ſtep out of their way,
To make the barren road thoſe graces wear,
Which nature would, if pleas'd, have planted there.
Vain men! who blindly thwarting Nature's plan,
Ne'er find a paſſage to the heart of Man,
Who, bred 'mongſt fogs in Academic land,
Scorn ev'ry thing they do not underſtand;
Who deſtitute of humour, wit, and taſte,
Let all their little knowledge run to waſte,
And fruſtrate each good purpoſe, whilſt they wear
The robes of Learning with a ſloven's air.
Tho' ſolid reaſ'ning arms each ſterling line,
Tho' Truth declares aloud, "This work is mine,"
Vice, whilſt from page to page dull morals creep,
Throws by the book, and Virtue falls aſleep!

* A phraſe uſed by Lord Bottetourt, then Norborne Berkeley, in an addreſs to his electors.

Senſe, *mere*, *dull*, *formal* Senſe, in this gay town
Muſt have ſome vehicle to paſs her down,
Nor can ſhe for an hour enſure her reign,
Unleſs ſhe brings fair Pleaſure in her train.
Let her, from day to day, from year to year,
In all her grave ſolemnities appear,
And, with the voice of trumpets, thro' the ſtreets
Deal lectures out to ev'ry one ſhe meets,
Half who paſs by are deaf, and t' other half
Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.
Quit then, ye graver ſons of letter'd Pride,
Taking for once Experience as a guide,
Quit this grand error, this dull *College* mode;
Be your purſuits the ſame, but change the road;
Write, or at leaſt appear to write with eaſe,
And, if you mean to profit, learn to pleaſe.
In vain for ſuch miſtakes they pardon claim,
Becauſe they wield the pen in Virtue's name.
Thrice ſacred is that name, thrice bleſs'd the man
Who thinks, ſpeaks, writes, and lives on ſuch a plan!
This, in himſelf, himſelf of courſe muſt bleſs,
But cannot with the world promote ſucceſs.
He may be ſtrong, but, with effect to ſpeak,
Should recollect his readers may be weak;
Plain, rigid truths, which ſaints with comfort bear,
Will make the ſinner tremble, and deſpair.
True Virtue acts from love, and the great end
At which ſhe nobly aims, is to amend;
How then do thoſe miſtake, who arm her laws
With rigour not their own, and hurt the cauſe
They mean to help, whilſt with a zealot rage
They make that Goddeſs, whom they'd have engage
Our deareſt love, in hideous terror riſe!
Such may be honeſt, but they can't be wiſe.
In her own full, and perfect blaze of light,
Virtue breaks forth too ſtrong for human ſight:
The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker ſenſe,
Shuts herſelf up in darkneſs for defence.
But, to make ſtrong conviction deeper ſink,
To make the callous feel, the thoughtleſs think,
Like God made man, ſhe leaves her glory by,
And beams mild comfort on the raviſh'd eye.
In earneſt moſt, when moſt ſhe ſeems in jeſt,
She worms into, and winds around the breaſt;
To conquer Vice, of Vice appears the friend,
And ſeems unlike herſelf to gain her end.
The ſons of Sin, to while away the time
Which lingers on their hands, of each black crime
To huſh the painful memory, and keep
The tyrant Conſcience in deluſive ſleep,
Read on at random, nor ſuſpect the dart,
Until they find it rooted in their heart.
'Gainſt vice they give their vote, nor know at firſt
That, curſing that, themſelves too they have curs'd;
They ſee not, 'till they fall into the ſnares,
Deluded into virtue unawares.
Thus the ſhrewd doctor, in the ſpleen-ſtruck mind
When pregnant horror ſits, and broods o'er wind,
Diſcarding drugs, and ſtriving how to pleaſe,
Lures on inſenſibly, by ſlow degrees,
The patient to thoſe manly ſports, which bind
The ſlacken'd ſinews, and relieve the mind;
The patient feels a change as wrought by ſtealth,
And wonders on demand to find it health.
Some few, whom Fate ordain'd to deal in rimes
In other lands, and *here*, in other times,
Whom, waiting at their birth, the *midwife* Muſe
Sprinkled all over with Caſtalian dews,
To whom true Genius gave his magic pen,
Whom Art by juſt degrees led up to men;
Some few, extremes well ſhunn'd, have ſteer'd between
Theſe dang'rous rocks, and held the golden mean:
Senſe in their works maintains her proper ſtate,
But never ſleeps, or labours with her weight;
Grace makes the whole look elegant and gay,
But never dares from Senſe to run aſtray:
So nice the maſter's touch, ſo great his care,
The colours boldly glow, not idly glare;
Mutually giving and receiving aid,
They ſet each other off, like light and ſhade,
And, as by ſtealth, with ſo much ſoftneſs blend,
'Tis hard to ſay, where they begin or end:
Both give us charms, and neither gives offence;
Senſe perfects Grace, and Grace enlivens Senſe.
Peace to the men who theſe high honours claim,
Health to their ſouls, and to their mem'ries fame;
Be it my taſk, and no mean taſk, to teach
A rev'rence for that worth I cannot reach:
Let me at diſtance, with a ſteady eye,
Obſerve, and mark their paſſage to the ſky;
From envy free, applaud ſuch riſing worth,
And praiſe their heav'n, tho' pinion'd down to earth.
Had I the pow'r, I could not have the time,
Whilſt ſpirits flow, and Life is in her prime,
Without a ſin 'gainſt Pleaſure, to deſign
A plan, to methodize each thought, each line
Highly to finiſh, and make ev'ry grace,
In itſelf charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on, I ſeize the pen,
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts ſet down,
Rough as they run, diſcharge them on the Town:
Hence rude, unfiniſh'd brats, before their time,
Are born into this idle world of Rime,
And the poor *flattern* Muſe is brought to bed
With all her imperfections on her head.
Some, as no life appears, no pulſes play
Through the dull dubious maſs, no breath make way,
Doubt, greatly doubt, 'till for a glaſs they call,
Whether the child can be baptiz'd at all:
Others, on the grounds, objections frame,
And granting that the child may have a name,
Doubt as the ſex might well a midwife poſe,
Whether they ſhould baptize it, Verſe or Proſe.
E'en what my maſters pleaſe; Bards mild, meek men,
In love to critics ſtumble now and then.
Something I do myſelf, and ſomething too,
If they can do it, leave for them to do.
In the ſmall compaſs of my careleſs page
Critics may find employment for an age;
Without my blunders they were all undone;
I twenty feed, where Maſon can feed one.
When Satire ſtoops, unmindful of her ſtate,
To praiſe the man I love, curſe him I hate;
When Senſe, in tides of paſſion borne along,
Sinking to proſe, degrades the name of ſong;
The Cenſor ſmiles, and, whilſt my credit bleeds,
With as high reliſh on the carrion feeds
As the *proud* Earl fed at a turtle feaſt,
Who, turn'd by gluttony to worſe than beaſt,

Lie, 'till his bowels guſh'd upon the floor,
Yet ſtill eat on, and dying call'd for more.
When *looſe Digreſſion*, like a colt unbroke,
Spurning *Connection*, and her formal yoke,
Bounds thro' the foreſt, wanders far aſtray
From the known path, and loves to loſe her way,
'Tis a full feaſt to all the mongrel pack
To run the rambler down, and bring her back.
When *gay* Deſcription, Fancy's fairy child,
Wild without art, and yet with pleaſure wild,
Waking with Nature at the morning hour
To the lark's call, walks o'er the op'ning flow'r
Which largely drank all night of heaven's freſh dew,
And like a mountain nymph of Dian's crew,
So lightly walks, ſhe not one mark imprints,
Nor bruſhes off the dews, nor ſoils the tints;
When thus Deſcription ſports, e'en at the time
That drums ſhould beat, and cannons roar in rime,
Critics can live on ſuch a fault as that
From one month to the other, and grow fat.
Ye mighty *Monthly* Judges, in a dearth
Of letter'd blockheads, conſcious of the worth
Of my materials, which againſt your will
Oft you've confeſs'd, and ſhall confeſs it ſtill;
Materials rich tho' rude, enflam'd with thought,
Tho' more by Fancy than by Judgment wrought;
Take, uſe them as your own, a work begin,
Which ſuits your genius well, and weave them in,
Frame for the critic loom, with critic art,
'Till thread on thread depending, part on part,
Colour with colour mingling, light with ſhade,
To your dull taſte a formal work is made,
And, having wrought them into one grand piece,
Sworn it ſurpaſſes Rome, and rivals Greece.
Nor think this much, for at one ſingle word,
Soon as the mighty critic *Fiat*'s heard,
Science attends their call; their pow'r is own'd;
Order takes place, and Genius is dethron'd!
Letters dance into books, defiance hurl'd
At means, as atoms danc'd into a world.
Me higher buſineſs calls, a greater plan,
Worthy man's whole employ, the good of man,
The good of man committed to my charge:
If idle Fancy rambles forth at large,
Careleſs of ſuch a truſt, theſe harmleſs lays
May Friendſhip envy, and may Folly praiſe;
The crown of Gotham may ſome Scot aſſume,
And vagrant Stuarts reign in Churchill's room.
O my poor people, O thou wretched earth,
To whoſe dear love, tho' not engag'd by birth,
My heart is fix'd, my ſervice deeply ſworn,
How (by the father can that thought be borne,
For monarchs, would they all but think like me,
Are only fathers in the beſt degree)
How muſt thy glories fade, in ev'ry land
Thy name be laugh'd to ſcorn, thy mighty hand
Be ſhorten'd, and thy zeal, by foes confeſs'd,
Kick'd in thyſelf, to make thy neighbours bleſs'd,
Be robb'd of vigour! how muſt Freedom's pile,
The boaſt of ages, which adorns the Iſle,
And makes it great and glorious, fear'd abroad,
Happy at home, ſecure from force and fraud!
How muſt that pile, by ancient wiſdom rais'd
On a firm rock, by friends admir'd and prais'd,
Envy'd by foes, and wonder'd at by all,
In one ſhort moment into ruins fall,
Should any ſlip of Stuart's tyrant race,
Or baſtard or legitimate, diſgrace
The royal ſeat of empire! But what care,
What ſorrow muſt be mine, what deep deſpair
And ſelf-reproaches, ſhould that hated line
Admittance gain thro' any fault of mine!
Curs'd be the cauſe whence Gotham's evils ſpring,
Tho' that curs'd cauſe be found in Gotham's King.
Let War, with all his needy, ruffian band,
In pomp of horror ſtalk thro' Gotham's land
Knee-deep in blood; let all her ſtately tow'rs
Sink in the duſt; that court which now is our's
Become a den, where beaſts may, if they can,
A lodging find, nor fear rebuke from man;
Where yellow harveſt riſe, be brambles found:
Where vines now creep, let thiſtles curſe the ground;
Dry in her thouſand vallies be the rills;
Barren the cattle on her thouſand hills;
Where Pow'r is plac'd, let tygers prowl for prey;
Where Juſtice lodges, let wild aſſes bray;
Let cormorants in churches make their neſt,
And on the ſails of Commerce bitterns reſt;
Be all, tho' princes in the earth before,
Her merchants bankrupts, and her marts no more;
Much rather would I, might the will of Fate
Give me to chuſe, ſee Gotham's ruin'd ſtate
By ills on ills thus to the earth weigh'd down,
Than live to ſee a Stuart wear a crown.
Let Heav'n in vengeance arm all Nature's hoſt,
Thoſe ſervants who their Maker know, who boaſt
Obedience as their glory, and fulfil,
Unqueſtion'd, their great Maſter's ſacred will;
Let raging winds root up the boiling deep,
And, with deſtruction big, o'er Gotham ſweep;
Let rains ruſh down, 'till Faith with doubtful eye
Looks for the ſign of mercy in the ſky;
Let Peſtilence in all her horrors riſe;
Where'er I turn, let Famine blaſt my eyes;
Let the earth yawn, and, ere they've time to think,
In the deep gulph let all my ſubjects ſink
Before my eyes, whilſt on the verge I reel;
Feeling, but as a monarch ought to feel,
Not for myſelf, but them, I'll kiſs the rod,
And, having own'd the juſtice of my God,
Myſelf with firmneſs to the ruin give,
And die with thoſe for whom I wiſh'd to live.
This (but may Heaven's more merciful decrees
Ne'er tempt his ſervant with ſuch ills as theſe)
This, or my ſoul deceives me, I could bear;
But that the Stuart race my Crown ſhould wear,
That Crown, where, highly cheriſh'd, Freedom ſhone
Bright as the glories of the mid-day ſun;
Born and bred ſlaves, that they, with proud miſ-
rule,
Should make brave, free-born men, like boys at
ſchool,
To the whip crouch and tremble—O, that thought!
The lab'ring brain is e'en to madneſs brought
By the dread viſion: at the mere ſurmiſe
The thronging ſpirits, as in tumult, riſe;
My heart, as for a paſſage, loudly beats,
And, turn me where I will, diſtraction meets.
O my brave fellows, great in arts and arms,
The wonder of the earth, whom glory warms
To high atchievements, can your ſpirits bend
Thro' baſe controul (ye never can deſcend
So low by choice) to wear a tyrant's chain,
Or let in Freedom's ſeat a Stuart reign?
If Fame, who hath for ages far and wide
Spread in all realms the cowardice, the pride,

The tyranny and falſehood of thoſe Lords,
Contents you not, ſearch England's fair records;
England, where firſt the breath of life I drew,
Where next to Gotham, my beſt love is due;
There once they rul'd, tho' cruſh'd by William's hand,
They rul'd no more, to curſe that happy land.
The *firſt*, who, from his native ſoil remov'd,
Held England's ſceptre, a tame tyrant prov'd:
Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with thoſe thoughts which ſpring
In ſouls of vulgar ſtamp to be a King;
Spirit he had not, though he laugh'd at laws,
To play the bold-fac'd tyrant with applauſe;
On practices moſt mean he rais'd his pride,
And craft oft gave, what wiſdom had denied.
Ne'er could he feel how truly man is bleſt
In bleſſing thoſe around him; in his breaſt,
Crowded with follies, Honour found no room;
Mark'd for a Coward in his mother's womb,
He was too proud without affronts to live,
Too timorous to puniſh or forgive.
To gain a crown, which had in courſe of time,
By fair deſcent, been his without a crime,
He bore a mother's exile; to ſecure
A greater crown, he baſely could endure
The ſpilling of her blood by foreign knife,
Nor dar'd revenge her death who gave him life;
Nay, by fond fear and fond ambition led,
Struck hands with thoſe by whom her blood was ſhed.
Call'd up to pow'r, ſcarce warm on England's throne,
He fill'd her Court with beggars from his own:
Turn where you would, the eye with Scots was caught,
Or *Engliſh* knaves who would be Scotchmen thought.
To vain expence unbounded looſe he gave,
The dupe of minions, and of ſlaves the ſlave;
On falſe pretences mighty ſums he rais'd,
And damn'd thoſe Senates rich, whom, poor, he prais'd:
From empire thrown, and doom'd to beg her bread,
On foreign bounty whilſt a Daughter * fed,
He laviſh'd ſums, for her receiv'd, on men,
Whoſe names would fix diſhonour on my pen.
Lies were his play-things, Parliaments his ſport,
Book-worms and Catamites engroſs'd the Court:
Vain of the Scholar, like all Scotſmen ſince,
The *pedant* Scholar, he forgot the Prince,
And having with ſome trifles ſtor'd his brain,
Ne'er learn'd, or wiſh'd to learn the arts to reign.
Enough he knew to make him vain and proud,
Mock'd by the wiſe, the wonder of the croud;
Falſe Friend, falſe Son, falſe father and falſe King,
Falſe Wit, falſe Stateſman, and falſe ev'ry thing,
When he ſhould act, he idly choſe to prate,
And pamphlets wrote, when he ſhould ſave the ſtate.
Religious, if Religion holds in whim,
To talk with all, he let all talk with him,
Not on God's honour, but his own intent,
Not for Religion's ſake but argument;
More vain, if ſome ſly, artful, *High-Dutch* ſlave,
Or, from the *Jeſuit* ſchool, ſome preſcious knave
Conviction feign'd, than if, to peace reſtor'd
By his full ſoldierſhip, worlds hail'd him Lord.

Pow'r was his wiſh, unbounded as his will
The pow'r, without controul, of doing ill.
But what he wiſh'd, what he made *Biſhops* preach,
And *Stateſmen* warrant, hung within his reach
He dar'd not ſeize: Fear gave, to gall his pride,
That Freedom to the realm his will denied.
Of treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts,
In ev'ry treaty of his own mean arts
He fell the dupe: Peace was his coward care,
E'en at a time when Juſtice call'd for war:
His pen he'd draw, to prove his lack of wit,
But rather than unſheath the ſword, ſubmit.
Truth fairly muſt record, and, pleas'd to live
In league with Mercy, Juſtice may forgive
Kingdoms betray'd, and worlds reſigned to Spain,
But never can forgive a Raleigh ſlain.
At length (with white let Freedom mark that year)
Not fear'd by thoſe, whom moſt he wiſh'd to fear,
Not lov'd by thoſe, whom moſt he wiſhed to love,
He went to anſwer for his faults above;
To anſwer to that God, from whom alone
He claim'd to hold, and to abuſe the throne;
Leaving behind a curſe to all his line,
The bloody legacy of Right Divine.
With many virtues which a radience fling
Round private men; with few which grace a King,
And ſpeak the monarch; at the time of life
When Paſſion holds with Reaſon doubtful ſtrife,
Succeeded Charles, by a mean ſire undone,
Who envied virtue even in a ſon.
His youth was froward, turbulent, and wild;
He took the man up, ere he left the child;
His ſoul was eager for imperial ſway,
Ere he had learn'd the leſſon to obey.
Surrounded by a fawning, flattering throng,
Judgment each day grew weak, and humour ſtrong:
Wiſdom was treated as a noiſome weed,
And all his follies let to run to ſeed.
What ills from ſuch beginnings needs muſt ſpring!
What ills to ſuch a land from ſuch a King!
What could ſhe hope! what had ſhe not to fear!
Baſe Buckingham poſſeſs'd his youthful ear;
Strafford and Laud, when mounted on the throne,
Engroſs'd his love, and made him all their own;
Strafford and Laud, who boldly dar'd avow
The trait'rous doctrines taught by Tories now:
Each ſtrove t' undo him, in his turn and hour,
The firſt with pleaſure, and the laſt with pow'r.
Thinking (vain thought, diſgraceful to the throne
That all mankind were made for Kings alone,
That ſubjects were but ſlaves, and what was whim
Or worſe in common men, was law in him:
Drunk with *prerogative*, which fate decreed
To guard good Kings, and tyrants to miſlead;
Which in a fair proportion, to deny
Allegiance dares not; which to hold too high
No good can wiſh, no coward King can dare,
And held too high, no *Engliſh* ſubject bear;
Beſieg'd by men of deep and ſubtile arts,
Men void of principle, and damn'd with parts,
Who ſaw his weakneſs, made their King their tool
Then moſt a ſlave, when moſt he ſeem'd to rule;
Taking all public ſteps for private ends,
Deceiv'd by favourites, whom he called friends,
He had not ſtrength enough of ſoul to find
That monarchs, meant as bleſſings to mankind,
Sink their great ſtate, and ſtamp their fame undone
When what was meant for all they give to one;

* The Queen of Bohemia, grandmother of George the Firſt

Liſtning uxorious, whilſt a woman's prate
Modell'd the Church, and parcell'd out the State,
Whilſt (in the State not more than women read)
High-churchmen preach'd, and turn'd his pious head;
Trav'd to ſee with miniſterial eyes;
Forbid to hear a loyal nation's cries;
Made to believe (what can't a fav'rite do)
He heard a nation hearing one or two;
Taught by State-Quacks himſelf ſecure to think,
And out of danger e'en on danger's brink;
Whilſt pow'r was daily crumbling from his hand,
Whilſt murmurs ran thro' an inſulted land,
As if to ſanction tyrants Heav'n was bound,
He proudly fought the ruin which he found.
Twelve years, twelve tedious and inglorious years,
Did England, cruſh'd by pow'r and aw'd by fears,
Whilſt proud Oppreſſion ſtruck at Freedom's root,
Lament her Senates loſt, her Hampden mute.
Legal taxes and oppreſſive loans,
In ſpite of all her pride, call'd forth her groans;
Patience was heard her griefs aloud to tell,
And Loyalty was tempted to rebel.
Each day new acts of outrage ſhook the State,
New Courts were rais'd to give new doctrines weight;
State-Inquiſitions kept the realm in awe,
And curs'd *Star-Chambers* made, or rul'd the law;
Juries were pack'd, and Judges were unſound;
Thro' the whole kingdom not one Pratt was found.
From the firſt moments of his giddy youth
He hated Senates, for they told him truth,
Strength againſt his will compell'd to treat,
Thoſe whom he could not fright, he ſtrove to cheat,
With baſe diſſembling ev'ry grievance heard,
And, often giving, often broke his word.
O where ſhall helpleſs Truth for refuge fly,
If Kings, who ſhould protect her, dare to lie?
Thoſe who, the gen'ral good their real aim,
Sought in their Country's good their Monarch's fame;
Thoſe who were anxious for his ſafety; thoſe
Who were induc'd by duty to oppoſe;
Their truth ſuſpected, and their worth unknown,
He held as foes, and traitors to his throne;
Nor found his fatal error till the hour
Of giving him was gone and paſt; till pow'r
Had ſhifted hands, to blaſt his hapleſs reign,
Making their faith and his repentance vain.
Hence (be the curſe confin'd to Gotham's foes)
War, dread to mention, Civil War aroſe;
All acts of outrage, and all acts of ſhame,
Stalk'd forth at large, diſguis'd with Honour's name;
Rebellion, raiſing high her bloody hand,
Spread univerſal havock thro' the land;
With zeal for party, and with paſſion drunk,
In public rage all private love was ſunk;
Friend againſt friend, brother 'gainſt brother ſtood,
And the ſon's weapon drank the father's blood;
Nature, aghaſt, and fearful leſt her reign
Should laſt no longer, bled in ev'ry vein.
Unhappy Stuart! harſhly tho' that name
Grates on my ear, I ſhould have died with ſhame,
To ſee my King before his ſubjects ſtand,
And at their bar hold up his royal hand;
At their commands to hear the monarch plead,
By their decrees to ſee that monarch bleed.

What tho' thy faults were many, and were great,
What tho' they ſhook the baſis of the State,
In royalty ſecure thy perſon ſtood,
And ſacred was the fountain of thy blood.
Vile Miniſters, who dar'd abuſe their truſt,
Who dar'd ſeduce a King to be unjuſt,
Vengeance, with Juſtice leagu'd, with pow'r made ſtrong,
Had nobly cruſh'd: *The King could do no wrong.*
Yet grieve not, Charles, nor thy hard fortunes blame;
They took thy life, but they ſecur'd thy fame.
Their greater crimes made thine like ſpecks appear,
From which the ſun in glory is not clear.
Had'ſt thou in peace and years reſign'd thy breath
At Nature's call; had'ſt thou laid down in death
As in a ſleep; thy name, by Juſtice borne
On the four winds, had been in pieces torn.
Pity the virtue of a gen'rous ſoul,
Sometimes the vice, hath made thy mem'ry whole;
Misfortunes gave what Virtue could not give,
And bade, the Tyrant ſtain, the Martyr live.
Ye Princes of the earth, ye mighty few,
Who, worlds ſubduing, can't yourſelves ſubdue;
Who, goodneſs ſcorn'd, wiſh only to be great,
Whoſe breath is blaſting, and whoſe voice is fate;
Who own no law, no reaſon but your will,
And ſcorn reſtraint, tho' 'tis from doing ill;
Who of all paſſions groan beneath the worſt,
Then only bleſs'd when they make others curſt;
Think not for wrongs like theſe unſcourg'd to live;
Long may ye ſin, and long may Heav'n forgive:
But, when ye leaſt expect, in Sorrow's day,
Vengeance ſhall fall more heavy for delay;
Nor think that vengeance heap'd on you alone
Shall (poor amends) for injur'd worlds atone:
No; like ſome baſe diſtemper, which remains,
Tranſmitted from the tainted father's veins,
In the ſon's blood, ſuch broad and gen'ral crimes
Shall call down vengeance e'en to lateſt times,
Call vengeance down on all who bear your name,
And make their portion bitterneſs and ſhame.
From land to land for years compell'd to roam,
Whilſt Uſurpation lorded it at home,
Of Majeſty unmindful, forc'd to fly.
Not daring, like a King, to reign or die,
Recall'd to repoſſeſs his lawful throne
More at his people's ſeeking than his own,
Another Charles ſucceeded. In the ſchool
Of Travel he had learn'd to play the fool,
And, like pert pupils with dull tutors ſent
To ſhame their Country on the Continent,
From love of England by long abſence wean'd,
From ev'ry Court he ev'ry folly glean'd,
And was, ſo cloſe do evil habits cling,
'Till crown'd, a Beggar; and when crown'd, no King.
Thoſe grand and gen'ral pow'rs which Heav'n deſign'd
An inſtance of his mercy to mankind,
Were loſt, in ſtorms of diſſipation hurl'd,
Nor would he give one hour to bleſs a world;
Lighter than levity which ſtrides the blaſt,
And of the preſent fond, forgets the paſt,
He chang'd and chang'd, but ev'ry hope to curſe,
Chang'd only from one folly to a worſe;

State he resign'd to those whom state could please,
Careless of majesty, his wish was ease;
Pleasure, and pleasure only was his aim;
Kings of less wit might hunt the bubble fame;
Dignity, thro' his reign, was made a sport,
Nor dar'd Decorum shew her face at Court;
Morality was held a standing jest,
And Faith a necessary fraud at best;
Courtiers, their monarch ever in their view,
Possess'd great talents, and abus'd them too:
Whate'er was light, impertinent, and vain,
Whate'er was loose, indecent, and profane,
(So ripe was Folly, Folly to acquit)
Stood all absolv'd in that poor bauble, Wit.
In gratitude, alas! but little read,
He let his father's servants beg their bread,
His father's faithful servants, and his own,
To place the foes of both around his throne.
Bad counsels he embrac'd thro' indolence,
Thro' love of ease, and not thro' want of sense;
He saw them wrong, but rather let them go
As right, than take the pains to make them so.
Women rul'd all, and Ministers of State
Were for commands at toilettes forc'd to wait;
Women, who have, as monarchs grac'd the land,
But never govern'd well at second-hand.
To make all other errors slight appear,
In mem'ry fix'd stand Dunkirk and Tangier;
In mem'ry fix'd so deep, that time in vain
Shall strive to wipe those records from the brain,
Amboyna stands—Gods, that a King should hold
In such high estimate vile paltry gold,
And of his duty be so careless found,
That, when the blood of subjects from the ground
For vengeance call'd, he should reject their cry,
And, brib'd from honour, lay his thunders by,
Give Holland peace, whilst English victims groan'd,
And butcher'd subjects wander'd *unaton'd!*
O, dear, deep injury to England's fame,
To them, to us, to all! to him deep shame!
Of all the passions which from frailty spring,
Av'rice is that which least becomes a King.
To crown the whole, scorning the public good,
Which thro' his reign he little understood,
Or little heeded, with too narrow aim
He reassum'd a bigot brother's claim;
And, having made time-serving Senates bow,
Suddenly died, that brother best knew *how*.
No matter *how*—he slept amongst the dead,
And James his brother reigned in his stead.
But such a reign—so glaring an offence
In ev'ry step 'gainst Freedom, Law, and Sense,
'Gainst all the rights of Nature's gen'ral plan,
'Gainst all which constitutes an Englishman,
That the relation would mere fiction seem,
The mock creation of a poet's dream,
And the poor bard's would, in this sceptic age,
Appear as false as *their* historian's page.
Ambitious Folly seiz'd the seat of Wit,
Christians were forc'd by bigots to submit;
Pride without sense, without religion zeal,
Made daring inroads on the common-weal;
Stern Persecution rais'd her iron rod,
And call'd the pride of Kings, the power of God;
Conscience and Fame were sacrific'd to Rome,
And England wept at Freedom's sacred tomb.
Her laws despis'd, her constitution wrench'd
From its due nat'ral frame, her rights retrench'd
Beyond a coward's suff'rance, conscience forc'd,
And healing justice from the Crown divorc'd,
Each moment pregnant with vile acts of pow'r,
Her *patriot* Bishops sentenc'd to the Tow'r,
Her Oxford (who yet loves the Stuart name)
Branded with arbitrary marks of shame,
She wept—but wept not long; to arms she flew,
At Honour's call th' avenging sword she drew,
Turn'd all her terrors on the tyrant's head,
And sent him in despair to beg his bread;
Whilst she (may ev'ry State in such distress
Dare with such zeal, and meet with such success)
Whilst she (may Gotham, should my abject mind
Chuse to enslave rather than free mankind.
Pursue her steps, tear the proud tyrant down,
Nor let me wear if I abuse the crown)
Whilst she thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry land,
Written in gold let Revolution stand)
Whilst she, secur'd in *Liberty* and *Law*,
Found what she sought, a saviour in Nassau.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK III.

CAN the fond mother from herself depart,
Can she forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom she bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed?
To whom she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whose life alone she seem'd to live?
Yes, from herself the mother may depart,
She may forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom she bare and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed,
To whom she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whose life alone she seem'd to live;
But I cannot forget, whilst Life remains,
And pours her current thro' these swelling veins,
Whilst Mem'ry offers up at Reason's shrine,
But I cannot forget that Gotham's mine.
Can the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her disnatur'd breast tear her young child;
Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
And dash the smiling babe against a stone?
Yes, the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her disnatur'd breast may tear her child;
Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
And dash the smiling babe against a stone;
But I, (forbid it Heav'n) but I can ne'er
The love of Gotham from this bosom tear;
Can ne'er so far true Royalty pervert
From its fair course, to do my people hurt.
With how much ease, with how much confidence
As if, superior to each grosser sense,
Reason had only, in full pow'r array'd,
To manifest her will, and be obey'd,
Men make resolves, and pass into decrees
The motions of the mind! With how much ease
In such resolves doth Passion make a flaw,
And bring to nothing what was rais'd to law!
In empire young, scarce warm on Gotham's throne
The dangers and the sweets of pow'r unknown,
Pleas'd, tho' I scarce know why, like some young child
Whose little senses each new toy turns wild,
How do I hold sweet dalliance with my crown,
And wanton with dominion! how lay down,

Without the ſanction of a precedent,
Rules of moſt large and abſolute extent;
Rules, which from ſenſe of public virtue ſpring,
And all at once commence a Patriot King.
But, for the day of trial is at hand,
And the whole fortunes of a mighty land
Are fix'd on me, and all their weal or woe
Muſt from my good or evil conduct flow,
Will I, or can I, on a fair review,
As I aſſume that name, deſerve it too?
Have I well weigh'd the great, the noble part
I'm now to play? Have I explor'd my heart,
That labyrinth of fraud, that deep dark cell,
Where, unſuſpected e'en by me, may dwell
Ten thouſand follies? Have I found out there
What I am fit to do, and what to bear?
Have I trac'd ev'ry paſſion to its riſe,
Nor ſpar'd one lurking ſeed of treach'rous vice?
Have I familiar with my nature grown,
And am I fairly to myſelf made known?
A Patriot King—Why, 'tis a name which bears
The more immediate ſtamp of Heav'n; which wears
The neareſt, beſt reſemblance we can ſhew
Of God above thro' all his works below.
To ſtill the voice of diſcord in the land,
To make weak Faction's diſcontented band,
Deteſted, weak, and crumbling to decay,
With hunger pinch'd, on their own vitals prey;
Like brethren in the ſelf-ſame int'reſts warm'd,
Like diff'rent bodies with one ſoul inform'd,
To make a nation, nobly rais'd above
All meaner thought, grow up in common love;
To give the laws due vigour, and to hold
That ſacred balance, temperate, yet bold,
With ſuch an equal hand, that thoſe who fear
May yet approve, and own my juſtice clear;
To be a common father, to ſecure
The weak from violence, from pride the poor;
Vice and her ſons to baniſh in diſgrace,
To make Corruption dread to ſhew her face;
To bid afflicted Virtue take new ſtate,
And be at laſt acquainted with the great;
Of all religions to elect the beſt,
Nor let her prieſts be made a ſtanding jeſt;
Rewards for worth with lib'ral hand to carve,
To love the arts, nor let the artiſts ſtarve;
To make fair plenty through the realm increaſe,
Give fame in war, and happineſs in peace;
To ſee my people virtuous, great and free,
And know that all theſe bleſſings flow from me;
O 'tis a joy too exquiſite, a thought
Which flatters Nature more than flatt'ry ought;
'Tis a great, glorious taſk, for man too hard,
But not leſs great, leſs glorious the reward,
The beſt reward which here to man is giv'n,
'Tis more than earth, and little ſhort of heav'n;
A talk (if ſuch compariſon may be)
The ſame in nature, diff'ring in degree,
Like that which God, on whom for aid I call,
Performs with eaſe, and yet performs to all.
How much do they miſtake, how little know
Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which flow
From royalty, who fancy that a crown,
Becauſe it glitters, muſt be lin'd with down!
With outſide ſhow and vain appearance caught,
They look no farther, and, by Folly taught,
Prize high the toys of thrones, but never find
One of the many cares which lurk behind.
The gem they worſhip, which a crown adorns,
Nor once ſuſpect that crown is lin'd with thorns.
O might Reflection Folly's place ſupply,
Would we one moment uſe her piercing eye,
Then ſhould we know what woe from grandeur ſprings,
And learn to pity, not to envy kings.
The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and Poverty his guard,
In action ſimply juſt, in conſcience clear,
By guilt untainted, undiſturb'd by fear,
His means but ſcanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his buſineſs and his pleaſure too,
Enjoys more comforts in a ſingle hour,
Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to pow'r.
Call'd up by health he riſes with the day,
And goes to work as if he went to play,
Whiſtling off toils, one half of which might make
The ſtouteſt Atlas of a palace quake;
'Gainſt heat and cold, which make us cowards faint,
Harden'd by conſtant uſe, without complaint
He bears what we ſhould think it death to bear;
Short are his meals, and homely is his fare;
His thirſt he ſlakes at ſome pure neighb'ring brook,
Nor aſks for ſauce where appetite ſtands cook.
When the dews fall, and when the ſun retires
Behind the mountains, when the village fires,
Which, waken'd all at once, ſpeak ſupper nigh,
At diſtance catch and fix his longing eye,
Homeward he hies, and with his manly brood
Of raw-bon'd cubs enjoys that clean, coarſe food,
Which, ſeaſon'd with good-humour, his fond bride
'Gainſt his return is happy to provide;
Then, free from care, and free from thought, he creeps
Into his ſtraw, and 'till the morning ſleeps.
Not ſo the King—With anxious cares oppreſs'd,
His boſom labours, and admits not reſt.
A glorious wretch, he ſweats beneath the weight
Of Majeſty, and gives up eaſe for ſtate.
E'en when his ſmiles, which, by the fools of pride,
Are treaſur'd and preſerv'd from ſide to ſide,
Fly round the court, e'en when compell'd by form,
He ſeems moſt calm, his ſoul is in a ſtorm!
Care, like a ſpectre, ſeen by him alone,
With all the neſt of vipers, round his throne
By day crawls full in view; when Night bids Sleep
Sweet nurſe of Nature o'er the ſenſes creep,
When Miſery herſelf no more complains,
And ſlaves, if poſſible, forget their chains,
Tho' his ſenſe weakens, tho' his eyes grow dim,
That reſt which comes to all, comes not to him.
E'en at that hour, Care, tyrant Care, forbids
The dew of ſleep to fall upon his lids;
From night to night ſhe watches at his bed;
Now, as one mop'd, fits brooding o'er his head;
Anon ſhe ſtarts, and, borne on raven's wings,
Croaks forth aloud—"Sleep was not made for Kings."
Thrice hath the Moon, who governs this vaſt ball,
Who rules moſt abſolute o'er me, and all;
To whom by full conviction taught to bow,
At new, at full, I pay the duteous vow;
Thrice hath the Moon her wonted courſe purſu'd,
Thrice hath ſhe loſt her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since (bleſſed be that ſeaſon, for before
I was a mere, mere mortal, and no more,

One of the herd, a lump of common clay,
Inform'd with life to die and paſs away)
Since I became a King, and Gotham's throne,
With full and ample pow'r became my own;
Thrice hath the Moon her wonted courſe purſu'd,
Thrice hath ſhe loſt her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since Sleep, kind Sleep, who like a friend ſupplies
New vigour for new toil, hath clos'd theſe eyes.
Nor, if my toils are anſwer'd with ſucceſs,
And I am made an inſtrument to bleſs
The people whom I love, ſhall I repine;
Theirs be the benefit, the labour mine.
Mindful of that high rank in which I ſtand,
Of millions Lord, ſole ruler in the land,
Let me, and Reaſon ſhall her aid afford,
Rule my own ſpirit, of myſelf be lord.
With an ill grace that Monarch wears his crown,
Who, ſtern and hard of nature, wears a frown
'Gainſt faults in other men, yet all the while
Meets his own vices with a partial ſmile.
How can a King (yet on record we find
Such Kings have been, ſuch curſes of mankind)
Enforce that law 'gainſt ſome poor ſubject elf,
Which Conſcience tells him he hath broke himſelf?
Can he ſome petty rogue to juſtice call
For robbing one, when he himſelf robs all?
Muſt not, unleſs extinguiſh'd, Conſcience fly
Into his cheek, and blaſt his fading eye,
To ſcourge th' oppreſſor, when the State, diſtreſs'd
And ſunk to ruin, is by him oppreſs'd?
Againſt himſelf doth he not ſentence give?
If one muſt die, t'other's not fit to live.

Weak is that throne, and in itſelf unſound,
Which takes not ſolid virtue for its ground;
All envy pow'r in others, and complain
Of that which they would periſh to obtain.
Nor can thoſe ſpirits, turbulent and bold,
Not to be aw'd by threats, nor bought with gold,
Be huſh'd to peace, but when fair legal ſway
Makes it their real int'reſt to obey;
When Kings, and none but fools can then rebel,
Not leſs in virtue than in pow'r excel.
Be that my object, that my conſtant care,
And may my ſoul's beſt wiſhes center there.
Be it my taſk to ſeek, nor ſeek in vain,
Not only how to live, but how to reign;
And, to thoſe virtues which from Reaſon ſpring,
And grace the man, join thoſe which grace the King.
Firſt (for ſtrict duty bids my care extend
And reach to all, who on that care depend,
Bids me with ſervants keep a ſteady hand,
And watch o'er all my proxies in the land)
Firſt (and that method Reaſon ſhall ſupport)
Before I look into, and purge my Court,
Before I cleanſe the ſtable of the State,
Let me fix things which to myſelf relate.
That done, and all accounts well ſettled here,
In reſolution firm, in honour clear,
Tremble, ye ſlaves, who dare abuſe your truſt,
Who dare be villains, when your King is juſt.
Are there, amongſt thoſe officers of State
To whom our ſacred pow'r we delegate,
Who hold our place and office in the realm,
Who, in our name commiſſion'd, guide the helm;
Are there, who, truſting to our love of eaſe,
Oppreſs our ſubjects, wreſt our juſt decrees,
And make the laws, warp'd from their fair intent,
To ſpeak a language which they never meant;
Are there ſuch men, and can the fools depend
On holding out in ſafety to their end?
Can they ſo much, from thoughts of danger free,
Deceive themſelves, ſo much miſdeem of me,
To think that I will prove a Stateſman's tool,
And live a ſtranger where I ought to rule?
What, to myſelf, and to my State unjuſt,
Shall I from Miniſters take things on truſt,
And, ſinking low the credit of my throne,
Depend upon dependants of my own?
Shall I, moſt certain ſource of future cares,
Not uſe my judgment, but depend on their's?
Shall I, true puppet-like, be mock'd with ſtate,
Have nothing but the name of being great;
Attend at councils which I muſt not weigh;
Do what they bid: and what they dictate ſay;
Enrob'd, and hoiſted up into my chair,
Only to be a royal cypher there?
Periſh the thought—'tis treaſon to my throne—
And who but thinks it, could his thoughts be known,
Inſults me more, than he, who leagu'd with Hell,
Shall riſe in arms, and 'gainſt my crown rebel.
The wicked Stateſman, whoſe falſe heart purſues
A train of guilt; who acts with double views,
And wears a double face; whoſe baſe deſigns
Strike at his monarch's throne; who undermines
E'en whilſt he ſeems his wiſhes to ſupport;
Who ſeizes all departments, packs a court,
Maintains an agent on the judgment-ſeat
To ſcreen his crimes, and make his frauds compleat;
New-models armies, and around the throne
Will ſuffer none but creatures of his own;
Conſcious of ſuch his baſeneſs well may try,
Againſt the light to ſhut his maſter's eye,
To keep him coop'd, and far remov'd from thoſe,
Who, brave and honeſt, dare his crimes diſcloſe,
Nor ever let him in one place appear,
Where Truth, unwelcome Truth, may wound his ear.
Attempts like theſe, well weigh'd, themſelves proclaim,
And, whilſt they puniſh, baulk their author's aim.
Kings muſt be blind, into ſuch ſnares to run;
Or worſe, with open eyes muſt be undone.
The Miniſter of honeſty and worth
Demands the day to bring his actions forth;
Calls on the ſun to ſhine with fiercer rays,
And braves that trial which muſt end in praiſe.
None fly the day, and ſeek the ſhades of night,
But thoſe whoſe actions cannot bear the light;
None wiſh their King in ignorance to hold,
But thoſe who feel that knowledge muſt unfold
Their hidden guilt, and that dark miſt diſpell'd
By which their places and their lives are held;
Confuſion wait them, and by Juſtice led,
In vengeance fall on ev'ry traitor's head.
Aware of this, and caution'd 'gainſt the pit
Where Kings have oft been loſt, ſhall I ſubmit,
And ruſt in chains like theſe? Shall I give way,
And whilſt my helpleſs ſubjects fall a prey
To pow'r abus'd, in ignorance ſit down,
Nor dare aſſert the honour of my crown?
When ſtern rebellion (if that odious name
Juſtly belongs to thoſe, whoſe only aim

Is to preſerve their Country; who oppoſe,
In honour leagu'd, none but their Country's foes;
Who only ſeek their own, and found their cauſe
(In due regard for violated laws)
When ſtern Rebellion, who no longer feels
Nor fears rebuke, a Nation at her heels,
A Nation up in arms, tho' ſtrong not proud,
Knocks at the palace-gate, and, calling loud
For due redreſs, preſents, from Truth's fair pen,
A liſt of wrongs, not to be borne by men;
How muſt that King be humbled, how diſgrace
All that is royal in his name and place,
Who, thus call'd forth to anſwer, can advance
No other plea but that of Ignorance!
A vile defence, which was his All at ſtake,
The meaneſt ſubject well might bluſh to make;
A filthy ſource, from whence ſhame ever ſprings;
A ſtain to all, but moſt a ſtain to Kings.
The ſoul, with great and manly feelings warm'd,
Panting for knowledge, reſts not till inform'd:
And ſhall not I, fir'd with the glorious zeal,
Feel thoſe brave paſſions which my ſubjects feel?
Or can a juſt excuſe from ignorance flow
To me, whoſe firſt, great duty is—To Know?
Hence Ignorance—thy ſettled, dull, blank eye
Won'd hurt me, tho' I knew no reaſon why—
Hence Ignorance—thy ſlaviſh ſhackles bind
The free-born ſoul, and lethargy the mind—
Of thee, begot by Pride, who look'd with ſcorn
On ev'ry meaner match, of thee was born
That grave inflexibility of ſoul,
Which Reaſon can't convince, nor Fear controul?
Which neither arguments nor pray'rs can reach,
And nothing leſs than utter ruin teach—
Hence Ignorance—hence to that depth of night
Where thou waſt born, where not one gleam of light
May wound thine eye—hence to ſome dreary cell,
Where Monks with Superſtition love to dwell;
Or in ſome College ſoothe thy lazy pride,
And with the Heads of Colleges reſide;
Fit mate for Royalty thou can'ſt not be;
And if no mate for Kings, no mate for me.
Come Study, like a torrent ſwell'd with rains,
Which, ruſhing down the mountains, o'er the plains
Spreads horror wide, and yet, in horror kind,
Leaves ſeeds of future fruitfulneſs behind;
Come Study—painful tho' thy courſe and ſlow,
Thy real worth by thy effects we know—
Parent of Knowledge, come! Not thee I call,
Who, grave and dull, in College or in Hall
Doſt ſit, all ſolemn ſad, and moping weigh
Things, which when found, thy labours can't repay—
Nor, in one hand, fit emblem of thy trade,
A rod; in t' other gaudily array'd
A ſurplice, gilt and letter'd; call I Thee,
Who doſt in form preſide o'er A B C—:
Nor (ſeen tho' thou art, and thy ſtrange charms,
As 'twere by magic lure men to thy arms)
Do I call Thee, who thro' a winding maze,
A labyrinth of puzzling, pleaſing ways,
Doſt lead us at the laſt to thoſe rich plains,
Where, in full glory, real Science reigns:
Fair tho' thou art, and lovely to mine eye,
Tho' full rewards in thy poſſeſſion lie
To crown man's wiſh, and do thy fav'rites grace,
Tho' (was I ſtation'd in an humbler place)
I could be ever happy in thy ſight,
To toil with thee all the day, and through the night
Toil on from watch to watch, bidding my eye,
Faſt rivetted on Science, ſleep defy;
Yet (ſuch the hardſhips which from empire flow)
Muſt I thy ſweet ſociety forego,
And to ſome happy rival's arms reſign
Thoſe charms, which can, alas! no more be mine.
No more, from hour to hour, from day to day,
Shall I purſue thy ſteps, and urge my way
Where eager love of Science calls; no more
Attempt thoſe paths which man ne'er trod before:
No more the mountain ſcal'd, the deſart croſt,
Loſing myſelf, nor knowing I was loſt,
Travel thro' woods, thro' wilds, from morn to night,
From night to morn, yet travel with delight,
And having found thee, lay me down content,
Own all my toil well paid, my time well ſpent.
Farewell ye Muſes too—for ſuch mean things
Muſt not preſume to dwell with mighty Kings—
Farewell ye Muſes—tho' it cuts my heart
E'en to the quick, we muſt for ever part.
When the freſh morn bade luſty Nature wake;
When the birds, ſweetly twitt'ring thro' the brake,
Tun'd their ſoft pipes; when from the neighb'ring bloom,
Sipping the dew, each Zephyr ſtole perfume;
When all things with new vigour were inſpir'd,
And ſeem'd to ſay they never could be tir'd;
How often have we ſtray'd, whilſt ſportive rime
Deceiv'd the way, and clipp'd the wings of Time,
O'er hill, o'er dale! how often laugh'd to ſee,
Yourſelves made viſible to none but me,
The clown, his work ſuſpended, gape and ſtare,
And ſeem'd to think that I convers'd with air!
When the Sun, beating on the parched ſoil,
Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil;
When a faint languor crept thro' ev'ry breaſt,
And things moſt us'd to labour, wiſh'd for reſt;
How often, underneath a rev'rend oak,
Where ſafe, and fearleſs of the impious ſtroke,
Some ſacred Dryad liv'd, or in ſome grove,
Where with capricious fingers Fancy wove
Her fairy bow'r, whilſt Nature all the while
Look'd on, and view'd her mock'ries with a ſmile,
Have we held converſe ſweet! how often laid,
Faſt by the Thames, in Ham's inſpiring ſhade,
Amongſt thoſe Poets which make up your train,
And, after death, pour forth the ſacred ſtrain,
Have I, at your command, in verſe grown grey,
But not impair'd, heard Dryden tune that lay,
Which might have drawn an angel from his ſphere,
And kept him from his office liſt'ning here.
When dreary Night, with Morpheus in her train,
Led on by Silence to reſume her reign,
With darkneſs covering, as with a robe,
This ſcene of levity, blank'd half the globe;
How oft, enchanted with your heav'nly ſtrains,
Which ſtole me from myſelf, which in ſoft chains
Of Muſic bound my ſoul, how oft' have I,
Sounds more than human floating thro' the ſky,
Attentive ſat, whilſt Night, againſt her will,
Tranſported with the harmony, ſtood ſtill!
How oft' in raptures, which man ſcarce could bear,
Have I, when gone, ſtill thought the Muſes there;
Still heard their muſic, and, as mute as death,
Sat all attention, drew in ev'ry breath,
Left, breathing all too rudely, I ſhould wound,
And mar that magic excellence of ſound;

Then, Senſe returning with return of day,
Have chid the Night, which fled ſo faſt away.
Such my purſuits, and ſuch my joys of yore,
Such were my mates, but now my mates no more.
Plac'd out of Envy's walk, (for Envy ſure
Would never haunt the cottage of the poor,
Would never ſtoop to wound my homeſpun lays)
With ſome few friends, and ſome ſmall ſhare of praiſe,
Beneath oppreſſion, undiſturb'd by ſtrife,
In peace I trod the humble vale of life.
Farewell theſe ſcenes of eaſe, this tranquil ſtate;
Welcome the troubles which on empire wait.
Light toys from this day forth I diſavow,
They pleas'd me once, but cannot ſuit me now;
To common men all common things are free,
What honours them might fix diſgrace on me.
Call'd to a throne, and o'er a mighty land
Ordain'd to rule, my head, my heart, my hand
Are all engroſs'd, each private view withſtood,
And taſk'd to labour for the public good;
Be this my ſtudy, to this one great end
May ev'ry thought, may ev'ry action tend.
Let me the page of Hiſtory turn o'er,
Th' inſtructive page, and heedfully explore
What faithful pens of former times have wrote
Of former Kings; what they did worthy note,
What worthy blame; and from the ſacred tomb
Where righteous Monarchs ſleep, where laurels bloom
Unhurt by Time, let me a garland twine,
Which, robbing not their fame, may add to mine.
Nor let me with a vain and idle eye
Glance o'er theſe ſcenes, and in a hurry fly
Quick as a Poſt which travels day and night;
Nor let me dwell there, lur'd by falſe delight,
And, into barren theory betray'd,
Forget that Monarchs are for action made.
When am'rous Spring, repairing all his charms,
Calls Nature forth from hoary Winter's arms,
Where, like a virgin to ſome letcher ſold,
Three wretched months ſhe lay benumb'd, and cold;
When the weak flow'r, which, ſhrinking from the breath
Of the rude North, and timorous of death,
To its kind mother Earth for ſhelter fled,
And on her boſom hid its tender head,
Peeps forth afreſh, and, chear'd by milder ſkies,
Bids in full ſplendor all her beauties riſe;
The hive is up in arms—expert to teach,
Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each
Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch:
Strength in her limbs, and on her wings diſpatch,
The Bee goes forth; from herb to herb ſhe flies,
From flow'r to flow'r, and loads her lab'ring thighs
With treaſur'd ſweets; robbing thoſe flow'rs, which left,
Find not themſelves made poorer by the theft,
Their ſcents as lively, and their looks as fair,
As if the pillager had not been there.
Ne'er doth ſhe flit on Pleaſure's ſilken wing,
Ne'er doth ſhe, loit'ring, let the bloom of Spring
Unrifled paſs, and on the downy breaſt
Of ſome fair flow'r indulge untimely reſt.
Ne'er doth ſhe, drinking deep of thoſe rich dews
Which Chymiſt Night prepar'd, that faith abuſe
Due to the hive, and ſelfiſh in her toils,
To her own private uſe convert the ſpoils.
Love of the ſtock firſt call'd her forth to roam,
And to the ſtock ſhe brings her booty home.
Be this my pattern—As becomes a King,
Let me fly all abroad on Reaſon's wing;
Let mine eye, like the lightning, thro' the earth
Run to and fro', nor let one deed of worth,
In any place and time, nor let one man
Whoſe actions may enrich dominion's plan,
Eſcape my note: be all, from the firſt day
Of Nature to this hour, be all my prey.
From thoſe, whom Time at the deſire of Fame
Hath ſpar'd, let Virtue catch an equal flame;
From thoſe, who not in mercy, but in rage,
Time hath repriev'd to damn from age to age,
Let me take warning, leſſon'd to diſtill,
And, imitating Heav'n, draw good from ill.
Nor let theſe great reſearches in my breaſt
A monument of uſeleſs labour reſt;
No—let them ſpread—th' effects let Gotham ſhare,
And reap the harveſt of their Monarch's care:
Be other times and other countries known,
Only to give freſh bleſſings to my own.
Let me, (and may that God to whom I fly,
On whom for needful ſuccour I rely
In this great hour, that glorious God of truth!
Thro' whom I reign, in mercy to my youth
Aſſiſt my weakneſs, and direct me right;
From ev'ry ſpeck which hangs upon the ſight
Purge my mind's eye, nor let one cloud remain
To ſpread the ſhades of error o'er my brain)
Let me, impartial, with unwearied thought
Try men and things; let me, as Monarchs ought,
Examine well on what my pow'r depends;
What are the gen'ral principles and ends
Of Government; how empire firſt began;
And wherefore man was rais'd to reign o'er man.
Let me conſider, as from one great ſource
We ſee a thouſand rivers take their courſe,
Diſpers'd, and into diff'rent channels led,
Yet by their parent ſtill ſupply'd and fed,
That Government (tho' branch'd out far and wide,
In various modes to various lands apply'd),
Howe'er it differs in its outward frame,
In the main groundwork's ev'ry where the ſame;
The ſame her view, tho' different her plan,
Her grand and gen'ral view the good of man.
Let me find out, by Reaſon's ſacred beams,
What ſyſtem in itſelf moſt perfect ſeems,
Moſt worthy man, moſt likely to conduce
To all the purpoſes of gen'ral uſe:
Let me find, too, where, by fair Reaſon try'd,
It fails when to particulars apply'd;
Why in that mode all nations do not join,
And, chiefly, why it cannot ſuit with mine.
Let me the gradual riſe of empires trace,
Till they ſeem founded on Perfection's baſe;
Then (for when human things have made their way
To excellence they haſten to decay)
Let me, whilſt Obſervation lends her clue,
Step by ſtep to their quick decline purſue,
Enabled by a chain of facts to tell,
Not only how they roſe, but how they fell.
Let me not only the diſtempers know
Which in all States from common cauſes grow,
But likewiſe thoſe which, by the will of Fate,
On each peculiar mode of empire wait;
Which in its very conſtitution lurk,
Too ſure at laſt to do its deſtin'd work:

Let me, forewarn'd, each ſign, each ſyſtem, learn,
That I my people's danger may diſcern,
Ere 'tis too late wiſh'd health to re-aſſure,
And, if it can be found, find out a cure.
Let me, (tho' great grave brethren of the gown
Preach all Faith up, and preach all Reaſon down,
Making thoſe jar whom Reaſon meant to join,
And veſting in themſelves a right divine)
Let me thro' Reaſon's glaſs, with ſearching eye,
Into the depth of that religion pry
Which law hath ſanction'd; let me find out there
What's form, what's eſſence; what, like vagrant air,
We well may change; and what, without a crime,
Cannot be chang'd to the laſt hour of time;
Nor let me ſuffer that outrageous zeal
Which without knowledge furious bigots feel,
Fair in pretence, tho' at the heart unſound,
Theſe ſep'rate points at random to confound.
The times have been when prieſts have dar'd to tread,
Proud and inſulting, on their monarch's head;
When whilſt they made religion a pretence,
Out of the world they baniſh'd common ſenſe;
When ſome ſoft King, too open to deceit,
Eaſy and unſuſpecting join'd the cheat,
Dup'd by mock piety, and gave his name
To ſerve the vileſt purpoſes of ſhame.
Fear not, my people! where no cauſe of fear
Can juſtly riſe—your King ſecures you here;
Your King, who ſcorns the haughty prelate's nod,
Nor deems the voice of prieſts the voice of God.
Let me, (tho' lawyers may perhaps forbid
Their monarch to behold what they wiſh hid,
And for the purpoſes of knaviſh gain,
Would have their trade a myſtery remain)
Let me, diſdaining all ſuch ſlaviſh awe,
Dive to the very bottom of the law;
Let me (the weak dead letter left behind)
Search out the principles, the ſpirit find,
Till from the parts made maſter of the whole,
I ſee the Conſtitution's very ſoul.
Let me, (tho' ſtateſmen will no doubt reſiſt,
And to my eyes preſent a fearful liſt
Of men whoſe wills are oppoſite to mine,
Of men, great men! determin'd to reſign)
Let me (with firmneſs, which becomes a King,
Conſcious from what a ſource my actions ſpring,
Determin'd not by worlds to be withſtood,
When my grand object is my Country's good)
Unravel all low miniſterial ſcenes,
Deſtroy their jobs, lay bare their ways and means,
And trap them ſtep by ſtep; let me well know
How places, penſions, and preferments, go;
Why Guilt's provided for when Worth is not,
And why one man of merit is forgot;
Let me in peace, in war, ſupreme preſide,
And dare to know my way without a guide.
Let me, (tho' Dignity, by nature proud,
Retires from view, and ſwells behind a cloud,
As if the ſun ſhone with leſs pow'rful ray,
Leſs glory, leſs glory, ſhining ev'ry day,
Tho' when ſhe comes forth into public ſight,
Unbending as a ghoſt ſhe ſtalks upright,
With ſuch an air as we have often ſeen,
And often laugh'd at in a tragic queen,
Nor at her preſence, tho' baſe myriads crook
The ſupple knee, vouchſafes a ſingle look)
Let me (all vain parade, all empty pride,
All terrors of dominion laid aſide,
All ornament, and needleſs helps of art,
All thoſe big looks which ſpeak a little heart)
Know (which few Kings, alas! have ever known)
How affability becomes a throne,
Deſtroys all fear, bids love with rev'rence live,
And gives thoſe graces pride can never give.
Let the ſtern tyrant keep a diſtant ſtate,
And, hating all men, fear return of hate,
Conſcious of guilt, retreat behind his throne,
Secure from all upbraidings but his own:
Let all my ſubjects have acceſs to me,
Be my ears open as my heart is free;
In full fair tide let information flow;
That evil is half cur'd whoſe cauſe we know.
And thou, where'er thou art, thou wretched thing!
Who art afraid to look up to a King,
Lay by thy fears—make but thy grievance plain,
And, if I not redreſs thee, may my reign
Cloſe up that very moment—To prevent
The courſe of Juſtice from her fair intent,
In vain my neareſt deareſt friend ſhall plead,
In vain my mother kneel—my ſoul may bleed,
But muſt not change—When Juſtice draws the dart,
Tho' it is doom'd to pierce a favourite's heart,
'Tis mine to give it force, to give it aim—
I know it Duty, and I feel it Fame.

END OF GOTHAM.

THE

CANDIDATE.

ENOUGH of *Actors*—let them play the play'r,
And, free from cenſure, fret, ſweat, ſtrut, and ſtare.
Garrick abroad, what motives can engage
To waſte one couplet on a barren ſtage?
Ungrateful Garrick! when theſe *taſty* days,
In juſtice to themſelves, allow'd thee praiſe;
When, at thy bidding, Senſe, for twenty years,
Indulg'd in laughter, or diſſolv'd in tears;
When, in return for labour, time, and health,
The Town had giv'n ſome little ſhare of wealth,
Could'ſt thou repine at being ſtill a ſlave?
Dar'ſt thou preſume t' enjoy that wealth ſhe gave?
Could'ſt thou repine at laws ordain'd by theſe,
Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes;
Whom, too refin'd for honeſty and trade,
By Need made tradeſmen, Pride had bankrupts made;
Whom Fear made drunkards, and by modern rules,
Whom Drink made wits, tho' Nature made them fools;
With ſuch, beyond all pardon is thy crime,
In ſuch a manner, and at ſuch a time,
To quit the ſtage; but men of real ſenſe,
Who neither lightly give nor take offence,

Shall own thee clear, or paſs an act of grace,
Since thou haſt left a Powell in thy place.
Enough of *Authors*—Why, when ſcribblers fail,
Muſt other ſcribblers ſpread the hateful tale?
Why muſt they pity, why contempt expreſs,
And why inſult a brother in diſtreſs?
Let thoſe who boaſt th' uncommon gift of brains,
The laurel pluck, and wear it for their pains;
Freſh on their brows for ages let it bloom,
And, ages paſt, ſtill flouriſh round their tomb.
Let thoſe, who without genius write, and write,
Verſemen or Proſemen, all in Nature's ſpite,
The pen laid down, their courſe of Folly run
In peace, unread, unmention'd, be undone,
Why ſhould I tell, to croſs the will of fate,
That Francis * once endeavour'd to tranſlate?
Why, ſweet oblivion winding round his head,
Should I recal poor Murphy from the dead?
Why may not Langhorne, ſimple in his lay,
Effuſion on *Effuſion* pour away †;
With *Friendſhip* and with *Fancy* trifle here,
Or ſleep in *Paſtoral* at Pelvedere ‡?
Sleep let them all, with Dullneſs on her throne,
Secure from any malice but their own.
Enough of *Critics*—let them if they pleaſe,
Fond of new pomp, each month paſs new decrees;
Wide and extenſive be their infant ſtate,
Their ſubjects many, and thoſe ſubjects great,
Whilſt all their mandates as ſound law ſucceed,
With fools who write, and greater fools who read.
What tho' they lay the realms of Genius waſte,
Fetter the fancy, and debauch the taſte;
Tho' they, like doctors, to approve their ſkill,
Conſult not how to cure, but how to kill;
Tho' by whim, envy, or reſentment led,
They damn thoſe authors whom they never read;
Tho', other rules unknown, one rule they hold,
To deal out ſo much praiſe for ſo much gold;
Tho' *Scot* with *Scot*, in damned cloſe intrigues,
Againſt the Commonwealth of Letters leagues;
Uncenſur'd let them pilot at the helm,
And rule in letters, as they rul'd the realm.
Ours be the curſe, the mean tame coward's curſe,
(Nor could ingenious Malice make a worſe,
To do our Senſe and Honour deep deſpite)
To credit what they ſay, read what they write.
Enough of *Scotland*—let her reſt in peace,
The cauſe remov'd, effects of courſe ſhould ceaſe.
Why ſhould I tell, how *Tweed*, too mighty grown,
And proudly ſwell'd with waters not his own,
Burſt o'er his banks, and by deſtruction led,
O'er our faint England deſolation ſpread,
Whilſt riding on his waves, Ambition plum'd
In tenfold pride, the port of Bute aſſum'd,
Now that the River God, convinc'd, tho' late,
And yielding, tho' reluctantly, to fate,
Holds his fair courſe, and with more humble tides,
In tribute to the ſea, as uſual, glides.
Enough of *States*, and ſuch like trifling things;
Enough of Kinglings, and enough of Kings;

Henceforth, ſecure, let ambuſh'd ſtateſmen lie,
Spread the Court web, and catch the patriot fly;
Henceforth, unwhipt of Juſtice, uncontroul'd
By fear or ſhame, let Vice, ſecure and bold,
Lord it with all her ſons, whilſt Virtue's groan
Meets with compaſſion only from the throne.
Enough of *Patriots*—all I aſk of man,
Is only to be honeſt as he can.
Some have deceiv'd, and ſome may ſtill deceive;
'Tis the fool's curſe at random to believe.
Would thoſe, who, by opinion plac'd on high,
Stand fair and perfect in their Country's eye,
Maintain that honour, let me in their ear
Hint this eſſential doctrine—*Perſevere*.
Should they (which Heav'n forbid) to win the grace
Of ſome proud courtier, or to gain a place,
Their King and Country ſell, with endleſs ſhame
Th' avenging Muſe ſhall mark each traitorous name;
But if, to Honour true, they ſcorn to bend,
And, proudly honeſt, hold out to the end,
Their grateful Country ſhall their fame record,
And I myſelf deſcend to praiſe a Lord.
Enough of *Wilkes*—with good and honeſt men
His actions ſpeak much ſtronger than my pen,
And future ages ſhall his name adore,
When he can act, and I can write no more.
England may prove ungrateful, and unjuſt,
But ſoft'ring France ſhall ne'er betray her truſt;
'Tis a brave debt which gods on men impoſe,
To pay with praiſe the merit e'en of foes.
When the great warrior of Amilcar's race
Made Rome's wide empire tremble to her baſe,
To prove her virtue, tho' it gall'd her pride,
Rome gave that fame which Carthage had deny'd.
Enough of *Self*—that darling luſcious theme,
O'er which philoſophers in raptures dream;
Of which with ſeeming diſregard they write,
Then prizing moſt, when moſt they ſeem to ſlight;
Vain proof of folly tinctur'd ſtrong with pride!
What man can from himſelf divide?
For me, (nor dare I lie) my leading aim
(Conſcience firſt ſatisfied) is love of fame,
Some little fame deriv'd from ſome brave few,
Who prizing Honour, prize her vot'ries too.
Let all (nor ſhall reſentment flush my cheek)
Who know me well, what they know, freely ſpeak;
So thoſe (the greateſt curſe I meet below)
Who know me not, may not pretend to know.
Let none of thoſe, whom bleſs'd with parts above
My feeble genius, ſtill I dare to love,
Doing more miſchief than a thouſand foes,
Poſthumous nonſenſe to the world expoſe,
And call it mine, for mine tho' never known,
Or which, if mine, I living, bluſh'd to own.
Know all the world, no greedy heir ſhall find,
Die when I will, one couplet left behind.
Let none of thoſe, whom I deſpiſe tho' great,
Pretending friendſhip to give malice weight,
Publiſh my life; let no falſe ſneaking Peer,
(Some ſuch there are) to win the public ear,
Hand me to ſhame with ſome vile anecdote,
Nor ſoul-gall'd Biſhop damn me with a note.
Let one poor ſprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilſt I live, and point me out when dead;
Let it (may Heav'n indulgent grant that pray'r)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when, on travel bound, ſome riming gueſt
Roams thro' the church-yard whilſt his dinner's dreſſ

* Dr. Philip Francis, the tranſlator of Horace and Demoſthenes.

† See the Effuſions of Friendſhip and Fancy, by Dr. Langhorne, 2 vols. 12mo. 1763.

‡ See the Enlargement of the Mind, Langhorne's Poems

Let it hold up this comment to his eyes;
"Life to the laſt enjoy'd, *here* Churchill lies;"
Whilſt (O, what joy that pleaſing flatt'ry gives)
Reading my Works, he cries—"*Here* Churchill lives."

Enough of *Satire*—in leſs harden'd times
Great was her force, and mighty were her rimes.
I've read of men, beyond man's daring brave,
Who yet have trembled at the ſtrokes ſhe gave,
Whoſe ſouls have felt more terrible alarms
From her one line, than from a world in arms.
When, in her faithful and immortal page,
They ſaw tranſmitted down from age to age
Recorded villains, and each ſpotted name
Branded with marks of everlaſting ſhame,
Succeeding villains ſought her as a friend,
And, if not really mended, feign'd to mend.
But in an age, when actions are allow'd
Which ſtrike all honour dead, and crimes avow'd,
Too terrible to ſuffer the report,
Arow'd and prais'd by men who ſtain a Court;
Propp'd by the arm of Pow'r, when Vice, high-born,
High-bred, high-ſtation'd, holds rebuke in ſcorn;
When ſhe is loſt to ev'ry thought of fame,
And, to all virtue dead, is dead to ſhame;
When Prudence a much eaſier taſk muſt hold
To make a new world, than reform the old;
Satire throws by her arrows on the ground,
And if ſhe cannot cure, ſhe will not wound.

Come, Panegyrick—tho' the Muſe diſdains,
Founded on truth, to proſtitute her ſtrains
At the baſe inſtance of thoſe men, who hold
No argument but pow'r, no God but gold;
Yet, mindful that from heav'n ſhe drew her birth,
She ſcorns the narrow maxims of this earth,
Virtuous herſelf, brings Virtue forth to view,
And loves to praiſe, where praiſe is juſtly due.

Come, Panegyrick—in a former hour,
My ſoul with pleaſure yielding to thy pow'r,
Thy ſhrine I ſought, I pray'd—but wanton air,
Before it reach'd thy ears, diſpers'd my pray'r;
E'en at thy altars whilſt I took my ſtand,
The pen of Truth and Honour in my hand,
Fate, meditating wrath 'gainſt me and mine,
Chid my fond zeal, and thwarted my deſign,
Whilſt, Hayter * brought too quickly to his end,
I loſt a ſubject, and mankind a friend.

Come, Panegyrick—bending at thy throne,
Thee and thy pow'r my ſoul is proud to own.
Be thou my kind protector, thou my guide,
And lead me ſafe thro' paſſes yet untry'd.
Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,
Which to the houſe of *Satire* leads mankind;
Narrow and unfrequented are the ways,
Scarce found out in an age, which lead to praiſe.

What tho' no theme I chuſe of vulgar note,
Nor wiſh to write as brother-Bards have wrote,
So mild, ſo meek in praiſing, that they ſeem
Afraid to wake their patrons from a dream;
What tho' a theme I chuſe, which might demand
The niceſt touches of a maſter's hand;
Yet, if the inward workings of my ſoul
Deceive me not, I ſhall attain the goal,
And Envy ſhall behold, in triumph rais'd,
The Poet praiſing, and the Patron prais'd.

What Patron ſhall I chuſe? Shall public voice
Or private knowledge influence my choice?
Shall I prefer the grand retreat of Stowe,
Or, ſeeking Patriots, to friend Wildman's † go?
To Wildman's! cry'd Diſcretion, (who had heard,
Cloſe-ſtanding at my elbow, ev'ry word)
To Wildman's! Art thou mad? Can'ſt thou be ſure
One moment there to have thy head ſecure?
Are they not all (let obſervation tell)
All mark'd in characters as black as hell,
In *Doomſday* book by Miniſters ſet down,
Who ſtile their pride the honour of the Crown?
Make no reply—let Reaſon ſtand aloof—
Preſumptions here muſt paſs as ſolemn proof.
That ſettled faith, that love which ever ſprings
In the beſt ſubjects for the beſt of Kings,
Muſt not be meaſur'd now, by what men think,
Or ſay, or do—by what they eat, and drink;
Where and with whom, that queſtion's to be try'd,
And Stateſmen are the Judges to decide;
No juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe,
They, facts confeſt, in themſelves veſt the law.
Each diſh at Wildman's of ſedition ſmacks;
Blaſphemy may be goſpel at Almack's.

Peace, good Diſcretion, peace—thy fears are vain;
Ne'er will I herd with Wildman's factious train,
Never the vengeance of the great incur,
Nor, without might, againſt the mighty ſtir.
If, from long proof, my temper you diſtruſt,
Weigh my profeſſion, to my gown be juſt;
Doſt thou one Parſon know ſo void of grace
To pay his court to patrons out of place?

If ſtill you doubt (tho' ſcarce a doubt remains)
Search thro' my alter'd heart, and try my reins;
There, ſearching, find, nor deem me now in ſport,
A convert made by Sandwich to the Court.
Let madmen follow error to the end,
I, of miſtakes convinc'd, and proud to mend,
Strive to act better, being better taught;
Nor bluſh to own that change, which Reaſon wrought:
For ſuch a change as this, muſt Juſtice ſpeak;
My heart was honeſt, but my head was weak.

Bigot to no one man, or ſet of men,
Without one ſelfiſh view, I drew my pen;
My Country aſk'd, or ſeem'd to aſk my aid,
Obedient to that call, I left off trade;
A ſide I choſe, and on that ſide was ſtrong,
'Till time hath fairly prov'd me in the wrong;
Convinc'd, I change (can any man do more?
And have not greater patriots chang'd before?)
Chang'd, I at once (can any man do leſs?
Without a ſingle bluſh, that change confeſs;
Confeſs it with a manly kind of pride,
And quit the loſing for the winning ſide;
Granting, whilſt virtuous Sandwich holds the rein,
What Bute for ages might have fought in vain.

Hail, Sandwich—nor ſhall Wilkes reſentment ſhew,
Hearing the praiſes of ſo brave a foe—
Hail, Sandwich—nor, thro' pride, ſhalt thou refuſe
The grateful tribute of ſo mean a Muſe—
Sandwich, *all hail*—when Bute with foreign hand,
Grown wanton with ambition, ſcourg'd the land,
When *Scots*, or ſlaves to *Scotſmen*, ſteer'd the helm,
When peace, inglorious peace, diſgrac'd the realm,

* Dr. Thomas Hayter, Biſhop of London. He died January 9, 1762.

† Maſter of the Tavern where the then Oppoſers of Adminiſtration uſed to meet.

Diſtruſt, and gen'ral diſcontent prevail'd;
But when (he beſt knows why) his ſpirits fail'd;
When, with a ſudden panic ſtruck, he fled,
Sneak'd out of pow'r, and hid his recreant head;
When like a Mars (fear order'd to retreat)
We ſaw thee nimbly vault into his ſeat,
Into the ſeat of pow'r, at one bold leap,
A perfect connoiſſeur in Stateſmanſhip;
When, like another Machiavel, we ſaw
Thy fingers twiſting and untwiſting law,
Straining, where godlike Reaſon bade, and where
She warranted thy mercy, pleas'd to ſpare;
Saw thee reſolv'd, and fix'd (come what, come might)
To do thy God, thy King, thy Country right;
All things were chang'd, ſuſpence remain'd no more,
Certainty reign'd where doubt had reign'd before.
All felt thy virtues, and all knew their uſe,
What virtues ſuch as thine muſt needs produce.

Thy foes (for Honour ever meets with foes)
Too mean to praiſe, too fearful to oppoſe,
In ſullen ſilence ſit; thy friends (ſome few,
Who friends to thee, are friends to Honour too)
Plaud thy brave bearing, and the Common-weal
Expects her ſafety from thy ſtubborn zeal.
A place amongſt the reſt the Muſes claim,
And bring this free-will off'ring to thy fame,
To prove their virtue, make thy virtues known,
And, holding up thy fame, ſecure their own.

From his youth upwards, to the preſent day,
When vices more than years have mark'd him grey,
When riotous exceſs with waſteful hand
Shakes Life's frail glaſs, and haſtes each ebbing ſand,
Unmindful from what ſtock he drew his birth,
Untainted with one deed of real worth,
Lothario, holding Honour at no price,
Folly to folly added, vice to vice,
Wrought ſin with greedineſs, and ſought for ſhame
With greater zeal than good men ſeek for fame.

Where (Reaſon left without the leaſt defence)
Laughter was Mirth, Obſcenity was Senſe,
Where Impudence made Decency ſubmit,
Where Noiſe was Humour, and where Whim was Wit.
Where rude, untemper'd Licence had the merit
Of Liberty, and Lunacy was Spirit,
Where the beſt things were ever held the worſt,
Lothario was, with juſtice, always firſt.

To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw,
To ſwing upon a gate, to ride a ſtraw,
To play at puſh-pin with dull brother Peers,
To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping Chairman's oracle,
Whilſt, in moſt bleſſed union, rogue and whore
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out Encore,
Whilſt *grey* Authority, who ſlumbers there
In robes of watchman's fur, gives up his chair;
With midnight howl to bay th' affrighted moon,
To walk with torches thro' the ſtreets at noon,
To force plain Nature from her uſual way,
Each night a vigil, and a blank each day;
To match for ſpeed one feather 'gainſt another,
To make one leg run races with his brother;
'Gainſt all the reſt to take the northern wind,
Bute to ride firſt, and he to ride behind;
To coin new-fangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
Laying to loſe, and loſing not to pay 'em;
Lothario, on that ſtock which Nature gives,
Without a rival ſtands, tho' March* yet lives.

When Folly, (at that name, in duty bound,
Let ſubject myriads kneel, and kiſs the ground,
Whilſt they who, in the preſence, upright ſtand,
Are held as rebels thro' the loyal land)
Queen ev'ry where, but moſt a Queen in Courts,
Sent forth her heralds, and proclaim'd her ſports,
Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
And prove her right to reign from age to age;
Lothario, great above the common ſize,
With all engag'd, and won from all the prize;
Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
And ev'ry day deſerves it more and more.

Nor in ſuch limits reſts his ſoul confin'd;
Folly may ſhare, but can't engroſs his mind;
Vice, bold ſubſtantial Vice, puts in her claim,
And ſtamps him perfect in the books of ſhame.
Obſerve his follies well, and you would ſwear
Folly had been his firſt, his only care;
Obſerve his vices, you'll that oath diſown,
And ſwear that he was born for vice alone.

Is the ſoft nature of ſome hapleſs maid
Fond, eaſy, full of faith, to be betray'd;
Muſt ſhe, to virtue loſt, be loſt to fame,
And he who wrought her guilt, declare her ſhame?
Is ſome brave friend, who, men but little known,
Deems ev'ry heart as honeſt as his own,
And, free himſelf, in others fears no guile,
To be enſnar'd, and ruin'd with a ſmile?
Is Law to be perverted from her courſe?
Is abject fraud to league with brutal force?
Is Freedom to be cruſh'd, and ev'ry ſon,
Who dares maintain her cauſe, to be undone?
Is baſe Corruption, creeping thro' the land,
To plan, and work her ruin, under hand,
With regular approaches, ſure tho' ſlow?
Or muſt ſhe periſh by a ſingle blow?
Are Kings, (who truſt to ſervants, and depend
In ſervants (fond, vain thought) to find a friend,
To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath
In darkneſs thicker than the ſhades of death?
Is God's moſt holy name to be profan'd,
His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,
His ſervants ſcorn'd, as men who idly dream'd,
His ſervice laugh'd at, and his Son blaſphem'd?
Are debauchees in morals to preſide?
Is Faith to take an Atheiſt for her guide?
Is Science by a blockhead to be led?
Are States to totter on a drunkard's head?
To anſwer all theſe purpoſes, and more,
More black than ever villain plann'd before,
Search earth, ſearch hell, the Devil cannot find
An agent, like Lothario, to his mind.

Is this Nobility, which, ſprung from Kings,
Was meant to ſwell the pow'r from whence it ſpri
Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit,
Which Nature hop'd for from ſo rich a root?
Were there but two (ſearch all the world around)
Were there but two ſuch Nobles to be found,
The very name would ſink into a term
Of ſcorn, and man would rather be a worm
Than be a Lord; but Nature, full of grace,
Nor meaning birth and titles to be baſe,

* Afterwards Duke of Queenſbury.

Made only one; and, having made him, ſwore,
In mercy to mankind, to make no more.
Nor ſtopp'd ſhe there, but like a gen'rous friend,
The ills which error caus'd, ſhe ſtrove to mend;
And, having brought Lothario forth to view,
To ſave her credit brought forth Sandwich too.
Gods! with what joy, what honeſt joy of heart,
Blunt as I am, and void of ev'ry art,
Of ev'ry art which great ones in the State
Practiſe on knaves they fear, and fools they hate,
To titles with reluctance taught to bend,
Nor prone to think that virtues can deſcend,
Do I behold (a ſight, alas! more rare
Than Honeſty could wiſh) the Noble wear
His father's honours, when his life makes known
They're his by virtue, not by birth alone,
When he recalls his father from the grave,
And pays with int'reſt back that fame he gave.
Cur'd of her ſplenetic and ſullen fits,
To ſuch a Peer my willing ſoul ſubmits,
And to ſuch virtue is more proud to yield,
Than 'gainſt ten titled rogues to keep the field.
Such (for that truth e'en Envy ſhall allow)
Such Wyndham * was, and ſuch is Sandwich now.
O gentle Montague, in bleſſed hour
Did'ſt thou ſtart up, and climb the ſtairs of Pow'r;
England of all her fears at once was eas'd,
Nor, 'mongſt her many foes, was once diſpleas'd.
France heard the news, and told it *Couſin* Spain;
Spain heard, and told it *Couſin* France again;
The Hollander relinquiſh'd his deſign
Of adding ſpice to ſpice, and mine to mine,
Of Indian villainies he thought no more,
Content to rob us on our native ſhore;
Aw'd by thy fame, (which winds with open mouth
Shall blow from Eaſt to Weſt, from North to South)
The Weſtern World ſhall yield us her increaſe,
And her wild ſons be ſoften'd into peace;
Rich Eaſtern Monarchs ſhall exhauſt their ſtores,
And pour unbounded wealth, on Albion's ſhores;
Unbounded wealth, which from thoſe golden ſcenes,
And all acquir'd by honourable means,
Some *honourable Chief* ſhall hither ſteer,
To pay our debts, and ſet the nation clear,
Nabobs themſelves, allur'd by thy renown,
Shall pay due homage to the Engliſh crown,
Shall freely as their King our King receive——
Provided the Directors give them leave.
Union at home ſhall mark each riſing year,
Nor taxes be complain'd of, tho' ſevere;
Envy her own deſtroyer ſhall become,
And Faction with her thouſand mouths be dumb;
With the meek man thy meekneſs ſhall prevail,
Nor with the ſpirited thy ſpirit fail:
Some to thy force of reaſon ſhall ſubmit,
And ſome be converts to thy princely wit;
Rev'rence for thee ſhall ſtill a Nation's cries,
A grand concurrence crown a grand exciſe;
And unbelievers of the firſt degree,
Who have no faith in God, have faith in thee.
When a ſtrange jumble, whimſical and vain,
Poſſeſs'd the region of each heated brain;
When ſome were fools to cenſure, ſome to praiſe,
And all were mad, but mad in diff'rent ways;
When Commonwealth's-men, ſtarting at the ſhade
Which in their own wild fancy had been made,
Of tyrants dream'd, who wore a thorny crown,
And with State-bloodhounds hunted Freedom down;
When others, ſtruck with fancies not leſs vain,
Saw mighty Kings by their own ſubjects ſlain,
And in each friend of Liberty and Law,
With horror big, a future Cromwell ſaw;
Thy manly zeal ſtepp'd forth, bade diſcord ceaſe,
And ſung each jarring atom into peace;
Liberty, chear'd by thy all-chearing eye,
Shall, waking from her trance, live and not die;
And, patroniz'd by thee, Prerogative
Shall, ſtriding forth at large, not die, but live;
Whilſt Privilege, hung betwixt earth and ſky,
Shall not well know, whether to live or die.
When on a rock which overhung the flood,
And ſeem'd to totter, Commerce ſhiv'ring ſtood;
When Credit, building on a ſandy ſhore,
Saw the ſea ſwell, and heard the tempeſt roar,
Heard death in ev'ry blaſt, and in each wave
Or ſaw, or fancied that ſhe ſaw her grave;
When Property, tranſferr'd from hand to hand,
Weaken'd by change, crawl'd fickly thro' the land;
When mutual confidence was at an end,
And man no longer could on man depend;
Oppreſs'd with debts of more than common weight,
When all men fear'd a bankruptcy of State;
When, certain death to honour, and to trade,
A ſponge was talk'd of as our only aid,
That to be ſav'd we muſt be more undone,
And pay off all our debts, by paying none;
Like England's better Genius, born to bleſs,
And ſnatch his ſinking Country from diſtreſs,
Did'ſt thou ſtep forth, and without ſail or oar
Pilot the ſhatter'd veſſel ſafe to ſhore;
Nor ſhalt thou quit, till anchor'd firm and faſt,
She rides ſecure, and mocks the threat'ning blaſt!
Born in thy houſe, and in thy ſervice bred,
Nurs'd in thy arms, and at thy table fed,
By thy ſage counſels to reflection brought,
Yet more by pattern than by precept taught,
Oeconomy her needful aid ſhall join
To forward and compleat thy grand deſign,
And, warm to ſave, but yet with ſpirit warm,
Shall her own conduct from thy conduct form.
Let friends of prodigals ſay what they will,
Spendthrifts at home, abroad are ſpendthrifts ſtill.
In vain have ſly and ſubtle Sophiſts tried
Private from public juſtice to divide;
For credit on each other they rely,
They live together, and together die.
'Gainſt all experience 'tis a rank offence,
High-treaſon in the eye of Common Senſe,
To think a Stateſman ever can be known
To pay our debts, who will not pay his own.
But now, tho' late, now may we hope to ſee
Our debts diſcharg'd, our credit fair and free,
Since rigid Honeſty, fair fall that hour,
Sits at the helm, and Sandwich is in pow'r.
With what delight I view thee, wond'rous man,
With what delight ſurvey thy ſterling plan,
That plan which all with wonder muſt behold,
And ſtamp thy age the only age of gold.
Nor reſt thy triumphs here——That Diſcord fled,
And ſought with grief the hell where ſhe was bred;
That Faction, 'gainſt her nature forc'd to yield,
Saw her rude rabble ſcatter'd o'er the field,
Saw her beſt friends a ſtanding jeſt become,
Her fools turn'd ſpeakers, and her wits ſtruck dumb;

* Earl of Egremont. He died Auguſt 1763.

That our moſt bitter foes (ſo much depends
On men of name) are turn'd to cordial friends;
That our offended friends (ſuch terror flows
From men of name) dare not appear our foes;
That Credit, gaſping in the jaws of death,
And ready to expire with ev'ry breath,
Grows ſtronger from diſeaſe; that thou haſt ſav'd
Thy drooping Country; that thy name engrav'd
On plates of braſs defies the rage of time;
Than plates of braſs more firm, that ſacred rime
Embalms thy mem'ry, bids thy glories live,
And gives thee what the Muſe alone can give;
Theſe heights of Virtue, theſe rewards of Fame,
With thee in common other patriots claim.
But that poor ſickly Science, who had laid
And droop'd for years beneath Neglect's cold ſhade,
By thoſe who knew her purpoſely forgot,
And made the jeſt of thoſe who knew her not.
Whilſt Ignorance in pow'r, and pamper'd Pride,
Clad like a prieſt, paſs'd by on t' other ſide,
Recover'd from her wretched ſtate, at length
Puts on new health, and cloaths herſelf with ſtrength,
To thee we owe, and to thy friendly hand,
Which rais'd, and gave her to poſſeſs the land.
This praiſe, tho' in a Court, and near a throne,
This praiſe is thine, and thine, alas! alone.
With what fond rapture did the Goddeſs ſmile,
What bleſſings did ſhe promiſe to this iſle,
What honour to herſelf, and length of reign!
Soon as ſhe heard, that thou did'ſt not diſdain
To be her ſteward; but what grief, what ſhame,
What rage, what diſappointment ſhook her frame,
When her proud children dar'd her will diſpute,
When youth was inſolent, and age was mute.
That young men ſhould be fools, and ſome wild few,
To wiſdom deaf, be deaf to int'reſt too,
Mov'd not her wonder; but that men grown grey
In ſearch of wiſdom, men who own'd the ſway
Of Reaſon, men who ſtubbornly kept down
Each riſing paſſion, men who wore the gown,
That they ſhould croſs her will, that they ſhould dare
Againſt the cauſe of int'reſt to declare,
That they ſhould be ſo abject and unwiſe,
Having no fear of loſs before their eyes,
Nor hopes of gain, ſcorning the ready means
Of being Vicars, Rectors, Canons, Deans,
With all thoſe honours which on Mitres wait,
And mark the virtuous favourites of State;
That they ſhould dare a Hardwicke to ſupport,
And talk within the hearing of a Court,
Of that vile beggar Conſcience, who undone,
And ſtarv'd herſelf, ſtarves ev'ry wretched ſon;
This turn'd her blood to gall, this made her ſwear
No more to throw away her time and care
On wayward ſons who ſcorn'd her love, no more
To hold her courts on Cam's ungrateful ſhore.
Rather than bear ſuch inſults, which diſgrace
Her royalty of nature, birth, and place,
Tho' Dullneſs there unrivall'd ſtate *doth* keep,
Would ſhe at Wincheſter with Burton* ſleep;
Or, to exchange the mortifying ſcene
For ſomething ſtill more dull, and ſtill more mean,
Rather than bear ſuch inſults, ſhe would fly
Far, far beyond the ſearch of *Engliſh* eye,
And reign amongſt the Scots: to be a Queen
Is worth ambition, tho' in Aberdeen.
O, ſtay thy flight, fair Science! What tho' ſome,
Some baſe-born children rebels are become,
All are not rebels; ſome are duteous ſtill,
Attend thy precepts, and obey thy will;
Thy int'reſt is oppos'd by thoſe alone,
Who either know not, or oppoſe their own.
Of ſtubborn virtue, marching to thy aid,
Behold in black, the liv'ry of their trade,
Marſhall'd by Form, and by Diſcretion led,
A grave, grave troop, and Smith is at their head,
Black † Smith of Trinity; on Chriſtian ground
For faith in myſteries none more renown'd.
Next (for the beſt of cauſes now and then
Muſt beg aſſiſtance from the worſt of men)
Next (if old ſtory lies not) ſprung from Greece,
Comes Pandarus, but comes without his niece.
Her, wretched maid! committed to his truſt,
To a rank letcher's coarſe and bloated luſt,
The arch, old, hoary hypocrite had ſold,
And thought himſelf and her well damn'd for gold.
But (to wipe off ſuch traces from the mind,
And make us in good humour with mankind)
Leading on men, who, in a College bred,
No woman knew but thoſe which made their bed,
Who, planted Virgins on Cam's virtuous ſhore,
Continued ſtill Male Virgins at threeſcore,
Comes Sumner ‡, wiſe, and chaſte as chaſte can be
With Long §, as wiſe, and not leſs chaſte than he.
Are there not friends, too, enter'd in thy cauſe,
Who, for thy ſake, defying penal laws,
Were, to ſupport thy honourable plan,
Smuggled from Jerſey and the Iſle of Man?
Are there not Philomaths of high degree
Who, always dumb before, ſhall ſpeak for thee?
Are there not Proctors, faithful to thy will,
One of full growth, others in embryo ſtill,
Who may, perhaps, in ſome ten years, or more,
Be aſcertain'd that two and two make four,
Or may a ſtill more happy method find,
And, taking one from two, leave none behind?
With ſuch a mighty pow'r on foot, to yield
Were death to manhood; better in the field
To leave our carcaſes, and die with fame,
Than fly, and purchaſe life on terms of ſhame.
Sackvilles alone anticipate defeat,
And, ere they dare the battle, ſound retreat.
But if perſuaſions ineffectual prove,
If arguments are vain, nor pray'rs can move,
Yet in thy bitterneſs of frantic woe,
Why talk of Burton? Why to Scotland go?
Is there not Oxford? She with open arms
Shall meet thy wiſh, and yield up all her charms;
Shall for thy love her former loves reſign,
And jilt the baniſh'd Stuarts, to be thine.
Bow'd to the yoke, and ſoon as ſhe could read,
Tutor'd to get by heart the deſpot's creed,
She, of ſubjection proud, ſhall knee thy throne,
And have no principles but thine alone;

* Dr. John Burton, Maſter of Wincheſter School.

† Dr. Robert Smith, Maſter of Trinity-Colle Cambridge.

‡ Dr. John Sumner, Provoſt of King's Colle Cambridge.

§ Dr. Roger Long, Maſter of Pembroke Colle Cambridge.

She shall thy will implicitly receive,
Nor act, nor speak, nor think, without thy leave.
Where is the glory of imperial sway,
If subjects none but just commands obey?
Then, and then only is obedience seen,
When, by command, they dare do all that's mean.
Hither then wing thy flight, here fix thy stand,
Nor fail to bring thy Sandwich in thy hand.
Gods, with what joy (for Fancy now supplies,
And lays the future open to my eyes)
Gods, with what joy I see the worthies meet,
And brother Litchfield * brother Sandwich greet!
Blest be your greetings, blest each dear embrace,
Blest to yourselves, and to the human race.
Sick'ning at virtues which she cannot reach,
Which seem her baser nature to impeach,
Let Envy, in a whirlwind's bosom hurl'd,
Outrageous, search the corners of the world,
Ransack the present times, look back to past,
Rip up the future, and confess at last,
No times, past, present, or to come, could e'er
Produce, and bless the world with such a pair.
Phillips †, the good old Phillips, out of breath,
Escap'd from Monmouth, and escap'd from death,
Shall hail his Sandwich, with that virtuous zeal,
That glorious ardour for the common-weal,
Which warm'd his loyal heart, and bless'd his tongue,
When on his lips the cause of rebels hung;
Whilst Womanhood, in habit of a nun,
At Mednam lies, by backward monks undone;
A nation's reck'ning, like an alehouse score,
Whilst Paul *the aged* chalks behind a door,
Compell'd to hire a foe to cast it up;
Dashwood ‡ shall pour, from a communion cup,
Libations to the goddess without eyes,
And *hob* or *nob* in Cyder and Excise.
From those deep shades, where Vanity, unknown,
Doth penance for her pride, and pines alone;
Curs'd in herself, by her own thoughts undone,
Where she sees all, but can be seen by none;
Where she no longer, mistress of the Schools,
Hears praise loud pealing from the mouths of fools,
Or hears it at a distance; in despair
To join the croud, and put in for a share,
Twisting each thought a thousand diff'rent ways,
For his new friends new-modelling old praise,
Where frugal sense so very fine is spun,
It serves twelve hours, tho' not enough for one,
§ King shall arise, and bursting from the dead,
Shall hurl his *piebald* Latin at thy head.
Burton (whilst aukward Affectation's hung
In quaint and labour'd accents on his tongue,
Who 'gainst their will makes junior blockheads speak,
Ign'rant of both, new Latin, and new Greek,
Not such as was in Greece and Latium known,
But of a modern cut, and all his own;
Who threads, like beads, loose thoughts on such a string,
They're praise, and censure; nothing, ev'ry thing;
Pantomime thoughts, and stile so full of trick,
They even make a Merry Andrew sick;
Thoughts all so dull, so pliant in their growth,
They're verse, they're prose, they're neither, and and they're both
Shall (tho' by Nature ever loth to praise)
Thy curious worth set forth in curious phrase;
Obscurely stiff, shall crush poor Sense to death,
Or in long periods run her out of breath;
Shall make a babe, for which, with all his fame,
Adam could not have found a proper name;
Whilst, beating out his features to a smile,
He hugs the bastard brat, and calls it Stile.
Hush'd be all Nature as the land of death;
Let each stream sleep, and each wind hold his breath;
Be the bells muffled, nor one sound of care,
Pressing for audience, wake the slumb'ring air;
Brown comes—behold how cautiously he creeps—
How slow he walks, and yet how fast he sleeps—
But to thy praise in sleep he shall agree;
He cannot wake, but he shall dream of thee.
Physick, her head with opiate poppies crown'd,
Her loins by the chaste matron Camphire bound,
Physick, obtaining succour from the pen
Of her soft son, her gentle Heberden.
If there are men who can thy virtue know,
Yet spite of virtue treat thee as a foe,
Shall, like a *Scholar*, stop their rebel breath,
And in each Recipe send *Classic* death.
So deep in knowledge, that few lines can sound
And plumb the bottom of that vast profound,
Few grave ones with such gravity can think,
Or follow half so fast as he can sink,
With nice distinctions glossing o'er the text,
Obscure with meaning, and in words perplext,
With subtleties on subtleties refin'd,
Meant to divide, and subdivide the mind,
Keeping the forwardness of youth in awe,
The scowling Blackstone ‖ bears the train of law.
Divinity, enrob'd in College fur,
In her right-hand a *New Court Kalendar*
Bound like a book of pray'r, thy coming waits
With all her pack, to hymn thee in the gates.
Loyalty, fix'd on Isis' alter'd shore,
A stranger long, but stranger now no more,
Shall pitch her tabernacle, and with eyes
Brim-full of rapture, view her new allies,
Shall with much pleasure and more wonder view
Men great at Court and great at Oxford too.
O sacred Loyalty! accurs'd be those
Who seeming friends, turn out thy deadliest foes;
Who prostitute to Kings thy honour'd name,
And soothe their passions to betray their fame:
Nor prais'd be those, to whose proud nature clings
Contempt of Government, and hate of Kings;
Who, willing to be free, not knowing how,
A strange intemperance of zeal avow,
And start at Loyalty, as at a word
Which without danger Freedom never heard.
Vain errors of vain men—wild both extremes,
And to the State not wholesome, like the dreams,

* The Earl of Litchfield, then High Steward of Oxford.

† Sir John Phillips. At this juncture he was so unpopular as to excite the rage of a mob at Monmouth against him.

‡ Sir Francis Dashwood, Lord Le Despenser.

§ Dr. King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford.

‖ Sir William Blackstone, afterwards one of the Judges of the Common Pleas.

From its rich ſtem ten thouſand virtues ſpring,
Ten thouſand bleſſings on its branches cling;
Yet in the circle of revolving years,
Not one misfortune, not one vice appears.
Hence then, and what you Reaſon call adore;
This, if not Reaſon, muſt be ſomething more.
But, (for I wiſh not others to confine,
Be their opinions unreſtrain'd as mine)
Whether this love's of good or evil growth,
A vice, a virtue, or a ſpice of both,
Let men of nicer argument decide:
If it is virtuous, ſoothe an honeſt pride
With lib'ral praiſe, if vicious, be content,
It is a vice I never can repent;
A vice which, weigh'd in heav'n, ſhall more avail
Than ten cold virtues in the other ſcale.
F. This wild, untemper'd zeal (which after all
We, Candour unimpeach'd, might madneſs call)
Is it a virtue? That you ſcarce pretend:
Or can it be a vice, like Virtue's friend,
Which draws us off from and diſſolves the force
Of private ties, nay ſtops us in our courſe
To that grand object of the human ſoul,
That nobler love which comprehends the whole?
Coop'd in the limits of this petty iſle,
This nook, which ſcarce deſerves a frown or ſmile,
Weigh'd with Creation, you, by whim undone,
Give all your thoughts to what is ſcarce worth one.
The gen'rous Soul, by Nature taught to ſoar,
Her ſtrength confirm'd in philoſophic lore,
At one grand view takes in a world with eaſe,
And, ſeeing all mankind, loves all ſhe ſees.
P. Was it moſt ſure, which yet a doubt endures,
Not found in Reaſon's creed, tho' found in yours,
That theſe two ſervices, like what we're told
And know of God's and Mammon's, cannot hold
And draw together; that however loth,
We neither ſerve, attempting to ſerve both;
I could not doubt a moment which to chuſe,
And which in common reaſon to refuſe.
Invented oft for purpoſes of art,
Born of the head, tho' father'd on the heart,
This grand love of the world muſt be confeſt
A barren ſpeculation at the beſt.
Not one man in a thouſand, ſhould he live
Beyond the uſual term of life, could give,
So rare occaſion comes, and to ſo few,
Proof whether his regards are feign'd or true.
The love we bear our Country, is a root
Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit;
'Tis in the mind an everlaſting ſpring
Of glorious actions, which become a King,
Nor leſs become a ſubject; 'tis a debt
Which bad men, tho' they pay not, can't forget;
A duty, which the good delight to pay,
And ev'ry man can practiſe ev'ry day.
Nor, for my life (ſo very dim my eye,
Or dull your argument), can I deſcry
What you with faith aſſert, how that dear love
Which binds me to my Country can remove,
And make me of neceſſity forego,
That gen'ral love which to the world I owe.
Thoſe ties of private nature, ſmall extent,
In which the mind of narrow caſt is pent,
Are only ſteps on which the gen'rous ſoul
Mounts by degrees 'till ſhe includes the whole.
That ſpring of love, which in the human mind,
Founded on ſelf, flows narrow and confin'd,
Enlarges as it rolls, and comprehends
The ſocial charities of blood, and friends,
'Till ſmaller ſtreams included, not o'erpaſt,
It riſes to our Country's love at laſt;
And he, with lib'ral and enlarged mind,
Who loves his Country, cannot hate mankind.
F. Friend as you would appear to Common Senſe,
Tell me, or think no more of a defence,
Is it a proof of love by choice to run
A vagrant from your Country?
P. Can the ſon,
(Shame, ſhame, on all ſuch ſons) with ruthleſs eye,
And heart more patient than the flint, ſtand by,
And by ſome ruffian, from all ſhame divorc'd,
All virtue, ſee his honour'd mother forc'd!
Then, no, by Him that made me, not e'en then,
Could I with patience, by the worſt of men,
Behold my Country plunder'd, beggar'd, loſt
Beyond redemption, all her glories croſs'd
E'en when occaſion made them ripe, her fame
Fled like a dream, while ſhe awakes to ſhame.
F. Is it not more the office of a friend,
The office of a patron, to defend
Her ſinking ſtate, than baſely to decline,
So great a cauſe, and in deſpair reſign?
P. Beyond my reach, alas! the grievance lies,
And, whilſt more able patriots doubt, ſhe dies.
From a foul ſource, more deep than we ſuppoſe,
Fatally deep and dark, this grievance flows.
'Tis not that Peace our glorious hopes defeats,
'Tis not the voice of Faction in the ſtreets,
'Tis not a groſs attack on Freedom made,
'Tis not the arm of Privilege diſplay'd
Againſt the ſubject, whilſt ſhe wears no ſting
To diſappoint the purpoſe of a King;
Theſe are no ills, or trifles, if compar'd
With thoſe, which are contriv'd, tho' not declar'd.
Tell me, Philoſopher, is it a crime,
To pry into the ſecret womb of Time;
Or, born in ignorance, muſt we deſpair
To reach events, and read the future there?
Why, be it ſo—ſtill 'tis the right of man,
Imparted by his Maker, where he can,
To former times and men his eye to caſt,
And judge of what's to come, by what is paſt.
Should there be found in ſome not diſtant year
(O how I wiſh to be no prophet here),
Amongſt our Britiſh Lords ſhould there be found
Some great in pow'r, in principles unſound,
Who look on Freedom with an evil-eye,
In whom the ſprings of loyalty are dry;
Who wiſh to ſoar on wild Ambition's wings,
Who hate the Commons, and who love not Kings;
Who would divide the People and the Throne
To ſet up ſep'rate int'reſts of their own;
Who hate whatever aids their wholeſome growth,
And only join with, to deſtroy them both;
Should there be found ſuch men in after-times,
May Heav'n in mercy to our grievous crimes
Allot ſome milder vengeance, nor to them
And to their rage this wretched land condemn.
Thou God above, on whom all States depend,
Who knoweſt from the firſt their riſe and end,
If there's a day mark'd in the Book of Fate
When ruin muſt involve our equal State;
When law, alas! muſt be no more, and we,
To Freedom born, muſt be no longer free;

Let not a mob of tyrants ſeize the helm,
Nor titled upſtarts league to rob the realm:
Let not, whatever other ills aſſail,
A damned Ariſtocracy prevail.
If, all too ſhort, our courſe of Freedom run,
'Tis thy good pleaſure we ſhould be undone,
Let us, ſome comfort in our griefs to bring,
Be ſlaves to one, and be that one a King.

F. Poets, accuſtom'd by their trade to feign,
Oft ſubſtitute creations of the brain
For real ſubſtance, and, themſelves deceiv'd,
Would have the fiction by mankind believ'd.
Such is your caſe.—But grant, to ſoothe your pride,
That you know more than all the world beſide,
Why deal in hints, why make a moment's doubt?
Reſolv'd, and like a man, at once ſpeak out,
Shew us our danger, tell us where it lies,
And, to enſure our ſafety, make us wiſe.

P. Rather than bear the pain of thought, fools ſtray;
The proud will rather loſe than aſk their way;
To men of ſenſe what needs it to unfold
And tell a tale which they muſt know untold?
In the Bad, int'reſt warps the canker'd heart,
The Good are hood-wink'd by the tricks of art;
And whilſt arch, ſubtle hypocrites contrive
To keep the flames of diſcontent alive,
Whilſt they, with arts to honeſt men unknown,
Breed doubts between the People and the Throne,
Making us fear, where Reaſon never yet
Allow'd one fear, or could one doubt admit,
Themſelves paſs unſuſpected in diſguiſe,
And 'gainſt our real danger ſeal our eyes.

F. Mark them, and let their names recorded ſtand
On Shame's black roll, and ſtink thro' all the land.

P. That might ſome courage, but no prudence be;
No hurt to them, and jeopardy to me.

F. Leave out their names.

P. For that kind caution thanks;
But may not Judges ſometimes fill up blanks?

F. Your Country's laws in doubt then you reject?

P. The laws I love, the lawyers I ſuſpect:
Amongſt twelve Judges may not one be found,
(On bare, bare poſſibility I ground
This wholeſome doubt) who may enlarge, retrench,
Create and uncreate, and from the bench,
With winks, ſmiles, nods, and ſuch like paltry arts,
May work and worm into a Jury's hearts;
Or, baffled there, may, turbulent of ſoul,
Cramp their high office, and their rights controul;
Who may, tho' Judge, turn Advocate at large,
And deal replies out by the way of charge,
Making interpretation all the way,
In ſpite of facts, his wicked will obey,
And, leaving law without the leaſt defence,
May damn his conſcience to approve his ſenſe?

F. Whilſt, the true guardians of this charter'd land,
In full and perfect vigour, Juries ſtand,
A Judge in vain ſhall awe, cajole, perplex.

P. Suppoſe I ſhould be tried in Middleſex?

F. To pack a Jury they will never dare.

P. There's no occaſion to pack Juries there.

F. 'Gainſt prejudice all arguments are weak,
Reaſon herſelf without effect muſt ſpeak.
Fly then thy Country, like a coward fly,
Renounce her int'reſt, and her laws defy.

But why, bewitch'd, to India turn thy eyes?
Cannot our Europe thy vaſt wrath ſuffice?
Cannot thy miſbegotten Muſe lay bare
Her brawny arm, and play the butcher there?

P. Thy counſel taken, what ſhould Satire do?
Where could ſhe find an object that is new?
Thoſe travell'd youths, whom tender mothers wean,
And ſend abroad to ſee and to be ſeen,
With whom, leſt they ſhould fornicate, or worſe,
A Tutor's ſent, by way of a dry nurſe,
Each of whom juſt enough of ſpirit bears,
To ſhew our follies, and to bring home their's,
Have made all Europe's vices ſo well known,
They ſeem almoſt as nat'ral as our own.

F. Will India for thy purpoſe better do?

P. In one reſpect at leaſt—there's ſomething new.

F. A harmleſs people, in whom Nature ſpeaks
Free and untainted; 'mongſt whom Satire ſeeks,
But vainly ſeeks, ſo ſimply plain their hearts,
One boſom where to lodge her poiſon'd darts.

P. From knowledge ſpeak you this, or doubt on doubt
Weigh'd and reſolv'd, hath Reaſon found it out?
Neither from knowledge, nor by Reaſon taught,
You have faith ev'ry where but where you ought.
India or Europe—What's there in a name?
Propenſity to vice in both the ſame,
Nature alike in both works for man's good,
Alike in both by man himſelf withſtood.
Nabobs, as well as thoſe who hunt them down,
Deſerve a cord much better than a crown,
And a Mogul can thrones as much debaſe
As any poliſh'd Prince of Chriſtian race.

F. Could you, a taſk more hard than you ſuppoſe,
Cou'd you, in ridicule whilſt Satire glows,
Make all their follies to the life appear,
'Tis ten to one you gain no credit here.
Howe'er well-drawn, the picture after all,
Becauſe we know not the original,
Would not find favour in the public eye.

P. That, having your good leave, I mean to try,
And if your obſervations ſterling hold,
If the piece ſhould be heavy, tame, and cold,
To make it to the ſide of Nature lean,
And, meaning nothing, ſomething ſeem to mean,
To make the whole in lively colours glow,
To bring before us ſomething that we know,
And from all honeſt men applauſe to win,
I'll groupe the Company, and put them in.

F. Be that ungen'rous thought by ſhame ſuppreſs'd,
Add not diſtreſs to thoſe too much diſtreſs'd.
Have they not, by blind zeal, miſled, laid bare
Thoſe ſores which never might endure the air?
Have they not brought their myſteries ſo low,
That what the wiſe ſuſpected not, fools know?
From their firſt riſe e'en to the preſent hour,
Have they not prov'd their own abuſe of pow'r;
Made it impoſſible, if fairly view'd,
Ever to have that dang'rous pow'r renew'd;
Whilſt unſeduc'd by Miniſters, the Throne
Regards our intereſt, and knows its own?

P. Should ev'ry other ſubject chance to fail,
Thoſe who have ſail'd, and thoſe who wiſh to fail
In the laſt fleet, afford an ample field,
Which muſt beyond my hopes a harveſt yield.

F. On ſuch vile food Satire can never thrive.

P. She cannot ſtarve, if there was only Clive.

END OF THE FAREWELL.

THE

TIMES.

THE time hath been, a boyiſh, bluſhing time,
When modeſty was ſcarcely held a crime;
When the moſt wicked had ſome touch of grace,
And trembled to meet Virtue face to face;
When thoſe, who, in the cauſe of Sin grown grey,
Had ſerv'd her without grudging day by day,
Were yet ſo weak an awkward ſhame to feel,
And ſtrove that glorious ſervice to conceal;
We, better bred, and than our ſires more wiſe,
Such paltry narrowneſs of ſoul deſpiſe,
To virtue ev'ry mean pretence diſclaim,
Lay bare our crimes, and glory in our ſhame.
Time was, ere Temperance had fled the realm;
Ere luxury ſat guttling at the helm
From meal to meal, without one moment's ſpace
Reſerv'd for buſineſs, or allow'd for grace;
Ere Vanity had ſo far conquer'd Senſe
To make us all wild rivals in expence,
To make one fool ſtrive to outvie another,
And every coxcomb dreſs againſt his brother;
Ere baniſh'd Induſtry had left our ſhores,
And Labour was by Pride kick'd out of doors;
Ere Idleneſs prevail'd ſole Queen in Courts,
Or only yielded to a rage for ſports;
Ere each weak mind was with externals caught,
And diſſipation held the place of thought;
Ere gambling Lords in vice ſo far were gone
To cog the die, and bid the ſun look on;
Ere a great nation not leſs juſt than free,
Was made a beggar by economy;
Ere rugged honeſty was out of vogue,
Ere Faſhion ſtamp'd her ſanction on the rogue;
Time was, that men had conſcience, that they made
Scruples to owe, what never could be paid.
Was one then found, however high his name,
So far above his fellows damn'd to ſhame,
Who dar'd abuſe and falſify his truſt,
Who, being great, yet dar'd to be unjuſt;
Shunn'd like a plague, or but at diſtance view'd,
He walk'd the crouded ſtreets in ſolitude,
Nor could his rank, and ſtation in the land,
Bribe one mean knave to take him by the hand.
Such rigid maxims (O, might ſuch revive
To keep expiring Honeſty alive)
Made rogues, all other hopes of fame deny'd,
Not juſt thro' principle, but juſt thro' pride.
Our times, more poliſh'd, wear a diff'rent face;
Debts are an honour; payment a diſgrace.
Men of weak winds, high-plac'd on Folly's lift,
May gravely tell us trade cannot ſubſiſt,
Nor all thoſe thouſands who're in trade employ'd,
If faith 'twixt man and man is once deſtroy'd.
Why—be it ſo—We in that point accord;
But what is trade and tradeſmen to a Lord?
Faber, from day to day, from year to year,
Hath had the cries of tradeſmen in his ear,
Of tradeſmen by his villainy betray'd,
And, vainly ſeeking juſtice, bankrupts made.
What is't to Faber? Lordly as before,
He ſits at eaſe, and lives to ruin more.
Fix'd at his door, as motionleſs as ſtone,
Begging, but only begging for their own,
Unheard they ſtand, or only heard by thoſe,
Thoſe ſlaves in livery, who only mock their woes.
What is't to Faber? He continues great,
Lives on in grandeur, and runs out in ſtate.
The helpleſs widow, wrung with deep deſpair,
In bitterneſs of ſoul, pours forth her pray'r,
Hugging her ſtarving babes with ſtreaming eyes,
And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the ſkies.
What is't to Faber? He ſtands ſafe and clear,
Heav'n can commence no legal action here,
And on his breaſt a mighty plate he wears,
A plate more firm than triple braſs, which bears
The name of Privilege 'gainſt vulgar awe;
He feels no Conſcience, and he fears no Law.
Nor think, acquainted with ſmall knaves alone,
Who have not ſhame outliv'd, and grace outgrown,
The great world hidden from thy reptile view,
That on ſuch men, to whom contempt is due,
Contempt ſhall fall, and their vile author's name
Recorded ſtand thro' all the Land of Shame.
No—to his porch, like Perſians to the ſun,
Behold contending crowds of courtiers run;
See, to his aid what noble troops advance,
All ſworn to keep his crimes in countenance.
Nor wonder at it—They partake the charge,
As ſmall their conſcience, and their debts as large.
Propp'd by ſuch clients, and without controul
From all that's honeſt in the human ſoul,
In grandeur mean, with inſolence unjuſt,
Whilſt none but knaves can praiſe, and fools will truſt,
Careſs'd and courted, Faber ſeems to ſtand
A mighty pillar in a guilty land,
And (a ſad truth to which ſucceeding times
Will ſcarce give credit, when 'tis told in rimes)
Did not ſtrict Honour with a jealous eye
Watch round the Throne, did not true Piety
(Who, link'd with Honour, for the nobleſt ends,
Ranks none but honeſt men amongſt her friends)
Forbids us to be cruſh'd with ſuch a weight,
He might in time be Miniſter of State.
But why enlarge I on ſuch petty crimes?
They might have ſhock'd the faith of former times
But now are held as nothing.—We begin
Where our ſires ended, and improve in ſin,
Rack our invention, and leave nothing new
In vice and folly for our ſons to do.
Nor deem this cenſure hard; there's not a place
Moſt conſecrate to purpoſes of grace,
Which Vice hath not polluted; none ſo high,
But with bold pinion ſhe hath dar'd to fly,
And build there for her pleaſure; none ſo low,
But ſhe hath crept into it; made it know,
And feel her pow'r; in courts, in camps ſhe reigns,
O'er ſober citizens, and ſimple ſwains;
E'en in our temples ſhe hath fix'd her throne,
And 'bove God's holy altars plac'd her own.
More to increaſe the horror of our State,
To make her empire laſting as 'tis great,
To make us in full-grown perfection feel
Curſes which neither Art nor Time can heal,
All ſhame diſcarded, all remains of pride,
Meanneſs ſits crown'd, and triumphs by her ſide;

Meanneſs, who gleans out of the human mind
Thoſe few good ſeeds which Vice had left behind,
Thoſe ſeeds which might in time to virtue tend,
And leaves the ſoul without a pow'r to mend;
Meanneſs, at ſight of whom, with brave diſdain
The breaſt of Manhood ſwells, but ſwells in vain,
Before whom Honour makes a forc'd retreat,
And Freedom is compell'd to quit her ſeat;
Meanneſs which, like that mark by bloody Cain
Borne in his forehead for a brother ſlain,
God, in his great and all-ſubduing rage,
Ordains the ſtanding mark of this vile age.
The venal hero trucks his fame for gold,
The patriot's virtue for a place is ſold,
The ſtateſman bargains for his Country's ſhame,
And for preferment prieſts their God diſclaim.
Worn out with luſt, her day of letch'ry o'er,
The mother trains the daughter which ſhe bore
In her own paths; the father aids the plan,
And, when the innocent is ripe for man,
Sells her to ſome old letcher for a wife,
And makes her an adultereſs for life,
Or in the Papers bids his name appear,
And advertiſes for a L———;
Huſband and wife (whom Av'rice muſt applaud)
Agree to ſave the charge of pimp and bawd;
Theſe parts they play themſelves, a frugal pair,
And ſhare the infamy, the gain to ſhare;
Well-pleas'd to find, when they the profits tell,
That they have play'd the whore and rogue ſo well.
Nor are theſe things (which might imply a ſpark
Of ſhame ſtill left) tranſacted in the dark.
No—to the public they are open laid,
And carried on like any other trade.
Scorning to mince damnation, and too proud
To work the works of darkneſs in a cloud,
In fulleſt vigour Vice maintains her ſway;
Free are her marts, and open at noon-day.
Meanneſs, now wed to Impudence, no more
In darkneſs ſkulks, and trembles, as of yore,
When the light breaks upon her coward eye;
Boldly ſhe ſtalks on earth, and to the ſky
Lifts her proud head, nor fears left time abate,
And turn her huſband's love to canker'd hate,
Since Fate, to make them more ſincerely one,
Hath crown'd their loves with Montague their ſon;
A ſon ſo like his dam, ſo like his ſire,
With all the mother's craft, the father's fire,
An image ſo expreſs in every part,
So like in all bad qualities of heart,
That, had they fifty children, he alone
Would ſtand as heir apparent to the throne.
With our own iſland vices not content,
We rob our neighbours on the continent,
Dance Europe round, and viſit ev'ry Court,
To ape their follies and their crimes import.
To diff'rent lands for diff'rent ſins we roam,
And, richly freighted, bring our cargo home,
Nobly induſtrious to make vice appear
In her full ſtate, and perfect only here.
To Holland, where Politeneſs ever reigns,
Where primitive Sincerity remains,
And makes a ſtand, where Freedom in her courſe
Hath left her name, tho' ſhe hath loſt her force
In that, as other lands, where ſimple Trade
Was never in the garb of Fraud array'd,
Where Av'rice never dar'd to ſhew his head,
Where, like a ſmiling cherub, Mercy, led
By Reaſon, bleſſes the ſweet-blooded race,
And Cruelty could never find a place,
To Holland for that Charity we roam,
Which happily begins and ends at home.
France, in return for peace and pow'r reſtor'd,
For all thoſe countries, which the hero's ſword
Unprofitably purchas'd, idly thrown
Into her lap, and made once more her own;
France hath afforded large and rich ſupplies
Of vanities full-trimm'd, of poliſh'd lies,
Of ſoothing flatteries, which thro' the ears
Steal to and melt the heart of ſlaviſh fears
Which break the ſpirit, and of abject fraud—
For which, alas! we need not ſend abroad.
Spain gives us pride—which Spain to all the earth
May largely give, nor fear herſelf a dearth—
Gives us that jealouſy, which, born of fear
And mean diſtruſt, grows not by nature here—
Gives us that ſuperſtition, which pretends
By the worſt means to ſerve the beſt of ends—
That cruelty, which, ſtranger to the brave,
Dwells only with the coward, and the ſlave;
That cruelty, which led her chriſtian bands
With more than ſavage rage o'er ſavage lands,
Bade her without remorſe whole countries thin,
And hold of nought but mercy as a ſin.
India, nurſe of ev'ry ſofter art,
Who, feigning to refine, unmans the heart,
Who lays the realms of Senſe and Virtue waſte,
Who mars whilſt ſhe pretends to mend our taſte;
Italia, to compleat and crown our ſhame,
Sends us a fiend, and Legion is his name.
The farce of greatneſs without being great,
Pride without pow'r, titles without eſtate,
Souls without vigour, bodies without force,
Hate without cauſe, revenge without remorſe,
Dark mean revenge, murder without defence,
Jealouſy without love, ſound without ſenſe,
Mirth without humour, without wit grimace,
Faith without reaſon, goſpel without grace,
Zeal without knowledge, without nature art,
Men without manhood, women without heart,
Half-men, who, dry and pithleſs, are debarr'd
From man's beſt joys—no ſooner made than marr'd—
Half-men, whom many a rich and *noble* dame,
To ſerve her luſt, and yet ſecure her fame,
Keeps on high diet, as we capons feed,
To glut our appetites at laſt decreed;
Women, who dance in poſtures ſo obſcene,
They might awaken ſhame in Aretine;
Who, when retir'd from the day's piercing light,
They celebrate the myſteries of night,
Might make the Muſes, in a corner plac'd
To view their monſtrous luſts, deem Sappho chaſte;
Theſe, and a thouſand follies rank as theſe,
A thouſand faults, ten thouſand fools, who pleaſe
Our pall'd and ſickly taſte, ten thouſand knaves,
Who ſerve our foes as ſpies, and us as ſlaves,
Who by degrees, and unperceiv'd, prepare
Our necks for chains which they already wear,
Madly we entertain, at the expence
Of Fame, of Virtue, Taſte, and Common Senſe.
Nor ſtop we here—the ſoft luxurious Eaſt,
Where man, his ſoul degraded, from the beaſt
In nothing diff'rent but in ſhape we view,
They walk on four legs, and he walks on two.
Attracts our eye; and flowing from that ſource,
Sins of the blackeſt character, ſins worſe

Than all her plagues, which truly to unfold
Would make the beſt blood in my veins run cold,
And ſtrike all manhood dead, which but to name
Would call up in my cheeks the marks of ſhame;
Sins, if ſuch ſins can be, which ſhut out grace,
Which for the guilty leave no hope, no place
E'en in God's mercy, ſins 'gainſt Nature's plan
Poſſeſs the land at large, and man for man
Burn in thoſe fires, which Hell alone could raiſe
To make him more than damn'd, which, in the days
Of puniſhment, when guilt becomes her prey,
With all her tortures ſhe can ſcarce repay.
Be grace ſhut out, be mercy deaf, let God
With tenfold terrors arm that dreadful rod
Which ſpeaks them loſt, and ſentenc'd to deſpair;
Diſtending wide her jaws, let Hell prepare
For thoſe who thus offend amongſt mankind,
A fire more fierce, and tortures more refin'd;
On earth, which groans beneath their monſtrous weight,
On earth, alas! they meet a diff'rent fate;
And whilſt the laws, falſe grace, falſe mercy ſhewn,
Are taught to wear a ſoftneſs not their own,
Men, whom the beaſts would ſpurn, ſhould they appear
Amongſt the honeſt herd, find refuge here.
No longer by vain fear or ſhame controul'd,
From long, too long ſecurity grown bold,
Mocking rebuke, they brave it in our ſtreets,
And Lumley e en at noon his miſtreſs meets:
So public in their crimes, ſo daring grown,
They almoſt take a pride to have them known;
And each unnat'ral villain ſcarce endures
To make a ſecret of his vile amours.
Go where we will, at ev'ry time and place,
Sodom confronts, and ſtares us in the face;
They ply in public at our very doors,
And take the bread from much more honeſt whores.
Thoſe who are mean high paramours ſecure,
And the rich guilty ſcreen the guilty poor;
The ſin too proud to feel from reaſon awe,
And thoſe who practiſe it too great for law.
Woman, the pride and happineſs of Man,
Without whoſe ſoft endearments Nature's plan
Had been a blank, and Life not worth a thought;
Woman, by all the Loves and Graces taught,
With ſofteſt arts, and ſure, tho' hidden ſkill,
To humanize, and mould us to her will;
Woman, with more than common grace form'd *here*,
With the perſuaſive language of a tear
To melt the rugged temper of our iſle,
Or win us to her purpoſe with a ſmile;
Woman, by fate the quickeſt ſpur decreed,
The faireſt, beſt reward of ev'ry deed
Which bears the ſtamp of honour; at whoſe name
Our ancient heroes caught a quicker flame,
And dar'd beyond belief, whilſt o'er the plain,
Spurning the carcaſes of Princes ſlain,
Confuſion proudly ſtrode, whilſt Horror blew
The fatal trump, and Death ſtalk'd full in view;
Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by
As having loſt its uſe; no more the eye
With *female* beauty caught, in wild amaze,
Gazes entranc'd, and could for ever gaze;
No more the heart, that ſeat where love reſides,
Each breath drawn quick and ſhort, in fuller tides
Life poſting thro' the veins, each pulſe on fire,
And the whole body tingling with deſire,
Pants for thoſe charms, which Virtue might engage
To break his vow, and thaw the froſt of Age,
Bidding each trembling nerve, each muſcle ſtrain,
And giving pleaſure which is almoſt pain.
Women are kept for nothing but the breed;
For pleaſure we muſt have a Ganymede;
A fine, freſh Hylas, a delicious boy,
To ſerve our purpoſes of beaſtly joy.
Faireſt of nymphs where ev'ry nymph is fair,
Whom Nature form'd with more than common care,
With more than common care whom Art improv'd,
And both declar'd moſt worthy to be lov'd,
——— neglected wanders, whilſt a croud
Purſue, and conſecrate the ſteps ———.
She, hapleſs maid, born in a wretched hour,
Waſtes Life's gay prime in vain, like ſome fair flow'r,
Sweet in its ſcent, and lively in its hue,
Which withers on the ſtalk from whence it grew,
And dies uncropp'd; whilſt he, admir'd, careſs'd, belov'd, and ev'ry where a welcome gueſt,
With brutes of rank and fortune plays the whore,
For this unnat'ral luſt a common ſewer.
Dine with Apicius—at his ſumptuous board
Find All the world of dainties can afford—
And yet (ſo much diſtemper'd ſpirits pall
The ſickly appetite (amidſt them all
Apicius finds no joy, but, whilſt he carves
For ev'ry gueſt, the landlord ſits and ſtarves.
Tho' foreſt haunch, fine fat, in flavour high,
Kept to a moment, ſmokes before his eye,
But ſmokes in vain; his heedleſs eye runs o'er
And loaths what he had deified before;
The turtle, of a great and glorious ſize,
Worth its own weight in gold, a mighty prize
For which a man of taſte all riſques would run,
Itſelf a feaſt, and ev'ry diſh in one;
The turtle in luxurious pomp comes in,
Kept, kill'd, cut up, prepar'd, and dreſs'd by Quin:
In vain it comes, in vain lies full in view;
As Quin hath dreſs'd it, he may eat it too,
Apicius cannot.—When the glaſs goes round,
Quick-circling, and the roof with mirth reſound,
Sober he ſits, and ſilent—All alone
Tho' in a croud, and to himſelf ſcarce known,
On grief he feeds, nor friends can cure, nor wine
Suſpend his cares, and make him ceaſe to pine.
Why mourns Apicius thus? Why runs his eye,
Heedleſs, o'er delicates, which from the ſky
Might call down Jove? where now his generous wiſh,
That, to invent a new and better diſh,
The world might burn, and all mankind expire,
So he might roaſt a Phœnix at the fire?
Why ſwims that eye in tears, which, thro' a race
Of ſixty years, never ſhew'd one ſign of grace?
Why feels that heart, which never felt before?
Why doth that pamper'd glutton eat no more,
Who only liv'd to eat, his ſtomach pall'd,
And drown'd in floods of ſorrow? Hath Fate call'd
His father from the grave to ſecond life?
Hath Clodius on his hands return'd his wife;
Or hath the law, by ſtricteſt juſtice taught,
Compell'd him to reſtore the dower ſhe brought?

Hath ſome bold creditor againſt his will
Brought in, and forc'd him to diſcharge a bill,
Where eating had no ſhare? Hath ſome vain wench
Run out his wealth, and forc'd him to retrench?
Hath any rival glutton got the ſtart,
And beat him in his own luxurious art;
Bought cates for which Apicius could not pay,
Or dreſt old dainties in a newer way?
Hath his cook, worthy to be ſlain with rods,
Spoil'd a diſh fit to entertain the gods;
Or hath ſome varlet, croſs'd by cruel fate,
Thrown down the price of empires in a plate?
None, none of theſe—his ſervants all are try'd,
So ſure they walk on ice, and never ſlide;
His cook, an acquiſition made in France,
Might put a Chloe out of countenance,
Nor, tho' old Holles ſtill maintains his ſtand,
Hath he one rival glutton in the land;
Women are all the objects of his hate,
His debts are all unpaid, and yet his ſtate
In full ſecurity and triumph held,
Unleſs for once a knave ſhould be expell'd;
His wife is ſtill a whore, and in his pow'r,
The woman gone, he ſtill retains the dow'r;
Sound in the grave (thanks to his filial care
Which mix'd the draught, and kindly ſent him there)
His father ſleeps, and, 'till the laſt trump ſhake
The corners of the earth, ſhall not awake.
Whence flows this ſorrow then? Behind the chair
Did'ſt thou not ſee, deck'd with a ſolitaire,
Which on his bare breaſt glitt'ring play'd, and grac'd
With niceſt ornaments, a ſtripling plac'd,
A ſmooth, ſmug, ſtripling, in life's faireſt prime?
Did'ſt thou not mind too, how from time to time
The monſtrous letcher, tempted to deſpiſe
All other dainties, thither turn'd his eyes?
How he ſeem'd inly to reproach us all,
Who ſtrove his fix'd attention to recall,
And how he wiſh'd, e'en at the time of grace,
Like Janus, to have had a double face?
His cauſe of grief behold in that fair boy;
Apicius dotes, and Corydon is coy.
Vain and unthinking ſtripling! When the glaſs
Meets thy too curious eye, and, as you paſs,
Flatt'ring, preſents in ſmiles thy image there,
Why doſt thou bleſs the gods, who made thee fair?
Blame their large bounties, and with reaſon blame;
Curſe, curſe thy beauty, for it leads to ſhame.
When thy hot Lord, to work thee to his end,
Bids ſhow'rs of gold into thy breaſt deſcend,
Suſpect his gifts, nor the vile giver truſt;
They're baits for virtue, and ſmell ſtrong of luſt.
On thoſe gay, gaudy trappings which adorn
The temple of thy body, look with ſcorn,
View them with horror; they pollution mean,
And deepeſt ruin: thou haſt often ſeen,
From 'mongſt the herd, the faireſt and the beſt
Carefully ſingled out, and richly dreſt,
With grandeur mock'd, for ſacrifice decreed,
Only in greater pomp at laſt to bleed.
Be warn'd in time, the threaten'd danger ſhun,
To ſtay a moment is to be undone.
What tho', temptation proof, thy virtue ſhine,
Nor bribes can move, nor arts can undermine,
All other methods failing, one reſource
Is ſtill behind, and thou muſt yield to force.
Paint to thyſelf the horrors of a rape,
Moſt ſtrongly paint, and, whilſt thou can'ſt, eſcape;
Mind not his promiſes—they're made in ſport—
Made to be broke—Was he not bred at Court?
Truſt not his honour, he's a man of birth;
Attend not to his oaths—they're made on earth,
Not regiſter'd in Heav'n—he mocks at grace,
And in his creed God never found a place—
Look not for Conſcience—for he knows her not,
So long a ſtranger, ſhe is quite forgot—
Nor think thyſelf in law ſecure and firm—
Thy maſter is a Lord, and thou a worm,
A poor mean reptile, never meant to think,
Who, being well ſupplied with meat and drink,
And ſuffer'd juſt to crawl from place to place,
Muſt ſerve his luſts, and think he does thee grace.
Fly, then, whilſt yet 'tis in thy pow'r to fly:
But whither can'ſt thou go? on whom rely
For wiſh'd protection? Virtue's ſure to meet
An arm'd hoſt of foes in ev'ry ſtreet.
What boots it, of Apicius fearful grown,
Headlong to fly into the arms of Stone?
Or why take refuge in the houſe of pray'r,
If ſure to meet with an Apicius there?
Truſt not old age, which will thy faith betray,
Saint Socrates is ſtill a goat tho' gray;
Truſt not green youth; Florio will ſcarce go down,
And, at eighteen, hath ſurfeited the town;
Truſt not to rakes—alas! 'tis all pretence—
They take up raking only as a fence
'Gainſt common fame—place H——— in thy view;
He keeps one whore as Barrowby kept two;
Truſt not to marriage—T——took a wife,
Who chaſte as Dian might have paſs'd her life,
Had ſhe not, far more prudent in her aim,
(To propagate the honours of his name,
And ſave expiring titles) taken care
Without his knowledge to provide an heir;
Truſt not to marriage, in mankind unread;
S——'s a married man, and S——new wed.
Would'ſt thou be ſafe? Society forſwear,
Fly to the deſart, and ſeek ſhelter there,
Herd with the brutes—they follow Nature's plan—
There's not one brute ſo dangerous as man
In Afric's wilds—'mongſt them that refuge find,
Which luſt denies thee here among mankind;
Renounce thy name, thy nature, and no more
Pique thy vain pride on manhood; on all four
Walk, as you ſee thoſe honeſt creatures do,
And quite forget that once you walk'd on two.
But if the thoughts of ſolitude alarm,
And ſocial life hath one remaining charm,
If, ſtill thou art to jeopardy decreed
Amongſt the monſters of Auguſta's breed,
Lay by thy ſex, thy ſafety to procure;
Put off the man, from men to live ſecure;
Go forth a woman to the public view,
And with their garb aſſume their manners too.
Had the *light-footed* Greek of Chiron's ſchool
Been wiſe enough to keep this ſingle rule,
The maudlin hero, like a puling boy
Robb'd of his play-thing on the plains of Troy
Had never blubber'd at Patroclus' tomb,
And plac'd his minion in his miſtreſs' room,
Be not in this than catamites more nice,
Do that for virtue, which they do for vice.

Thus ſhalt thou paſs untainted life's gay bloom,
Thus ſtand uncourted in the drawing-room,
At midnight thus, untempted, walk the ſtreet,
And run no danger but of being beat.
Where is the mother, whoſe officious zeal
Diſcreetly judging what her daughters feel
By what ſhe felt herſelf in days of yore,
Againſt that letcher Man makes faſt the door?
Who not permits, e'en for the ſake of pray'r,
A prieſt, uncaſtrated, to enter there,
Nor (could her wiſhes and her care prevail)
Would ſuffer in the houſe a fly that's male?
Let her diſcharge her cares, throw wide her doors,
Her daughters cannot, if they would, be whores;
Nor can a man be found, as times now go,
Who thinks it worth his while to make them ſo.
Tho' they more freſh, more lively than the morn,
And brighter than the noon-day ſun, adorn
The works of Nature; tho' the mother's grace
Revives, improv'd, in every daughter's face;
Undiſciplin'd in dull Diſcretion's rules,
Untaught, and undebauch'd by boarding-ſchools,
Free and unguarded, let them range the town,
Go forth at random, and run Pleaſure down,
Start where ſhe will, diſcard all taint of fear,
Nor think of danger, when no danger's near.
Watch not their ſteps—They're ſafe without thy care,
Unleſs, like jennets, they conceive by air,
And ev'ry one of them may die a nun,
Unleſs they breed, like carrion, in the ſun.
Men, dead to pleaſure, as they're dead to grace,
Againſt the law of Nature ſet their face,
The grand primæval law, and ſeem combin'd
To ſtop the propagation of mankind;
Vile Pathicks read the Marriage Act with pride,
And fancy that the Law is on their ſide.
Broke down, and ſtrength a ſtranger to his bed,
Old L———, tho' yet alive, is dead;
T—— lives no more, or lives not to our iſle;
No longer bleſt with a Cr———'s ſmile
T——— is at P——— diſgrac'd,
And M——— grown gray, perforce grows chaſte;
Nor, to the credit of our modeſt race,
Riſes one ſtallion to ſupply their place.
A maidenhead, which, twenty years ago,
In mid December the rank fly would blow
Tho' cloſely kept, *now*, when the Dog-Star's heat
Enflames the marrow in the very ſtreet,
May lie untouch'd, left for the worms, by thoſe
Who daintily paſs by, and hold their noſe.
Poor, plain Concupiſcence is in diſgrace,
And ſimple Letch'ry dares not ſhew her face,
Leſt ſhe be ſent to Bridewell: bankrupts made,
To ſave their fortunes, bawds leave off that trade,
Which firſt had left off them; to *Wellcloſe Square*
Fine, freſh, young ſtrumpets (for Dodd preaches there)
Throng for ſubſiſtence; pimps no longer thrive,
And penſions only keep L—— alive.
Where is the mother, who thinks all her pain,
And all her jeopardy of travail, gain,
When a man-child is born; thinks ev'ry pray'r
Paid to the full, and anſwer'd in an heir?
Short-ſighted woman! little doth ſhe know
What ſtreams of ſorrow from that ſource may flow;
Little ſuſpect, while ſhe ſurveys her boy,
Her young Narciſſus, with an eye of joy
Too full for continence, that Fate could give
Her darling as a curſe; that ſhe may live,
Ere ſixteen winters their ſhort courſe have run,
In agonies of ſoul, to curſe that ſon.
Pray then for daughters, ye wiſe mothers, pray;
They ſhall reward your love, not make you gray
Before your time with ſorrow they ſhall give
Ages of peace and comfort, whilſt ye live
Make life moſt truly worth your care, and ſave,
In ſpite of death, your mem'ries from the grave.
That ſenſe, with more than manly vigour fraught,
That fortitude of ſoul, that ſtretch of thought,
That genius, great beyond the narrow bound
Of earth's low walk, that judgment perfect found
When wanted moſt, that purity of taſte
Which Critics mention by the name of Chaſte
Adorn'd with elegance, that eaſy flow
Of ready wit which never made a foe,
That face, that form, that dignity, that eaſe,
Thoſe pow'rs of pleaſing, with that will to pleaſe,
By which Lepel, when in her youthful days,
E'en from the currriſh Pope extorted praiſe,
We ſee, tranſmitted, in her daughter ſhine,
And view a new Lepel in Caroline.
Is a ſon born into this world of woe?
In never-ceaſing ſtreams let ſorrow flow;
Be from that hour the houſe with ſables hung,
Let lamentations dwell upon thy tongue,
E'en from the moment that he firſt began
To wail and whine; let him not ſee a man;
Lock, lock him up, far from the public eye,
Give him no opportunity to buy,
Or to be bought: B——, tho' rich, was ſold,
And gave his body up to ſhame for gold.
Let it be bruited all about the town,
That he is courſe, indelicate and brown,
An antidote to luſt, his face deep ſcarr'd
With the ſmall-pox, his body maim'd and marr'd,
Eat up with the King's-evil, and his blood,
Tainted throughout, a thick and putrid flood,
Where dwells Corruption, making him all o'er,
From head to foot, a rank and running ſore.
Should'ſt thou report him as by Nature made,
He is undone, and by thy praiſe betray'd;
Give him out fair, letchers in number more,
More brutal and more fierce, than throng'd the door
Of Lot in Sodom, ſhall to thine repair,
And force a paſſage, tho' a God is there.
Let him not have one ſervant that is male;
Where Lords are baffled, ſervants oft prevail.
Some vices they propoſe, to all agree;
H——— was guilty, but was M——— free?
Give him no tutor—throw him to a punk,
Rather than truſt his morals to a monk—
Monks we all know—we, who have liv'd at home,
From fair report, and travellers, who roam,
More feelingly—nor truſt him to the gown,
'Tis oft a covering in this vile town
For baſe deſigns; ourſelves have liv'd to ſee
More than one parſon in the pillory.
Should he have brothers, (image to thy view
A ſcene, which, tho' not public made, is true)
Let not one brother be to t' other known,
Nor let his father ſit with him alone.
Be all his ſervants female, young, and fair;
And if the pride of Nature ſpur thy heir

To deeds of venery, if, hot and wild,
He chance to get ſome ſcore of maids with child,
Chide, but forgive him; whoredom is a crime,
Which, more at this than any other time,
Calls for indulgence, and, 'mongſt ſuch a race,
To have a baſtard is ſome ſign of grace.
Born in ſuch times, ſhould I ſit tamely down,
Suppreſs my rage, and ſaunter thro' the town
As one who knew not, or who ſhar'd theſe crimes?
Should I at leſſer evils point my rimes,
And let this giant ſin, in the full eye
Of obſervation, paſs unwounded by?
Tho' our meek wives, paſſive obedience taught,
Patiently bear thoſe wrongs for which they ought,
With the brave ſpirit of their dams poſſeſs'd,
To plant a dagger in each huſband's breaſt,
To cut off male increaſe from this fair iſle,
And turn our Thames into another Nile;
Tho', on his Sunday, the ſmug pulpiteer,
Loud 'gainſt all other crimes, is ſilent here,
And thinks himſelf abſolv'd, in the pretence
Of decency, which meant for the defence
Of real Virtue, and to raiſe her price,
Becomes an agent for the cauſe of Vice;
Tho' the Law ſleeps, and thro' the care they take
To drug her well, may never more awake;
Born in ſuch times, nor with that patience curſt
Which ſaints may boaſt of, I muſt ſpeak, or burſt.
But if, too eager in my bold career,
Haply I wound the nice and chaſter ear,
If all unguarded, all too rude, I ſpeak,
And call up bluſhes in the maiden's cheek,
Forgive, ye fair—my real motives view
And to forgiveneſs add your praiſes too.
For you I write—nor wiſh a better plan,
The cauſe of Woman is moſt worthy Man—
For you I ſtill will write, nor hold my hand,
Whilſt there's one ſlave of Sodom in the land.
Let them fly far, and ſkulk from place to place,
Not daring to meet manhood face to face,
Their ſteps I'll track, nor yield them one retreat
Where they may hide their heads, or reſt their feet,
'Till God in wrath ſhall let his vengeance fall,
And make a great example of them all,
Bidding in one grand pile this town expire,
Her tow'rs in duſt, her Thames a lake of fire;
Or they (moſt worth our wiſh) convinc'd, tho' late,
Of their paſt crimes, and dangerous eſtate,
Pardon of women with repentance buy,
And learn to honour them, as much as I.

END OF THE TIMES.

INDEPENDENCE.

HAPPY the *Bard* (tho' few ſuch *Bards* we find)
Who, 'bove controulment, dares to ſpeak his mind;
Dares unabaſh'd, in ev'ry place appear,
And nothing fears, but what he ought to fear.
Him Faſhion cannot tempt, him abject Need
Cannot compel, him Pride cannot miſlead
To be the ſlave of Greatneſs, to ſtrike ſail,
When, ſweeping onward with her peacock's tail,
Quality, in full plumage, paſſes by;
He views her with a fix'd, contemptuous eye,
And mocks the puppet, keeps his own due ſtate,
And is above converſing with the great.
Periſh thoſe ſlaves, thoſe minions of the quill,
Who have conſpir'd to ſeize that ſacred hill
Where the Nine Siſters pour a genuine ſtrain,
And ſunk the mountain level with the plain;
Who, with mean, private views, and ſervile art,
No ſpark of virtue living in their heart,
Have baſely turn'd apoſtates, have debas'd
Their dignity of office, have diſgrac'd,
Like Eli's ſons, the altars where they ſtand,
And caus'd their names to ſtink thro' all the land,
Have ſtoop'd to proſtitute their venal pen
For the ſupport of great but guilty men,
Have made the Bard, of their own vile accord,
Inferior to that thing we call a *Lord*.
What is a *Lord*? Doth that plain ſimple word
Contain ſome magic ſpell? As ſoon as heard,
Like an alarum-bell on Night's dull ear,
Doth it ſtrike louder, and more ſtrong appear
Than other words? Whether we will or no,
Thro' Reaſon's Court doth it unqueſtion'd go
E'en on the mention, and of courſe tranſmit
Notions of ſomething excellent, of wit
Pleaſing tho' keen, of humour free tho' chaſte,
Of ſterling genius with ſound judgment grac'd,
Of virtue far above temptation's reach,
And honour which not malice can impeach?
Believe it not—'twas Nature's firſt intent,
Before their rank became their puniſhment,
They ſhould have paſs'd for men, nor bluſh'd to prize
The bleſſings ſhe beſtow'd.—She gave them eyes,
And they could ſee—ſhe gave them ears—they heard—
The inſtruments of ſtirring, and they ſtirr'd—
Like us, they were deſign'd to eat, to drink,
To talk, and (ev'ry now and then) to think:
'Till they, by pride corrupted, for the ſake
Of ſingularity, diſclaim'd that make;
'Till they, diſdaining Nature's vulgar mode,
Flew off, and ſtruck into another road,
More fitting *Quality*, and to our view
Came forth a ſpecies altogether new,
Something we had not known, and could not know,
Like nothing of God's making here below;
Nature exclaim'd with wonder—*Lords* are Things,
Which, never made by me, were made by Kings.
A *Lord* (nor let the honeſt and the brave
The true, old noble with the fool and knave
Here mix his fame; curſt be that thought of mine,
Which with a B— and F— ſhould Grafton join)
A *Lord* (nor here let cenſure raſhly call
My juſt contempt of ſome, abuſe of all,
And as of *late*, when Sodom was my theme,
Slander my purpoſe, and my Muſe blaſpheme,
Becauſe ſhe ſtops not, rapid in her ſong,
To make exceptions as ſhe goes along,
Tho' well ſhe hopes to find, another year,
A whole Minority exceptions here)
A mere, mere *Lord*, with nothing but the name,
Wealth all his worth, and title all his fame,
Lives on another man; himſelf a blank,
Thankleſs he lives, or muſt ſome grandſire thank

For ſmuggled honours, and ill-gotten pelf;
A *Bard* owes all to Nature and himſelf.
Gods, how my ſoul is burnt up with diſdain,
When I ſee men, whom Phœbus in his train
Might view with pride, lacquey the heels of thoſe
Whom Genius ranks amongſt her greateſt foes!
And what's the cauſe? Why theſe ſame ſons of Scorn,
No thanks to them, were to a title born,
And could not help it; by chance hither ſent,
And only deities by accident.
Hard fortune on our getting chanc'd to ſhine,
Their birthright honours had been *your*'s or *mine*.
'Twas a mere random ſtroke; and ſhould the Throne
Eye thee with favour, proud and lordly grown,
Thou, tho' a Bard, might'ſt be their fellow yet,
But Felix never can be made a Wit.
No, in good faith—that's one of theſe few things
Which Fate hath plac'd beyond the reach of Kings.
Bards may be Lords, but 'tis not in the cards,
Play how we will, to turn Lords into Bards.
A *Bard*—a *Lord*—Why let them hand in hand
Go forth as friends, and travel thro' the land;
Obſerve which word the people can digeſt
Moſt readily, which goes to market beſt,
Which gets moſt credit; whether men will truſt
A *Bard* becauſe they think he may be juſt,
Or on a *Lord* will chuſe to riſk their gains,
Tho' *Privilege* in that point ſtill remains.
A *Bard*—a *Lord*—let Reaſon take her ſcales,
And fairly weigh thoſe words; ſee which prevails,
Which in the balance lightly kicks the beam,
And which by ſinking, we the victor deem.
'Tis done, and Hermes, by command of Jove,
Summons a ſynod in the ſacred grove.
Gods throng with gods to take their chairs on high,
And ſit in ſtate the Senate of the ſky;
Whilſt, in a kind of parliament below,
Men ſtare at thoſe above, and want to know
What they're tranſacting. Reaſon takes her ſtand
Juſt in the midſt, a balance in her hand,
Which o'er and o'er ſhe tries, and finds it true.
From either ſide, conducted full in view,
A man comes forth, of vigour ſtrange and queer;
We now and then ſee ſomething like them here.
The *firſt* was meagre, flimſy, void of ſtrength,
But Nature kindly had made up in length
What ſhe in breadth denied. Erect and proud,
A head and ſhoulders taller than the croud,
He deem'd them pigmies all: looſe hung his ſkin
O'er his bare bones; his face ſo very thin,
So very narrow, and ſo much beat out,
That Phyſiognomiſts have made a doubt,
Proportion loſt, expreſſion quite forgot,
Whether it could be call'd a face or not;
At end of it howe'er, unbleſs'd with beard,
Some twenty fathom length of chin appear'd:
With legs, which we might well conceive that Fate
Meant only to ſupport a ſpider's weight,
Firmly he ſtrove to tread, and with a ſtride
Which ſhew'd at once his weakneſs and his pride,
Shaking himſelf to pieces, ſeem'd to cry,
"Obſerve, good people, how I ſhake the ſky."
In his right-hand a paper did he hold,
On which, at large, in characters of gold,
Diſtinct, and plain for thoſe who run to ſee,
Saint Archibald had wrote *L, O, R, D.*
This, with an air of ſcorn, he from afar
Twirl'd into Reaſon's ſcales, and on that bar,
Which from his ſoul he hated, yet admir'd,
Quick turn'd his back, and as he came retir'd.
The Judge to all around his name declar'd;
Each goddeſs titter'd, each god laugh'd, Jove ſtar'
And the whole people cried, with one accord,
"Good Heaven bleſs us all, is that a *Lord*!"
Such was the *firſt*—the *ſecond* was a man,
Whom Nature built on quite a diff'rent plan;
A *bear*, whom from the moment he was born,
His dam deſpis'd, and left *unlick'd* in ſcorn;
A *Babel*, which, the pow'r of Art undone,
She could not finiſh when ſhe had begun;
An utter *Chaos*, out of which no might
But that of God could ſtrike one ſpark of light.
Broad were his ſhoulders, and from blade to blad
A H——— might at full length have laid;
Vaſt were his bones, his muſcles twiſted ſtrong;
His face was ſhort, but broader than 'twas long;
His features, tho' by Nature they were large,
Contentment had contriv'd to overcharge,
And bury meaning, ſave that we might ſpy
Senſe low'ring on the penthouſe of his eye;
His arms were two twin oaks; his legs ſo ſtout
That they might bear a manſion-houſe about;
Nor were they, look but at his body there,
Deſign'd by Fate a much leſs weight to bear.
O'er a brown *Caſſock*, which had once b
black,
Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,
A ſight moſt ſtrange, and aukward to behold,
He threw a covering of *blue* and *gold*.
Juſt at the time of life, when man by rule,
The fop laid down, takes up the graver fool,
He ſtarted up a fop, and, fond of ſhow,
Look'd like another Hercules turn'd *beau*.
A ſubject, met with only now and then,
Much fitter for the pencil than the pen;
Hogarth would draw him (Envy muſt allow)
E'en to the life, was Hogarth living now.
With ſuch accoutrements, with ſuch a form,
Much like a porpoiſe juſt before a ſtorm,
Onward he roll'd: a laugh prevail'd around,
E'en Jove was ſeen to ſimper.; at the ſound
(Nor was the cauſe unknown, for from his youth
Himſelf he ſtudied by the glaſs of Truth)
He join'd their mirth, nor ſhall the gods condemn,
If, whilſt they laugh'd at him, he laugh'd at them
Judge Reaſon view'd him with an eye of grace,
Look'd through his ſoul, and quite forgot his face;
And, from his hand receiv'd, with fair regard
Plac'd in her other ſcale the name of *Bard*.
Then (for ſhe did as Judges ought to do,
She nothing of the caſe beforehand knew,
Nor wiſh'd to know; ſhe never ſtretch'd the laws,
Nor, baſely to anticipate a cauſe,
Compell'd Sollicitors, no longer free,
To ſhew thoſe briefs ſhe had no right to ſee)
Then ſhe with equal hand her ſcales held out,
Nor did the cauſe one moment hang in doubt;
She held her ſcales out fair to public view,
The *Lord*, as ſparks fly upwards, upwards flew.
More light than air, deceitful in the weight;
The *Bard*, preponderating, kept his ſtate.
Reaſon approv'd, and with a voice whoſe ſound
Shook earth, ſhook heaven, on the cleareſt ground

Pronouncing for the *Bards* a full decree
Cried—" Thoſe muſt honour *them*, who honour *me*;
" They from this preſent day, where'er I reign,
" In their own right, precedence ſhall obtain:
" *Merit* rules here; be it enough that *Birth*
" Intoxicates, and ſways the fools of earth."
Nor think that here, in hatred to a Lord,
I've forg'd a tale, or alter'd a record;
Search when you will (I am not now in ſport)
You'll find it regiſter'd in Reaſon's Court.
Nor think that Envy here hath ſtrung my lyre,
That I depreciate what I moſt admire;
And look on titles with an eye of ſcorn,
Becauſe I was not to a title born.
By Him that made me, I am much more proud,
More inly ſatisfied to have a croud
Point at me as I paſs, and cry,—" That's he—
" A poor, but honeſt Bard, who dares be free
" Amidſt corruption," than to have a train
Of ſlick'ring levee-ſlaves to make me vain
Of things I ought to bluſh for; to run, fly,
And live but in the motion of my eye;
When I am leſs than man, my faults t' adore,
And make me think that I am ſomething more.
Recall paſt times, bring back the days of old,
When the great Noble bore his honours bold,
And in the face of peril when he dar'd
Things which his legal baſtard, if declar'd,
Might well diſcredit; faithful to his truſt,
In the extremeſt points of juſtice juſt,
Well-knowing all, and lov'd by all he knew,
True to his King, and to his Country true;
Honeſt at Court, above the baits of gain,
Plain in his dreſs, and in his manners plain;
Mod'rate in wealth, gen'rous but not profuſe,
Well worthy riches, for he knew their uſe;
Poſſeſſing much, and yet deſerving more,
Deſerving thoſe high honours which he wore
With eaſe to all, and in return gain'd fame,
Which all men paid, becauſe he did not claim;
When the grim war was plac'd in dread array,
Fierce as the lion roaring for his prey,
Or lioneſs of royal whelps foredone,
In peace, as mild as the departing ſun,
A gen'ral bleſſing whereſoe'er he turn'd,
Patron of learning, nor himſelf unlearn'd;
Ever awake at Pity's tender call,
A father of the poor, a friend to all;
Recall ſuch times, and from the grave bring back
A worth like this, my heart ſhall bend, or crack,
My ſtubborn pride give way, my tongue proclaim,
And ev'ry Muſe conſpire to ſwell his fame,
'Till Envy ſhall to him that praiſe allow,
Which ſhe cannot deny to Temple now.
This juſtice claims, nor ſhall the Bard forget,
Delighted with the taſk, to pay that debt,
To pay it like a man, and in his lays,
Sounding ſuch worth, prove his own right to praiſe.
But let not Pride and Prejudice miſdeem,
And think that empty titles are my theme;
Titles, with me, are vain, and nothing worth,
I rev'rence Virtue, but I laugh at Birth.
Give me a Lord that's honeſt, frank, and brave,
I am his friend, but cannot be his ſlave;
Tho' none indeed but blockheads would pretend
To make a ſlave, where they may make a friend.
I love his virtues, and will make them known,
Confeſs his rank, but can't forget my own.

Give me a Lord, who, to a title born,
Boaſts nothing elſe, I'll pay him ſcorn with ſcorn.
What, ſhall my pride (and pride is virtue here)
Tamely make way, if ſuch a wretch appear?
Shall I uncover'd ſtand, and bend my knee
To ſuch a ſhadow of nobility,
A ſhred, a remnant? He might not unknown
For any real merit of his own,
And never had come forth to public note,
Had he not worn by chance his father's coat.
To think a M—— worth my leaſt regards,
Is treaſon to the *Majeſty* of *Bards*.
By Nature form'd (when for her honour's ſake
She ſomething more than common ſtrove to make,
When, overlooking each minute defect,
And all too eager to be quite correct,
In her full heat and vigour ſhe impreſt
Her ſtamp moſt ſtrongly on the favour'd breaſt)
The *Bard* (nor think too lightly that I mean
Thoſe little, piddling, witlings, who o'erween
Of their ſmall parts, the Murphys of the ſtage,
The Maſons and the Whiteheads of the age,
Who all in raptures their own works rehearſe,
And drawl out meaſur'd proſe, which they call verſe)
The real *Bard*, whom native genius fires,
Whom every Maid of Caſtaly inſpires,
Let him conſider wherefore he was meant,
Let him but anſwer Nature's great intent,
And fairly weigh himſelf with other men,
Would ne'er debaſe the glories of his pen,
Would in full ſtate, like a true Monarch, live,
Nor 'bate one inch of his *prerogative*.
Methinks I ſee old Wingate frowning here,
(Wingate may in the ſeaſon be a Peer,
Tho' now, againſt his will, of figures ſick,
He's forc'd to diet on *Arithmetic*,
E'en whilſt he envies ev'ry Jew he meets,
Who cries old cloaths to ſell about the ſtreets)
Methinks (his mind with future honours big,
His *Tyburn* bob turn'd to a dreſs'd bag wig)
I hear him cry—" What doth this jargon mean?
" Was ever ſuch a damn'd dull blockhead ſeen?
" *Majeſty*——*Bard*——*Prerogative*——Diſdain
" Hath got into, and turn'd the fellow's brain;
" To *Bethlem* with him—give him whips and ſtraw—
" I'm very ſenſible he's mad in law.
" A ſaucy groom who trades in reaſon, thus
" To ſet himſelf upon a *par* with us;
" If this *here*'s ſuffer'd, and if that *there* fool
" May when he pleaſes ſend us all to ſchool,
" *Why* then our only buſineſs is outright
" To take our caps, and bid the world good night.
" I've kept a *Bard* myſelf *this* twenty years,
" But nothing of this kind in him appears.
" He, like a thorough true-bred ſpaniel, licks
" The hand which cuffs him, and the foot which kicks;
" He fetches and he carries, blacks my ſhoes,
" Nor thinks it a diſcredit to his Muſe;
" A creature of the right Cameleon hue,
" He wears my colours, yellow or true-blue,
" Juſt as I wear them; 'tis all one to him,
" Whether I change thro' conſcience, or thro' whim.
" Now this is ſomething like; on ſuch a plan
" A *Bard* may find a friend in a great man;
" But this proud coxcomb—Zounds, I thought that all
" Of this queer tribe had been like my *Old* Paul."

Injurious thought! accurſed be the tongue
On which the vile inſinuation hung,
The heart where 'twas engender'd! Curſt be thoſe,
Thoſe *Bards*, who not themſelves alone expoſe,
But *Me*, but *All*, and make the very name
By which they're call'd, a ſtanding mark of ſhame.
Talk not of cuſtom—'tis the coward's plea,
Current with fools, but paſſes not with me;
An old ſtale trick, which Guilt hath often tried
By numbers to o'erpow'r the better ſide.
Why tell me, then, that from the birth of Rime,
No matter when, down to the preſent time,
As by th' original decree of Fate,
Bards have protection ſought amongſt the great;
Conſcious of weakneſs, have applied to them
As vines to elms, and twining round their ſtem,
Flouriſh'd on high; to gain this wiſh'd ſupport,
E'en Virgil to Mæcenas paid his court;
As to the cuſtom, 'tis a point agreed,
But 'twas a fooliſh diffidence, not need,
From which it roſe: had *Bards* but truly known
That ſtrength, which is moſt properly their own,
Without a *Lord*, *unpropp'd*, they might have ſtood,
And overtopp'd thoſe giants of the wood.
But why, when preſent times my care engage,
Muſt I go back to the *Auguſtan* age?
Why, anxious for the living, am I led
Into the manſions of the ancient dead?
Can they find patrons no where but at Rome,
And muſt I ſeek Mæcenas in the tomb?
Name but a Wingate, twenty fools of note
Start up, and from report Mæcenas quote;
Under his colours *Lords* are proud to fight,
Forgetting that Mæcenas was a *Knight*;
They mention him, as if to uſe his name
Was in ſome meaſure to partake his fame,
Tho' Virgil, were he living, in the ſtreet
Might rot for them, or periſh in the *Fleet*.
See how they redden, and the charge diſclaim—
Virgil, and in the *Fleet*!—Forbid it, Shame.
Hence, ye vain boaſters, to the *Fleet* repair,
And aſk, with bluſhes aſk, if LLOYD is there*.
Patrons, in days of yore, were men of ſenſe,
Were men of taſte, and had a fair pretence
To rule in letters.—Some of them were heard
To read off-hand, and never ſpell a word;
Some of them too, to ſuch a monſtrous height
Was learning riſen, for themſelves could write,
And kept their Secretaries, as the great
Do many other fooliſh things, for ſtate.
Our patrons are of quite a diff'rent ſtrain,
With neither ſenſe nor taſte, againſt the grain;
They patronize for faſhion ſake—no more—
And keep a *Bard*, juſt as they keep a *Whore*.
Melcombe † (on ſuch occaſion I am loth
To name the dead) was a rare proof of both.
Some of them would be puzzled e'en to read,
Nor could deſerve their *Clergy* by their *Creed*;
Others can write, but ſuch a *pagan* hand,
A Willes ‡ ſhould always at our elbow ſtand;
Many, if begg'd, a *Chancellor*, of right,
Would order into keeping at firſt ſight.
Thoſe who ſtand faireſt to the public view,
Take to themſelves the praiſe to others due;
They rob the very *ſpital*, and make free
With thoſe, alas! who've leaſt to ſpare.—We ſee,
———— hath not had a word to ſay,
Since winds and waves bore Singlefpeech away.
Patrons in days of yore, like patrons now,
Expected that the *Bard* ſhould make his bow
At coming in, and ev'ry now and then
Hint to the world that they were more than men;
But, like the patrons of the preſent day,
They never bilk'd the poet of his pay.
Virgil lov'd rural eaſe, and, far from harm,
Mæcenas fix'd him in a neat, ſnug farm,
Where he might, free from trouble, paſs his days
In his own ways, and pay his rent in praiſe.
Horace lov'd wine, and thro' his friend at Court,
Could buy it off the key in ev'ry port;
Horace lov'd mirth, Mæcenas lov'd it too,
They met, they laugh'd, as Goy ‖ and I may do,
Nor in thoſe moments paid the leaſt regard
To which was *Miniſter*, and which was *Bard*.
Not ſo our patrons—grave as grave can be,
They *know themſelves*, they keep up *dignity*;
Bards are a forward race, nor is it fit
That men of fortune rank with men of wit;
Wit, if familiar made, will find her ſtrength—
'Tis beſt to keep her weak and at arms-length.
'Tis well enough for *Bards*, if patrons give,
From hand to mouth, the ſcanty means to live.
Such is their language, and their practice ſuch,
They promiſe little, and they give not much.
Let the weak *Bard*, with proſtituted ſtrain,
Praiſe that proud Scot, whom all good men diſdain
What's his reward? Why, his own fame undone,
He may obtain a patent for the run
Of his Lord's kitchen, and have ample time,
With offal fed, to court the cook in rime;
Or (if he ſtrives true patriots to diſgrace)
May at the *ſecond* table get a place,
With ſomewhat greater ſlaves allow'd to dine,
And play at crambo o'er his gill of wine.
And are there *Bards*, who on Creation's file
Stand rank'd as men, who breathe in this fair iſle
The air of Freedom, with ſo little gall,
So low a ſpirit, proſtrate thus to fall
Before theſe idols, and without a groan
Bear wrongs might call forth murmurs from a ſtone
Better, and much more noble, to abjure
The light of men, and in ſome cave, ſecure
From all the outrages of pride, to feaſt
On Nature's ſallads, and be free at leaſt.
Better (tho' that, to ſay the truth, is worſe
Than almoſt any other modern curſe)
Diſcard all ſenſe, divorce the thankleſs Muſe,
Critics commence, and write in the *Review*;
Write without tremor, Griffiths cannot read;
No fool can fail, where Langhorne can ſucceed.
But (not to make a brave and honeſt Pride
Try thoſe means firſt, ſhe muſt diſdain when tried)
There are a thouſand ways, a thouſand arts,
By which, and fairly, men of real parts

* Mr. Lloyd died in the Fleet, Dec. 15, 1764, ſhortly after the publication of this poem.

† George Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe. He died July 28, 1762.

‡ Decypherer to the State.

‖ A Frenchman, Secretary to Mr. Wilkes.

May gain a living, gain what Nature craves;
Let thoſe, who pine for more, live, and be ſlaves.
Our real wants in a ſmall compaſs lye,
But lawleſs Appetite with eager eye,
Kept in a conſtant fever, more requires,
And we are burnt up with our own deſires.
Hence our dependence, hence our ſlav'ry ſprings;
Bards, if contented, are as great as Kings.
Ourſelves are to ourſelves the cauſe of ill;
We may be independent, if we will.
The man who ſuits his ſpirit to his ſtate,
Stands on an equal footing with the great;
Moguls themſelves are not more rich, and he
Who rules the Engliſh nation, not more free.
Chains were not forg'd more durable and ſtrong
For *Bards* than others, but they've worn them long,
And therefore wear them ſtill; they've quite forgot
What Freedom is, and therefore prize her not.
Could they, tho' in their ſleep, could they but know
The bleſſings which from Independence flow;
Could they but have a ſhort and tranſient gleam
Of Liberty, tho' 'twas but in a dream;
They would no more in bondage bend their knee,
Bet, once made Freemen, would be always free.
The Muſe, if ſhe one moment freedom gains,
Can never more ſubmit to ſing in chains.
Bred in a cage, far from the feather'd throng,
The bird repays his keeper with his ſong,
But if ſome playful child ſets wide the door,
Abroad he flies, and thinks of home no more,
With love of liberty begins to burn,
And rather ſtarves than to his cage return.
Hail, Independence—by true reaſon taught,
How few have known, and priz'd thee as they ought.
Some give thee up for riot; ſome, like boys,
Reſign thee, in their childiſh moods, for toys;
Ambition ſome, ſome avarice miſleads,
And in both caſes Independence bleeds:
Abroad, in queſt of thee, how many roam,
Nor know they had thee in their reach at home;
Some, tho' about their paths, their beds about,
Have never had the ſenſe to find thee out;
Others, who know of what they are poſſeſs'd,
Like fearful miſers, lock thee in a cheſt,
Nor have the reſolution to produce
In theſe bad times, and bring thee forth for uſe.
Hail, Independence—tho' thy name's ſcarce known,
Tho' thou, alas! art out of faſhion grown,
Tho' all deſpiſe thee, I will not deſpiſe,
Nor live one moment longer than I priſe
Thy preſence, and enjoy: by angry Fate
Bow'd down, and almoſt cruſh'd, *Thou* cam'ſt, tho' late,
Thou cam'ſt upon me, like a ſecond birth,
And made me know what life was truly worth.
Hail, Independence—never may my cot,
'Till I forget thee, be by thee forgot;
Thither, O thither, oftentimes repair;
Cotes *, whom thou lov'ſt too, ſhall meet thee there;
All thoughts, but what ariſe from joy, give o'er;
Peace dwells within, and Law ſhall guard the door.

* Humphrey Cotes.

O'erweening Bard! Law guard thy door, what Law?
The Law of England?——To controul, and awe
Thoſe ſaucy hopes, to ſtrike that ſpirit dumb,
Behold, in ſtate, Adminiſtration come.
Why let her come, in all her terrors too;
I dare to ſuffer all ſhe dares to do.
I know her malice well, and know her pride,
I know her ſtrength, but will not change my ſide.
This melting maſs of fleſh ſhe may controul
With iron ribs, ſhe cannot chain my ſoul.
No—to the laſt reſolv'd her worſt to bear,
I'm ſtill at large, and *Independent* there.
Where is this Miniſter? Where is the band
Of ready ſlaves, who at his elbow ſtand
To hear, and to perform his wicked will?
Why, for the firſt time, are they ſlow to ill?
When ſome grand act 'gainſt Law is to be done,
Doth ——— ſleep; doth bloodhound ——— run
To L———; and worry thoſe ſmall deer,
When he might do more precious miſchief here?
Doth Webb turn tail? Doth he refuſe to draw
Illegal warrants, and to call them Law?
Doth Webb, at Guildford kick'd, from Guildford run,
With that cold lump of unbak'd dough, his ſon,
And, his more honeſt rival Ketch to cheat,
Purchaſe a burial-place where three ways meet?
Believe it not; ——— is ——— ſtill,
And never ſleeps, when he ſhould wake to ill;
——— doth leſſer miſchiefs by the bye,
The great ones 'till the Term in *petto* lie;
Webb lives, and to the ſtricteſt juſtice true,
Scorns to defraud the hangman of his due.
O my poor Country—weak and overpower'd
By thine own ſons—eat to the bone—devour'd
By vipers, which, in thine own entrails bred,
Prey on thy life, and with thy blood are fed,
With unavailing griefs thy wrongs I ſee,
And, for myſelf not feeling, feel *for thee*.
I grieve, but can't deſpair—*for*, lo, at hand
Freedom preſents a choice, but faithful band
Of *loyal* patriots, men who greatly dare
In ſuch a noble cauſe, men fit to bear
The weight of empires; *Fortune*, *Rank*, and *Senſe*,
Virtue and *Knowledge*, leagu'd with *Eloquence*,
March in their ranks; Freedom from file to file
Darts her delighted eye, and with a ſmile
Approves her honeſt ſons, whilſt down her cheek,
As 'twere by ſtealth (her heart too full to ſpeak)
One tear in ſilence creeps, one honeſt tear,
And ſeems to ſay, "Why is not Granby here?"
O ye brave *few*, in whom we ſtill may find
A love of Virtue, Freedom, and Mankind,
Go forth, in majeſty of woe array'd,
See, at your feet your Country kneels for aid,
And (many of her children traitors grown)
Kneels to thoſe ſons ſhe ſtill can call her own;
Seeming to breathe her laſt in ev'ry breath,
She kneels for freedom, or ſhe begs for death—
Fly then, each dutcous ſon, each Engliſh chief,
And to your drooping parent bring relief.
Go forth—nor let the ſiren voice of Eaſe
Tempt ye to ſleep, whilſt tempeſts ſwell the ſeas;
Go forth—nor let Hypocriſy, whoſe tongue
With many a fair, falſe, fatal art is hung,

Like Bethel's fawning prophet croſs your way,
When your great errand brooks not of delay;
Nor let vain Fear, who cries to all ſhe meets,
Trembling and pale—"A lion in the ſtreets"—
Damp your free ſpirits; let not threats affright,
Nor bribes corrupt, nor flatteries delight.
Be as one man—Concord ſucceſs enſures—
There's not an Engliſh heart but what is yours.
Go forth—and Virtue, ever in your ſight,
Shall be your guide by day, your guard by night—
Go forth—the champions of your native land,
And may the battle proſper in your hand—
It may, it muſt—Ye cannot be withſtood—
Be your Hearts honeſt, as your Cauſe is good.

END OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE

JOURNEY.

SOME of my *friends* (for *friends* I muſt ſuppoſe
All, who, not daring to appear my foes,
Feign great good-will, and, not more full of ſpite
Than full of craft, under falſe colours fight)
Some of my *friends* (ſo laviſhly I print)
As more in ſorrow than in anger, hint
(Tho' that indeed will ſcarce admit a doubt)
That I ſhall run my ſtock of genius out,
My no great ſtock, and, publiſhing ſo faſt,
Muſt needs become a bankrupt at the laſt.
"The huſbandman, to ſpare a thankful ſoil,
"Which, rich in diſpoſition, pays his toil
"More than a hundred fold, which ſwells his ſtore
"E'en to his wiſh, and makes his barns run o'er,
"By long experience taught who teaches beſt,
"Foregoes his hopes a while, and gives it reſt.
"The land, allow'd its loſſes to repair,
"Refreſh'd, and full in ſtrength, delights to wear
"A ſecond youth, and to the farmer's eyes
"Bids richer crops and double harveſts riſe.
"Nor think this practice to the earth confin'd,
"It reaches to the culture of the mind.
"The mind of man craves reſt, and cannot bear,
"Tho' next in pow'r to God's continual care.
"Genius himſelf (nor here let Genius frown)
"Muſt, to enſure his vigour, be laid down,
"And fallow'd well: had Churchill known but this,
"Which the moſt ſlight obſerver ſcarce could miſs,
"He might have flouriſh'd twenty years or more,
"Tho' now, *alas!* poor man! worn out in four."
Recover'd from the vanity of youth,
I feel, *alas!* this melancholy truth,
Thanks to each cordial, each adviſing friend,
And am, if not too late, reſolv'd to mend,
Reſolv'd to give ſome reſpite to my pen,
Apply myſelf once more to books and men,
View what is preſent, what is paſt review,
And my old ſtock exhauſted, lay in new.
For twice ſix moons (let winds, turn'd porters bear
This oath to Heav'n) for twice ſix moons, I ſwear,
No Muſe ſhall tempt me with her ſiren lay,
Nor draw me from Improvement's thorny way;
Verſe I abjure, nor will forgive that friend,
Who in my hearing ſhall a rime commend.
It cannot be—Whether I will, or no,
Such as they are, my thoughts in meaſure flow.
Convinc'd, determin'd, I in proſe begin,
But ere I write one ſentence, verſe creeps in,
And taints me thro' and thro': by this good light,
In verſe I talk by day, I dream by night;
If now and then I curſe, my curſes chime,
Nor can I pray, unleſs I pray in rime,
E'en now I err, in ſpite of common ſenſe,
And my confeſſion doubles my offence.
Reſt then, my *friends*—ſpare, ſpare your precio breath,
And be your ſlumbers not leſs found than death;
Perturbed ſpirits reſt, nor thus appear
To waſte your counſels in a ſpendthrift's ear,
On your grave leſſons I cannot ſubſiſt,
Nor e'en in verſe become *œconomiſt*;
Reſt then, my *friends*, nor, hateful to my eyes,
Let Envy in the ſhape of Pity riſe
To blaſt me ere my time; with patience wait,
('Tis no long interval) propitious Fate
Shall glut your pride, and ev'ry ſon of phlegm
Find ample room to cenſure and condemn.
Read ſome three hundred lines, (no eaſy taſk;
But probably the laſt that I ſhall aſk)
And give me up for ever; wait one hour,
Nay not ſo much, revenge is in your pow'r,
And ye may cry, "Ere Time hath turn'd glaſs,
"Lo! what *we* prophefied is come to paſs."
Let thoſe, who poetry in poems claim,
Or not read this, or only read to blame;
Let thoſe, who are by fiction's charms enſlav'd,
Return me thanks for half-a-crown well ſav'd;
Let thoſe, who love a little gall in rime,
Poſtpone their purchaſe now, and call next time;
Let thoſe, who, void of nature, look for art:
Take up their money, and in peace depart;
Let thoſe, who energy of diction prize,
For Billingſgate quit Flexney, and be wiſe;
Here is no lie, no gall, no art, no force;
Mean are the words, and ſuch as come of courſe,
The ſubject not leſs ſimple than the lay;
A plain, unlabour'd Journey of a day.
Far from Me now be ev'ry tuneful Maid,
I neither aſk, nor can receive their aid.
Pegaſus turn'd into a common hack,
Alone I jog, and keep the beaten track,
Nor would I have the Siſters of the Hill
Behold their Bard in ſuch a diſhabille.
Abſent, but only abſent for a time,
Let them careſs ſome dearer ſon of rime;
Let them, as far as decency permits,
Without ſuſpicion, play the fool with wits,

'Gainſt fools be guarded; 'tis a certain rule,
Wits are falſe things, there's danger in a fool.
Let them, tho' modeſt, Gray more modeſt wooe;
Let them with Maſon bleat, and bray, and cooe;
Let them with Franklin, proud of ſome ſmall Greek,
Make Sophocles diſguis'd, in Engliſh ſpeak;
Let them with Glover o'er Medea doze;
Let them with Dodſley wail Cleone's woes,
Whilſt he, fine feeling creature, all in tears,
Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping peers;
Let them with ſimple Whitehead; taught to creep
Silent and ſoft, lay Fontenelle aſleep *;
Let them with Browne contrive, to vulgar trick,
To cure the dead, and make the living ſick †;
Let them in charity to Murphy give
Some old French piece, that he may ſteal and live;
Let them with *garrick* Foote ſubſcriptions get,
And advertiſe a Summer-houſe of Wit.
Thus, or in any better way they pleaſe,
With theſe great men, or with great men like theſe,
Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my Journey all alone proceed.
If faſhionable grown, and fond of pow'r,
With *hum'rous* Scots let them diſport their hour:
Let them dance, fairy-like, round Oſſian's tomb;
Let them forge *lies*, and *hiſtories* for Hume;
Let them with Home, the very prince of verſe,
Make ſomething like a Tragedy in *Erſe*;
Under dark Allegory's flimſey veil
Let them with Ogilvie ſpin out a tale
Of ruſeful length; Let them plain things obſcure,
Debaſe what's truly rich, and what is poor
Make poorer ſtill by jargon moſt uncouth;
With ev'ry pert, prim prettineſs of youth
Born of falſe Taſte, with Fancy (like a child
Not knowing what it cries for) running wild,
With bloated ſtile, by affectation taught,
With much falſe colouring, and little thought,
With phraſes ſtrange, and dialect decreed
By reaſon never to have paſs'd the *Tweed*,
With words which Nature meant each other's foe,
Forc'd to compound whether they will or no;
With ſuch materials, let them, if they will,
To prove at once their pleaſantry and ſkill,
Build up a bard to war 'gainſt Common Senſe,
By way of compliment to Providence;
Let them with Armſtrong, taking leave of Senſe,
Read muſky lectures on *Benevolence*,
Or con the pages of his gaping *Day*,
Where all his former fame was thrown away,
Where all but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain ſtiffneſs of a *letter'd* Scot;
Let them with Armſtrong paſs the term of light,
But not one hour of darkneſs; when the night
Suſpends this mortal coil, when Memory wakes,
When for our paſt miſdoings Conſcience takes
A deep revenge, when by Reflection led,
She draws his curtains, and looks Comfort dead,
Let ev'ry Muſe be gone; in vain he turns
And tries to pray for ſleep; an Ætna burns,
A more than Ætna in his coward breaſt,
And Guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him reſt:
Tho' ſoft as plumage from young zephyr's wing,
His couch ſeems hard, and no relief can bring.
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there,
No good man can deſerve, no brave man bear.
Thus, or in any better way they pleaſe,
With theſe great men, or with great men like theſe,
Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my Journey all alone proceed.

END OF THE JOURNEY.

DEDICATION

TO

CHURCHILL's SERMONS.

HEALTH to great Gloſter—from a man unknown,
Who holds his health as dearly as his own,
Accept this greeting—nor let modeſt fear
Call up one maiden bluſh—I mean not here
To wound with flattery—'tis a villain's art,
And ſuits not with the frankneſs of my heart.
Truth beſt becomes an *Orthodox* Divine,
And, ſpite of hell, that character is mine:
To ſpeak e'en bitter truths I cannot fear;
But truth, *my Lord*, is panegyric here.
Health to great Gloſter—nor, thro' love of eaſe,
Which all Prieſts love, let this addreſs diſpleaſe.
I aſk no favour, not one note I crave,
And when this buſy brain reſts in the grave,
(For till that time it never can have reſt)
I will not trouble you with one bequeſt;
Some humbler friend, my mortal journey done,
More near in blood, a nephew or a ſon,
In that dread hour executor I'll leave;
For I, alas! have many to receive,
To give but little—To great Gloſter *health*;
Nor let thy true and proper love of wealth
Here take a falſe alarm—in purſe tho' poor,
In ſpirit I'm right proud, nor can endure
The mention of a bribe—thy pocket's free,
I, tho' a Dedicator, ſcorn a fee.
Let thy own offſpring all thy fortunes ſhare;
I would not Allen rob, nor Allen's heir.
Think not, a thought unworthy thy great ſoul,
Which pomps of this world never could controul,

* See The School for Lovers, by Mr. Whitehead, taken from Fontenelle.

† See The Cure of Saul, by Dr. Browne.

Which never offer'd up at Power's vain ſhrine,
Think not that pomp and pow'r can work on mine.
'Tis not thy name, tho' that indeed is great,
'Tis not the tinſel trumpery of ſtate,
'Tis not thy title, Doctor, tho' thou art,
'Tis not thy mitre, which hath won my heart.
State is a farce, names are but empty things,
Degrees are bought, and, by miſtaken kings,
Titles are oft miſplac'd; mitres, which ſhine
So bright in other eyes, are dull in mine,
Unleſs ſet off by Virtue: who deceives
Under the ſacred ſanction of *Lawn Sleeves*,
Enhances guilt, commits a double ſin;
So fair without, and yet ſo foul within.
'Tis not thy outward form, thy eaſy mien,
Thy ſweet complacency, thy brow ſerene,
Thy open front, thy love-commanding eye,
Where fifty Cupids, as in ambuſh, lie,
Which can from ſixty to ſixteen impart
The force of love, and point his blunted dart;
'Tis not thy face, tho' that by Nature's made
An index to thy ſoul, tho' there diſplay'd
We ſee thy mind at large, and thro' thy ſkin
Peeps out that courteſy which dwells within;
'Tis not thy birth, for that is low as mine,
Around our heads no lineal glories ſhine—
But what is birth—when, to delight mankind,
Heralds can make thoſe arms they cannot find;
When thou art to thyſelf, thy ſire unknown,
A whole Welch genealogy *alone?*
No, 'tis thy inward man, thy proper worth,
Thy right juſt eſtimation here on earth,
Thy life and doctrine uniformly join'd,
And flowing from that wholeſome ſource thy mind,
Thy known contempt of perſecution's rod,
Thy charity for man, thy love of God,
Thy faith in Chriſt, ſo well approv'd 'mongſt men,
Which now give life and utt'rance to my pen:
Thy virtue, not thy rank, demands my lays;
'Tis not the Biſhop, but the Saint I praiſe.
Rais'd by that theme, I ſoar on wings more ſtrong,
And burſt forth into praiſe with-held too long.
Much did I wiſh, e'en whilſt I kept thoſe ſheep,
Which, for my curſe, I was ordain'd to keep;
Ordain'd, alas! to keep thro' need, not choice,
Thoſe ſheep which never heard their ſhepherd's voice,
Which did not know, yet would not learn their way,
Which ſtray'd themſelves, yet griev'd that I ſhould ſtray,
Thoſe ſheep, which my good Father (on his bier
Let filial duty drop the pious tear)
Kept well, yet ſtarv'd himſelf; e'en at that time,
Whilſt I was pure, and innocent of rime,
Whilſt ſacred dullneſs ever in my view,
Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew,
Much did I wiſh, tho' little could I hope,
A friend in him who was a friend of Pope.
His hand, ſaid I, my youthful ſteps ſhall guide,
And lead me ſafe where thouſands fall beſide;
His temper, his experience ſhall controul,
And huſh to peace the tempeſt of my ſoul;
His judgment teach me, from the public ſchool,
How not to err, and how to err by rule;
Inſtruct me, mingle profit with delight,
Where Pope was wrong, where Shakeſpeare was not right;
Where they are juſtly prais'd, and where tho' whim,
How little's due to them, how much to him.
Rais'd 'bove the ſlav'ry of common rules,
Of common ſenſe, of modern, ancient ſchools,
Thoſe feelings baniſh'd, which miſlead us all,
Fools as we are, and which we Nature call,
He, by his great example, might impart
A better ſomething, and baptize it Art;
He, all the feelings of my youth forgot,
Might ſhew me what is taſte, by what is not;
By him ſupported, with a proper pride,
I might hold all mankind as fools beſide;
He (ſhould a world perverſe and peeviſh grown,
Explode his maxims, and aſſert their own)
Might teach me, like himſelf to be content,
And let their folly be their puniſhment;
Might like himſelf teach his adopted ſon,
'Gainſt all the world, to quote a Warburton.
Fool that I was, could I ſo much deceive
My ſoul with lying hopes; could I believe
That he, the ſervant of his Maker ſworn,
The ſervant of his Saviour, would be torn
From their embrace, and leave that dear employ,
The cure of ſouls, his duty and his joy,
For toys like mine, and waſte his precious time,
On which ſo much depended, for a rime?
Should he forſake the taſk he undertook,
Deſert his flock, and break his paſt'ral crook?
Should he (forbid it Heaven) ſo high in place,
So rich in knowledge, quit the work of Grace,
And, idly wand'ring o'er the Muſes' Hill,
Let the ſalvation of mankind ſtand ſtill?
Far, far be that from thee—yes, far from thee
Be ſuch revolt from Grace, and far from me
The will to think it—guilt is in the thought—
Not ſo, not ſo, hath Warburton been taught,
Not ſo learn'd Chriſt—Recall that day, well known,
When (to maintain God's honour—and his own)
He call'd blaſphemers forth—Methinks I now
See ſtern rebuke enthroned on his brow,
And arm'd with tenfold terrors—from this tongue,
Where fiery zeal and Chriſtian fury hung,
Methinks I hear the deep-ton'd thunders roll,
And chill with horror ev'ry ſinner's ſoul—
In vain they ſtrive to fly—flight cannot ſave,
And Potter trembles even in his grave—
With all the conſcious pride of innocence,
Methinks I hear him, in his own defence,
Bear witneſs to himſelf, whilſt all men knew,
By goſpel rules, his witneſs to be true.
O glorious man, thy zeal I muſt commend,
Tho' it depriv'd me of my deareſt friend.
The real motives of thy anger known,
Wilkes muſt the juſtice of that anger own,
And could thy boſom have been bar'd to view,
Pitied himſelf, in turn had pitied you.
Bred to the law, you wiſely took the gown,
Which I, like *Demas*, fooliſhly laid down.
Hence double ſtrength our *Holy Mother* drew;
Ms ſhe got rid of, and made prize of you.
I, like an idle truant, fond of play,
Doting on toys, and throwing gems away,

Gulping at ſhadows, let the ſubſtance ſlip;
But you, *my Lord*, renounc'd Attorneyſhip
With better purpoſe, and more noble aim,
And wiſely play'd a more ſubſtantial game.
Nor did *Lewis* mourn, bleſs'd in her younger ſon,
For Mansfield does what Gloſter would have done.
Doctor, *Dean*, *Biſhop*, *Gloſter*, and *My Lord*,
If haply theſe high titles may accord
With thy meek ſpirit, if the barren ſound
Of pride delights thee, to the topmoſt round
Of Fortune's ladder got, deſpiſe not one,
For want of ſmooth hypocriſy undone,
Who, far below, turns up his wond'ring eye,
And, without envy, ſees thee plac'd ſo high;
Let not thy brain (as brains leſs potent might)
Dizzy, confounded, giddy with the height,
Turn round, and loſe diſtinction, loſe her ſkill
And wonted powers of knowing good from ill,
Of ſifting truth from falſehood, friends from foes;
Let Gloſter well remember, how he roſe,
Nor turn his back on men who made him great;
Let him not, gorg'd with pow'r, and drunk with ſtate,
Forget what once he was, tho' now ſo high;
How low, how mean, and full as poor as I.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * Cætera deſunt †

† It is preſumed the ſudden death of the Author will ſufficiently apologize for the DEDICATION remaining unfiniſh'd.

JOHN CHURCHILL.

END OF CHURCHILL'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS OF MR. FALCONER.

THE SHIPWRECK.

——quæque ipſe miſerrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.——
VIRG. ÆN. Lib. II.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Propoſal of the ſubject—Invocation—Apology—Allegorical deſcription of Memory—Appeal to her aſſiſtance—The ſtory begun—Retroſpect of the former part of the voyage—The ſhip arrives at Candia—Ancient ſtate of that iſland—Preſent ſtate of the adjacent iſles of Greece—The ſeaſon of the year—Character of the maſter and his officers—Story of Palemon and Anna—Evening deſcribed—Midnight—The ſhip weighs anchor and departs from the haven—State of the weather—Morning—Situation of the neighbouring ſhores—Operation of taking the ſun's azimuth—Deſcription of the veſſel as ſeen from the land.

The ſcene is near the city of Candia; and the time about four days and a half.

The ſcene of the Second Canto lies in the ſea, between Cape Freſchin in Candia, and the Iſland of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spada.—The time is from nine in the morning till one o'clock of the following morning.

WHILE jarring intereſts wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms;
While Ocean hears vindictive thunders roll
Along his trembling wave from pole to pole;
Sick of the ſcene, where war, with ruthleſs hand,
Spreads deſolation o'er the bleeding land;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin ſmile, and drowns the groan of death!
'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
That ſtands all lonely on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Far other themes of deep diſtreſs to ſing
Than ever trembled from the vocal ſtring.
No pomp of battle ſwells th' exalted ſtrain,
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain:
But, o'er the ſcene while pale remembrance weeps,
Fate with fell triumphs rides upon the deeps.
Here hoſtile elements tumultuous riſe,
And lawleſs floods rebel againſt the ſkies;
Till hope expires, and Peril and Diſmay
Wave their black enſigns on the watery way.
Immortal train, who guide the maze of ſong,
To whom all ſcience, arts and arms belong;
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name!
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly ſtray'd,
In life's fair morn, beneath your hallow'd ſhade,
To hear the ſweetly mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecſtaſy of pain;
Or liſten, while th' enchanting voice of love,
While all Elyſium warbled thro' the grove;
Oh! by the hollow blaſt that moans around,
That ſweeps the wild harp with a plaintive ſound;
By the long ſurge that foams thro' yonder cave,
Whoſe vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
With living colours give my verſe to glow,
The ſad memorial of a tale of woe!
A ſcene from dumb oblivion to reſtore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore!
Alas! neglected by the ſacred Nine,
Their ſuppliant feels no genial ray divine!
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy ſhore,
To plow the tide where wintry tempeſts roar?
Or ſhall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,
Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful train!—
Far from the Muſes' academic grove,
'Twas his the vaſt and trackleſs deep to rove.
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone:
Where polar ſkies congeal th' eternal ſnow,
Or equinoctial ſuns for ever glow.
Smote by the freezing or the ſcorching blaſt,
"A ſhip-boy on the high and giddy maſt *."
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coaſts of ſavage Labrador.

* Shakeſpeare.

From where Damaſcus, pride of Aſian plains!
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Iſthmus *, lav'd by adverſe tides,
Athantic and Pacific ſeas divides.
But while he meaſur'd o'er the painful race,
In Fortune's wild illimitable chace,
Adverſity, companion of his way!
Still o'er the victim hung with iron ſway;
Bade new diſtreſſes ev'ry inſtant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of woe.
In regions where the Almighty's chaſtening hand
With livid peſtilence afflicts the land;
Or where pale Famine blaſts the hopeful year,
Parent of want and miſery ſevere!
Or where, all dreadful in th' embattled line,
The hoſtile ſhips in flaming combat join;
Where the torn veſſel wind and wave aſſail,
Till o'er her crew diſtreſs and death prevail—
Where'er he wander'd, thus vindictive Fate
Purſued his weary ſteps with laſting hate!
Roſe by her mandate, ſtorms of black array
Winter'd the morn of life's advancing day;
Relax'd the ſinews of the living lyre,
And quench the kindling ſpark of vital fire.—
Thus while forgotten or unknown he wooes,
What hope to win the coy reluctant Muſe!
Then let not Cenſure, with malignant joy,
The harveſt of his humble hope deſtroy!
His verſe no laurel wreath attempts to claim,
Nor ſculpture'd braſs to tell the poet's name.
If terms uncouth, and jarring phraſes, wound
The ſofter ſenſe with inharmonious ſound,
Yet here let liſtening ſympathy prevail,
While conſcious Truth unfolds her piteous tale!

And lo! the Power that wakes th' eventful ſong,
Haſtes hither from Lethean banks along:
She ſweeps the gloom, and ruſhing on the ſight,
Spreads o'er the kindling ſcene propitious light!
In her right hand an ample roll appears,
Fraught with long annals of preceding years;
With every wiſe and noble art of man,
Since firſt the circling hours their courſe began:
Her left a ſilver wand on high diſplay'd,
Whoſe magic touch diſpels oblivion's ſhade.
Penſive her look; on radiant wings that glow,
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
She ſails; and ſwifter than the courſe of light,
Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
The fugitive ideas ſhe reſtores,
And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's ſhores.
To things long paſt a ſecond date ſhe gives,
And hoary Time from her freſh youth receives.
Congenial ſiſter of immortal Fame,
She ſhares her power, and Memory is her name.

O firſt-born daughter of primeval Time!
By whom tranſmitted down in every clime,
The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,
And blazon'd glories ſpread from zone to zone;
Whoſe breath diſſolves the gloom of mental night,
And o'er th' obſcur'd idea pours the light!
Whoſe wing unerring glides thro' time and place,
And trackleſs ſcours th' immenſity of ſpace!
Say! on what ſeas, for thou alone canſt tell,
What dire miſhap a fated ſhip befel,
Aſſail'd by tempeſts, girt with hoſtile ſhores?—
Ariſe! approach! unlock thy treaſur'd ſtores!

A ſhip from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
By gulding winds her courſe for Venice held;
Of fam'd Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that iſle her name the veſſel drew.
The wayward ſteps of Fortune, that delude
Full oft to ruin, eager they purſu'd.
And, dazzled by her viſionary glare,
Advanc'd incautious of each fatal ſnare;
Tho' warn'd full oft' the ſlippery track to ſhun,
Yet Hope, with flattering voice, betray'd them on.
Beguil'd to danger thus, they left behind
The ſcene of peace, and ſocial joy reſign'd.
Long abſent they from friends and native home,
The cheerleſs ocean were inur'd to roam:
Yet Heaven, in pity to ſevere diſtreſs,
Had crown'd each painful voyage with ſucceſs;
Still, to atone for toils and hazards paſt,
Reſtor'd them to maternal plains at laſt.

Thrice had the ſun, to rule the varying year,
Acroſs th' equator roll'd his flaming ſphere,
Since laſt the veſſel ſpread her ample ſail
From Albion's coaſt, obſequious to the gale.
She o'er the ſpacious flood, from ſhore to ſhore,
Unwearying wafted her commercial ſtore.
The richeſt ports of Afric ſhe had view'd,
Thence to fair Italy her courſe purſu'd;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning iſle,
And viſited the margin of the Nile:
And now, that winter deepens round the pole,
The circling voyage haſtens to its goal.
They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blaſt their hope foreſaw;
But from gay Venice ſoon expect to ſteer
For Britain's coaſt, and dread no perils near.
A thouſand tender thoughts their ſouls employ,
That fondly dance to ſcenes of future joy.

Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathleſs tide
Their ſhips thro' Grecian ſeas the pilots guide.
Occaſion call'd to touch at Candia's ſhore,
Which, bleſt with favouring winds, they ſoon explore;
The haven enter, borne before the gale,
Diſpatch their commerce, and prepare to ſail.

Eternal Powers! what ruins from afar
Mark the fell track of deſolating war!
Here Art and Commerce, with ſuſpicious reign,
Once breath'd ſweet influence on the happy plain!
While o'er the lawn, with dance and feſtive ſong,
Young Pleaſure led the jocund hours along.
In gay luxuriance Ceres too was ſeen
To crown the vallies with eternal green.
For wealth, for valor, courted, and rever'd,
What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd.—
Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?
The free-born ſpirit of her ſons is broke;
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke!
No longer fame the drooping heart inſpires,
For rude oppreſſion quench'd its genial fires.
But ſtill her fields, with golden harveſts crown'd,
Supply the barreſt ſhores of Greece around.
What pale diſtreſs afflicts thoſe wretched iſles!
There hope ne'er dawns, and pleaſure never ſmiles.
The vaſſal wretch obſequious drags his chain,
And hears his famiſh'd babes lament in vain.
Theſe eyes have ſeen the dull reluctant ſoil
A ſeventh year ſcorn the weary lab'rer's toil.
No blooming Venus, on the deſart ſhore,
Now views, with triumph, captive gods adore.

* Darien.

No lovely Helens now, with fatal charms,
Call forth th' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms.
No fair Penelopes inchant the eye,
For whom contending kings are proud to die.
Here ſullen Beauty ſheds a twilight ray,
While ſorrow bids her venal bloom decay.
'Thoſe charms, ſo long renown'd in claſſic ſtrains,
Had dimly ſhone on Albion's happier plains!

Now, in the ſouthern hemiſphere the ſun
Thro' the bright Virgin and the Scales had run;
And on the ecliptic wheel'd his winding way,
'Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.
'The ſhip was moor'd beſide the wave-worn ſtrand;
Four days her anchors bite the golden ſand:
For ſickening vapours lull the air to ſleep,
And not a breeze awakes the ſilent deep.
'This, when th' autumnal equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
The watchful mariner, whom heaven informs,
Oft' deems the preſude of approaching ſtorms.
'True to his truſt when ſacred duty calls,
No brooding ſtorm the maſter's ſoul appals:
'Th' advancing ſeaſon warns him to the main;
A captive, fetter'd to the oar of gain!
His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to ſail from Candia's bay;
Determin'd, from whatever point they riſe,
'To truſt his fortune to the ſeas and ſkies.

'Thou living ray of intellectual fire,
'Whoſe voluntary gleams my verſe inſpire!
Ere yet the deep'ning incidents prevail,
'Till rous'd attention feel our plaintive tale,
Record whom, chief among the gallant crew,
'Th' unbleſt purſuit of fortune hither drew!
Can ſons of Neptune, generous, brave and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for ſordid gold?

They can! for gold too oft', with magic art,
Subdues each nobler impulſe of the heart:
'This crowns the proſperous villain with applauſe,
'To whom, in vain, ſad Merit pleads her cauſe:
'This ſtrews with roſes life's perplexing road,
And leads the way to Pleaſure's bleſt abode;
'With ſlaughter'd victims fills the weeping plain,
And ſmooths the furrows of the treacherous main.

O'er the gay veſſel, and her daring band,
Experienc'd Albert held the chief command;
'Tho' train'd in boiſterous elements, his mind
Was yet by ſoft humanity refin'd.
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew;
Abroad confeſt the father of his crew!
Brave, liberal, juſt, the calm domeſtic ſcene
Had o'er his temper, breath'd a gay ſerene.
Him ſcience taught by myſtic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race;
To mark the ſhip in floating balance held,
By earth attracted and by ſeas repell'd;
Or point her devious track, thro' climes unknown,
That leads to every ſhore and every zone.
He ſaw the moon thro' heaven's blue concave glide,
And into motion charm th' expanding tide;
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and ſinks the poles.
Light and attraction, from their genial ſource,
He ſaw ſtill wandering with diminiſh'd force;
While on the margin of declining day,
Night's ſhadowy cone reluctant melts away.—
Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd ſoul,
The chief beheld tempeſtuous oceans roll;
His genius, ever for the event prepar'd,
Roſe with the ſtorm, and all its dangers ſhar'd.

The ſecond powers and office Rodmond bore:
A hardy ſon of England's furtheſt ſhore!
Where bleak Northumbria pours her ſavage train
In ſable ſquadrons o'er the northern main;
That, with her pitchy entrails ſtor'd, reſort,
A ſooty tribe! to fair Auguſta's port.
Where'er in ambuſh lurk the fatal ſands,
They claim the danger; proud of ſkilful hands!
For while with darkling courſe their veſſels ſweep
The winding ſhore, or plough the faithleſs deep,
O'er bar * and ſhelf the watery path they ſound,
With dext'rous arm; ſagacious of the ground!
Fearleſs they combat every hoſtile wind,
Wheeling in many tracks with courſe inclin'd.
Expert to moor, where terrors line the road;
Or win the anchor from its dark abode:—
But drooping and relax'd in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undiſciplin'd in war.
Such Rodmond was; by learning unrefin'd,
That oft' enlightens to corrupt the mind:
Boiſterous of manners; train'd in early youth
To ſcenes that ſhame the conſcious cheek of truth;
To ſcenes that Nature's ſtruggling voice controul,
And freeze compaſſion riſing in the ſoul!
Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the
ſhore,
With ſoul intent the ſtranded bark explore—
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy Juſtice ſlumbers o'er her ſword—
Th' indignant Muſe, ſeverely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme ſhe bluſhes to reveal!
Too oft' example, arm'd with poiſons fell,
Pollutes the ſhrine where mercy loves to dwell:
Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
The ſacred ſocial paſſions never knew:
Unſkill'd to argue; in diſpute yet loud;
Bold without caution; without honours proud;
In art unſchool'd, each veteran rule he priz'd,
And all improvement haughtily deſpis'd:
Yet tho' full oft' to future perils blind,
With ſkill ſuperior glow'd his daring mind,
Thro' ſnares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight ſhades involve the raging tide.

To Rodmond next, in order of command,
Succeeds the youngeſt of our naval band.
But what avails it to recount a name
That courts no rank among the ſons of Fame?
While yet a ſtripling, oft' with fond alarms,
His boſom danc'd to Nature's boundleſs charms;
On him fair Science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower;
But frowning Fortune with untimely blaſt
The bloſſom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercaſt.
Forlorn of heart, and by ſevere decree
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithleſs ſea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
Where Science and the tuneful Siſters rove.—
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;
To penetrate each diſtant realm unknown,
And rage excurſive o'er th' untravell'd zone.

* A bar is known, in hydrography, to be a mole
earth or ſand collected by the ſurge of the ſea, at t
entrance of a river or haven; ſo as to render the n
vigation difficult, and often dangerous.

In vain!—for rude Adverſity's command,
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his ſteps oppos'd,
And every gate of hope againſt him clos'd,
Permit my verſe, ye bleſt Pierian train,
To call Arion this ill-fated ſwain!
For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant ſtars their hoſtile influence ſhed,
Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep,
With ſimilous anguiſh taught the harp to weep;
And both the raging ſurge in ſafety bore
Amid deſtruction panting to the ſhore.
This laſt our tragic ſtory from the wave
Of dark oblivion haply yet may ſave;
With genuine ſympathy may yet complain,
While ſad remembrance bleeds at every vein.

Such were the pilots; tutor'd to divine
Th' untravel'd courſe by geometric line;
Taught to command, and range the various ſail,
Whoſe various force conforms to every gale.—
Charg'd with the commerce, hither alſo came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name:
A father's fierce reſentment doom'd to prove,
He came, the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled;
For her a ſecret flame his boſom fed.
Nor let the wretched ſlaves of Folly ſcorn
This genuine paſſion, Nature's eldeſt-born!
Twas his with laſting anguiſh to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd the cauſe in vain.

Graceful of form, by Nature taught to pleaſe,
Of power to melt the female breaſt with eaſe,
To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of ſummer's evening gale.
Deſpair'd, he ſaw her lovely eyes relent;
The bluſhing maiden ſmil'd with ſweet conſent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove,
Unheard, they breath'd alternate vows of love:
By ſocial ſoftety their paſſion grew,
Like the young bloſſom fed with vernal dew.
But evil hour th' officious tongue of Fame
Bore to the parent of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger ſtruggling in his breaſt,
Palemon's father heard the tale confeſt.
Long had he liſten'd with Suſpicion's ear,
And learnt, ſagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart he knew;
A heart to Nature's warm impreſſions true!
For all his wiſdom ſtrove, with fruitleſs toil,
With avarice to pollute that generous ſoil:
That ſoil, impregnated with nobler ſeed,
Refus'd the culture of ſo rank a weed.
Rare with wealth, in active commerce won,
And basking in the ſmile of Fortune's ſun,
With ſcorn the parent ey'd the lowly ſhade,
That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.
Indignant he rebuk'd th' enamour'd boy,
The flattering promiſe of his future joy!
He ſooth'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim
This hopeful paſſion, or divert its aim:
Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
The ruſhing ſtage, or beauty charms the ſight.
With all her powers inchanting Muſic fail'd,
And Pleaſure's ſyren-voice no more prevail'd.
The Merchant, kindling then with proud diſdain,
In bluſh and voice aſſum'd an harſher ſtrain.
In abſence now his only hope remain'd;
And ſuch the ſtern decree his will ordain'd.

Deep anguiſh, while Palemon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a ſaddening gloom.
In vain with bitter ſorrow he repin'd,
No tender pity touch'd that fordid mind;
To thee, brave Albert, was the charge conſign'd,
The ſtately ſhip, forſaking England's ſhore,
To regions far remote Palemon bore.
Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
Still lov'd fair Anna with eternal truth:
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart ſtill panted for its ſecret home.

The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,
To him ſince young Arion firſt was known;
Who, wandering here thro' many a ſcene renown'd,
In Alexandria's port the veſſel found;
Where, anxious to review his native ſhore,
He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
Oft', by pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
With him Palemon kept the watch of night;
In whoſe ſad boſom many a ſigh ſuppreſt,
Some painful ſecret of the ſoul confeſt.
Perhaps Arion ſoon the cauſe divin'd,
Tho' ſhunning ſtill to probe a wounded mind:
He felt the chaſtity of ſilent woe,
Tho' glad the balm of comfort to beſtow;
He, with Palemon, oft recounted o'er
The tales of hapleſs love in ancient lore,
Recall'd to memory by th' adjacent ſhore,
The ſcene thus preſent, and its ſtory known,
The lover ſigh'd for ſorrows not his own.
Thus, tho' a recent date their friendſhip bore,
Soon the ripe metal own'd the quick'ning ore;
For in one tide their paſſions ſeem'd to roll,
By kindred-age, and ſympathy of ſoul.

Theſe o'er th' inferior naval train preſide,
The courſe determine, or the commerce guide:
O'er all the reſt, an undiſtinguiſh'd crew!
Her wing of deepeſt ſhade Oblivion drew.

A ſullen langour ſtill the ſkies oppreſt,
And held th' unwilling ſhip in ſtrong arreſt.
High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray.
Relax'd from toil the ſailors range the ſhore,
Where famine, war, and ſtorm are felt no more:
The hour to ſocial pleaſure they reſign,
And black remembrance drown in generous wine.
On deck, beneath the ſhading canvas ſpread,
Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read,
Of dragons roaring on the enchanted coaſt,
The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghoſt—
But with Arion, from the ſultry heat
Of noon, Palemon ſought a cool retreat.
And lo! the ſhore with mournful proſpects crown'd*,
The rampart torn with many a fatal wound;
The ruin'd bulwark tottering o'er the ſtrand;
Bewail the ſtroke of War's tremendous hand.
What ſcenes of woe this hapleſs iſle o'erſpread!
Where late thrice fifty thouſand warriors bled.
Full twice twelve ſummers were yon towers aſſail'd,
'Till barbarous Ottoman at laſt prevail'd;

* The intelligent reader will readily diſcover, that theſe remarks allude to the ever-memorable ſiege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1669; being then conſidered as impregnable, and eſteemed the moſt formidable fortreſs in the univerſe.

While thundering navies the lovely plains o'ertarn'd,
While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd.
But now before them happier ſcenes ariſe!
Elyſian vales ſalute their raviſh'd eyes:
Olive and cedar form'd a grateful ſhade,
Where light with gay romantic error ſtray'd,
The myrtles here with fond careſſes twine;
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine.
And lo! the ſtream, renown'd in claſſic ſong,
Sad Lethe, glides the ſilent vale along.
On moſſy banks beneath the citron grove,
The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove:
Soft o'er the fairy region langour ſtole,
And with ſweet melancholy charm'd the ſoul.
Here firſt Palemon, while his penſive mind
For conſolation on his friend reclin'd,
In pity's bleeding boſom pour'd the ſtream
Of love's ſoft anguiſh, and of grief ſupreme—
Too true thy words!—by ſweet remembrance taught,
My heart in ſecret bleeds with tender thought:
In vain it courts the ſolitary ſhade,
By every action, every look betray'd!
The pride of generous woe diſdains appeal
To hearts that unrelenting froſts congeal;
Yet ſure, if right Palemon can divine,
The ſenſe of gentle pity dwells in thine.
Yes! all his cares thy ſympathy ſhall know,
And prove the kind companion of his woe.
Albert thou know'ſt with ſkill and ſcience grac'd,
In humble ſtation tho' by fortune plac'd,
Yet never ſeaman more ſerenely brave
Led Britain's conqu'ring ſquadrons o'er the wave.
Where full in view Auguſta's ſpires are ſeen,
With flow'ry lawns, and waving woods between,
A peaceful dwelling ſtands in modeſt pride,
Where Thames, ſlow-winding, rolls his ample tide.
There live the hope and pleaſure of his life,
A pious daughter, with a faithful wife.
For his return, with fond officious care,
Still every grateful object theſe prepare;
Whatever can allure the ſmell or ſight,
Or wake the drooping ſpirits to delight.
This blooming maid in virtue's path to guide,
Her anxious parents all their cares apply'd.
Her ſpotleſs ſoul, where ſoft compaſſion reign'd,
No vice untun'd, no ſickening folly ſtain'd,
No fairer grows the lily of the vale,
Whoſe boſom opens to the vernal gale;
Her eyes, unconſcious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd every heart with exquiſite alarms:
Her face, in beauty's ſweet attraction dreſt,
The ſmile of maiden innocence expreſt;
While health, that riſes with the new-born day,
Breath'd o'er her cheek the ſofteſt bluſh of May.
Still in her look complacence ſmil'd ſerene;
She mov'd the charmer of the rural ſcene.
'Twas at that ſeaſon when the fields reſume
Their loveliest hues, array'd in vernal bloom;
Yon ſhip, rich-freighted from th' Italian ſhore,
To Thames' fair banks her coſtly tribute bore:
While thus my father ſaw his ample hoard,
From this return, with recent treaſure ſtor'd;
Me, with affairs of commerce charg'd, he ſent
To Albert's humble manſion; ſoon I went,
Too ſoon, alas! unconſcious of th' event—
There ſtruck with ſweet ſurprize and ſilent awe,
The gentle miſtreſs of my hopes I ſaw:
There, wounded firſt by love's reſiſtleſs arms,
My glowing boſom throbb'd with ſtrange alarms.
My ever-charming Anna! who alone
Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone;
O! while all-conſcious memory holds her power,
Can I forget that ſweetly-painful hour,
When from thoſe eyes, with lovely lightning fraught
My fluttering ſpirits firſt th' infection caught:
When, as I gaz'd, my faultering tongue betray'd
The heart's quick tumults, or refus'd its aid:
While the dim light my raviſh'd eyes forſook,
And every limb unſtrung with terror ſhook!
With all her powers diſſenting reaſon ſtrove
To tame at firſt the kindling flame of love;
She ſtrove in vain! ſubdu'd by charms divine,
My ſoul a victim fell at beauty's ſhrine.
Oft from the din of buſtling life I ſtray'd,
In happier ſcenes, to ſee my lovely maid.
Full oft, where Thames his wandering courſe leads,
We rov'd at evening hour thro' flow'ry meads.
There, while my heart's ſoft anguiſh I reveal'd,
To her with tender ſighs my hope appeal'd.
While the ſweet nymph my faithful tale believ'd,
Her ſnowy breaſt with ſecret tumult heav'd;
For, train'd in rural ſcenes from earlieſt youth,
Nature was her's, and innocence and truth.
She never knew the city damſel's art,
Whoſe frothy pertneſs charms the vacant heart!—
My ſuit prevail'd; for love inform'd my tongue,
And on his votary's lips perſuaſion hung.
Her eyes with conſcious ſympathy withdrew,
And o'er her cheek the roſy current flew.—
Thrice happy hours! where, with no dark allay,
Life's faireſt ſunſhine gilds the vernal day!
For here the ſigh, that ſoft affection heaves,
From ſtings of ſharper woe the ſoul relieves.
Elyſian ſcenes, too happy long to laſt!—
Too ſoon a ſtorm the ſmiling dawn o'ercaſt!
Too ſoon ſome demon to my father bore
The tidings that his heart with anguiſh tore—
My pride to kindle, with diſſuaſive voice,
Awhile he labour'd to degrade my choice:
Then, in the whirling wave of pleaſure, ſought
From its lov'd object to divert my thought.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind,
In chains of adamant, the lawleſs wind;
For love had aim'd the fatal ſhaft too ſure:
Hope fed the wound, and abſence knew no cure.
With alienated look, each art he ſaw
Still baffled by ſuperior Nature's law.
His anxious mind on various ſchemes revolv'd;
At laſt on cruel exile he reſolv'd.
The rigorous doom was fix'd; alas! how vain
To him of tender anguiſh to complain!
His ſoul, that never love's ſweet influence felt,
By ſocial ſympathy could never melt;
With ſtern command to Albert's charge he gave,
To waft Palemon o'er the diſtant wave.
The ſhip was laden and prepar'd to ſail,
And only waited now the leading gale.
'Twas ours, in that ſad period, firſt to prove
The heart-felt torments of deſpairing love.
Th' impatient wiſh that never feels repoſe;
Deſire that with perpetual current flows;
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear;
Joy diſtant ſtill, and ſorrow ever near!

Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
The western breezes inauspicious blew,
Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
The vessel parted on the falling tide;
Yet time one sacred hour to love supply'd.
The night was silent, and, advancing fast,
The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast.
Impatient hope the midnight path explor'd,
And led me to the nymph my soul ador'd.
Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear!
She came confest! the lovely maid drew near!
But ah! what force of language can impart
Th' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart!
O! ye, whose melting hearts are form'd to prove
The trembling ecstasies of genuine love!
When, with delicious agony, the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;
Your secret sympathy alone can tell
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell:
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
While love with sweet inchantment melts the soul!
In transport lost, by trembling hope impress,
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast;
While her's congenial beat with fond alarms:
Dissolving softness! paradise of charms!
Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
Our blending spirits, that each other drew!
O bliss supreme! where virtue's self can melt
With joys that guilty pleasure never felt!
Form'd to refine the thought with chaste desire,
And kindle sweet affection's purest fire!
Ah! wherefore should my hopeless love, she cries,
While sorrow burst with interrupting sighs,
For ever destin'd to lament in vain,
Such flattering, fond ideas entertain?
My heart thro' scenes of fair illusion stray'd,
To joys decreed for some superior maid.
'Tis mine to feel the sharpest stings of grief,
Where never gentle hope affords relief,
Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone;
And let this torture'd bosom beat alone!
The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease;
Go then, dear youth! nor tempt the faithless seas!
Find out some happier daughter of the town,
With fortune's fairer joys thy love to crown;
Where smiling o'er thee, with indulgent ray,
Prosperity shall hail each new-born day,
Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate,
Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate;
Go then, I charge thee, by thy generous love,
That fatal to my father thus may prove!
On me alone let dark affliction fall!
Whose heart, for thee, will gladly suffer all.
Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate!
She ceas'd; while anguish in her angel-face
O'er all her beauties shower'd celestial grace.
Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.
O soul of all my wishes! I reply'd,
Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide?
Cruel thou, fair emblem of exalted truth!
To forsow doom the summer of thy youth;
And I, perfidious! all that sweetness see
Consign'd to lasting misery for me?
Sooner this moment may the eternal doom
Palemon in the silent earth entomb!
Attest thou moon, fair regent of the night!
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight;
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
That sweet possession only knows to heal!
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep!
Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep;
Tho' tyrant duty o'er me threatening stands,
And claims obedience to her stern commands:
Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
Her smile or frown shall never change my love!
My heart, that now must every joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine!—
O cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,
And these sad clouds of sorrow melt away.
While thro' the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.
The fam'd and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain.
For this prosperity, with brighter ray,
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.
Thou too, sweet maid! ere twice ten months are o'er
Shalt hail Palemon to his native shore,
Where never interest shall divide us more.
Her struggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with tender grief,
Now found an interval of short relief:
So melts the surface of the frozen stream,
Beneath the wintry sun's departing beam.
With warning haste the shades of night withdrew,
And gave the signal of a sad adieu.
As on my neck th' afflicted maiden hang,
A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung;
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave!
With soft persuasion I dispell'd her fear,
And from her cheek beguil'd the falling tear.
While dying fondness languish'd in her eyes,
She pour'd her soul to heaven in suppliant sighs—
Look down with pity, oh! ye powers above,
Who hear the sad complaint of bleeding love!
Ye, who the secret laws of fate explore,
Alone can tell if he returns no more:
Or if the hour of future joy remain,
Long-wish'd atonement of long-suffer'd pain!
Bid every guardian minister attend,
And from all ill the much-lov'd youth defend!
With grief o'erwhelm'd we parted twice in vain,
And, urg'd by strong attraction, met again.
At last, by cruel fortune torn apart,
While tender passion stream'd in either heart,
Our eyes transfix'd with agonising look,
One sad farewel, one last embrace we took.
Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,
Pensive and pale; of every joy bereft.
She to her silent couch retir'd to weep,
While her sad swain embark'd upon the deep.
His tale thus clos'd, from sympathy of grief,
Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief.
The hapless bird, thus ravish'd from the skies,
Where all forlorn his lov'd companion flies,
In secret long bewails his cruel fate,
With fond remembrance of his winged mate:
Till grown familiar with a foreign train,
Compos'd at length, his sadly-warbling strain
In sweet oblivion charms the sense of p[illegible]

Ye tender maids, in whose pathetic souls
Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls;
Whose warm affections exquisitely feel
The secret wound you tremble to reveal;
Ah! may no wanderer of the faithless main
Pour through your breast the soft delicious bane!
May never fatal tenderness approve
The fond effusions of their ardent love.
O! warn'd by friendship's counsel, learn to shun
The fatal path where thousands are undone!

Now as the youths, returning o'er the plain,
Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,
First, with attention rous'd, Arion ey'd
The graceful lover, form'd in Nature's pride.
His frame the happiest symmetry display'd;
And locks of waving gold his neck array'd.
In every look the Paphian graces shine,
Soft-breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine,
With lighten'd heart he smil'd serenely gay,
Like young Adonis or the son of May.
Not Cytherea from a fairer swain
Receiv'd her apple on the Trojan plain!

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain:
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hush'd forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
And lo! his surface, lovely to behold!
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains:
Above, beneath, around inchantment reigns!
While yet the shades, on Time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love;
With joyful eyes th' attentive master sees
Th' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.—
Now radiant vesper leads the starry train,
And night slow draws her veil o'er land and main;
Round the charg'd bowl the sailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wond'rous tale, or sing;
As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake their homely strain:
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
While infant breezes from the shore arise.
The waning moon, behind a watery shroud,
Pale-glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud.
A mighty ring around her silver throne,
With parting meteors cross, portentous shone.
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails;
Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.—
While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the visions of the night.
Now blooming Anna, with her happy swain,
Approach'd the sacred Hymeneal fane:
Anon tremendous lightnings flash between;
And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are seen!
Now with Palemon up a rocky steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful step he climb'd; while far above
Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love.
Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell.—
Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.
Upstarting from his couch, on deck he springs;
Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rings.
All hands unmoor! proclaims a boisterous cry:
All hands unmoor, the cavern rocks reply!
Rous'd from repose, aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlass* turn.
The order given, up-springing with a bound,
They lodge the bars, and wheel the engine round:
At every turn the clanging pauls resound.
Uptorn reluctant from its oozy cave,
The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
Along their slippery masts the yards ascend,
And high in air the canvas wings extend.
Redoubling cords the lofty canvas guide,
And thro' inextricable mazes glide.
The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
To light the vessel o'er the silver stream:
Along the glassy plain serene she glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides.
From east to north the transient breezes play;
And in the Egyptian quarter soon decay.
A calm ensues; they dread th' adjacent shore;
The boats with rowers arm'd are sent before:
With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,
Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow†.
The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend;
And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend.
Success attends their skill; the danger's o'er:
The portlis doubled and beheld no more.

Now morn, her lamp pale glimmering on th
fight,
Scatter'd before her van reluctant night.
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent vapours, Ida's height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight.
North-east the guardian isle of Standia lies,
And westward Frefchin's woody capes arise.

With winning postures, now the wanton sails
Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant gales.
The swelling stu'n sails‡ now their wings extend,
Then stay-sails fidelong to the breeze ascend:
While all to court the wandering breeze are plac'd;
With yards now thwarting, now obliquely brac'd.

* The windlass is a sort of large roller, used t
wind in the cable, or heave up the anchor. It i
turned about vertically, by a number of long bars t
levers; in which operation it is prevented from recoil
ing, by the pauls.

† Towing is the operation of drawing a ship forward
by means of ropes, extending from her fore-part t
one or more of the boats rowing before her.

‡ Studding-sails are long, narrow sails, which ar
only used in fine weather and fair winds, on the out
side of the larger square-sails. Stay-sails are three
cornered sails, which are hoisted up on the stays
when the wind crosses the ship's course either direct
or obliquely.

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And hide the sun, yet struggling in the cloud:
Thro' the wide atmosphere, condens'd with haze,
His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze.
The pilots now their rules of art apply,
The mystic needle's devious aim to try.
The compass plac'd to catch the rising ray *,
The quadrant's shadows studious they survey!
Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides.
Now, seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
Their sage experience thus explores the height
And polar distance of the source of light:
Then thro' the chiliads triple maze, they trace
Th' analogy that proves the magnet's place.
The wayward steel, to truth thus reconcil'd,
No more the attentive pilot's eye beguil'd.
The natives, while the ship departs the land,
Adore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow, before the breeze,
In silent pomp she marches on the seas.
Her milk-white bottom cast a softer gleam,
While trembling thro' the green translucent stream.
The wales †, that close above in contrast shone,
Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gaz'd o'er the vassal-wave that roll'd below:
Where'er she mov'd, the vassal-waves were seen
To yield obsequious and confess their queen.
Th' imperial trident grac'd her dexter-hand,
Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand,
Th' eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep.
Her left propitious bore a mystic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the wat'ry field.
There her bold genius, in his floating car,
O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war—
And lo! the beasts, that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age,
Tam'd into Union, yoke'd in friendship's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd main.
From the broad margin to the center grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view!—
Th' immortal shield from Neptune she receiv'd,
When first her head above the waters heav'd.
Love floated o'er her limbs an azure vest;
A figur'd escutcheon glitter'd on her breast;
There, from one parent soil, for ever young,
The blending rose and hardy thistle sprung.
Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
Such was the sculptur'd prow—from van to rear,
Th' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
Emblem'd with orient gum, above the wave,
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.

On the broad stern, a pencil warm and bold,
That never servile rules of art controul'd,
An allegoric tale on high portray'd,
There a young hero, here a royal maid.
Fair England's genius, in the youth express,
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confess,
The warlike nymph with fond regard survey'd:
No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd.
His look, that once shot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
Serene as summer's evening skies she saw;
Serene yet firm; tho' mild, impressing awe.
Her nervous arm, inur'd to toils severe,
Brandish'd th' unconquer'd Caledonian spear.
The dreadful faulchion of the hills she wore,
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
That oft her rivers dy'd with hostile gore.
Blue was her rocky shield; her piercing eye
Flash'd, like the meteors of her native sky;
Her crest, high-plum'd, was rough with many a scar,
And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern star.
The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame;
The hardy offspring of some Runic dame.
Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slacken'd bow,
Renown'd in song, the terror of the foe!
The sword, that oft the barbarous North defy'd,
The scourge of tyrants! glitter'd by his side.
Clad in refulgent arms, in battle won,
The George imblazon'd on his corselet shone.
Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre,
Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire;
Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell;
Or waft wrapt fancy through the gulphs of hell—
Struck with contagion, kindling fancy hears
The songs of heaven! the music of the spheres!
Borne on Newtonian wing thro' air she flies,
Where other suns to other systems rise!—
These front the scene conspicuous—over-head
Albion's proud oak his filial branches spread:
While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood,
Beneath their feet, the father of the flood—
Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
Perch'd by the martial maid the bird of Jove;
There on the watch, sagacious of his prey,
With eyes of fire, an English mastiff lay.
Yonder fair commerce stretched her winged sail;
Here frown'd the god that wakes the living gale—
High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd
Th' imperial flag that rules the wat'ry world.
Deep-blushing armors all the tops invest;
And warlike trophies either quarter dress:
Then tower'd the masts; the canvas swell'd on high;
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day.
Thus, like a swan she cleaves the wat'ry plain;
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main!

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

* The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetical needle.

† The wales, here alluded to, are an assemblage of deep planks which envelope the lower part of the ship's side, wherein they are broader and thicker than the rest, and appear somewhat like a range of hoops which separates the bottom from the upper works.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Reflection on leaving the land—The gale continues—A water-spout—Beauty of a dying dolphin—The ship's progress along the shore—Wind strengthens—The sails reduced—A shoal of porpoises—Last appearance of Cape Spado—Sea rises—A squall—The sails further diminished—Mainsail split—Ship bears away before the wind—Again hauls upon the wind—Another mainsail fitted to the yard—The gale still encreases—Topsails furled—Top-gallant-yards sent down—Sea enlarges—Sun-set—Courses reefed—Four seamen lost off the lee main-yard-arm—Anxiety of the pilots from their dangerous situation—Resolute behaviour of the sailors—The ship labours in great distress—The artillery thrown overboard—Dismal appearance of the weather—Very high and dangerous sea—Severe fatigue of the crew—Consultation and resolution of the officers—Speech and advice of Albert to the crew—Necessary disposition to veer before the wind—Disappointment in the proposed effect—New dispositions equally unsuccessful—The mizen-mast cut away.

ADIEU, ye pleasures of the rural scene,
Where peace and calm contentment dwell serene!
To me in vain, on earth's prolific soil,
With summer crown'd the Elysian vallies smile!
To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
But tantalise with hope my aching heart.
For these, alas! reluctant I forego,
To visit storms and elements of woe!
Ye tempests, o'er my head congenial roll,
To suit the mournful music of my soul!
In black progression, lo! they hover near;
Hail social horrors, like my fate severe!
Old Ocean hail, beneath whose azure zone
The secreet deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea,
And fearless view this awful scene with me!
Ye native guardians of your country's laws!
Ye bold assertors of her sacred cause!
The Muse invites you; judge if she depart,
Unequal, from the precepts of your art.
In practice train'd, and conscious of her power,
Her steps intrepid meet the trying hour.

O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
Propell'd by gentle gales, the vessel glides.
Rodmond exulting felt th' auspicious wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confin'd.—
The thoughts of home, that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul:
Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Already Britain's parent-cliffs arise,
And in idea greet his longing eyes!
Each amorous sailor too, with heart elate,
Dwells on the beauties of his gentle mate.
E'en they, th' impressive dart of love can feel,
Whose stubborn souls are sheath'd in triple steel.
Nor less o'erjoy'd, perhaps with equal truth,
Each faithful maid expects th' approaching youth;
In distant bosoms equal ardors glow,
And mutual passions mutual joy bestow.—
Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was raising on the view;
When, from the left approaching, they descry
A liquid column towering shoot on high.
The foaming base an angry whirlwind sweeps,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deeps.
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Scattering dun night and horror thro' the skies.
The swift volution and th' enormous train
Let sages vers'd in nature's lore explain!
The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling surges fly!—
The guns were prim'd; the vessel northward veers
'Till her black battery on the column bears.
The nitre fir'd; and while the dreadful sound,
Convulsive, shook the slumbering air around,
The wat'ry volume, trembling to the sky,
Burst down a dreadful deluge from on high!
Th' affrighted surge, recoiling as it fell,
Rolling in hills disclos'd th' abyss of hell.
But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
The sea subsides; the whirlwinds rage no more.
While southward now th' increasing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear.
In front they view the consecrated grove
Of cypress, sacred once to Cretan Jove.
The thirsty canvas, all around supplied,
Still drinks unquench'd the full aerial tide.
And now, approaching near the lofty stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern.
From burnish'd scales they beam refulgent rays,
'Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze.
Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides, unhappy! near the triple prong.
Rodmond unerring o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attends;
Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim thro'.
Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk sustain;
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain.
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike th' astonish'd sight!
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
Not equal beauties gild the lucid west,
With parting beams all o'er profusely dress.
Not loveliest colours paint the vernal dawn,
When orient dews impearl th' enamel'd lawn,
Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow;
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue;
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye;
And now affume the purple's deeper dye.
But here description clouds each shining ray;
What terms of art can nature's powers display?

Now, while on high the freshning gale the sails
The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels.
The auxiliar sails that court a gentle breeze,
From their high stations sink by slow degrees.

The watchful ruler of the helm no more,
With fix'd attention, eyes the adjacent ſhore;
But by the oracle of truth below,
The wond'rous magnet, guides the wayward prow.
The wind, that ſtill the impreſſive canvas ſwell'd,
Swift and more ſwift the yielding bark impell'd.
Impatient thus ſhe glides along the coaſt,
'Till far behind the hill of Jove is loſt:
And while aloof from Retimo ſhe ſteers,
Malacha's foreland full in front appears.
Wide o'er yon iſthmus ſtands the cypreſs-grove
That once enclos'd the hallow'd fane of Jove.
Here too, memorial of his name! is found
A tomb, in marble ruins on the ground.
This gloomy tyrant, whoſe triumphant yoke
The trembling ſtates around to ſlav'ry broke,
Thro' Greece for murder, rape, and inceſt known,
The Muſes rais'd to high Olympus' throne.—
For oft, alas; their venal ſtrains adorn
The prince whom bluſhing virtue holds in ſcorn.
Still Rome and Greece record his endleſs fame,
And hence yon' mountain yet retains his name.
But ſee! in confluence borne before the blaſt,
Clouds roll'd on clouds the duſky noon o'ercaſt;
The black'ning ocean curls; the winds ariſe;
And the dark ſcud * in ſwift ſucceſſion flies.
While the ſwoln canvas bends the maſts on high,
Low in the waves the leeward cannon lie †.
The ſailors now, to give the ſhip relief,
Reduce the topſails by a ſingle reef ‡.
Each lofty yard with ſlacken'd cordage reels,
Rattle the creaking blocks, and ringing wheels.
Down the tall maſts the topſails ſink amain;
And, ſoon reduc'd, aſſume their poſt again.
More diſtant grew receding Candia's ſhore;
And ſouthward of the weſt Cape Spado bore.
Four hours the ſun his high meridian throne
Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions ſhone;
Still blacker clouds, that all the ſkies invade,
Draw o'er his ſullied orb a diſmal ſhade.
A ſquall deep-low'ring blots the ſouthern ſky,
Before whoſe boiſterous breath the waters fly.
Its weight the topſails can no more ſuſtain,
Reef topſails, reef, the boatſwain calls again!

The haliards * and top-bowlines † ſoon are gone,
The clue-lines and reef-tackles ‡ next they run:
The ſhivering ſails deſcend; and now they ſquare
The yards, while ready ſailors mount in air.
The weather-earings and the lee they paſt ‖;
The reefs enroll'd, and every point made faſt.
Their taſk above thus finiſh'd, they deſcend,
And vigilant th' approaching ſquall attend.
It comes reſiſtleſs, and with foaming ſweep
Upturns the whitening ſurface of the deep.
In ſuch a tempeſt, borne to deeds of death,
The wayward Siſters ſcour the blaſted heath.
With ruin pregnant now the clouds impend,
And ſtorm and cataract tumultuous blend.
Deep on her ſide the reeling veſſel lies—
Brail up the mizen quick §! the maſter cries,
Man the clue-garnets ¶! let the main ſheet fly ⸸!—
The boiſterous ſquall ſtill preſſes from on high,
And ſwift, and fatal as the lightning's courſe,
Thro' the torn main-ſails burſts with thundering force.
While the rent canvas flutter'd in the wind,
Still on her flank the ſtooping bark inclin'd.—
Bear up the helm ** a-weather! Rodmond cries;
Swift, at the word, the helm a-weather flies.
The prow with ſecret inſtinct veers apace;
And now the fore-ſail right athwart they brace:
With equal ſheets reſtrain'd, the bellying ſail
Spreads a broad concave to the ſweeping gale.

* Scud is a name given by ſeamen to the loweſt clouds, which are driven with great rapidity along the atmoſphere, in ſqually or tempeſtuous weather.

† When the wind croſſes a ſhip's courſe, either directly or obliquely; that ſide of the ſhip upon which it acts, is called the weather-ſide; and the oppoſite one, which is then preſſed down-wards, is called the lee ſide. Hence all the rigging and furniture of the ſhip are, at this time, diſtinguiſhed by the ſide on which they are ſituated: as the lee-cannon, the lee-braces, the weather-braces, &c.

‡ The topſails are large ſquare ſails of the ſecond degree in height and magnitude. Reefs are certain diviſions or ſpaces by which the principal ſails are reduced when the wind increaſes; and again enlarged proportionably when its force abates.

* Haliards are either ſingle ropes or tackles, by which the ſails are hoiſted up and lowered when the ſail is to be extended or reduced.

† Bow-lines are ropes intended to keep the windward edge of the ſail ſteady, and prevent it from ſhaking in an unfavourable wind.

‡ Clue-lines are ropes uſed to truſs up the clues or lower corners of the principal ſails to their reſpective yards, particularly when the ſail is to be cloſe reefed or furled.—Reef-tackles are ropes employed to facilitate the operation of reefing; by confining the extremities of the reef cloſe up to the yard, ſo that the interval becomes ſlack, and is therefore eaſily rolled up and faſtened to the yard by the points employed for this purpoſe.

‖ Earings are ſmall cords, by which the upper corners of the principal ſails and alſo the extremities of the reefs are faſtened to the yard-arms.

§ The mizen is a large ſail of an oblong figure extended upon the mizen-maſt.

¶ Clue-garnets are employed for the ſame purpoſes on the main-ſail and fore-ſail as the clue-lines are upon all other ſquare ſails.

⸸ It is neceſſary in this place to remark, that the ſheets, which are univerſally miſtaken by the Engliſh poets and their readers for the ſails themſelves, are no other than the ropes uſed to extend the clues, or lower corners of the ſails to which they are attached. To the main-ſail and fore-ſail there is a ſheet and tack on each ſide; the latter of which is a thick rope ſerving to confine the weather-clue of the ſail down to the ſhip's ſide, whilſt the former draws out the lee-clue or lower corner on the oppoſite ſide. Tacks are only uſed in a ſide-wind.

** The helm is ſaid to be a-weather, when the bar by which it is managed is turned to the ſide of the ſhip next the wind.

While o'er the foam the ſhip impetuous flies,
Th' attentive timoneer * the helm applies.
As in purſuit along th' aerial way,
With ardent eye, the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chace,
Obliquely wheeling thro' the liquid ſpace;
So, govern'd by the ſteerſman's glowing hands,
The regent helm her motion ſtill commands.
But now the tranſient ſquall to leeward paſt,
Again ſhe rallies to the ſullen blaſt.
The helm to ſtarboard † turns; with wings inclin'd
The ſidelong canvas claſps the faithleſs wind.
The mizen draws; ſhe ſprings aloof once more,
While the fore ſtay-ſail ‡ balances before.
The fore-ſail brac'd obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow th' extended tack confin'd:
Then on the leeward ſheet the ſeamen bend,
And haul the bowline to the bowſprit end.
To topſails next they haſte; the buntlines gone,
The cluelines thro' their wheel'd machinery run:
On either ſide below the ſheets are mann'd;
Again the fluttering ſails their ſkirts expand.
Once more the topſails, tho' with humbler plume,
Mounting aloft their ancient poſt reſume.
Again the bowlines and the yards are brac'd ‖;
And all th' entangled cords in order plac'd.
The ſail, by whirlwinds thus ſo lately rent,
In tatter'd ruins fluttering is unbent,
With brails § refix'd another ſoon prepar'd,
Aſcending, ſpreads along beneath the yard.
To each yard-arm the head-rope ¶ they extend,
And ſoon their earings and the roebins ⸸ bend,
That taſk perform'd, they firſt the braces ** ſlack,
Then to its ſtation drag th' unwilling tack;
And, while the lee-clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught aft the ſheet, they tally and belay ††.

* Timoneer (from timonnier, Fr.) the helmſman or ſteerſman.

† The helm, being turned to ſtarboard, or to the right ſide of the ſhip, directs the prow to the left, or to port, and vice verſa. Hence the helm being put a-ſtarboard, when the ſhip is running northward, directs her prow towards the weſt.

‡ This ſail, which is with more propriety called the fore topmaſt-ſtay-ſail, is a triangular ſail that runs upon the fore topmaſt-ſtay, over the bowſprit. It is uſed to command the fore part of the ſhip, and counterbalance the ſails extended towards the ſtern. See alſo the laſt note of this Canto.

‖ A yard is ſaid to be braced, when it is turned about the maſt horizontally, either to right or left: the ropes employed in this ſervice are called braces.

§ The ropes uſed to truſs up a ſail to the yard or maſt whereto it is attached, are, in a general ſenſe, called brails.

¶ The head rope is a cord to which the upper part of the ſail is ſewed.

⸸ Rope-bands, pronounced roebins, are ſmall cords, uſed to faſten the upper edge of any ſail to its reſpective yard.

** Becauſe the lee-brace confines the yard ſo that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are caſt looſe.

†† Taught implies ſtiff, tenſe, or extended ſtraight: and tally is a phraſe particularly applied to the operation of hauling aft the ſheets, or drawing them towards the ſhip's ſtern. To belay, is to faſten.

Now to the north, from Afric's burning ſhore,
A troop of porpoiſes their courſe explore:
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide;
Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
That burn in ſparkling trails along the main.
Theſe fleeteſt courſers of the finny race,
When threat'ning clouds th' æthereal vault deface,
Their route to leeward ſtill ſagacious form,
To ſhun the fury of th' approaching ſtorm.
Fair Candia now no more, beneath her lee,
Protects the veſſel from th' inſulting ſea:
Round her broad arms, impatient of controul,
Rous'd from their ſecret deeps the billows roll.
Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly ſhore,
And all the ſcene an hoſtile aſpect wore.
The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid
From Candia's bay th' unwilling ſhip betray'd,
No longer fawns beneath the fair diſguiſe,
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.——
Toſs'd on the tide ſhe feels the tempeſt blow,
And dreads the vengeance of ſo fell a foe.
As the proud horſe, with coſtly trappings gay,
Exulting prances to the bloody fray;
Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
But reels tumultuous in the ſhock of fight;
Even ſo, capariſon'd in gaudy pride,
The bounding veſſel dances on the tide.—
Fierce and more fierce the ſouthern demon blew,
And more incens'd the roaring waters grew.
The ſhip no longer can her topſails ſpread,
And every hope of fairer ſkies is fled.
Bowlines and haliards are relax'd again;
Cluelines haul'd down, and ſheets let fly amain;
Clued-up each topſail, and by braces ſquar'd;
The ſeamen climb aloft on either yard.
They furl'd the ſail, and pointed to the wind
The yard, by rolling-tackles * then confin'd.
While o'er the ſhip the gallant boatſwain flies,
Like a hoarſe maſtiff thro' the ſtorm he cries:
Prompt to direct the unſkilful ſtill appears;
Th' expert he praiſes, and the fearful cheers.
Now ſome to ſtrike top-gallant yards † attend;
Some travellers ‡ up the weather backſtays ‖ ſend;
At each maſt-head the top-ropes § others bend.

* The rolling-tackle is an aſſemblage of pulli uſed to confine the yard to the weather-ſide of maſt, and prevent the former from rubbing agai the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ſhip i turbulent ſea.

† It is uſual to ſend down the top-gallant ya on the approach of a ſtorm. They are the high yards that are rigged in a ſhip.

‡ Travellers are ſlender iron rings, encircling backſtays and uſed to facilitate the hoiſting or low ing of the top-gallant yards, by confining them the backſtays, in their aſcent or deſcent; ſo as to p vent them from ſwinging about by the agitation of veſſel.

‖ Backſtays are long ropes, extending from right and left ſide of the ſhip to the topmaſt-hea which they are intended to ſecure, by counteract the effort of the wind upon the ſails.

§ Top-ropes are the cords by which the top-g lant yards are hoiſted up from the deck, or lowe again in ſtormy weather.

The youngeſt ſailors from the yards above
Their parrels *, lifts †, and braces ſoon remove;
Then topt an-end, and to the travellers tied,
Clap'd with their ſails, they down the backſtays ſlide.
The yards ſecure along the booms ‡ reclin'd;
While ſome the flying cords aloft confin'd.—
Their ſails reduced and all the rigging clear,
Awhile the crew relax from toils ſevere.
Awhile their ſpirits, with fatigue oppreſt,
In vain expect th' alternate hour of reſt:
For with redoubling force the tempeſt blow,
And watery hills in fell ſucceſſion flow.
A diſmal ſhade o'ercaſts the frowning ſkies;
New troubles grow; new difficulties riſe.
No ſeaſon this from duty to deſcend!—
All hands on deck, th' eventual hour attend.
His race perform'd, the ſacred lamp of day
Now dipt in weſtern clouds his parting ray.
His ſick'ning fires, half-loſt in ambient haze,
Retract along the duſk a crimſon blaze;
Till deep immerg'd the languid orb declines,
And now to cheerleſs night the ſky reſigns!
Sad evening's hour, how different from the paſt!
No flaming pomp, no bluſhing glories caſt.
No cry of friendly light is ſeen around;
The moon and ſtars in hopeleſs ſhade are drown'd.
The ſhip no longer can her courſes ‖ bear:
To reef the courſes is the maſter's care:
The ſailors ſummon'd aft, a daring band!
Attend th' enfolding brails at his command.
But here the doubtful officers diſpute,
Till ſkill and judgment prejudice confute.—
Blackwood, whoſe genius never ſoar'd beyond
The narrow rules of art his youth had conn'd,
Still to the hoſtile fury of the wind
Reſign'd the ſheet, and kept the tack confin'd.
His long-tried practice obſtinately warm,
He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
But the ſage maſter his advice declines;
With whom Arion in opinion joins.—
The watchful ſeaman, whoſe ſagacious eye
In ſtorm experience may with truth rely,
Who from the reigning cauſe foretels th' effect,
This barbarous practice ever will reject.
For, fluttering looſe in air, the rigid ſail
Soon flits to rains in the furious gale;

And he who ſtrives the tempeſt to diſarm,
Will never firſt embrail the lee yard-arm.
The maſter ſaid;—obedient to command,
To raiſe the tack, the ready ſailors ſtand ⸸.——
Gradual it looſens, while th' involving clue,
Swell'd by the wind, aloft unruffling flew.
The ſheet and weather-brace they now ſtand by *;
The lee clue-garnet and the bunt-lies ply.
Thus all prepar'd, *Let go the ſheet*, he cries;
Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies;
Shivering at firſt, till by the blaſt impell'd,
High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvas ſwell'd:
By ſpilling lines † embrac'd, with brails confin'd,
It lies at length unſhaken by the wind.
The foreſail then ſecur'd, with equal care
Again to reef the mainſail they repair.—
While ſome high mounted over-haul the tye,
Below the down-haul-tackle ‡ others ply.
Jears §, lifts, and brails, a ſeaman each attends,
Along the maſt the willing yard deſcends.
When lower'd ſufficient they ſecurely brace;
And fix the rolling-tackle in its place;
The reef-lines ** and their earings now prepar'd,
Mounting on pliant ſhrouds ¶, they man the yard,
Far on th' extremes two able hands appear,
Arion there, the hardy boatſwain here;
That in the van to front the tempeſt hung;
This round the lee yard-arm, ill-omen'd! clung.

* The parrel, which is uſually a moveable band of rope, is employed to confine the yard to its reſpective maſt.

† Lifts are ropes extending from the head of any maſt to the extremities of its particular yard, to ſupport the weight of the latter; to retain it in balance; or to raiſe one yard-arm higher than the other, which is accordingly called topping.

‡ The booms in this place imply any maſts or yards lying on the deck in reſerve, to ſupply the place of others which may be carried away by diſtreſs of weather, &c.

‖ The courſes are generally underſtood to be the mainſail, foreſail and mizen, which are the largeſt and loweſt ſails on their ſeveral maſts: the term is however ſometimes taken in a larger ſenſe.

⸸ It has been remarked before, that the tack is always faſtened to windward: accordingly as ſoon as it is caſt looſe, and the clue-garnet hauled up, the weather-clue of the ſail immediately mounts to the yard; and this operation muſt be carefully performed in a ſtorm, to prevent the ſail from ſplitting, or being torn to pieces by ſhivering.

* It is neceſſary to pull in the weather-brace whenever the ſheet is caſt-off, to preſerve the ſail from ſhaking violently.

† The ſpilling-lines, which are only uſed on particular occaſions in tempeſtuous weather, are employed to draw together and confine the belly of the ſail, when it is inflated by the wind over the yard.

‡ The violence of the wind forces the yard ſo much outward from the maſt on theſe occaſions, that it cannot eaſily be lowered ſo as to reef the ſail, without the application of a tackle to haul it down on the maſt. This is afterwards converted into rolling-tackle.

§ Jears are the ſame to the mainſail, foreſail and mizen, as the haliards are to all the inferior ſails. The tye is the upper part of the jears.

** Reef-lines are only uſed to reef the mainſail and foreſail. They are paſſed in ſpiral turns through the eye-let holes of the reef, and over the head of the ſails between the rope-band legs, till they reach the extremities of the reef, to which they are firmly extended, ſo as to lace the reef cloſe up to the yard.

¶ Shrouds are thick ropes, ſtretching from the maſt-heads downwards to the outſide of the ſhip, ſerving to ſupport the maſts. They are alſo uſed as a range of rope-ladders by which the ſeamen aſcend or deſcend, to perform whatever is neceſſary about the ſails and rigging.

Each earing to its ſtation firſt they bend;
The reef-band ‡ then along the yard extend;
The circling earings, round th' extremes entwin'd
By outer and by inner turns § they bind.
From hand to hand, the reef-lines, next receiv'd,
Thro' eye-let holes and roebin-legs were reev'd.
The reef in double folds involv'd they lay;
Strain the firm cord, and either end belay.

Hadſt thou, Arion! held the leeward poſt,
While on the yard by mountain billows toſt,
Perhaps Oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her duſky veil.——
But ruling heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
Severer ills to ſuffer and relate!

For, while their orders thoſe aloft attend,
To furl the mainſail, or on deck deſcend,
A ſea *, up-ſurging with tremendous roll,
To inſtant ruin ſeems to doom the whole.
O friends, ſecure your hold! Arion cries:—
It comes all-dreadful, ſtooping from the ſkies!
Uplifted on its horrid edge, ſhe feels
The ſhock, and on her ſide half-bury'd reels:
The ſail, half-bury'd in the whelming wave,
A fearful warning to the ſeamen gave:
While from its margin, terrible to tell!
Three ſailors with their gallant boatſwain fell,
Torn with reſiſtleſs fury from their hold,
In vain their ſtruggling arms the yard unfold:
In vain to grapple flying cords they try;
The cords, alas! a ſolid gripe deny!
Prone on the midnight ſurge, with panting breath
They cry for aid, and long contend with death.
High o'er their heads the rolling billows ſweep;
And down they ſink in everlaſting ſleep.—
Bereft of power to help, their comrades ſee
The wretched victims die beneath the lee;
With fruitleſs ſorrow their loſt ſtate bemoan;
Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own!

In dark ſuſpence on deck the pilots ſtand,
Nor can determine on the next command.
Tho' ſtill they knew the veſſel's armed ſide
Impenetrable to the claſping tide;
Tho' ſtill the waters by no ſecret wound
A paſſage to her deep receſſes found;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,
A ſtorm, a dangerous ſea, and leeward ſhore!
Should they, tho' reef'd, again their ſails extend,
Again in fluttering fragments they may rend;
Or ſhould they ſtand, beneath the dreadful ſtrain
The down-preſt ſhip may never riſe again;
Too late to weather † now Morea's land,
Yet verging faſt to Athens' rocky ſtrand.—
Thus they lament the conſequence ſevere,
Where perils unallay'd by hope appear.

Long in their minds revolving each event,
At laſt to furl the courſes they conſent.
That done to reef the mizen next agree,
And try * beneath it, ſidelong in the ſea.

Now down the maſt the ſloping yard declin'd,
Till by the jeers and topping-lift † confin'd.
The head, with doubling canvas fenc'd around,
In balance, near the lofty peak, they bound.
The reef unwrapt, th' inſerted knittles ty'd,
To hoiſt the ſhorten'd ſail again they hied.
The order given, the yard aloft they ſway'd;
The brails relax'd, the extended ſheet belay'd.
The helm its poſt forſook, and, laſh'd a-lee §,
Inclin'd the wayward prow to front the ſea.

When ſacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coaſt,
With notes divine implor'd his conſort loſt;
Tho' round him perils grew in fell array,
And fates and furies ſtood to bar his way;
Not more advent'rous was the attempt to move
The powers of hell with ſtrains of heavenly love,
Than mine to bid th' unwilling muſe explore
The wilderneſs of rude mechanic lore.
Such toil th' unwearied Dædalus endur'd,
When in the Cretan labyrinth immur'd;
Till Art her ſalutary help beſtow'd
To guide him through that intricate abode.
Thus, long entangled in a thorny way,
That never heard the ſweet Pierian lay,
The muſe, that tun'd to barbarous ſounds her ſtring
Now ſpreads like Dædalus a bolder wing;
The verſe begins in ſofter ſtrains to flow,
Replete with ſad variety of woe.

As yet amid this elemental war,
That ſcatters deſolation from afar,
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor diſtreſs appear
To ſink the ſeamen with unmanly fear
Tho' their firm hearts no pageant honour boaſt,
They ſcorn the wretch that trembles in his poſt;
Who from the face of danger ſtrives to turn,
Indignant from the ſocial hour they ſpurn.
Tho' now full oft they felt the raging tide
In proud rebellion climb the veſſel's ſide,
No future ills unknown their ſouls appall;
They know no danger, or they ſcorn it all;
But ev'n the generous ſpirits of the brave,
Subdu'd by toil, a friendly reſpite crave;
A ſhort repoſe alone their thoughts implore,
Their harraſs'd powers by ſlumber to reſtore.

Far other cares the maſter's mind employ;
Approaching perils all his hopes deſtroy.
In vain he ſpreads the graduated chart,
And bounds the diſtance by the rules of art;

‡ The reef-band is a long piece of canvas ſewed acroſs the ſail, to ſtrengthen the canvas in the place where the eye-let holes of the reef are formed.

§ The outer turns of the earing ſerve to extend the ſail along the yard; and the inner turns are employed to confine its head-rope cloſe to its ſurface.

* A ſea is the general name given by ſailors to a ſingle wave or billow: hence when a wave burſts over the deck, the veſſel is ſaid to have ſhipped a ſea.

† To weather a ſhore, is to paſs to the windward of it, which at this time is prevented by the violence of the ſtorm.

* To try, is to lay the ſhip with her ſide ne in the direction of the wind and ſea, with the l ſomewhat inclined to the windward; the helm b laid a-lee to retain her in that poſition. See a fur illuſtration of this in the laſt note of this Canto.

† The topping-lift which tops the upper end o mizen-yard. This line and the ſix following deſc the operation of reefing and balancing the mi The reef of this ſail is towards the lower end, knittles being ſmall ſhort lines uſed in the roo points for this purpoſe; they are accordingly kno under the foot-rope, or lower edge of the ſail.

§ Laſhed a-lee, is faſtened to the lee ſide.

In vain athwart the mimic ſeas expands
The compaſſes to circumjacent lands.
Ungrateful taſk! for no aſylum trac'd,
A paſſage open'd from the wat'ry waſte.
Fate ſeem'd to guard, with adamantine mound,
The path to every friendly port around.
While Albert thus, with ſecret doubts diſmay'd,
The geometric diſtances ſurvey'd,
On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
Secure your lives,—graſp every man a ſhroud!—
Rous'd from his trance he mounts with eyes aghaſt;
When o'er the ſhip, in undulation vaſt,
A giant ſurge down-ruſhes from on high,
And fore and aft diſſe ver'd ruins lie.—
As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
Great Hawke deſcends in thunder on the main;
Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
And fatal lightning blaſt the hoſtile ſhores;
Beneath the ſtorm their ſhatter'd navies groan,
The trembling deeps recoil from zone to zone:
Thus the torn veſſel felt th' enormous ſtroke;
The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke;
Forth-ſtarted from their planks the burſting rings,
Th' extended cordage all aſunder ſprings.
The pilot's fair machinery ſtrews the deck,
And cards and needles ſwim in floating wreck.
The balanc'd mizen, rending to the head,
In ſtreaming ruins from the margin fled.
The ſides convulſive ſhook on groaning beams;
And rent with labour, yawn'd the pitchy ſeams.
They ſound the well *, and terrible to hear;
Five feet immers'd along the line appear.
At either pump they ply the clanking brake †,
And turn by turn th' ungrateful office take.
Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon, here,
At this ſad taſk, all diligent appear.
As ſome fair caſtle, ſhook by rude alarms,
Oppoſes long th' approach of hoſtile arms;
Grim war around her plants his black array,
And death and ſorrow mark his horrid way;
Till in ſome deſtin'd hour, againſt her wall
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall;
The ramparts crack, the ſolid bulwarks rend;
And hoſtile troops the ſhatter'd breach aſcend;
Her valiant inmates ſtill the foe retard,
Reſolv'd till death their ſacred charge to guard:
So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help inceſſant by rotation lend;
But all in vain,—for now the ſounding cord,
Undrawn and undiminiſh'd depth explor'd.
Nor this ſevere diſtreſs is found alone;
The tibs oppreſt by ponderous cannon groan.—
Deep rolling from the wat'ry volume's height,
The tortur'd ſides ſeem burſting with their weight.
So reels Pelorus, with convulſive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows;
Horrific thro' his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame—
Accumulated miſchiefs thus ariſe,
And Fate vindictive all their ſkill defies.

One only remedy the ſeaſon gave;
To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave:
From their high platforms thus th' artillery thrown,
Eas'd of their load, the timbers leſs ſhall groan;
But arduous is the taſk their lot requires;
A taſk that hovering Fate alone inſpires!
For, while intent the yawning decks to eaſe,
That ever and anon are drench'd with ſeas,
Some fatal billow, with recoiling ſweep,
May whirl the helpleſs wretches in the deep.
No ſeaſon this for counſel or delay!
Too ſoon the eventful moments haſte away!
Here perſeverance, with each help of art,
Muſt join the boldeſt efforts of the heart.
Theſe only now their miſery can relieve;
Theſe only now a dawn of ſafety give!—
While o'er the quivering deck, from van to rear,
Broad ſurges roll in terrible career,
Rodmond, Arion, and a choſen crew,
This office in the face of death purſue.
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond deſcending claim'd the weather-ſide.
Fearleſs of heart the chief his orders gave;
Fronting the rude aſſaults of every wave.
Like ſome ſtrong watch-tower nodding o'er the deep,
Whoſe rocky baſe the foaming waters ſweep,
Untam'd he ſtood; the ſtern aerial war
Had mark'd his honeſt face with many a ſcar.—
Meanwhile Arion, traverſing the waiſt *,
The cordage of the leeward guns unbrac'd,
And pointed crows beneath the metal plac'd.
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw.
Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's aſſociates wheel th' artillery round;
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The ponderous arms acroſs the ſteep defile;
Then, hurl'd from ſounding-hinges o'er the ſide,
Thundering they plunge into the flaſhing tide.
The ſhip thus eas'd, ſome little reſpite finds,
In this rude conflict of the ſeas and winds,
Such eaſe Alcides felt, when, clogg'd with gore,
Th' envenom'd mantle from his ſide he tore;
When, ſtung with burning pain, he ſtrove, too late,
To ſtop the ſwift career of cruel fate.
Yet then his heart one ray of hope procur'd,
Sad harbinger of ſevenfold pangs endur'd!
Such, and ſo ſhort, the pauſe of woe the found!
Cimmerian darkneſs ſhades the deep around,
Save when the lightnings gleaming on the ſight,
Flaſh thro' the gloom a pale diſaſtrous light.
Above all æther, fraught with ſcenes of woe,
With grim deſtruction threatens all below.
Beneath the ſtorm-laſh'd ſurges furious riſe,
And wave uproll'd on wave aſſails the ſkies;
With ever-floating bulwarks they ſurround
The ſhip, half ſwallow'd in the black profound!
With ceaſeleſs hazard and fatigue oppreſt,
Diſmay and anguiſh every heart poſſeſt;
For, while with boundleſs inundation o'er
The ſea-beat ſhip, th' involving waters roar,
Diſplac'd beneath by her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient ſtation to reſume;

* The well is an apartment in the ſhip's hold, ſerving to incloſe the pumps. It is ſounded by dropping a meaſured iron rod down into it by a long line. Hence the increaſe or diminution of the leaks are eaſily diſcovered.

† The brake is the lever or handle of the pump, by which it is wrought.

* The waiſt of a ſhip of this kind is an hollow ſpace, of about five feet in depth, contained between the elevations of the quarter deck and forecaſtle, and having the upper deck for its baſe or platform.

By ſecret ambuſhes, their force to prove,
Thro' many a winding channel firſt they rove;
Till, gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
Thro' her dark veins they roll a rapid flood.
While unrelenting thus the leaks they found,
The pumps with ever-clanking ſtrokes reſound.
Around each leaping valve, by toil ſubdu'd,
The tough bull-hide muſt ever be renew'd.
Their ſinking hearts unuſual horrors chill;
And down their weary limbs thick dews diſtil.
No ray of light their dying hope redeems!
Pregnant with ſome new woe each moment teems!

Again the chief th' inſtructive draught extends,
And o'er the figur'd plane attentive bends;
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the ſun's refulgent throne:
But here, alas! his ſcience nought avails!
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverſes, ſince twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;
Then the broad angle of lee-way * explor'd,
As ſwept acroſs the graduated chord.
Her place diſcover'd by the rules of art,
Unuſual terrors ſhook the maſter's heart;
When Falconera's rugged iſle he found
Within her drift, with ſhelves and breakers bound;
For if on thoſe deſtructive ſhallows toſt,
The helpleſs bark with all her crew are loſt:
As fatal ſtill appears, that danger o'er,
The ſteep St. George, and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots of their hopeleſs ſtate
In mournful conſultation now debate.
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appall,
When ſome proud city verges to her fall;
While ruin glares around, and pale affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night—
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave ſpread,
Nor ſtoried pillars rais'd aloft the head:
But here the queen of ſhade around them threw
Her dragon-wing, diſaſtrous to the view!
Dire was the ſcene, with whirlwind, hail and ſhower;
Black melancholy rull'd the fearful hour!
Beneath tremendous roll'd the flaſhing tide,
Where fate on every billow ſeem'd to ride.—
Incloſ'd with ills, by peril unſubdu'd,
Great in diſtreſs the maſter-ſeaman ſtood:
Skill'd to command; deliberate to adviſe;
Expert in Action; and in council wiſe;
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his ſoul the chief referr'd:

Ye faithful mates, who all my trouble ſhare,
Approv'd companions of your maſter's care!
To you alas! 'twere fruitleſs now to tell
Our ſad diſtreſs, already known too well!
This morn with favouring gales the port we left,
Tho' now of every flattering hope bereft:
No ſkill nor long experience could forecaſt
Th' unſeen approach of this deſtructive blaſt.
Theſe ſeas, where ſtorms at various ſeaſons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know,

* The lee-way, or drift, which in this place are ſynonymous terms, is the movement by which a ſhip is driven ſideways at the mercy of the wind and ſea, when ſhe is deprived of the government of the ſails and helm.

The hour, th' occaſion all your ſkill demands;
A leaky ſhip embay'd by dangerous lands,
Our bark no tranſient jeopardy ſurrounds;
Groaning ſhe lies beneath unnumber'd wounds.
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find;
To ſhun the fury of the ſeas and wind.
For in this hollow ſwell, with labour ſore,
Her flank can bear the burſting floods no more:
Yet this or other ills ſhe muſt endure;
A dire diſeaſe, and deſperate is the cure!
Thus two expedients offer'd to your choice,
Alone require your counſel and your voice.
Theſe only in our power are left to try;
To periſh here, or from the ſtorm to fly.
The doubtful balance in my judgment caſt,
For various reaſons I prefer the laſt.
'Tis true, the veſſel and her coſtly freight,
To me conſign'd, my orders only wait;
Yet, ſince the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counſels I reſign;
Forbid it, heaven, that, in this dreadful hour,
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power!
But ſhould we now reſolve to bear away,
Our hopeleſs ſtate can ſuffer no delay.
Nor can we, thus bereft of every ſail,
Attempt to ſteer obliquely on the gale.
For then, if broaching ſideward to the ſea,
Our dropſy'd ſhip may founder by the lee;
No more obedient to the pilot's power,
Th' o'erwhelming wave may ſoon her frame devour.

He ſaid the liſtening mates with fixed regard,
And ſilent reverence, his opinion heard.
Important was the queſtion in debate,
And o'er their counſels hung impending fate.
Rodmond, in many a ſcene of peril try'd,
Had oft the maſter's happier ſkill deſcry'd.
Yet now, the hour, the ſcene, th' occaſion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own.
Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his ſpeech, and naked was his heart;
Alike to him each climate and each blaſt;
The firſt in danger, in retreat the laſt:
Sagacious balancing th' oppoſ'd events,
From Albert his opinion thus diſſents.

Too true the perils of the preſent hour,
Where toils exceeding toils our ſtrength o'erpower!
Yet whither can we turn, what road purſue,
With death before ſtill opening on the view?
Our bark, 'tis true no ſhelter here can find,
Sore ſhatter'd by the ruffian ſeas and wind.
Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee,
Chac'd by this tempeſt and outrageous ſea!
For while its violence the tempeſt keeps,
Bereft of every ſail we roam the deeps:
At random driven, to preſent death we haſte;
And one ſhort hour perhaps may be our laſt.
In vain the gulph of Corinth on our lee,
Now opens to her ports a paſſage free;
Since, if before the blaſt the veſſel flies,
Full in her track unnumber'd dangers riſe.
Here Falconera ſpreads her lurking ſnares;
There diſtant Greece her rugged ſhelfs prepares.
Should once her bottom ſtrike that rocky ſhore,
The ſplitting bark that inſtant were no more;
Nor ſhe alone, but with her all the crew
Beyond relief were doom'd to periſh too.
Thus if to ſcud too raſhly we conſent,
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.

Then of our purpoſe this appears the ſcope,
To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope.
Though ſorely buffeted by every ſea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee.
The crew, tho' harraſs'd long with toils ſevere,
Still at their pumps perceive no hazards near.
Shall we, incautious, then the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell?
Prudence forbids!—This ſouthern tempeſt ſoon
May change its quarter with the changing moon.
Its rage, tho' terrible, may ſoon ſubſide,
Nor into mountains laſh th' unruly tide.
Theſe leaks ſhall then decreaſe; the ſails once more
Direct our courſe to ſome relieving ſhore.—
Thus while he ſpoke, around from man to man
At either pump a hollow murmur ran.
For while the veſſel, thro' unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below, th' invading water drinks,
Sounding her depth, they ey'd the wetted ſcale,
And lo! the leaks o'er all their powers prevail.
Yet in their poſt, by terrors unſubdu'd,
They with redoubling force their taſk purſued.
And now the ſenior pilot ſeem'd to wait
Arion's voice to cloſe the dark debate.
Tho' many a bitter ſtorm, with peril fraught,
In Neptune's ſchool the wandering ſtripling taught,
Not twice nine ſummers yet matur'd his thought.
So oft he bled by fortune's cruel dart,
It fell at laſt innoxious on his heart,
His mind ſtill ſhunning care with ſecret hate,
In patient indolence reſign'd to fate.
But now the horrors that around him roll,
Thus rous'd to action his rekindling ſoul.
With fix'd attention, pondering in my mind
The dark diſtreſſes on each ſide combin'd;
While here we linger in the paſs of fate,
I ſee no moment left for ſad debate.
For ſome deciſion if we wiſh to form,
Ere yet our veſſel ſink beneath the ſtorm,
Her ſhatter'd ſtate and yon deſponding crew
At once ſuggeſt what meaſures to purſue.
The labouring hull already ſeems half fill'd
With waters thro' an hundred leaks diſtill'd;
As in a dropſy, wallowing with her freight,
Half-drown'd ſhe lies, a dead inactive weight!
Thus, drench'd by every wave, her riven deck,
Stript and defenceleſs, floats a naked wreck;
Her wounded flanks no longer can ſuſtain
Theſe fell invaſions of the burſting main.
At every pitch, th' o'erwhelming billows bend
Beneath their load, the quivering bowſprit-end.
A fearful warning! ſince the maſts on high
On that ſupport with trembling hope-rely.
At either pump our ſeamen pant for breath,
In dark diſmay anticipating death.
Still all our powers th' increaſing leaks defy:
We ſink at ſea, no ſhore, no haven nigh.
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,
To light and ſave us from the watery tomb.
That bids us ſhun the death impending here;
Fly from the following blaſt, and ſhoreward ſteer.
'Tis ung'd indeed, the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of every guiding ſail;
And driven before it on the wat'ry waſte,
To rocky ſhores and ſcenes of death we haſte.
But haply Falconera we may ſhun:
And far to Grecian coaſts is yet the run:
Leſs harraſs'd then, our ſcudding ſhip may bear
Th' aſſaulting ſurge repell'd upon her rear;
Ev'n then the wearied ſtorm as ſoon ſhall die,
Or leſs torment the groaning pines on high.
Should we at laſt be driven by dire decree
Too near the fatal margin of the ſea,
The hull diſmatted there awhile may ride,
With lengthen'd cables, on the raging tide.
Perhaps kind heaven, with interpoſing power,
May curb the tempeſt ere that dreadful hour.
But here ingulf'd and foundering while we ſtay,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey.
He ſaid;—Palemon ſaw, with grief of heart,
The ſtorm prevailing o'er the pilot's art;
In ſilent terror and diſtreſs involv'd,
He heard their leaſt alternative reſolv'd.
High beat his boſom; with ſuch fear ſubdu'd,
Beneath the gloom of ſome enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering ſwain explor'd,
The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhorr'd;
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And, chill'd with horror, heard the ſongs of hell.
Arion ſaw, with ſecret anguiſh mov'd,
The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd;
And, all awake to friendſhip's genial heat,
His boſom felt conſenting tumults beat.
Alas! no ſeaſon this for tender love;
Far hence the muſic of the myrtle grove!—
With comfort's ſoothing voice, from hope deriv'd,
Palemon's drooping ſpirit he reviv'd.
For conſolation, oft with healing art,
Retunes the jarring numbers of the heart.—
Now had the pilots all th' events revolv'd,
And on their final refuge thus reſolv'd,
When, like the faithful ſhepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds,
To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpoſe Albert thus directs:
Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
Whoſe gallant ſpirits now are known too late;
Ye! who unmov'd behold this angry ſtorm
With terrors all the rolling deep deform;
Who, patient in adverſity, ſtill bear
The firmeſt front when greateſt ills are near!
The truth tho' grievous I muſt now reveal,
That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal.
Ingulf'd, all helps of art we vainly try,
To weather leeward ſhores, alas! too nigh.
Our crazy bark no longer can abide
The ſeas that thunder o'er her batter'd ſide:
And, while the leaks a fatal warning give,
That in this raging ſea ſhe cannot live,
One only refuge from deſpair we find;
At once to wear and ſcud before the wind *.
Perhaps ev'n then to ruin we may ſteer;
For broken ſhores beneath our lee appear;
But that's remote, and inſtant death is here:
Yet there, by heaven's aſſiſtance we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;
Or, ſhelter'd by ſome rock, at anchor ride,
Till with abating rage the blaſt ſubſide.
But if determin'd by the will of heaven,
Our helpleſs bark at laſt aſhore is driven,
Theſe counſels follow'd, from the wat'ry grave
Our floating ſailors in the ſurf may ſave.

* For an explanation of theſe manœuvres, the reader is referred to the laſt note of this Canto.

And firſt let all our axés be ſecur'd,
To cut the maſts and rigging from aboard.
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar,
To float between the veſſel and the ſhore.
The longeſt cordage too muſt be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather-rails belay'd.
So they who haply reach alive the land,
Th' extended lines may faſten on the ſtrand.
When'er, loud thundering on the leeward ſhore,
While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar,
Thus for the terrible event prepar'd,
Brace fore and aft to ſtarboard every yard.
So ſhall our maſts ſwim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our ſeamen ſave.
Then weſtward turn the ſ.em, that every maſt
May ſhoreward fall, when from the veſſel caſt.—
When o'er her ſide once more the billows bound,
Aſcend the rigging till ſhe ſtrikes the ground:
And when you hear aloft th' alarming ſhock
That ſtrikes her bottom on ſome pointed rock,
The boldeſt of our ſailors muſt deſcend,
The dangerous buſineſs of the deck to tend:
Then each, ſecur'd by ſome convenient cord,
Should cut the ſhrouds and rigging from the board.
Let the broad axes next aſſail each maſt;
And booms and oars and rafts to leeward caſt.
This, while the cordage ſtretch'd aſhore may guide
Our brave companions thro' the ſwelling tide,
This floating lumber ſhall ſuſtain them, o'er
The rocky ſhelves, in ſafety to the ſhore.
But as your firmeſt ſuccour, till the laſt,
O cling ſecurely on each faithful maſt!
Tho' great the danger, and the taſk ſevere,
Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear!
If once that ſlaviſh yoke your ſpirits quell,
Adieu to hope! to life itſelf farewell!

I know, among you ſome full oft have view'd,
With murdering weapon's arm'd, a lawleſs brood,
On England's vile inhuman ſhore who ſtand,
The foul reproach and ſcandal of our land!
To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon the ſtrand.
Theſe, while their ſavage office they purſue,
Oft wound to death the helpleſs plunder'd crew,
Who 'ſcap'd from every horror of the main,
Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain.
But dread not this!—a crime to Greece unknown!
Such blood-hounds all her circling ſhores diſown:
Her ſons, by barbarous tyranny oppreſt,
Can ſhare affliction with the wretch diſtreſt:
Their hearts, by cruel fate inur'd to grief,
Oft to the friendleſs ſtranger yield relief.

With conſcious horror ſtruck, the naval band
Deteſted for awhile their native land.
They curs'd the ſleeping vengeance of the laws,
That thus forgot her guardian ſailor's cauſe.
Mean while the maſter's voice again they heard,
Whom, as with filial duty, all rever'd.

No more remains—but now a truſty band
Muſt ever at the pump induſtrious ſtand;
And while with us the reſt attend to wear,
Two ſkilful ſeamen to the helm repair!—
O ſource of life! our refuge and our ſtay!
Whoſe voice the warning elements obey,
On thy ſupreme aſſiſtance we rely;
Thy mercy ſupplicate, if doom'd to die!
Perhaps this ſtorm is ſent, with healing breath,
From neighbouring ſhores to ſcourge diſeaſe and death!

'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to truſt:
With thee, great Lord! "whatever is, is juſt."
He ſaid; and with conſenting reverence fraught,
The ſailors join'd his prayer in ſilent thought.
His intellectual eye, ſerenely bright;
Saw diſtant objects with prophetic light.
Thus in a land, that laſting wars oppreſs,
That groans beneath misfortune and diſtreſs;
Whoſe wealth to conquering armies falls a prey;
Her bulw rks ſinking, as her troops decay;
Some bold ſagacious ſtateſman, from the helm,
Sees deſolation gathering o'er his realm:
He darts around his penetrating eyes,
Where dangers grow, and hoſtile unions riſe!
With deep attention marks the invading foe;
Eludes their wiles, and fruſtrates every blow;
Tries his laſt art the tottering ſtate to ſave,
Or in its ruin finds a glorious grave.

Still in the yawning trough the veſſel reels,
Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills:
On either ſide they riſe; tremendous ſcene;
A long dark melancholy vale between *.

* That the reader who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ſhip's ſtate when trying, and of the change of her ſituation to that of ſcudding, I have quoted a part of the explanation of thoſe articles as they appear in the Dictionary of the Marine.

Trying is the ſituation in which a ſhip lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the ſea in a tempeſt, particularly when it blows contrary to her courſe.

In trying as well as in ſcudding, the ſails are always reduced in proportion to the increaſe of the ſtorm, and in either ſtate, if the ſtorm is exceſſive, ſhe may have all her ſails furled; or be, according to the ſea phraſe, under bare poles.

The intent of ſpreading a ſail at this time is to keep the ſhip more ſteady, and to prevent her from rolling violently, by preſſing her ſide down in the water; and alſo to turn her head towards the ſource of the wind, ſo that the ſhock of the ſeas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when ſhe lies along the trough of the ſea, or in the interval between two waves. While ſhe lies in this ſituation, the helm is faſtened cloſe to the lee-ſide, to prevent her, as much as poſſible, from falling to leeward. But as the ſhip is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her ſails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and ſtern, ſhe is moved by a ſlow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where ſhe ſtops in approaching the direction of the wind, is called her coming to; and the contrary exceſs of the angle to leeward is called her falling off.

Veering, or wearing, as uſed in the preſent ſenſe, may be defined, the movement by which a ſhip changes her ſtate from trying to that of ſcudding, or of running before the direction of the wind and ſea.

It is an axiom in natural philoſophy, "That every body will perſevere in a ſtate of reſt, or if moving uniformly in a right line, unleſs it be compelled to change its ſtate by forces impreſſed: and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impreſſed, and made acording to the right line in which that force acts."

The balanc'd ship, now forward, now behind,
Still felt th' impression of the waves and wind,
And to the right and left by turns inclin'd.

Hence it is easy to conceive how a ship is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind, acting upon any part of her length in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus in the act of veering, which is a necessary consequence of this invariable principle, the object of the seaman is to reduce the action of the wind on the ship's hind part, and to receive its utmost exertion on her fore part, so that the latter may be pushed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the sails, or by the impression of the wind on the masts and yards. In the former case the sails on the hind-part of the ship are either furled or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually along their surfaces; at the same time the foremost sails are spread abroad, so as to receive the greatest exertion of the wind. The fore-part accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in motion; and this motion, necessarily conspiring with that of the wind, pushes the ship about as much as is requisite to produce the desired effect.

But when the tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails, the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the opposite ends of the ship, because the masts and yards situated near the head and stern serve to counterbalance each other, in receiving its impression. The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished, because the head-way which gives life and vigour to all its operations, is at this time feeble and ineffectual. Hence it becomes necessary to destroy this equilibrium which subsists between the masts and yards before and behind, and to throw the balance forward to prepare for veering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it becomes absolutely necessary to veer, in order to save the ship from destruction (see line 17, p. 129.), the mizen-mast must be cut away, and even the main-mast, if she still remains incapable of answering the helm by turning her prow to leeward.

Scudding is that movement in navigation by which a ship is carried precipitately before a tempest.

As a ship flies with amazing rapidity through the water, whenever this expedient is put in practice, if it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless when her condition renders her incapable of sustaining the natural effort of the wind and waves any longer on her side, without being exposed to the most imminent danger.

A ship either scuds with a sail extended on her fore-mast, or, if the storm is excessive, without any sail, which in the sea phrase is called scudding under bare poles.

The principal hazards incident to scudding are, generally, a sea striking the ship's stern; the difficulty of steering, perpetually exposes her to the danger of broaching-to; and the want of sufficient sea-room. A sea which strikes the stern violently may scatter it to pieces, by which the ship must inevitably founder. By broaching-to suddenly, she is threatened with losing all her masts and sails, or being immediately overturned; and for want of sea-room, she is exposed to the dangers of being wrecked on a lee-shore.

But Albert from behind the balance drew,
And on the prow its double efforts threw.—
The order now was given to bear away;
The order given, the timoneers obey.
High o'er the bowsprit stretch'd the tortur'd sail,
As on the rack, distends beneath the gale.
But scarce the yielding prow its impulse knew,
When in a thousand flitting shreds it flew!—
Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
And, bridling grief, redoubles all his cares.
Away there; lower the mizen-yard on deck!
He calls, and brace the foremast yards aback!
His great example every bosom fires;
New life rekindles, and new hope inspires;
While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,
One desperate remedy at last he tries.—
Haste, with your weapons cut the shrouds and stay;
And hew at once the mizen-mast away!
He said; th' attentive sailors on each side,
At his command the trembling cords divide.
Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond stands;
Th' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands;
Brandish'd on high, it fell with dreadful sound;
The tall mast groaning, felt the deadly wound.
Deep gash'd with sores, the tott'ring structure rings,
And crashing, thund'ring, o'er the quarter swings.
Thus when some limb, convuls'd with pangs of death,
Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath;
Th' experienc'd artist from the blood betrays
The latent venom, or its course delays;
But if th' infection triumphs o'er his art,
Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
Resolv'd at last, he quits th' unequal strife,
Severs the member, and preserves the life.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

The design and influence of poetry—Applied to the subject—Wreck of the mizen-mast cleared away—Ship veers before the wind—Her violent agitation—Different stations of the officers—Appearance of the island of Falconera—Excursion to the adjacent nations of Greece, renowned in antiquity—Athens—Socrates—Plato—Aristides—Solon—Corinth—Sparta—Leonidas—Invasion of Xerxes—Lycurgus—Epaminondas—Modern appearance—Arcadia—Its former happiness and fertility—Present distress, the effect of slavery—Ithaca—Ulysses and Penelope—Argos and Mycenæ—Agamemnon—Macronisi—Lemnos—Vulcan and Venus—Delos—Apollo and Diana—Troy—Sestos—Leander and Hero—Delphos—Temple of Apollo—Parnassus—The Muses—The subject resumed—Sparkling of the sea—Prodigious tempest, accompanied with rain, hail and meteors—Darkness, lightning and thunder—Approach of day—Discovery

of land—The ship in great danger passes the island of St. George—Turns her broadside to the shore—Her bowsprit, foremast and main-top-mast carried away—She strikes a rock—Splits asunder—Fate of the crew.

The Scene stretches from that part of the Archipelago which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colonna, in Attica.—The time is about seven hours, being from one till eight in the morning.

WHEN in a barbarous age, with blood defil'd,
The human savage roam'd the gloomy wild;
When sullen Ignorance her flag display'd,
And Rapine and Revenge her voice obey'd;
Sent from the shores of light the Muses came,
The dark and solitary race to tame.
'Twas their's the lawless passions to controul,
And melt in tender sympathy the soul;
The heart from vice and error to reclaim,
And breathe in human breasts celestial flame.
The kindling spirit caught th' empyreal ray,
And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay.
Rous'd from the chaos of primæval night,
At once fair Truth and Reason sprung to light.—
When great Mæonidas, in rapid song,
The thundering tide of battle rolls along,
Each ravish'd bosom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulses beat to arms.
From earth upborn, on Pegasean wings,
Far thro' the boundless realms of thought he springs;
While distant poets, trembling as they view
His sunward flight, the dazzling track pursue
But when his strings, with mournful magic, tell
What dire distress Laertes' son befel,
The strains, meand'ring thro' the maze of woe,
Bid sacred sympathy the heart o'erflow.
Thus, in old time, the Muses' heavenly breath
With vital force dissolv'd the chains of death:
Each bard in epic lays began to sing,
Taught by the master of the vocal string.—
'Tis mine, alas! thro' dangerous scenes to stray,
Far from the light of his unerring ray!
While, all unus'd the wayward path to tread,
Darkling I wander with prophetic dread.
To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
Awakes the numbers, fraught with living fire!—
Full oft indeed, that mournful harp of yore
Wept the sad wanderer lost upon the shore;
But o'er that scene th' impatient numbers ran,
Subservient only to a nobler plan.
'Tis mine, the unravel'd prospect to display,
As [illegible]in th' events in regular array.
Th[illegible]rd the task, to sing in varied strains,
While all unchang'd the tragic theme remains!
Thrice happy! might the secret powers of art
Unlock the latent windings of the heart!
Might the sad numbers draw compassion's tear
For kin[illegible]miseries, oft beheld too near:
For kin[illegible]wretches, oft in ruin cast
On Albion's strand, beneath the wint'ry blast:
For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
Her bravest sons, her faithful sailors know!
So [illegible]gushing o'er each British breast,
Might sympathise with Britain's sons distrest:
For this, my theme thro' mazes I pursue,
Which nor Mæonidas nor Maro knew.

Awhile the mast, in ruins dragg'd behind,
Balanç'd the impression of the helm and wind:
The wounded serpent, agonis'd with pain,
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain,
But now the wreck diffever'd from the rear,
The long reluctant prow began to veer;
And while around before the wind it falls,
Square all the yards *! the attentive master calls—
You, timoneers, her motion still attend!
For on your steerage all our lives depend.
So, steddy-†! meet her, watch the blast behind,
And steer her right before the seas and wind!
Starboard again! the watchful pilot cries;
Starboard, the obedient timoneer replies.
Then to the left the ruling helm returns;
The wheel ‡ revolves; the ringing axle burns!
The ship no longer, foundering by the lee,
Bears on her side th' invasions of the sea:
All loosly o'er the desart waste she flies,
Scourg'd on by surges, storm and bursting skies.
As when the masters of the lance assail,
In Hyperborean seas, the slumbering whale;
Soon as the javelins pierce his scaly hide,
With anguish stung, he cleaves the downward tide
In vain he flies! no friendly respite found;
His life-blood gushes thro' th' inflaming wound.
The wounded bark, thus smarting with her pai
Scuds from pursuing waves along the main;
While, dash'd apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow.
Her joints forget their firm elastic tone;
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan.
Upheav'd behind her, in tremendous height,
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright!
Now shivering, o'er the topmost wave she rides,
While deep beneath th' enormous gulf divides.
Now launching headlong down the horrid vale,
She hears no more the roaring of the gale;
Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the skies.
As that rebellious angel who from heaven
To regions of eternal pain was driven;
When dreadless he forsook the Stygian shore,
The distant realms of Eden to explore;
Here on sulphureous clouds sublime upheav'd,
With daring wing th' infernal air he cleav'd;
There, in some hideous gulf descending prone,
Far in the rayless void of night was thrown:
Even so she scales the briny mountain's height,
Then down the black abyss precipitates her flight.
The masts, around whose tops the whirlwinds sing
With long vibration round her axle swing.
To guide the wayward course amid the gloom,
The watchful pilots different posts assume.
Albert and Rodmond, station'd on the rear,
With warning voice direct each timoneer.
High on the prow the guard Arion keeps,
To shun the cruisers wandering o'er the deeps:

* To square the yards, in this place is meant arrange them directly athwart the ship's length.

† Steddy, is the order to steer the ship accord to the line on which she advances at that inst without deviating to the right or left thereof.

‡ In all large ships the helm is managed by wheel.

Where'er he moves Palemon ſtill attends,
As if on him his only hope depends:
While Rodmond, fearful of ſome neighbouring ſhore,
Cries, ever and anon, *Look out afore!*
Four hours thus ſcudding on the tide ſhe flew,
When Falconera's rocky height they view.
High o'er its ſummit, thro' the gloom of night,
The glimmering watch-tower caſts a mournful light.
In dire amazement rivetted they ſtand,
And hear the breakers laſh the rugged ſtrand:
But ſoon beyond this ſhore the veſſel flies,
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the ſkies.
So from the fangs of her inſatiate foe,
O'er the broad champain ſcuds the trembling roe.—
That danger paſt, reflects a feeble joy;
But ſoon returning fears their hope deſtroy.
Thus, in th' Atlantic, oft the ſailor eyes,
While melting in the reign of ſofter ſkies,
Some Alp of ice, from polar regions blown,
Hail the glad influence of a warmer zone:
Its frozen cliffs attemper'd gales ſupply:
In cooling ſtream the aerial billows fly;
Awhile deliver'd from the ſcorching heat,
In gender tides the feverish pulſes beat.
So, when their trembling veſſel paſt this iſle,
Such viſionary joys the crew beguile:
Th' illuſive meteors of a lifeleſs fire!
Too ſoon they kindle, and too ſoon expire!
Say, *Memory!* thou from whoſe unerring tongue
Inſtructive flows the animated ſong!
What regions now the flowing ſhip ſurround?
Regions of old, thro' all the world renown'd;
That, once the poet's theme the muſes boaſt,
Now lie in ruins; in oblivion loſt!
Did they, whoſe ſad diſtreſs theſe lays deplore,
Unſkill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore,
Unconſcious paſs each famous circling ſhore?
They did; for, blaſted in the barren ſhade,
Here, all too ſoon, the buds of ſcience fade:
Sad ocean's genius, in untimely hour,
Withers the bloom of every ſpringing flower.
Here fancy droops, while ſullen cloud and ſtorm
The generous climate of the ſoul deform.
Then if, among the wandering naval train,
One ſtripling, exil'd from th' Aonian plain,
Had e'er, entranc'd in fancy's ſoothing dream,
Approach'd to taſte the ſweet Caſtalian ſtream,
(Since thoſe ſalubrious ſtreams, with power divine,
To purer ſenſe th' attemper'd ſoul refine)
His heart, with liberal commerce here unbleſt,
Alien to joy! ſincerer grief poſſeſt.
Yet on the youthful mind th' impreſſion caſt
Of ancient glory, ſhall for ever laſt.
There, all unquench'd by cruel fortune's ire,
It glows with inextinguiſhable fire.
Immortal Athens firſt, in ruin ſpread,
Contiguous lies at Port Lione's head.
Great ſource of ſcience! whoſe immortal name
Stands foremoſt in the glorious roll of fame.
Here godlike Socrates and Plato ſhone,
And, firm to truth, eternal honour won,
The firſt in Virtue's cauſe his life reſign'd,
By Heav'n pronounc'd the wiſeſt of mankind:
The laſt foretold the ſpark of vital fire,
The ſoul's fine eſſence, never could expire.
Here Solon dwelt, the philoſophic ſage,
That fled Piſiſtratus' vindictive rage.
Juſt Ariſtides here maintain'd the cauſe,
Whoſe ſacred precepts ſhine thro' Solon's laws.
Of all her towering ſtructures, now alone
Some ſcatter'd columns ſtand, with weeds o'ergrown.
The wandering ſtranger, near the port, deſcries
A milk-white lion of ſtupendous ſize;
Unknown the ſculptor; marble is the frame:
And hence th' adjacent haven drew its name.
Next, in the gulph of Engia, Corinth lies,
Whoſe gorgeous fabrics ſeem'd to ſtrike the ſkies;
Whom, tho' by tyrant victors oft' ſubdu'd,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with awful wonder view'd,
Her name, for Pallas' heavenly art renown'd *,
Spread like the foliage which her pillars crown'd.
But now, in fatal deſolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a diſmal ſhade.
Then further weſtward on Morea's land,
Fair Miſitra! thy modern turrets ſtand.
Ah! who, unmov'd with ſecret woe, can tell
That here great Lacedæmon's glory fell?
Here once ſhe flouriſh'd, at whoſe trumpet's ſound
War burſt his chains, and nations ſhook around.
Here brave Leonidas from ſhore to ſhore
Thro' all Achaia bade her thunders roar:
He, when imperial Xerxes, from afar,
Advanc'd with Perſia's furuleſs troops to war,
Till Macedonia ſhrunk beneath his ſpear,
And Greece diſmay'd beheld the chief draw near;
He, at Thermopylæ's immortal plain,
His force repell'd with Sparta's glorious train.
Tall Oeta ſaw the tyrant's conquer'd bands,
In gaſping millions, bleed on hoſtile lands.
Thus vanquiſh'd Aſia trembling heard thy name,
And Thebes and Athens ſicken'd at thy fame!
Thy ſtate, ſupported by Lycurgus' laws,
Drew, like thine arms, ſuperlative applauſe.
Even great Epaminondas ſtrove in vain
To curb that ſpirit with a Theban chain.
But ah! how low her free-born ſpirit now!
Her abject ſons to haughty tyrants bow;
A falſe, degenerate, ſuperſtitious race
Infeſt thy region, and thy name diſgrace!
Not diſtant far, Arcadia's bleſt domains
Peloponneſus' circling ſhore contains.
Thrice happy ſoil! where ſtill ſerenely gay,
Indulgent Flora breath'd perpetual May;
Where buxom Ceres taught th' obſequious field,
Rich without art, ſpontaneous gifts to yield.
Then with ſome rural nymph ſupremely bleſt,
While tranſport glow'd in each enamour'd breaſt,
Each faithful ſhepherd told his tender pain,
And ſung of ſylvan ſports in artleſs ſtrain.
Now, ſad reverſe! Oppreſſion's iron hand
Enſlaves her natives, and deſpoils the land.
In lawleſs rapine bred, a ſanguine train
With midnight-ravage ſcour th' uncultur'd
Weſtward of theſe, beyond the Iſthmus,
The long-loſt iſle of Ithacus the wiſe;
Where fair Penelope her abſent lord
Full twice ten years with faithful love de
Tho' many a princely heart her beauty
She, guarded only by her ſtripling ſon,
Each bold attempt of ſuitor-kings repell'd,
And undefil'd the nuptial contract held.
With various arts to win her love they toil'd,
But all their wiles by virtuous fraud ſhe foil'd.

* Architecture.

True to her vows, and reſolutely chaſte,
The beauteous princeſs triumph'd at the laſt.
Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still ſeems her cruel fortune to bemoan;
Argos, whoſe monarch led the Grecian hoſts
Far o'er the Ægean main to Dardan coaſts.
Unhappy prince! who, on a hoſtile ſhore,
Toil, peril, anguiſh, ten long winters bore.
And when to native realms reſtor'd at laſt,
To reap the harveſt of thy labours paſt;
A perjur'd friend, alas! and faithleſs wife,
There ſacrific'd to impious luſt thy life!—
Faſt by Arcadia ſtretch theſe deſart plains,
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.
Next the fair iſle of Helena * is ſeen,
Where adverſe winds detain'd the Spartan queen;
For whom in arms combin'd the Grecian hoſt,
With vengeance fir'd, invaded Phrygia's coaſt;
For whom ſo long they labour'd to deſtroy
The ſacred turrets of imperial Troy.
Here, driven by Juno's rage, the hapleſs dame,
Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd Ilion came.
The portan image bears of Parian ſtone,
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.
Due eaſt from this appears the immortal ſhore
That ſacred Phœbus and Diana bore:
Delos, thro' all the Ægean ſeas renown'd!
(Whoſe coaſt the rocky Cyclades ſurround)
By Phœbus honour'd, and by Greece rever'd;
Her hallow'd groves even diſtant Perſia fear'd.
But now, a ſilent unfrequented land!
No human footſtep marks the trackleſs ſand.
Thence to the north, by Aſia's weſtern bound,
Fair Lemnos ſtands, with riſing marble crown'd;
Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
Ill-fated Vulcan from th' æthereal world.
There his eternal anvils firſt he rear'd;
Then, forg'd by Cyclopean art, appear'd
Thunders, that ſhook the ſkies with dire alarms,
And, form'd by ſkill divine, Vulcanian arms.
There, with this crippled wretch, the foul diſgrace
And living ſcandal of th' empyreal race,
The beauteous queen of Love in wedlock dwelt.
In fires profane can heavenly boſoms melt?
Eaſtward of this appears the Dardan ſhore,
That once th' imperial towers of Ilium bore.
Illuſtrious Troy! renown'd in every clime,
Thro' the long annals of unfolding time!
How oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend,
Thou ſaw'ſt thy tutelar gods in vain deſcend!
Tho' chiefs unnumber'd in her cauſe were ſlain,
Tho' nations periſh'd on her bloody plain,
That refuge of perfidious Helen's ſhame
Was doom'd at length to ſink in Grecian flame:
[redacted]ow, by time's deep plough-ſhare harrow'd o'er,
[redacted]eat of ſacred Troy is found no more,
No trace of all her glories now remains;
But corn and vines enrich her cultur'd plains.
Silver Scamander laves the verdant ſhore;
Scam[redacted]ft' o'erflowed with hoſtile gore!
No[redacted]emov'd from Ilion's famous land,
In counter view appears the Thracian ſtrand;
Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,
Di[redacted]ay'd her creſcent each revolving night;
[redacted]

* Now known by the name of Macroniſi.

Whoſe gleam directed lov'd Leander o'er
The rolling Helleſpont to Aſia's ſhore;
Till, in a fated hour, on Thracia's coaſt
She ſaw her lover's lifeleſs body toſt:
Then felt her boſom agony ſevere;
Her eyes ſad-gazing pour'd the inceſſant tear;
O'erwhelm'd with anguiſh, frantic with deſpair,
She beat her beauteous breaſt and tore her hair—
On dear Leander's name in vain ſhe cry'd;
Then headlong plang'd into the parting tide,
The parting tide receiv'd the lovely weight,
And proudly flow'd, exulting in its freight.
Far weſt of Thrace, beyond the Ægean main,
Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain.
The ſacred oracle of Phœbus there
High o'er the mount aroſe, divinely fair!
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile:
Auguſt the fabric! elegant its ſtile!
On brazen hinges turned the ſilver doors,
And checquer'd marble pav'd the poliſh'd floors.
The roofs, where ſtoried tablatures appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould were rear'd:
Of ſhining porphyry the ſhafts were fram'd,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flam'd.
Apollo's ſuppliant prieſts, a blameleſs train!
Fram'd their oblations on the holy fane:
To front the ſun's declining ray 'twas plac'd;
With golden harps and living laurels grac'd.
The ſciences and arts around the ſhrine
Conſpicuous ſhone, engrav'd by hands divine!
Here Æſculapius' ſnake diſplayed his creſt,
And burning glories ſparkled on his breaſt:
While from his eye's inſufferable light
Diſeaſe and Death recoil'd in headlong flight.
Of this great temple, thro' all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.
Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'erſpr
Parnaſſus lifts to heaven its honour'd head;
Where, from the deluge ſav'd, by heaven's com
Deucalion leading Pyrrha hand in hand, [mand
Repeopled all the deſolated land.
Around the ſcene unfaded laurels grow,
And aromatic flowers for ever blow.
The winged choirs, on every tree above,
Carol ſweet numbers thro' the vocal grove;
While o'er th' eternal ſpring that ſmiles beneath
Young zephyrs borne on roſy pinions breathe.
Fair daughters of the ſun! the ſacred Nine,
Here wake to ecſtaſy their ſongs divine;
Or crown'd with myrtle, in ſome ſweet alcove
Attune the tender ſtrings to bleeding love.
All ſadly ſweet the balmy currents roll,
Soothing to ſofteſt peace the turtur'd ſoul,
While hill and vale with choral voice around
The muſic of immortal harps reſound,
Fair Pleaſure leads in dance the happy hours,
Still ſcattering where ſhe moves Elyſian flowers!
Even now the ſtrains, with ſweet contagion fra
Shed a delicious languor o'er the thought.—
Adieu ye vales, that ſmiling peace beſtow,
Where Eden's bloſſoms ever-vernal blow!
Adieu ye ſtreams, that o'er inchanted ground
In lucid maze th' Aonian hill ſurround!
Ye fairy ſcenes where Fancy loves to dwell,
And young Delight, for ever, O farewell!
The ſoul with tender luxury you fill,
And o'er the ſenſe Lethean dews diſtil!

Awake, O Memory, from th' inglorious dream!
With brazen lungs reſume the kindling theme!
Collect thy powers! arouſe thy vital fire!
Ye ſpirits of the ſtorm, my verſe inſpire!
Hoarſe as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,
In torrents pour along the ſwelling ſtrain!
No, borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
Her courſe to Attic ſhores the veſſel keeps:
The pilots, as the waves behind her ſwell,
Still with the wheeling ſtern their force repel.
For this aſſault ſhould either quarter * feel,
Again to flank the tempeſt ſhe might reel.
The fleetſmen every bidden turn apply;
To right and left the ſpokes alternate fly.
Thus when ſome conquer'd hoſt retreats in fear,
The braveſt leaders guard the broken rear;
Indignant they retire, and long oppoſe
Superior armies that around them cloſe;
Still ſhield the flanks; the routed ſquadrons join;
And guide the flight in one embodied line:
So they direct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods that laſh her to the ſhore.
As ſome benighted traveller, thro' the ſhade,
Explores the devious path with heart diſmay'd;
While prowling ſavages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before—
High o'er the poop th' audacious ſeas aſpire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire.
As ſome fell conqueror, frantic with ſucceſs,
Bleeds o'er the nations ruin and diſtreſs;
So, while the wat'ry wilderneſs he roams,
Incens'd to ſevenfold rage the tempeſt foams;
And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,
Shrill thro' the cordage howls, with notes of woe.
Now thunders, wafted from the burning zone,
Growl, from afar, a deaf and hollow groan!
The ſhip's high battlements, to either ſide
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide:
Her joints unbing'd, in paliſied languors play,
As ice diſſolves beneath the noon-tide ray.
The ſkies, aſunder torn, a deluge pour;
The impetuous hail deſcends in whirling ſhower.
High on the maſts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.
Th' aetherial dome, in mournful pomp array'd.
Now lurks behind impenetrable ſhade;
Now, flaſhing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erſpread,
When heaven's loud trumpet ſounded o'er his head.
It ſeem'd, the wrathful Angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the ſkies combin'd;
And here, to one ill-fated ſhip oppos'd,
At once the dreadful magazine diſcloſ'd.
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he ſprings,
Th' inflaming ſulphur flaſhing from his wings!—
Hark! his ſtrong voice the diſmal ſilence breaks;
Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes!
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck their blazing ſides diſcharge:
There, all aghaſt, the ſhivering wretches ſtood,
While chill ſuſpence and fear congeal'd their blood.
Now in a deluge burſts the living flame,
And dread concuſſion rends th' aetherial frame;

* The quarter is the hinder part of a ſhip's ſide; or that part which is near the ſtern.

Sick earth convulſive groans from ſhore to ſhore,
And nature ſhuddering feels the horrid roar.
Still the ſad proſpect riſes on my ſight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful ſhade and light.
Swift thro' my pulſes glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire.
But ah! the force of numbers ſtrives in vain,
The glowing ſcene unequal to ſuſtain.
But lo! at laſt, from tenfold darkneſs born,
Forth iſſues o'er the wave the weeping morn.
Hail, ſacred viſion! who, on orient wing,
The cheering dawn of light propitious bring!
All nature ſmiling hail'd the vivid ray,
That gave her beauties to returning day:
All but our ſhip, that, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope deſcry'd.
For now, in front, her trembling inmates ſee
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.
So the loſt lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his boſom torn,
The nymph ador'd reſigns her blooming charms,
To bleſs with love ſome happier rival's arms.
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day,
That tore Æneas from her arms away;
That ſaw him parting never to return,
Herſelf in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds, that genial ſource of light,
Conceal thy radiant glories from our ſight!
Go, with thy ſmile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the ſcenes where health and pleaſure reign:
But let not here, in ſcorn, thy wanton beam
Inſult the dreadful grandeur of my theme!
While ſhoreward now the bounding veſſel flies,
Full in her van St George's cliffs ariſe:
High o'er the reſt a pointed crag is ſeen,
Thus hung projecting over a moſſy green.
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their ſkill relentleſs fates oppoſe.
For, while more eaſtward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck overflow.
While, as ſhe wheels, unable to ſubdue
Her ſallies, ſtill they dread her broaching-to *.
Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her riven ſide could bear th' invading ſea;
And if the following ſurge ſhe ſcuds before,
Headlong ſhe runs upon the dreadful ſhore;
A ſhore where ſhelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where death in ſecret ambuſh lurks around.—
Far leſs diſmay'd, Anchiſes' wandering ſon
Was ſeen the ſtraits of Sicily to ſhun:
When Palinurus, from the helm, deſcry'd
The rocks of Scylla on his eaſtern ſide;
While in the weſt, with hideous yawn diſcloſ'd,
His onward path Charybdis' gulph oppos'd;
The double danger as by turns he view'd,
His wheeling bark her arduous track purſu'd.
Thus, while to right and left deſtruction lies,
Between th' extremes the daring veſſel flies.

* Broaching-to, is a ſudden and involuntary movement in navigation, wherein a ſhip, whilſt ſcudding or ſailing before the wind, unexpectedly turns her ſide to windward. It is generally occaſioned by the difficulty of ſteering her, or by ſome diſaſter happening to the machinery of the helm. See the laſt note of the ſecond Canto.

With boundleſs involution, burſting o'er
The marble cliffs, loud-daſhing ſurges roar.
Hoarſe thro' each winding creek the tempeſt raves,
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves.
Deſtruction round th' inſatiate coaſt prepares,
To cruſh the trembling ſhip, unnumber'd ſnares.
But haply now ſhe 'ſcapes the fatal ſtrand,
Tho' ſcarce ten fathoms diſtant from the land.
Swift as the weapon iſſuing from the bow,
She cleaves the burning waters with her prow;
And forward leaping, with tumultuous haſte,
As on the tempeſt's wing, the iſle ſhe paſt.
With longing eyes, and agony of mind,
The ſailors view this refuge left behind;
Happy to bribe, with India's richeſt ore,
A ſafe acceſſion to that barren ſhore!

When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,
Loſt to the chearful commerce of mankind,
The groaning captive waſtes his life away,
For ever exil'd from the realms of day;
Not equal pangs his boſom agonize,
When far above the ſacred light he eyes,
While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain,
For ſcenes he never ſhall poſſeſs again.

But now Athenian mountains they deſcry,
And o'er the ſurge Colonna frowns on high.
Beſide the cape's projecting verge is plac'd
A range of columns, long by time defac'd;
Firſt planted by devotion to ſuſtain,
In elder times, Tritonia's ſacred fane.
Foams the wild beach below with mad'ning rage,
Where waves the rocks a dreadful combat wage.
The ſickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight:
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
Thro' the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flaſh, quick-glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmſman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compaſſion gaz'd upon the blind;
And while around his ſad companions croud,
He guides th' unhappy victim to the ſhroud.
Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend! he cries;
Thy only ſuccour on the maſt relies!—
The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now ſcarce ſubdu'd the wild unbridled courſe:
Quick to th' abandon'd wheel Arion came,
The ſhip's tempeſtuous ſallies to reclaim.
Amaz'd he ſaw her, o'er the ſounding foam
Upborn, to right and left diſtracted roam.
So gaz'd young Phaeton, with pale diſmay,
When mounted on the flaming car of day,
With raſh and impious hand the ſtripling try'd
Th' immortal courſers of the ſun to guide.—
The veſſel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly:
Fate ſpurs her on.—Thus iſſuing from afar,
Advances to the ſun ſome blazing ſtar;
And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated courſe.

With mournful look the ſeamen ey'd the ſtrand,
Where death's inexorable jaws expand:
Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers paſt,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the laſt.
Now on the trembling ſhrouds, before, behind,
In mute ſuſpence they mount into the wind.—
The Genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment ſeem'd to bring.
The fatal Siſters, on the ſurge before,
Yok'd their infernal horſes to the prore.—
The ſteerſmen now receiv'd their laſt command
To wheel the veſſel ſidelong to the ſtrand.
Twelve ſailors, on the foremaſt who depend,
High on the platform of the top aſcend;
Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-preſt by wat'ry weight the bowſprit bends,
And from above the ſtem deep crathing rends.
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie;
The foremaſt totters, unſuſtain'd on high:
And now the ſhip, fore-lifted by the ſea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful ſtay
Drags the main-topmaſt from its poſt away.
Flung from the maſt, the ſeamen ſtrive in vain
Thro' hoſtile floods their veſſel to regain.
The waves they buffet, till, bereft of ſtrength,
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length.
The hoſtile waters cloſe around their head,
They ſink for ever, number'd with the dead!

Thoſe who remain their fearful doom await,
Nor longer mourn their loſt companion's fate.
The heart that bleeds with ſorrow all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendſhip to bemoan.—
Albert and Rodmond and Palemon here,
With young Arion, on the maſt appear;
Even they, amid th' unſpeakable diſtreſs,
In every look diſtracting thoughts confeſs;
In every vein the reſluent blood congeals,
And every boſom fatal terror feels.
Inclos'd with all the demons of the main,
They view'd th' adjacent ſhore, but view'd in vain.
Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
Where ſad deſpair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breaſt,
While fancy views the manſions of the bleſt.
For heaven's ſweet help their ſuppliant cries implore;
But heaven, relentleſs, deigns to help no more!
And now, laſh'd on by deſtiny ſevere,
With horror fraught, the dreadful ſcene drew near!
The ſhip hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks riſe, and breakers roar beneath!—
In vain, alas! the ſacred ſhades of yore
Would arm the mind with philoſophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the laſteſt breath,
To ſmile ſerene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's ſelf, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyſs had ſhudder'd to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,
And wiſeſt of the ſons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this ſcene of phrenzy and diſtreſs,
His ſoul had trembled to its laſt receſs!—
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This laſt tremendous ſhock of fate to prove.
The tottering frame of reaſon yet ſuſtain!
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!

In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd
For now th' audacious ſeas inſult the yard;
High o'er the ſhip they throw a horrid ſhade,
And o'er her burſt, in terrible cadcade.
Uplifted on the ſurge, to heaven ſhe flies,
Her ſhatter'd top half buried in the ſkies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps reſound.

Her giant bulk the dread concuſſion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment, reels.
So reels, convulſ'd with agoniſing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's blows.—
Again ſhe plunges! hark! a ſecond ſhock
Tears her ſtrong bottom on the marble rock!
Down to the vale of death, with diſmal cries,
The fated victims ſhuddering roll their eyes
In wild deſpair; while yet another ſtroke,
With deep convulſion, rends the ſolid oak:
Till like the mine, in whoſe infernal cell
The lurking damons of deſtruction dwell,
At length aſunder torn her frame divides,
And craſhing ſpreads in ruin o'er the tides.
O were it mine with toneful Maro's art
To wake to ſympathy the feeling heart;
Like him the ſmooth and mournful verſe to dreſs
In all the pomp of exquiſite diſtreſs!
Then, too ſeverely taught by cruel fate
To ſhare in all the perils I relate,
Then might I with unrivall'd ſtrains deplore
Th' impervious horrors of a leeward ſhore.
As o'er the ſurge the ſtooping main-maſt hung,
Still on the rigging thirty ſeamen clung:
Some, ſtruggling, on a broken crag were caſt,
And there by oozy tangles grappled faſt:
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billows rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego
Their ſlippery hold, and ſink to ſhades below.
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their ſkill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts deſcend.
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide;
Till one, who ſeems in agony to ſtrive,
The whirling breakers heave on ſhore alive;
The reſt a ſpeedier end of anguiſh knew,
And prick the ſtony beach, a lifeleſs crew!
Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
Of heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb!
What ſcenes of miſery torment thy view!
What painful ſtruggles of thy dying crew!
Thy periſh'd hopes all buried in the flood,
Purſued with curſes! red with human blood!
Yet ſtern'd with anguiſh hoary Priam gaz'd,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd;
Nor he, ſevereſt ſorrow doom'd to feel,
Fell beneath the victor's murdering ſteel.
Now with his helpleſs partners till the laſt,
Diſtreſs! Albert hugs the floating maſt;
Which could yet ſuſtain the mortal blow,
Whose, alas! beneath ſuperior woe:
Now ſoft nature's ſympathetic chain
Drew his yearning heart with powerful ſtrain;
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
Him, alas! who never ſhall return;
Quick adverſity's approach expos'd,
Want and hardſhips unforeſeen enclos'd:
Lovely daughter left without a friend,
Unknown to ſuccour and defend;
Wrench and indigence ſet forth a prey
To wrish guilt, that flatters to betray—
All theſe reflections rack his feeling mind,
Friend, who hung beſide, his graſp reſign'd;
Then the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His ſtiff-bench'd arms the maſter's legs enfold.—
Sad Albert feels the diſſolution near,
And ſtrives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For death bids every clinching joint adhere.
All-faint, to heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, "O proteſt my wife and child!" he cries:
The guſhing ſtreams roll back th' unfiniſh'd ſound!
He graſps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!
Five only left of all the periſh'd throng,
Yet ride the pine which ſhoreward drives along;
With theſe Arion ſtill his hold ſecures,
And all the aſſaults of hoſtile waves endures.
O'er the dire proſpect as for life he ſtrives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet ſurvives.
Ah wherefore, truſting to unequal art,
Didſt thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?
Alas! theſe rocks all human ſkill defy,
Who ſtrikes them once beyond relief muſt die:
And now, ſore wounded, thou perhaps art toſt
On theſe, or in ſome oozy cavern loſt.
Thus thought Arion, anxious gazing round
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found.
The demons of deſtruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal ſhafts commiſſion'd fly.
And now a breaking ſurge, with forceful ſway,
Two next Arion furious tears away.
Hurl'd on the crags, behold, they graſp! they bleed!
And, groaning, cling upon th' eluſive weed!—
Another billow burſts in boundleſs roar!
Arion ſinks! and Memory views no more!
Ha! total night and horror here preſide!
My ſtunn'd ear tingles on the whiſsing tide!
It is the funeral knell! and, gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!
But lo! emerging from the watery grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave!
Again the diſmal proſpect opens round,
The wreck, the ſhores, the dying, and the drown'd!
And feeble! enfeebled by repeated ſhocks,
Thoſe two who ſcramble on th' adjacent rocks,
Their faithleſs hold no longer can retain,
They ſink o'erwhelm'd, and never riſe again!
Two with Arion yet the maſt upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the ſhore:
Still trembling to deſcend, they downward gaze,
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow:
Awhile they wait th' exhauſted wave's retreat,
Then climb ſlow up the beach with hands and feet.
O Heaven! deliver'd by whoſe ſovereign hand,
Still on the brink of hell they ſhuddering ſtand,
Receive the languid incenſe they beſtow,
That damp with death appears not yet to glow.
To thee each ſoul the warm oblation pays,
With trembling ardour of unequal praiſe;
In every heart diſmay with wonder ſtrives,
And Hope the ſicken'd ſpark of life revives;
Her magic powers their exil'd health reſtore,
Till horror and deſpair are felt no more.
A troop of Grecians who inhabit nigh,
And oft theſe perils of the deep deſcry,
Rous'd by the blaſtering tempeſt of the night,
Anxious had clim'd Coloena's neighbouring height;
When gazing downward on th' adjacent flood,
Full to their view the ſcene of ruin ſtood;
The ſurf with mangled bodies ſtrew'd around,
And thoſe yet breathing on the ſea-waſh'd ground!

Tho' loſt to ſcience and the nobler arts,
Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts:
Strait down the vale with haſt'ning ſteps they hied,
Th' unhapy ſufferers to aſſiſt and guide.
Mean while thoſe three eſcap'd beneath explore
The firſt advent'rous youth who reach'd the ſhore:
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpleſs, on the tangly beach he lay—
It is Palemon:—oh; what tumults roll
With hope and terror in Arion's ſoul!
If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend and this ſole remnant of our crew!
With us to travel thro' this foreign zone,
And ſhare the future good or ill unknown.
Arion thus; but ah! ſad doom of fate!
That bleeding Memory ſorrows to relate,
While yet aſloat on ſome reſiſting rock,
His ribs were daſh'd and fractured with the ſhock:
Heart-piercing ſight! thoſe cheeks ſo late array'd
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal ſhade!
Diſtilling blood his lovely breaſt o'erſpread,
And clogg'd the golden treſſes of his head!
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious ſtroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely Anna! hung portray'd;
Th' unconſcious figure ſmiling all ſerene,
Suſpended in a golden chain was ſeen.
Hadſt thou, ſoft maiden! in this hour of woe,
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of art, what language could expreſs
Thine agony! thine exquiſite diſtreſs?
But thou, alas! art doom'd to weep in vain
For him thine eyes ſhall never ſee again!
With dumb amazement pale, Arion gaz'd,
And cautiouſly the wounded youth uprais'd;
Palemon then, with cruel pangs opprett,
In faultering accents thus his friend addreſs'd:

" O reſcu'd from deſtruction late ſo nigh
" Beneath whoſe fatal influence doom'd I lie;
" Are we then exil'd to this laſt retreat
" Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet?
" Ah! how unlike what yeſter-morn enjoy'd,
" Inchanting hopes, for ever now deſtroy'd!
" For wounded far beyond all healing power,
" Palemon dies, and this his final hour:
" By thoſe fell breakers, where in vain I ſtrove,
" At once cut off from fortune, life and love!
" Far other ſcenes muſt ſoon preſent my ſight,
" That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night.
" Ah! wretched father of a wretched ſon,
" Whom thy paternal prudence has undone!
" How will remembrance of this blinded care
" Bend down thy head with anguiſh and deſpair!
" Such dire effects from avarice ariſe,
" That, deaf to nature's voice, and vainly wiſe,
" With force ſevere endeavours to controul
" The nobleſt paſſions that inſpire the ſoul.
" But O, thou ſacred Power! whoſe law connects
" Th' eternal chain of cauſes and effects,
" Let not thy chaſtening miniſters of rage
" Afflict with ſharp remorſe his feeble age!
" And you, Arion! who with theſe the laſt
" Of all our crew ſurvive the Shipwreck paſt—
" Ah! ceaſe to mourn! thoſe friendly tears reſtrain!
" Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
" Since heaven may ſoon thy wandering ſteps reſtore,
" When parted hence, to England's diſtant ſhore;
" Shouldſt thou, th' unwilling meſſenger of fate,
" To him the tragic ſtory firſt relate,
" Oh! friendſhip's generous ardour then ſuppreſs!
" Nor hint the fatal cauſe of my diſtreſs;
" Nor let each horrid incident ſuſtain
" The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.
" Ah! then remember well my laſt requeſt.
" For her who reigns for ever in my breaſt;
" Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
" The helpleſs maid to ſuccour and defend.
" Say, I this ſuit implor'd with parting breath,
" So heaven befriend him at his hour of death!
" But oh! to lovely Anna ſhouldſt thou tell
" What dire untimely end thy friend befel,
" Draw o'er the diſmal ſcene ſoft pity's veil,
" And lightly touch the lamentable tale:
" Say that my love, inviolably true,
" No change, no diminution ever knew,
" Lo! her bright image pendent on my neck,
" Is all Palemon reſcu'd from the wreck;
" Take it and ſay, when panting in the wave,
" I ſtruggled, life and this alone to ſave!
" My ſoul that fluttering haſtens to be free,
" Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,
" But ſtrives in vain!—The chilling ice of death
" Congeals my blood, and chokes the ſtream of breath:
" Reſign'd ſhe quits her comfortleſs abode,
" To courſe that long, unknown, eternal road.—
" O ſacred Source of ever-living light!
" Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight!
" Direct her onward to that peaceful ſhore,
" Where peril, pain and death are felt no more!
" When thou ſome tale of hapleſs love ſhalt hear,
" That ſteals from pity's eye the melting tear,
" Of two chaſte hearts, by mutual paſſion join'd,
" To abſence, ſorrow and deſpair conſign'd,
" Oh! then, to ſwell the tides of ſocial woe,
" That heal th' afflicted boſom they o'erflow,
" While Memory dictates, this ſad Shipwreck tell,
" And what diſtreſs thy wretched friend befel!
" Then, while in ſtreams of ſoft compaſſion drown'd,
" The ſwains lament, and maidens weep around;
" While liſping children, touch'd with infant fear,
" With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconſcious tear;
" Oh! then this moral bid their fools retain,
" All thoughts of happineſs on earth are vain *."

The laſt faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung;
His boſom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!
And ſhades eternal ſink upon his eyes!
As thus defac'd in death Palemon lay,
Arion gaz'd upon the lifeleſs clay;
Tranſfix'd he ſtood, with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the ſilent drop diſtill'd.
Oh, ill-ſtarr'd vot'ry of unſpotted truth!
Untimely periſh'd in the bloom of youth,
Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
He will obey, tho' painful, thy demand:
His tongue the dreadful ſtory ſhall diſplay,
And all the horrors of this diſmal day!
Diſaſtrous day! what ruin haſt thou bred!
What anguiſh to the living and the dead!

* ——— ſed ſcilicet ultima ſemper
Expectanda dies homini; " dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet."
Ovid. Metam. lib. 3.

How hast thou left the widow all forlorn,
And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn;
Thro' life's sad journey hopeless to complain!
Can sacred justice these events ordain?
But, O my soul! avoid that wond'rous maze,
Where reason, lost in endless error, strays!
As thro' this thorny vale of life we run,
Great Cause of all effects, "Thy will be done!"
Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv'd,
To bid the helpless few who yet survive'd:
While passing they behold the waves o'erspread
With shatter'd rafts and corses of the dead,
Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd.
The generous natives, mov'd with social pain,
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

THE scene of death is clos'd, the mournful strains
Dissolve in dying langour on the ear:
Yet pity weeps, yet sympathy complains,
And dumb suspence awaits o'erwhelm'd with fear.

But the sad Muses with prophetic eye
At once the future and the past explore;
Their harps oblivion's influence can defy,
And waft the spirit to th' eternal shore.

Then, O Palemon! if thy shade can hear
The voice of Friendship still lament thy doom;
Yet to the sad oblations bend thine ear,
That rise in vocal incense o'er thy tomb.

In vain, alas! the gentle maid shall weep,
While secret anguish nips her vital bloom;
O'er her soft frame shall stern diseases creep,
And give the lovely victim to the tomb.

Relentless phrenzy shall the Father sting,
Untaught in Virtue's school distress to bear;
Severe remorse his tortur'd soul shall wring,
'Tis his to groan and perish in despair.

Ye last companions of distress, adieu!
Your toils and pains and dangers are no more!
The Tempest now shall howl unheard by you,
While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore.

On you the blast, surcharg'd with rain and snow,
In winter's dismal nights no more shall beat:
Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
And scorch the panting earth with baneful heat.

No more the joyful Maid, the sprightly strain,
Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home;
Nor hopeless Love impart undying pain,
When far from scenes of social joy you roam.

No more on yon wide wat'ry waste you stray,
While hunger and disease your life consume;
While parching thirst, that burns without allay,
Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom.

No more you feel Contagion's mortal breath,
That taints the realms with misery severe;
No more behold pale Famine, scattering death,
With cruel ravage desolate the year.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling strain,
Unheard shall from the long embattled line:
Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
Shall tremble when the hostile squadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue and hazards still molest
The wandring vassals of the faithless deep,
O! happier now escap'd to endless rest,
Than we who still survive to wake and weep.

What tho' no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crouds shall tell;
Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
Who sadly listen to the passing bell:

The tutor'd sigh, the vain parade of woe,
No real anguish to the soul impart;
And oft, alas! the tear that friends bestow,
Belies the latent feelings of the heart.

What tho' no sculptur'd pile your name display,
Like those who perish in their country's cause;
What tho' no epic Muse in living lays
Records your dreadful daring with applause:

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown
With blazon'd trophies deck the spotted name;
And oft, too oft, the venal Muses crown
The slaves of vice with never-dying fame.

Yet shall Remembrance from Oblivion's veil
Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere;
And soft Compassion, at your tragic tale,
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

A POEM,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

FROM the big horror of war's hoarse alarms,
And the tremendous clang of clashing arms,
Descend, my Muse! a deeper scene to draw
(A scene will hold the list'ning world in awe*)

* By awe, here, is meant attention.

Is my intent: Melpomene inſpire,
While, with ſad notes, I ſtrike the trembling lyre!
And may my lines with eaſy motion flow,
Melt as they move, and fill each heart with woe:
Big with the ſorrow it deſcribes, my ſong,
In ſolemn pomp, majeſtic, move along.
Oh! bear me to ſome awful ſilent glade
Where cedars form an unremitting ſhade;
Where never track of human feet was known;
Where never cheerful light of Phœbus ſhone;
Where chirping linnets warble tales of love,
And hoarſer winds howl murm'ring thro' the grove;
Where ſome unhappy wretch ay mourns his doom,
Deep melancholy wand'ring thro' the gloom;
Where Solitude and Meditation roam,
And where no dawning glimpſe of hope can come:
Place me in ſuch an unfrequented ſhade,
To ſpeak to none but with the mighty dead:
T' aſſiſt the pouring rains with brimful eyes,
And aid hoarſe howling Boreas with my ſighs.
When Winter's horrors left Britannia's iſle,
And Spring in blooming verdure gan to ſmile;
When rills unbound, began to purl along,
And warbling larks renew'd the vernal ſong;
When ſprouting roſes, deck'd in crimſon dye,
Began to bloom,———
Hard fate! then, noble FRED'RIC, didſt thou die:
Doom'd by inexorable Fate's decree,
Th' approaching ſummer ne'er on earth to ſee;
In thy parch'd vitals burning fevers rage,
Whoſe flame the virtue of no herbs aſſwage;
No cooling med'cine can its heat allay,
Relentleſs Deſtiny cries, "No delay."
Ye Pow'rs! and muſt a prince ſo noble die?
(Whoſe equal breathes not under th' ambient ſky:)
Ah! muſt he die, then, in youth's full-blown prime,
Cut by the ſcythe of all-devouring Time?
Yes, Fate has doom'd! his ſoul now leaves its weight,
And all are under the decree of Fate;
Th' irrevocable doom of Deſtiny
Pronounc'd, All mortals muſt ſubmiſſive die.
The Princes wait around with weeping eyes,
And the dome echoes all with piercing cries:
With doleful noiſe the matrons ſcream around,
With female ſhrieks the vaulted roofs rebound:
A diſmal noiſe! Now one promiſcuous roar
Cries, "Ah! the noble FRED'RIC is no more!"
The Chief reluctant yields his lateſt breath,
His eye-lids ſettle in the ſhades of death;
Dark ſable ſhades preſent before each eye,
And the deep vaſt abyſs, Eternity!
Thro' Perpetuity's expanſe he ſprings;
And o'er the vaſt profound he ſhoots on wings:
The Soul to diſtant regions ſteers her flight,
And ſails incumbent on inferior night:
With vaſt celerity ſhe ſhoots away,
And meets the regions of eternal day,
To ſhine for ever in the heav'nly birth,
And leave the body here to rot on earth.
The melancholy patriots round it wait,
And mourn the royal hero's timeleſs fate.
Diſconſolate they move, a mournful band!
In ſolemn pomp they march along the ſtrand:
The noble Chief interr'd in youthful bloom,
Lies in the dreary regions of the tomb.
Adown AUGUSTA's pallid viſage flow
The living pearls, with unaffected woe:
Diſconſolate, hapleſs, ſee pale Britain mourn,
Abandon'd iſle! forſaken and forlorn!
With deſp'rate hands her bleeding breaſt ſhe beats;
While o'er her, frowning, grim Deſtruction threats,
She mourns with heart-felt grief, ſhe rends her hair,
And fills with piercing cries the echoing air.
Well may'ſt thou mourn thy Patriot's timeleſs end,
Thy Muſes patron, and thy Merchants friend.
What heart ſhall pity thy full-flowing grief?
What hand now deign to give thy poor relief?
T' encourage arts, whoſe bounty now ſhall flow,
And learned ſcience to promote, beſtow?
Who now protect thee from the hoſtile frown,
And to the injur'd Juſt return his own?
From us'ry and oppreſſion who ſhall guard
The helpleſs, and the threat'ning ruin ward?
Alas! the truly noble Briton's gone,
And left us here in ceaſeleſs woe to moan!
Impending Deſolation hangs around,
And ruin hovers o'er the trembling ground:
The blooming Spring droops her enamel'd head,
Her glories wither, and her flow'rs all fade:
The ſprouting leaves already drop away;
Languiſh the living herbs with pale decay:
The bowing trees, ſee; o'er the blaſted heath,
Depending, bend beneath the weight of death:
Wrapp'd in th' expanſive gloom, the lightnings play
Hoarſe thunder mutters thro' th' aerial way:
All nature feels the pangs, the ſtorms renew,
And ſprouts, with fatal haſte, the baleful yew.
Some pow'r avert the threat'ning horrid weight,
And, godlike, prop Britannia's ſinking ſtate!
Minerva, hover o'er young GEORGE's ſoul;
May ſacred wiſdom all his deeds controul!
Exalted grandeur in each action ſhine,
His conduct all declare the youth divine.
Methinks I ſee him ſhine a glorious ſtar,
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war!
Methinks each region does his praiſe reſound,
And nations tremble at his name around!
His fame, thro' ev'ry diſtant kingdom rung,
Proclaims him of the race from whence he ſprung
So ſable ſmoke, in volumes, curls on high,
Heaps roll on heaps, and blacken all the ſky:
Already ſo, his fame, methinks, is hurl'd
Around th' admiring venerating world.
So the benighted wand'rer, on his way,
Laments the abſence of all-cheering day;
Far diſtant from his friends and native home,
And not one glimpſe does glimmer thro' the gloom
In thought he breathes, each ſigh his lateſt breath
Preſent, each meditation, pits of death:
Irreg'lar, wild chimæras fill his ſoul,
And death, and dying, every ſtep controul.
Till from the eaſt there breaks a purple gleam,
His fears then vaniſh as a fleeting dream.
Hid in a cloud the Sun firſt ſhoots his ray,
Then breaks effulgent on th' illumin'd day;
We ſee no ſpot then in the flaming rays,
Confus'd and loſt within th' exceſſive blaze.

ODE

ON THE

DUKE OF YORK's SECOND DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND AS REAR ADMIRAL.

WRITTEN ABOARD THE ROYAL GEORGE.

AGAIN the royal ſtreamers play!
To glory Edward haſtes away;
Adieu, ye happy ſilvan bowers,
Where Pleaſure's ſprightly throng await!
Ye domes, where regal Grandeur towers
In purple ornaments of ſtate!
Ye ſcenes where Virtue's ſacred ſtrain
Bids the tragic Muſe complain!
Where Satire treads the comic ſtage,
To ſcourge and mend a venal age;
Where Muſic pours the ſoft, melodious lay,
And melting Symphonies congenial play!
Ye ſilken Sons of Eaſe, who dwell
In flowery vales of Peace, farewell!
In vain the Goddeſs of the Myrtle Grove
Her charms ineffable diſplays;
In vain ſhe calls to happier realms of Love,
Which Spring's unfading bloom arrays:
In vain her living roſes blow,
And ever-vernal pleaſures grow;
The gentle ſports of youth no more
Allure him to the peaceful ſhore:
Arcadian eaſe no longer charms,
For War and Fame alone can pleaſe.
His throbbing boſom beats to arms,
To War the Hero moves, thro' ſtorms and wintery ſeas.

CHORUS.

The gentle ſports of youth no more
Allure him to the peaceful ſhore,
For War and Fame alone can pleaſe;
To War the Hero moves, thro' ſtorms and wintery ſeas.

Though Danger's hoſtile train appears
To thwart the courſe that Honour ſteers;
Unmov'd he leads the rugged way,
Deſpiſing peril and diſmay:
His Country calls; to guard her laws,
Lo! every joy the gallant youth reſigns;
Th' avenging naval ſword he draws,
And o'er the waves conducts her martial lines:
Hark! his ſprightly clarions play;
Follow where he leads the way!
The piercing fife, the ſounding drum,
Tell the deeps their Maſter's come.

CHORUS.

Hark! his ſprightly clarions play;
Follow where he leads the way!
The piercing fife, the ſounding drum,
Tell the deeps their Maſter's come.

Thus Alcmena's warlike Son
The thorny courſe of Virtue run,
When, taught by her unerring voice,
He made the glorious choice:
Severe, indeed, th' attempt he knew,
Youth's genial ardors to ſubdue:
For Pleaſure Venus' lovely form aſſum'd;
Her glowing charms, divinely bright,
In all the pride of beauty bloom'd,
And ſtruck his raviſh'd ſight.
Tranſfix'd, amaz'd,
Alcides gaz'd:
Inchanting grace
Adorn'd her face,
And all his changing looks confeſt
Th' alternate paſſions in his breaſt:
Her ſwelling boſom half reveal'd,
Her eyes that kindling raptures fir'd,
A thouſand tender pains inſtill'd,
A thouſand flatt'ring thoughts inſpir'd:
Perſuaſion's ſweeteſt language hung
In melting accent on her tongue:
Deep in his heart, the winning tale
Infus'd a magic power;
She preſt him to the roſy vale,
And ſhew'd th' Elyſian bower:
Her hand, that trembling ardors move,
Conducts him bluſhing to the bleſt alcove:
Ah! ſee, o'erpower'd by Beauty's charms,
And won by Love's reſiſtleſs arms,
The captive yields to Nature's ſoft alarms!

CHORUS.

Ah! ſee, o'erpower'd by Beauty's charms,
And won by Love's reſiſtleſs arms,
The captive yields to Nature's ſoft alarms!

Aſſiſt, ye guardian powers above,
From Ruin ſave the ſon of Jove,
By heavenly mandate Virtue came,
And check'd the fatal flame:
Swift as the quivering needle wheels,
Whoſe point the magnet's influence feels,
Inſpir'd with awe,
He, turning, ſaw
The Nymph divine
Tranſcendent ſhine;
And, while he view'd the godlike maid,
His heart a ſacred impulſe ſway'd:
His eyes with ardent motion roll,
And Love, Regret, and Hope, divide his ſoul.
But ſoon her words his pain deſtroy,
And all the numbers of his heart,
Return'd by her celeſtial art,
Now ſwell'd to ſtrains of nobler joy.
Inſtructed thus by Virtue's lore,
His happy ſteps the realms explore
Where guilt and error are no more:
The clouds that veil'd his intellectual ray,
Before her breath diſpelling, melt away:
Broke looſe from Pleaſure's glittering chain,
He ſcorn'd her ſoft inglorious reign:
Convinc'd, reſolv'd, to Virtue then he turn'd,
And in his breaſt paternal glory burn'd.

CHORUS.

Broke looſe from Pleaſure's glittering chain,
He ſcorn'd her ſoft inglorious reign:
Convinc'd, reſolv'd, to Virtue then he turned,
And in his breaſt paternal glory burn'd.

So when on Britain's other Hope ſhe ſhone,
Like him the royal youth ſhe won:
Thus taught, he bids his fleet advance
To curb the power of Spain and France:
Aloft his martial enſigns flow,
And hark! his braſen trumpets blow!
The wat'ry profound,
Awak'd by the ſound,
All trembles around:
While Edward o'er the azure fields
Fraternal wonder wields:
High on the deck behold he ſtands,
And views around his floating bands
In awful order join:
They, while the warlike trumpet's ſtrain,
Deep ſounding, ſwells along the main,
Extend the embattled line.
Then Britain triumphantly ſaw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vaſt ocean give law.

CHORUS.

Then Britain triumphantly ſaw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vaſt ocean give law.

Now with ſhouting peals of joy,
The ſhips their horrid tubes diſplay,
Tier over tier in terrible array,
And wait the ſignal to deſtroy:
The ſailors all burn to engage:
Hark! hark! their ſhouts ariſe,
And ſhake the vaulted ſkies!
Exulting with baechanal rage,
Then, Neptune, the Hero revere,
Whoſe power is ſuperior to thine!
And, when his proud ſquadrons appear,
The trident and chariot reſign!

CHORUS.

Then, Neptune, the Hero revere,
Whoſe power is ſuperior to thine!
And, when his proud ſquadrons appear,
The trident and chariot reſign!

Albion, wake thy grateful voice!
Let thy hills and vales rejoice:
O'er remoteſt hoſtile regions
Thy victorious flags are known;
Thy reſiſtleſs martial legions
Dreadful move from zone to zone;
Thy flaming bolts unerring roll,
And all the trembling globe controul:
Thy ſeamen invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud, can ſubdue:
To thy great truſt
Severely juſt,
All diſſonant ſtrife they diſclaim:
To meet the foe,
Their boſoms glow;
Who only are rivals in fame.

CHORUS.

Thy ſeamen invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud, can ſubdue:
All diſſonant ſtrife they diſclaim,
And only are rivals in fame.

For Edward tune your harps, ye Nine!
Triumphant ſtrike each living ſtring,
For him, in extacy divine,
Your choral Io Paeans ſing!
For him your feſtive concerts breathe!
For him your flowery garlands wreathe!
Wake! O wake the joyful ſong!
Ye Fauns of the woods,
Ye Nymphs of the floods,
The muſical current prolong!
Ye Sylvans, that dance on the plain,
To ſwell the grand chorus accord!
Ye Tritons, that ſport on the main,
Exulting acknowledge your Lord!
Till all the wild numbers combin'd,
That floating proclaim
Our Admiral's name,
In ſymphony roll on the wind!

CHORUS.

Wake! O wake the joyful ſong!
Ye Sylvans, that dance on the plain,
Ye Tritons, that ſport on the main,
The muſical current prolong!

O! while conſenting Britons praiſe,
Theſe votive meaſures deign to hear;
For thee my Muſe awakes her lays,
For thee th' unequal viol plays,
The tribute of a ſoul ſincere.
Nor thou, illuſtrious Chief, refuſe
The incenſe of a nautic muſe!
For ah! to whom ſhall Neptune's ſons complain
But him whoſe arms unrivall'd rule the main.
Deep on my grateful breaſt
Thy favour is impreſt:
No happy ſon of wealth or fame
To court a royal patron came!
A hapleſs youth, whoſe vital page
Was one ſad lengthen'd tale of woe,
Where ruthleſs fate, impelling tides of rag
Bade wave on wave in dire ſucceſſion flow,
To glittering ſtars and titled names unknown
Preferr'd his ſuit to thee alone.
The tale your ſacred pity mov'd;
You felt, conſented, and approv'd,
Then touch my ſtrings, ye bleſt Pierian quire!
Exalt to rapture every happy line!
y boſom kindle with Promethean fire!
And ſwell each note with energy divine.
No more to plaintive ſounds of woe
Let the vocal numbers flow!
erhaps the Chief to whom I ſing
May yet ordain auſpicious days,
To wake the lyre with nobler lays;
nd tune to war the nervous ſtring.

For who, untaught in Neptune's ſchool,
Though all the powers of genius he poſſeſs,
Though diſciplin'd by claſſic rule,
With daring pencil can diſplay
The fight that thunders on the watery way,
And all its horrid incidents expreſs?
To him, my Muſe, theſe warlike ſtrains belong!
Source of thy hope, and patron of thy ſong.

CHORUS.

To him, my Muſe, theſe warlike ſtrains belong!
Source of thy hope, and patron of thy ſong.

THE

FOND LOVER,

A BALLAD.

I.

ANYMPH of ev'ry charm poſſeſs'd,
That native virtue gives,
Within my boſom all-confeſs'd,
In bright idea lives.
For her my trembling numbers play
Along the pathleſs deep,
While ſadly ſocial with my lay
The winds in concert weep.

II.

If beauty's ſacred influence charms
The rage of adverſe fate,
Say why the pleaſing ſoft alarms
Soch cruel pangs create?
Since all her thoughts, by ſenſe refin'd
Unartful truth expreſs,
Say wherefore ſenſe and truth are join'd
To give my ſoul diſtreſs?

III.

If when her blooming lips I preſs,
Which vernal fragrance fills,
Thro' all my veins the ſweet exceſs
In trembling motion thrills;
Say whence this ſecret anguiſh grows,
Congenial with my joy?
And why the touch, where pleaſure glows,
Shou'd vital peace deſtroy?

IV.

If when my fair, in melting ſong,
Awakes the vocal lay,
Not all your notes, ye Phocian throng,
Soch pleaſing ſounds convey;
Thus wrapt all o'er with fondeſt love,
Why heaves this broken ſigh?
For them my blood forgets to move,
I gaze, adore, and die.

V.

Accept, my charming maid the ſtrain
Which you alone inſpire;
To thee the dying ſtrings complain
That quiver on my lyre.
O! give this bleeding boſom eaſe,
That knows no joy but thee;
Teach me thy happpy art to pleaſe,
Or deign to love like me.

THE

DEMAGOGUE.

BOLD is the attempt, in theſe licentious times,
When with ſuch towering ſtrides Sedition climbs,
With ſenſe or ſatire to confront her power,
And charge her in the great deciſive hour:
Bold is the man, who, on her conquering day,
Stands in the paſs of fate to bar her way:
Whoſe heart, by frowning arrogance unaw'd,
Or the deep-lurking ſnares of ſpecious fraud,
The threats of giant-faction can deride,
And ſtem, with ſtubborn arm, her roaring tide.
For him unnumber'd brooding ills await,
Scorn, malice, inſolence, reproach, and hate:
At him, who dares this legion to defy,
A thouſand mortal ſhafts in ſecret fly;
Revenge, exulting with malignant joy,
Purſues the incautious victim to deſtroy:
And Slander ſtrives, with unrelenting aim,
To ſpit her blaſting venom on his name:
Around him Faction's harpies flap their wings,
And rhyming vermin dart their feeble ſtings:
In vain the wretch retreats, while, in full cry,
Fierce on his throat the hungry blood-hounds fly.
Inclos'd with perils thus the conſcious Muſe,
Alarm'd, tho' undiſmay'd, her danger views.
Nor ſhall unmanly terror now controul
The ſtrong reſentment ſtruggling in her ſoul;
While indignation, with reſiſtleſs ſtrain,
Pours her full deluge thro' each ſwelling vein.
By the vile fear that chills the coward breaſt,
By ſordid caution is her voice ſuppreſt,
While Arrogance, with big theatric rage,
Audacious ſtruts on Power's imperial ſtage;
While o'er our country, at her dread command,
Black Diſcord, ſcreaming, ſhakes her fatal brand:
While, in defiance of maternal laws,
The ſacrilegious ſword Rebellion draws;
Shall ſhe at this important hour retire,
And quench in Lethe's wave her genuine fire?
Honour forbid! ſhe fears no threat'ning foe,
When conſcious Juſtice bids her boſom glow:
And while ſhe kindles the reluctant flame,
Let not the prudent voice of Friendſhip blame
She feels the ſting of keen reſentment goad,
Tho' guiltleſs yet of Satire's thorny road.

Let other Quixotes, frantic with renown,
Plant on their brows a tawdry paper crown!
While fools adore, and vaſſal-bards obey,
Let the great Monarch Aſs thro' Gotham bray!
Our poet brandiſhes a mimic ſword,
To rule a realm of dunces ſelf-explor'd:
No bleeding victims curſe his iron ſway;
Nor murder'd reputation marks his way.
True to herſelf, unarm'd, the fearleſs Muſe
Thro' Reaſon's path her ſteady courſe purſues;
True to herſelf advances, undeterr'd
By the rude clamours of the ſavage herd.
As ſome bold ſurgeon, with inſerted ſteel,
Probes deep the putrid ſore, intent to heal;
So the rank ulcers that our PATRIOT load,
Shall ſhe with cauſtic's healing fires corrode.
Yet ere from patient ſlumber Satire wakes,
And brandiſhes th' avenging ſcourge of ſnakes;
Yet ere her eyes, with lightning's vivid ray,
The dark receſſes of his heart diſplay;
Let candour own th' undaunted pilot's power,
Felt in ſevereſt danger's trying hour!
Let Truth conſenting, with the trump of Fame,
His glory, in auſpicious ſtrains, proclaim!
He bade the tempeſt of the battle roar,
That thunder'd o'er the deep from ſhore to ſhore.
How oft, amid the horrors of the war,
Chain'd to the bloody wheels of Danger's car,
How oft my boſom at thy name has glow'd,
And from my beating heart applauſe beſtow'd;
Applauſe, that, genuine as the bluſh of youth
Unknown to guile, was ſanctify'd by truth!
How oft I bleſt the PATRIOT'S honeſt rage,
That greatly dar'd to laſh the guilty age;
That, rapt with zeal, pathetic, bold, and ſtrong,
Roll'd the full tide of eloquence along;
That Power's big torrent brav'd with manly pride,
And all Corruption's venal arts defy'd!
When from afar thoſe penetrating eyes
Beheld each ſecret hoſtile ſcheme ariſe;
Watch'd every motion of the faithleſs foe,
Each plot o'erturn'd, and baffled every blow:
A fond enthuſiaſt, kindling at thy name,
I glow'd in ſecret with congenial flame;
While my young boſom, to deceit unknown,
Believ'd all real virtue thine alone.
Such then he ſeem'd, and ſuch indeed might be,
If Truth with Error ever could agree!
Sure Satire never with a fairer hand
Portray'd the object ſhe deſign'd to brand.
Alas! that virtue ſhould ſo ſoon decay,
And Faction's wild applauſe thy heart betray!
The Muſe with ſecret ſympathy relents,
And human failings, as a friend, laments:
But when thoſe dangerous errors, big with fate,
Spread diſcord and diſtraction thro' the ſtate,
Reaſon ſhould then exert her utmoſt power
To guard our paſſions in that fatal hour.
There was a time, ere yet his conſcious heart
Durſt from the hardy path of Truth depart,
While yet with generous ſentiment it glow'd,
A ſtranger to Corruption's ſlippery road;
There was a time our PATRIOT durſt avow
Thoſe honeſt maxims he deſpiſes now.
How did he then his country's wounds bewail,
And at the inſatiate German vulture rail!
Whoſe cruel talons Albion's entrails tore,
Whoſe hungry maw was glutted with her gore!
The miſts of error, that in darkneſs held
Our reaſon, like the ſun, his voice diſpell'd.
And lo! exhauſted, with no power to ſave,
We view Britannia panting on the wave;
Hung roung her neck, a millſtone's ponderous weight
Drags down the ſtruggling victim to her fate!
While horror at the thought our boſom feels,
We bleſs the man this horror who reveals.
But what alarming thoughts the heart amaze,
When on this Janus' other face we gaze;
For, lo! poſſeſt of power's imperial reins,
Our chief thoſe viſionary ills diſdains!
Alas! how ſoon the ſteady PATRIOT turns!
In vain this change aſtoniſh'd England mourns!
Her vital blood, that pour'd from every vein,
So late, to fill the accurs'd Weſtphalian drain,
Then ceas'd to flow; the vulture now no more
With unrelenting rage her bowels tore.
His magic rod transforms the bird of prey!
The millſtone feels the touch, and melts away!
And, ſtrange to tell, ſtill ſtranger to believe,
What eyes ne'er ſaw, and heart could ne'er conceive,
At once, tranſplanted by the Sorcerer's wand,
Columbian hills in diſtant Auſtria ſtand!
America, with pangs before unknown,
Now with Weſtphalia utters groan for groan:
By ſympathy ſhe fevers with her fires,
Burns as ſhe burns, and as ſhe dies expires.
From maxims long adopted thus he flew,
For ever changing, yet for ever true:
Swoln with ſucceſs, and with applauſe inflam'd
He ſcorn'd all caution, all advice diſclaim'd;
Arm'd with War's thunder, he embrac'd no more
Thoſe patriot-principles maintain'd before.
Perverſe, inconſtant, obſtinate, and proud,
Drunk with ambition, turbulent and loud,
He wrecks us headlong on that dreadful ſtrand
He once devóted all his powers to brand!
Our hapleſs country views with weeping eyes,
On every ſide, o'erwhelming horrors riſe;
Drain'd of her wealth, exhauſted of her power,
And agoniz'd as in the mortal hour;
Her armies waſted with inceſſant toils,
Or doom'd to periſh in contagious ſoils,
To guard ſome needy royal plunderer's throne,
And ſent to fall in battles not their own.
Th' enormous debt at home, tho' long o'ercharg'd,
With grievous burdens annually enlarg'd:
Cruſh'd with increaſing taxes to the ground,
That ſuck like vampires every bleeding wound:
Ground with ſevere diſtreſs th' induſtrious poor,
Driven by the ruthleſs landlord to the door.
While thus our land her hapleſs fate bemoans
In ſecret, and with inward ſorrow groans;
Tho' deck'd with tinſel trophies of renown,
All gaſh'd with ſores, with anguiſh bending down,
Can yet ſome impious parricide appear,
Who ſtrives to make this anguiſh more ſevere?
Can one exiſt, ſo much his country's foe,
To bid her wounds with freſh effuſion flow?
There can; to him in vain ſhe lifts her eyes,
His ſoul relentleſs hears her piercing ſighs!
Shameleſs of front, impatient of controul,
He ſpurs her onward to Deſtruction's goal!
Nor yet content on curſt Weſtphalia's ſhore,
With mad profuſion to exhauſt her ſtore,

Still Peace his pompous fulminations brand,
As pirates tremble at the ſight of land:
Still to new wars the public eye he turns;
Defies all peril, and at reaſon ſpurns;
Till preſt with danger, by diſtreſs aſſail'd,
That baffled courage, and o'er ſkill prevail'd;
Till foundering in the ſtorm himſelf had brew'd,
He ſtrives at laſt its horrors to elude.
Some wretched ſhift muſt ſtill protect his name,
And to the guiltleſs head transfer his ſhame:
Then hearing modeſt Diffidence oppoſe
His raſh advice, that golden time he choſe;
And while big ſurges threaten'd to o'erwhelm
The ſhip, ingloriouſly forſook the helm.
But all the events collected to relate,
Let us his actions recapitulate.
He firſt aſſum'd, by mean perfidious art,
Thoſe patriot tenets foreign to his heart:
Next, by his country's fond applauſes ſwell'd,
Thruſt himſelf forward into power, and held
The reins on principles which he alone,
Grown drunk and wanton with ſucceſs, could own;
Betray'd her intereſt and abus'd her truſt;
Then deaf to prayers, forſook her in diſguſt;
With tragic mummery, and moſt vile grimace,
Rode thro' the city with a woeful face,
As in diſtreſs, a PATRIOT out of place!
Inſults his generous Prince, and in the day
Of trouble ſkulks, becauſe he cannot ſway!
In foreign climes embroil'd him with allies!
And bids at home the flames of DISCORD riſe!
She comes! from Hell the exulting Fury ſprings!
With grim Deſtruction ſailing on her wings!
Around her ſcream an hundred harpies fell!
An hundred demons ſhriek with hideous yell!
From where, in mortal venom dipt on high,
Full-drawn the deadlieſt ſhafts of ſatire fly,
Where Churchill brandiſhes his clumſy club,
And Wilkes unloads his excremental tub,
Down to where Entick, aukward and unclean,
Crawls on his native duſt, a worm obſcene!
While with unnumber'd wings, from van to rear,
Myriads of nameleſs buzzing drones appear:
From their dark cells the angry inſects ſwarm,
And every little ſting attempt to arm.
Here *Chaplains**, *Privileges**, moulder round,
And feeble *Scourges** rot upon the ground:
Here hungry Kenrick ſtrives, with fruitleſs aim,
With Grub-ſtreet ſlander to extend his name:
At Bruin flies the ſlavering, ſnarling cur,
But only fills his famiſh'd jaws with fur.
Here Baldwin ſpreads the aſſaſſinating cloke,
Where lurking rancour gives the ſecret ſtroke;
While gorg'd with filth, around this ſenſeleſs block,
A ſwarm of ſpider-bards obſequious flock:
While his demure Welch Goat, with lifted hoof,
In *Poet's-Corner* hangs each flimſy woof;
And friſky grown, attempts, with aukward prance,
On Wit's gay theatre to bleat and dance.
There, ſeiz'd with iliac paſſion, mouthing Leech,
Too low, alas! for Satire's whip to reach,
From his black entrails, Faction's common ſewer,
Diſgorges all her excremental ſtore,

* Certain poems intended to be very ſatirical; but alas!—we refer our reader to the Reviews.

With equal pity and regret the Muſe
The thundering ſtorm that rage around her views;
Impartial views the tides of Diſcord blend,
Where lordly rogues for power and place contend;
Were not her Patriot heart with anguiſh torn,
Would eye the oppoſing chiefs with equal ſcorn.
Let Freedom's deadlieſt foes for freedom bawl,
Alike to her who govern or who fall!
Aloof ſhe ſtands, all unconcern'd and mute,
While the rude rabble bellow, "Down with Bute!"
While villainy the ſcourge of juſtice bilks,
Howl on, ye ruffians! "Liberty and Wilkes."
Let ſome ſoft mummy of a peer, who ſtains
His rank, ſome ſodden lump of aſs's brains,
To that abandon'd wretch his ſanction give;
Support his ſlander, and his wants relieve!
Let the great hydra roar aloud for Pitt,
And power and wiſdom all to him ſubmit!
Let proud Ambition's ſons, with hearts ſevere,
Like parricides, their mother's bowels tear!
Sedition her triumphant flag diſplay,
And in embodied ranks her troops array!
While coward juſtice, trembling on her ſeat,
Like a vile ſlave deſcends to lick her feet!
Nor here let Cenſure draw her awful blade,
If from her theme the wayward muſe has ſtray'd!
Sometimes the impetuous torrent, o'er its mounds
Redundant burſting, ſwamps the adjacent grounds
But rapid, and impatient of delay,
Thro' the deep channel ſtill purſues its way.
Our pilot now retir'd, no pleaſure knows,
But every man and meaſure to oppoſe;
Like Æſop's cur, ſtill ſnarling and perverſe,
Bloated with envy, to mankind a curſe,
No more at Council his advice will lend,
But with all others who adviſe contend:
He bids diſtraction o'er his country blaze,
Then, ſwelter'd with revenge, retreats to Hayes*:

* After reflecting on the various events by which this extraordinary perſon is characteriſed, we cannot reſiſt the temptation of quoting a few anecdotes from Machiavel, relative to a man of a very ſingular complexion and conſtitution, who was alſo diſtinguiſhed by a train of incidents pretty nearly reſembling thoſe we have mentioned above; although he poſſibly never anticipated the ſimilitude of fortune and character that might happen between him and any of his progeny. Speaking of the government of Florence, our hiſtorian informs us, that, "Luca Pitti, a bold and reſolute man, being now made gonfalonere of juſtice,—having entered upon his office, was very importunate with the people to appoint a balia; but perceiving it was to no purpoſe, he not only treated thoſe that were members of the council with great inſolence, and called them opprobrious names, but threatened them, and ſoon after put his threats in execution: for having filled the palace with armed men, on the eve of St. Lorenzo, in the month of Auguſt 1453, he called the people together into the Piazza, and there compelled them, by force of arms, to do that which they would not ſo much as hear of before. Pitti had alſo very rich preſents, not only from Coſimo and the ſignory, but from all the principal citizens, who vied with each other in their generoſity to him; ſo that it was thought he had above twenty thouſand ducats given him at that time; after which he became

Swallows the penſion; but, aware of blame,
Transfers the profer'd peerage to his dame.
The felon thus of old, his name to ſave,
His pilfer'd mutton to a brother gave.
But ſhould ſome frantic wretch, whom all men know
To nature and humanity a foe,
Deaf to the widow's moan and orphan's cry,
And dead to ſhame and friendſhip's ſocial tie;
Should ſuch a miſcreant, at the hour of death,
To thee his fortunes and domains bequeath;
With cruel rancour wreſting from his heirs
What nature taught them to expect as theirs;
Would'ſt thou with this deteſted robber join,
Their legal wealth to plunder and purloin?
Forbid it, Heaven! thou canſt not be ſo baſe,
To blaſt thy name with infamous diſgrace!
The muſe who wakes, yet triumphs o'er thy hate,
Dares not ſo black a thought anticipate:
By Heaven, the Muſe her ignorance betray's
For while a thouſand eyes with wonder gaze,
Tho' gorg'd and glutted with his country's ſtore,
The vulture pounces on the ſhining ore;
In his ſtrong talons gripes the golden prey,
And from the weeping orphan bears away.
The great, th' alarming deed is yet to come,
That, big with fate, ſtrikes Expectation dumb.
O! patient, injur'd England, yet unveil
Thy eyes, and liſten to the Muſe's tale,
That true as honour, unadorn'd with art,
Thy wrongs in fair ſucceſſion ſhall impart.
Ere yet the deſolating god of war
Had cruſh'd pale Europe with his iron car,
Had ſhook her ſhores with terrible alarms,
And thunder'd o'er the trembling deep, To arms!
In climes remote, beyond the ſetting ſun,
Beyond th' Atlantic wave, his rage begun.
Alas! poor country, how with pangs unknown
To Britain did thy filial boſom groan!
What ſavage armies did thy realms invade,
Unarm'd, and diſtant from maternal aid!
Thy cottages with cruel flames conſum'd,
And the ſad owner to deſtruction doom'd;
Mangled with wounds, with pungent anguiſh torn,
Or left to periſh naked and forlorn!
What carnage reek'd upon thy ruin'd plain!
What infants bled! what virgins ſhriek'd in vain!
In every look diſtraction ſeem'd to glare,
Each heart was rack'd with horror and deſpair.
To Albion then, with groans and piercing cries,
America lift up her dying eyes;
To generous Albion pour'd forth all her pain,
To whom the wretched never wept in vain.
She heard, and inſtant to relieve her flew,
Her arm the gleaming ſword of vengeance drew;
Far o'er the ocean wave her voice was known,
That ſhook the deep abyſs from zone to zone;
She bade the thunder of the battle glow,
And pour'd the ſtorm of lightning on the foe:
Nor ceas'd till, crown'd with victory complete,
Pale Spain and France lay trembling at her feet †.

came ſo popular, that the city was no longer governed by Coſimo di Medici, but by Luca Pitt. This inſpired him with vanity.—After this he had recourſe to very extraordinary means; for he not only extorted more and greater preſents from the chief citizens, but alſo made the commonalty ſupply him with workmen and artificers." MACHIAVEL's Hiſt. Florence. This has an unlucky reſemblance to a certain great perſon's driving through the city with borrowed horſes, and being offered to have his horſes unyoked, and his chariot drawn by his good friends the mob. We ſhall, in due time and place, give ſome account of the fall of Mr. Luca Pitt, and the contempt with which, after ſome particular events, he was univerſally regarded.

† Although our author has no preſent inclination to enter into political controverſy, yet he cannot avoid citing an article from one of the modern dictionaries, which in ſome manner is connected with this part of his ſubject, and exhibits a view of the fidelity and gratitude of our fellow-ſubjects in America.

We are informed in the article referred to, that a "cartel in the marine is a ſhip provided in time of war to exchange the priſoners of any two hoſtile powers; alſo to carry any particular requeſt or propoſal from the one to the other: for this reaſon ſhe is particularly commanded to carry no cargo or arms, only a ſingle gun for firing ſignals.

"Our honeſt Americans however, who have ſo ſorely grieved of late for paying a ſmall part of the great taxes of this country, although demanded for their own particular protection, made not only no ſcruple to diſobey and deſpiſe this regulation of cartels during the late war, but, on the contrary, gave continual ſupplies of proviſions to our enemies in the Weſt-Indies, and thereby recovered them, and recruited their fallen ſpirits, at a time when they were gaſping under the weight of our arms. With ſo much addreſs, indeed, did theſe oppreſt and unfortunate traders conduct this ſcheme, that ten or twelve cartels being laden at the ſame time with beef, pork, bread, flour, &c. ſailed together for the French iſlands, and, in order to evade the ſtrict examination of our ſhips of war, were provided with a guardian privateer, equipped by the ſame expert owners, to ſeize their own veſſels, and direct their courſe to the places of their firſt deſtination; but if they were examined by our ſhips of war, to an Engliſh port. But this clumſy trick did not long eſcape the vigilance of our naval officers, who found that the fellows ſent abroad, by way of commanders or prize-maſters, were utterly ignorant, and incapable of piloting any ſhip; and of conſequence only ſent to elude their ſcrutiny.

"The moſt bare-faced effrontery, however, that was ever committed of this kind, was the ſeizing an armed veſſel, fitted in Philadelphia, to take theſe illegal cartels. She was commanded by a gentleman, whom the majority of the merchants in that city joined to oppoſe and diſtreſs. They employed a crew of ruffians, who ſeiſed his veſſel openly, in the moſt unwarranted and lawleſs manner, and brought her up in triumph to the town, when ſhe had only five men aboard: and ſo inveterate was their hatred to the commander, that he was obliged to leave the country precipitately, as being in danger of his life."

There cannot be a ſtronger confirmation of the truth of the above account, than the following letter of Mr. Pitt:

Her fears diſpell'd, and all her foes remov'd,
Her fertile grounds induſtriouſly improv'd,
Her towns with trade, with fleets her harbours crown'd,
And Plenty ſmiling on her plains around;
Thus bleſt with all that commerce could ſupply,
America regards with jealous eye,
And canker'd heart, the *Parent*, who ſo late
Had ſnatch'd her gaſping from the jaws of Fate;
Who now, with wars for her begun, relax'd,
With grievous aggravated burdens tax'd,
Her treaſures waſted by a hungry brood
Of cormorants, that ſuck her vital blood;

Copy of a letter from Mr. Secretary Pitt to the ſeveral Governors and Councils in North America, relating to the Flag of Truce Trade.

"Whitehall, Auguſt 24, 1760.

"Gentlemen,

"The commanders of his Majeſty's forces, &c. in North America and the Weſt Indies have tranſmitted certain and repeated intelligences of an illegal and moſt pernicious trade carried on by the king's ſubjects in North America and the Weſt Indies, as well to the French iſlands as to the French ſettlements on the continent in America, and particularly to the rivers Mobile and Miſſiſippi; by which the enemies, to the great reproach and detriment of government, are ſupplied with proviſions and other neceſſaries; whereby they are principally, if not alone, enabled to ſuſtain and protract this long and expenſive war. And it further appearing, that large ſums of bullion are ſent by the king's ſubjects to the above places, in return whereof commodities are taken, which interfere with the product of the Britiſh colonies themſelves, in open contempt of the authority of the mother country, as well as the moſt manifeſt prejudice of the manufactures and trade of Great Britain: in order, therefore, to put the moſt ſpeedy and effectual ſtop to ſuch flagitious practices, ſo utterly ſubverſive of all laws, and ſo highly repugnant to the well-being of this kingdom:

"It is his majeſty's expreſs will and pleaſure, that you do forthwith make the ſtricteſt and moſt diligent enquiry into the ſtate of this dangerous and opprobrious trade; and that you do uſe every means in your power to detect and diſcover perſons concerned either as principals or acceſſaries therein; and that you do take every ſtep authoriſed by law to bring all ſuch heinous offenders to the moſt exemplary and condign puniſhment: and you will, as ſoon as may be, and from time to time tranſmit to me, for the king's information, full and particular accounts of the progreſs you ſhall have made in the execution of this his majeſty's commands, to the which the king expects that you pay the moſt exact obedience. And you are further to uſe your utmoſt endeavours to trace out and inveſtigate the various artifices and evaſions by which the dealers in this iniquitous intercourſe find means to cover their criminal proceedings, and to elude the law; in order that from ſuch lights due and timely conſiderations may be had what farther proviſion may be neceſſary to reſtrain an evil of ſuch extenſive and pernicious conſequences.

I am, &c.

Who now of *her* demands that tribute due,
For whom alone th' avenging ſword ſhe drew.
Scarce had America the juſt requeſt
Receiv'd, when kindling in her faithleſs breaſt
Reſentment glows, enrag'd ſedition burns,
And, lo! the mandate of our laws ſhe ſpurns!
Her ſecret hate, incapable of ſhame
Or gratitude, incenſes to a flame,
Derides our power, bids inſurrection riſe,
Inſults our honour, and our laws defies;
O'er all her coaſts is heard th' audacious roar,
"England ſhall rule America no more!"
Soon as on Britain's ſhore th' alarm was heard,
Stern indignation in her look appear'd;
Yet, loth to puniſh, ſhe her ſcourge withheld
From her perfidious ſons who thus rebell'd:
Now ſtung with anguiſh, now with rage aſſail'd,
Till pity in her ſoul at laſt prevail'd,
Determin'd not to draw her penal ſteel
Till fair perſuaſion made her laſt appeal.
And now the great deciſive hour drew nigh,
She on her darling *Patriot* caſt her eye;
His voice like thunder will ſupport her cauſe,
Enforce her dictates, and ſuſtain her laws;
Rich with her ſpoils, his ſanction will diſmay,
And bid th' inſurgents tremble and obey.
He comes!—but where, th' amazing theme to hit,
Diſcover language or ideas fit?
Splay-footed words, that hector, bounce, and ſwagger,
The ſenſe to puzzle, and the brain to ſtagger?
Our *Patriot* comes!—with phrenzy fir'd, the Muſe
With allegoric eye his figure views:
Like the grim portreſs of hell-gate he ſtands,
Bellona's ſcourge hangs trembling in his hands!
Around him, fiercer than the ravenous ſhark,
'A cry of hell-hounds never ceaſing bark!'
And lo! th'enormous giant to bedeck,
A golden millſtone hangs upon his neck!
On him Ambition's vulture darts her claws,
And with voracious rage his liver gnaws.
Our *Patriot* comes!—the buckles of whoſe ſhoes
Not Cromwell's ſelf was worthy to unlooſe.
Repeat his name in thunder to the ſkies!
Ye hills fall proſtrate, and ye vales ariſe!
Thro' Faction's wilderneſs prepare the way!
Prepare, ye liſtening ſenates, to obey!
The idol of the mob, behold him ſtand,
The alpha and omega of the land!
Methinks I hear the bellowing *Demagogue*
Dumb-ſounding declamations diſemboguc,
Expreſſions of immeaſurable length,
Where pompous jargon fills the place of ſtrength;
Where fulminating, rumbling eloquence,
With loud theatric rage, bombards the ſenſe;
And words, deep rank'd in horrible array,
Exaſperated metaphors convey!
With theſe auxiliaries, drawn up at large,
He bids enraged Sedition beat the charge;
From England's ſanguine hope his aid withdraws,
And liſts to *guide* in Inſurrection's cauſe.
And lo! where, in her ſacrilegious hand,
The parricide lifts high her burning brand!
Go, while ſhe yet ſuſpends her impious aim,
With thoſe infernal lungs arouſe the flame!
Tho' England merits not her leaſt regard,
Thy friendly voice gold boxes ſhall reward!

Ariſe, embark! prepare thy martial car,
To lead her armies and provoke the war!
Rebellion waits, impatient of delay,
The ſignal her black enſigns to diſplay*.
* * * * * * * * * * * *

* Luca Pitt continued at Florence, preſuming upon his late alliance, and the promiſes which Pietro had made him; ****

But amongſt all the changes that enſued upon this revolution, nothing was more remarkable than the caſe of Luca Pitt, who ſoon began to experience the difference betwixt proſperity and adverſity, betwixt living in authority and falling into diſgrace. His houſe, which uſed to be crowded with ſwarms of followers and dependants, was now unfrequented as a deſert; and his friends and relations were not only afraid of being ſeen with him, but durſt not even ſalute him if they met him in the ſtreet; ſome of them having been deprived of their honours, others of their eſtates, and all of them threatened.

The magnificent palaces which he began to build were abandoned by the workmen; the ſervices he had formerly done to any one were requited with injuries and abuſe; and the honours he had conferred, with infamy and taunts. Many who had made him valuable preſents, now came to demand them again, as only ſent; and others, who before uſed to flatter and extol him to the ſkies, in theſe circumſtances, loaded him with contumely and reproaches of ingratitude and violence; ſo that he heartily repented, though too late, that he had not followed Nicolo Soderini's advice, and preferred an honourable death to a life of ignominy and contempt. MACH. Hiſt. Flor.

To thee, whoſe ſoul, all ſtedfaſt and ſerene,
Beholds the tumults that diſtract our ſcene;
And, in the calmer ſeats of wiſdom plac'd,
Enjoys the ſweets of ſentiment and taſte;
To thee, O *Marius!* whom no factions ſway,
Th' impartial Muſe devotes her honeſt lay!
In her fond breaſt no proſtituted aim,
Nor venal hope, aſſumes fair friendſhip's name:
Sooner ſhall *Churchill's* feeble meteor-ray,
That led our foundering *Demagogue* aſtray,
Darkling to grope and flounce in Error's night,
Eclipſe great *Mansfield's* ſtrong meridian light,
Than ſhall the change of fortune, time or place,
Thy generous friendſhip in my heart efface!
O! whether wandering from thy country far,
And plung'd amid the murdering ſcenes of war;
Or in the bleſt retreat of Virtue laid,
Where Contemplation ſpreads her awful ſhade;
If ever to forget thee I have power,
May Heaven deſert me at my lateſt hour!

Still Satire bids my boſom beat to arms,
And throb with irreſiſtible alarms.
Like ſome full river charg'd with falling ſhowers,
Still o'er my breaſt her ſwelling deluge pours.
But reſt and Silence now, who wait beſide,
With their ſtrong flood gates bar th' impetuous tide.

* * * * * * * * * * *

END OF FALCONER'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS OF MR. LLOYD.

THE AUTHOR's APOLOGY.

MY Works are advertis'd for ſale,
And cenſures fly as thick as hail;
While my poor ſcheme of publication
Supplies the dearth of converſation.
What will the *World* ſay?—That's your cry.
Who is the *World?* and what am I?
Once, but thank heaven, thoſe days are o'er,
And perſecution reigns no more,
One man, one hardy man alone,
Uſurp'd the critic's vacant throne,
And thence with neither taſte nor wit,
By powerful catcall from the pit,
Knock'd farce, and play, and actor down.
Who paſs'd the ſentence then?—the Town.
So now each upſtart puny elf
Talks of the *world*, and means *himſelf*.
Yet in the circle there are thoſe
Who hurt e'en more than open foes:
Whoſe friendſhip ſerves the talking turn,
Juſt ſummers to a kind concern,
And with a wond'rous ſoft expreſſion
Expatiates upon indiſcretion;
Flies from the Poems to the Man,
And gratifies the favourite plan
To pull down other's reputation,
And build their own on that foundation.
The ſcholar grave, of taſte diſcerning,
Who lives on credit for his learning,
And has no better claim to wit
Than carping at what others writ,
With pitying kindneſs, friendly fear,
Whiſpers conjectures in your ear.
"I'm ſorry—and he's much to blame—
"He might have publiſh'd—but his name!
"The thing might pleaſe a few, no doubt,
"As handed privately about—
"It might amuſe a friend or two,
"Some partial friend like me and you;
"But when it comes to preſs and print
"You'll find, I fear, but little in't.
"He ſtands upon a dangerous brink
"Who totters o'er the ſea of ink,
"Where reputation runs aground,
"The author caſt away, and drown'd.
"And then—'twas wilful and abſurd,
"(So well approv'd, ſo well preferr'd,)
"Abruptly thus a place to quit
"A place which moſt his genius hit,
"The theatre for Latin wit!
"With critics round him chaſte and terſe,
"To give a plaudit to his verſe!"
Latin, I grant, ſhews college breeding,
And ſome ſchool-common-place of reading.
But has in *Moderns* ſmall pretenſion
To real wit or ſtrong invention.
The excellence you critics praiſe
Hangs on a curious choice of phraſe;
Which pick'd and choſen here and there,
From proſe or verſe no matter where,
Jumbled together in a diſh,
Like Spaniſh olio, fowl, fleſh, fiſh,
You ſet the claſſic hodge-podge on
For pedant wits to feed upon.
Your wou'd-be Genii vainly ſeek
Fame for their Latin verſe,—or Greek;
Who would for that be moſt admir'd
Which blockheads may, and have acquir'd.
A mere mechanical connection
Of favourite words,—a bare collection
Of phraſes,—where the labour'd cento
Preſents you with a dull memento,
How *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid* join,
And club together half a line.
Theſe only ſtrain their motly wits
In gathering patches, ſhreds, and bits,
To wrap their barren fancies in,
And make a claſſic Harlequin.
—Where I at once impower'd to ſhew
My utmoſt vengeance on my foe,
To puniſh with extremeſt rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger
Than uſing him as learning's tool
To make him Uſher of a ſchool.
For, not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren ſoil,
And lab'ring with inceſſant pains
To cultivate a blockhead's brains
The duties there but ill befit
The love of letters, arts, or wit.

For whoſoe'er, though ſlightly, ſips,
Their grateful favour with his lips,
Will find it leave a ſmatch behind,
Shall ſink ſo deeply in his mind,
It never thence can be eras'd—
But, riſing up, you call it *Taſte*.
'Twere fooliſh for a drudge to chuſe
A guſto which he cannot uſe.
Better diſcard the idle whim,
What's *He to Taſte?* or *Taſte to Him?*
For me, it hurts me to the ſoul
To brook confinement or controul:
Still to be pinion'd down to teach
The ſyntax and the parts of ſpeech;
Or, what perhaps is drudging worſe,
The links, and joints, the rules of verſe;
To deal out authors by retail,
Like penny pots of *Oxford* ale;
—Oh! 'Tis a ſervice irkſome more
Than tugging at the ſlaviſh oar.
Yet ſuch *his* taſte, a diſmal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth;
And while, a paltry ſtipend earning,
He ſows the richeſt ſeeds of learning,
And tills *their* minds with proper care,
And ſees them their due produce bear;
No joys, alas! his toil beguile
His *own* lies fallow all the while.
"Yet ſtill he's in the road, you ſay,
"Of learning."—Why, perhaps he may.
But turns like horſes in a mill,
Nor getting on, nor ſtanding ſtill:
For little way his learning reaches,
Who reads no more than what he teaches.
"Yet you can ſend advent'rous youth,
"In ſearch of letters, taſte, and truth,
"Who ride the highway road to knowledge
"Through the plain turnpikes of a college,"
True.—Like way-poſts, we ſerve to ſhew
The road which travellers ſhould go;
Who jog along in eaſy pace,
Secure of coming to the place,
Yet find, return whene'er they will,
The *Poſt*, and its direction ſtill:
Which ſtands an uſeful unthank'd guide,
To many a paſſenger beſide.
'Tis hard to carve for others meat,
And not have time one's ſelf to eat.
Though, be it always underſtood,
Our appetites are full as good.
"But there have been, and proofs appear,
"Who bore this load from year to year;
"Whoſe claim to letters, parts and wit,
"The world has ne'er diſputed yet.
"Whether the flowing mirth prevail
"In *Weſley's* ſong, or humorous tale;
"Or happier *Bourne's* expreſſion pleaſe
"With graceful turns of claſſic eaſe;
"Or *Oxford's* well-read poet ſings
"Pathetic to the ear of kings:
"Theſe have indulg'd the muſes' flight,
"Nor loſt their time or credit by't;
"Nor ſuffer'd fancy's dreams to prey
"On the due buſineſs of the day.
"Verſe was to them a recreation
"Us'd by way of relaxation."
Your inſtances are fair and true,
And genius I reſpect with you.
I envy none their honeſt praiſe;
I ſeek to blaſt no ſcholar's bays:
Still let the graceful foliage ſpread
Its generous honours round their head,
Bleſt, if the Muſes' hand entwine
A ſprig at leaſt to circle mine!
Come,—I admit, you tax me right.
Prudence, 'tis true, was out of ſight,
And you may whiſper all you meet,
The man was vague and indiſcreet.
Yet tell me, while you cenſure me,
Are you from error ſound and free?
Say, does your breaſt no bias hide,
Whoſe influence draws the mind aſide?
All have their hobby-horſe, you ſee,
From Triſtram down to you and me.
Ambition, ſplendour, may be thine;
Eaſe, indolence, perhaps, are mine.
Though prudence, and our nature's pride
May wiſh our weakneſſes to hide,
And ſet their hedges up before 'em,
Some Sprouts will branch, and ſtraggle o'er 'em.
Strive, fight againſt her how you will,
Nature will be the miſtreſs ſtill,
And though you crub with double rein,
She'll run away with us again.
But let a man of parts be wrong,
'Tis triumph to the leaden throng.
The fools ſhall cackle out reproof,
The very aſs ſhall raiſe his hoof;
And he who holds in his poſſeſſion,
The ſingle virtue of diſcretion,
Who knows no overflow of ſpirit,
Whoſe want of paſſions is his merit,
Whom wit and taſte and judgment flies,
Shall ſhake his noddle, and *ſeem* wiſe.

THE ACTOR.

ADDRESSED TO BONNEL THORNTON, ESQ.

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws
From no obſervance of mechanic laws:
No ſettled maxims of a fav'rite ſtage,
No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary ſkill.
If, 'mongſt the humble hearers of the pit,
Some curious vet'ran critic chance to ſit,
Is he pleas'd more becauſe 'twas acted ſo
By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago!
The mind recals an object held more dear,
And hates the copy, that it comes ſo near.
Why lov'd he Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone?
In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.
A Garrick's genius muſt our wonder raiſe.
But gives his mimic no reflected praiſe.
Thrice happy Genius, whoſe unrival'd name,
Shall live for ever in the voice of Fame!
'Tis thine to lead with more than magic ſkill,
The train of captive paſſions at thy will;

To bid the burſting tear ſpontaneous flow
In the ſweet ſenſe of ſympathetic woe:
Through ev'ry vein I feel a chilneſs creep,
When horrors ſuch as thine *have murder'd ſleep*;
And at the old man's look and frantic ſtare
'Tis Lear alarms me, for I ſee him there.
Nor yet confin'd to tragic walks alone,
The comic Muſe too claims thee for her own.
With each delightful requiſite to pleaſe,
Taſte, Spirit, Judgment, Elegance, and Eaſe,
Familiar nature forms thy only rule,
From Ranger's rake to Drugger's vacant fool.
With power's ſo pliant, and ſo various bleſt,
That what we ſee the laſt, we like the beſt.
Not idly pleas'd, at judgment's dear expence,
But burſt outrageous with the laugh of ſenſe.
Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,
'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.
The Play'r's profeſſion (though I hate the phraſe,
'Tis ſo *mechanic* in theſe modern days)
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or ſtart,
Nature's true knowledge is the only art,
The ſtrong-felt paſſion bolts into his face,
The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace!
To this one ſtandard make your juſt appeal,
Here lies the golden ſecret; learn to FEEL.
Or fool, or monarch, happy, or diſtreſt,
No actor pleaſes that is not *poſſeſs'd*.
Once on the ſtage, in Rome's declining days,
When Chriſtians were the ſubject of their plays,
E'er perſecution dropp'd her iron rod,
And men ſtill wag'd an impious war with God,
An actor flouriſh'd of no vulgar fame,
Nature's diſciple, and Geneſt his name.
A noble object for his ſkill he choſe,
A martyr dying 'midſt inſulting foes.
Reſign'd with patience to religion's laws,
Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cauſe.
Fill'd with th' idea of the ſacred part,
He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,
While look and voice, and geſture, all expreſt
A kindred ardour in the player's breaſt;
Till as the flame through all his boſom ran,
He loſt the actor and commenc'd the Man;
Profeſt the faith; his pagan gods denied,
And what he acted then, he after died.
The player's province they but vainly try,
Who Want theſe pow'rs, *Department*, *Voice*, and *Eye*.
The Critic Sight 'tis only *Grace* can pleaſe,
No figure charms us if it has not *Eaſe*.
There are, who think the ſtature all in all,
Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
The feeling ſenſe all other want ſupplies,
I rate no actor's merit from his ſize.
Superior height requires ſuperior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face?
Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
Affect to mark the ſolemn pace of ſtate.
One foot put forward in poſition ſtrong,
The other, like its vaſſal, dragg'd along.
So grave each motion, ſo exact and ſlow,
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet ſhow.
The mien delights us that has native grace,
But affectation ill ſupplies its place.
Unſkilful actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thouſand ſhapes;
However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a ſtart.
What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
Who but allows his *attitude* is fine?
While a whole minute equipois'd he ſtands,
Till praiſe diſmiſs him with her echoing hands!
Reſolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pauſe,
By perſeverance to extort applauſe.
When Romeo ſorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madneſs burſts the canvas tomb,
The ſudden whirl, ſtretch'd leg, and lifted ſtaff,
Which pleaſe the vulgar; make the critic laugh.
To paint the paſſion's force, and mark it well
The proper action nature's ſelf will tell;
No pleaſing pow'rs diſtortions e'er expreſs,
And nicer judgment always loaths exceſs.
In ſock or buſkin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
Diſguſts our reaſon, and the taſte confounds.
Of all the evils which the ſtage moleſt,
I hate your fool who overacts his jeſt;
Who murders what the poet finely writ,
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
With ſhrug, and grin, and geſture out of place,
And writes a fooliſh comment with his face.
Old Johnſon once, though Cibber's perter vein *
But meanly groupes him with a num'rous train,
With ſteady face, and ſober hum'rous mien,
Fill'd the ſtrong outlines of the comic ſcene;
What was writ down, with decent utt'rance ſpoke,
Betray'd no ſymptom of the conſcious joke;
The very man in look, in voice, in air,
And though upon the ſtage, appear'd no Play'r.
The word and action ſhould conjointly ſuit,
But acting words is labour too minute.
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
While ſober humour marks th' impreſſion ſtrong.
Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,
And bring me cloſer to the poet's wit;
With her delighted o'er each ſcene I go,
Well-pleas'd, and not aſham'd of being ſo.
But let the generous actor ſtill forbear
To copy features with a Mimic's care!
'Tis a poor ſkill which every fool can reach,
A vile ſtage-cuſtom, honour'd in the breach.
Worſe as more cloſe, the diſingenuous art
But ſhews the wanton looſeneſs of the heart.
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public ſcene,
Forſaking nature's fair and open road
To mark ſome whim, ſome ſtrange peculiar mode,
Fir'd with diſguſt I loath his ſervile plan,
Deſpiſe the mimic, and abhor the man.
Go to the lame, to hoſpitals repair,
And hunt for humour in diſtortions there!
Fill up the meaſure of the motley whim
With ſhrug, wink, ſnuffle, and convulſive limb;
Then ſhame at once, to pleaſe a trifling age,
Good ſenſe good manners, virtue, and the ſtage!
'Tis not enough the voice be ſound and clear,
'Tis modulation that muſt charm the ear.
When deſperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their ſorrows in a ſee-ſaw tone,
The ſame ſoft ſound of unimpaſſioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.
The voice all modes of paſſion can expreſs,
That marks the proper word with proper ſtreſs.

* See Cibber's Apology, 8vo, 1750.

But none emphatic can the actor call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.
Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures roll
Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,
Their words, like stage-processions stalk along.
All affectation but creates disgust,
And e'en in speaking we may seem *too* just.
Nor proper, Thornton, can those sounds appear
Which bring not numbers to thy nicer ear;
In vain from them the pleasing measure flows,
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.
Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene;
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.
More nature oft and finer strokes are shown,
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone.
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze,
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he, who, swol'n with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the balky phantom off the stage.
He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd Oh.
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking Eyes;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.
In vain Ophelia gives her flowrets round,
And with her straws fantastic strews the ground,
In vain now sings, now heaves the desp'rate sigh,
If phrenzy sit not in the troubled eye.
In Cibber's look commanding sorrows speak,
And call the tear fast trick'ling down my cheek.
There is a fault which stirs the critic's rage;
A want of due attention on the stage.
I have seen actors, and admir'd ones too,
Whose tongues wound up set forward from their cue;
In their own speech who whine, or roar away,
Yet seem unmov'd at what the rest may say;
Whose eyes and thoughts on diff'rent objects roam,
Until the prompter's voice recal them home.
Divest yourself of hearers, if you can,
And strive to speak, and be the very man.
Why should the well-bred actor wish to know
Who sits above to-night, or who below?
So, 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,
Italian squallers oft disgrace the stage;
When, with a simp'ring leer, and bow profound,
The squeaking Cyrus greets the boxes round;
Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,
Familiar drops a curt'sie to her grace.
To suit the dress demands the actor's art,
Yet there are those who over-dress the part.
To some prescriptive right give settled things,
Black wigs to murd'rers, feather'd hats to kings.
But Michael Cassio might be drunk enough,
Though all his features were not grim'd with snuff.
Why should Pol Peachum shine in satin clothes?
Why ev'ry devil dance in scarlet hose?
But in stage-customs what offends me most
Is the slip-door, and slowly-rising ghost.
Tell me, nor count the question too severe,
Why need the dismal powder'd forms appear?
When chilling horrors shake th' affrighted king,
And guilt torments him with her scorpion sting;
When keeneſt feelings at his bosom pull,
And fancy tells him that the seat is full;
Why need the ghost usurp the monarch's place,
To frighten children with his mealy face?
The king alone should form the phantom there,
And talk and tremble at the vacant chair.
If Belvidera her lov'd lost deplore,
Why for twin spectres bursts the yawning floor?
When with disorder'd starts, and horrid cries,
She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,
And still pursues them with a frantic stare,
'Tis pregnant madness brings the visions there.
More instant horror would enfore the scene,
If all her shudd'rings were at shapes unseen.
Poet and Actor thus, with blended skill,
Mould all our passions to their instant will;
'Tis thus, when feeling Garrick treads the stage,
(The speaking comment of his Shakespear's page)
Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,
I shake with horror, or dissolve with tears.
O, ne'er may folly seize the throne of taste,
Nor dulness lay the realms of genius waste!
No bouncing crackers ape the thund'rer's fire,
No tumbler float upon the bending wire!
More natural uses to the stage belong,
Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song.
For other purpose was that spot design'd:
To purge the passions, and reform the mind,
To give to nature all the force of art,
And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.
Thornton, to thee, I dare with truth commend,
The decent stage as virtue's natural friend.
Though oft debas'd with scenes profane and loose,
No reason weighs against its proper use.
Though the lewd priest his sacred function shame,
Religion's perfect law is still the same.
Shall they, who trace the passions from their rise
Shew scorn her features, her own image vice?
Who teach the mind its proper force to scan,
And hold the faithful mirror up to man,
Shall their profession e'er provoke disdain
Who stand the foremost in the moral train,
Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
And strike the precept home upon the heart?
Yet, hapless Artist! though thy skill can raise
The bursting peal of universal praise,
Though at thy beck Applause delighted stands,
And lifts, Briareus' like, her hundred hands,
Know, Fame awards thee but a partial breath!
Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death.
Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
And latest times th' Eternal Nature feel.
Though blended here the praise of bard and player,
While more than half becomes the Actor's share,
Relentless death untwists the mingled fame,
And sinks the player in the poet's name.
The pliant muscles of the various face,
The mien that gave each sentence strength and grace,

The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

THE LAW STUDENT*.

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Quid tibi cum Cirrhâ? quid cum Permessidos undâ?
Romanum propius divitiusque Forum est.

Mart.

NOW Christ-church left, and fixt at Lincoln's Inn,
Th' important studies of the Law begin.
Now groan the shelves beneath th' unusual charge
Of Records, Statutes, and Reports at large.
Each Classic author seeks his peaceful nook,
And modest Virgil yields his place to Coke.
No more, ye Bards, for vain precedence hope,
But even Jacob take the lead of Pope!
While the pil'd shelves sink down on one another,
And each huge folio has its cumb'rous brother,
While arm'd with these, the Student views with awe
His rooms become the magazine of law,
Say whence so few succeed? where thousands aim,
So few e'er reach the promis'd goal of fame?
Say, why Cæcilius quits a gainful trade
For regimentals, sword, and smart cockade?
Or Sextus why his first profession leaves
For narrower band, plain shirt, and pudding sleeves?
The depth of law asks study, thought, and care?
Shall we seek these in rich Alonzo's heir?
Such diligence, alas! is seldom found
In the brisk heir to forty thousand pound.
Wealth, that excuses folly, sloth creates,
Now, who can spend, e'er learn to get estates,
What is to him dry case, or dull report,
Who studies fashions at the Inns of Court;
And proves that thing of emptiness and show,
That mongrel, half form'd thing, a Temple-Beau?
Observe him daily saunt'ring up and down,
In purple slippers, and in silken gown;
Last night's debauch, his morning conversation;
The coming, all his evening preparation.
By law let others toil to gain renown!
Lucius's a gentleman, a man o'th' town.
He nor courts clients, or the law regarding.
Stories from Nando's down to Covent-Garden:
Let he's a Scholar;—mark him in the Pit
With critic catcall sound the stops of wit!
Supreme at George's he harangues the throng,
Censor of stile from tragedy to song:
Him ev'ry witling views with secret awe,
Keep in the Drama, shallow in the Law.

Others there are, who, indolent and vain,
Contemn the science, they can ne'er attain:
Who write, and read, but all by fits and starts,
And varnish folly with the name of Parts;
Trust all to genius, for they scorn to pore,
Till e'en that little Genius is no more.
Knowledge in Law care only can attain,
Where honour's purchas'd at the price of pain.
If, loit'ring, up th' ascent you cease to climb,
No starts of labour can redeem the time.
Industrious study wins by slow degrees,
True sons of Coke can ne'er be sons at ease.
There are, whom Love of Poetry has smit,
Who, blind to interest, arrant dupes to wit,
Have wander'd devious in the pleasing road,
With attic flowers and Classic wreaths bestrew'd:
Wedded to verse, embrac'd the Muse for life,
And ta'en, like modern bucks, their whores to wife.
Where'er the Muse usurps despotic sway,
All other studies must of force give way,
Int'rest in vain puts in her prudent claim,
Nonsuited by the pow'rful plea of fame.
As well you might weigh lead against a feather,
As ever jumble wit and law together.
On Littleton Coke gravely thus remarks,
(Remember this, ye rhyming Temple sparks!
"In all our author's tenures, *be it noted*,
"This is the fourth time any verse was quoted."
Which, 'gainst the Muse and verse, may well imply
What lawers call a *noli prosequi*.
Quit then, dear George, O quit the barren field,
Which neither profit nor reward can yield!
What tho' the sprightly scene, well acted, draws
From unpack'd Englishmen unbrib'd applause,
Some monthly Grub, some Dennis of the age,
In print cries shame on the degen'rate stage*.
If haply Churchill strive with generous aim,
To fan the sparks of genius to a flame;
If all UNASK'D, UNKNOWING, AND UNKNOWN,
By noting thy desert, he proves his own;
Envy shall straight to Hamilton's repair,
And vent her spleen, and gall, and venom there,
Thee, and thy works, and all our friends decry,
And boldly print and publish a rank lie,
Swear your own hand the flatt'ring likeness drew,
Swear your own breath fame's partial trumpet blew.
Well I remember oft your friends have said,
(Friends, whom the surest maxims ever led)
Turn parson, Colman, that's the way to thrive:
Your parsons are the happiest men alive.
Judges, there are but twelve, and never more,
But Stalls untold, and Bishops, twenty-four,
Of pride and claret, sloth and ven'son full,
Yon prelate mark, right reverend and dull!
He ne'er, good man, need pensive vigils keep
To preach his audience once a week to sleep;

* In the preface to Colman's prose that gentleman [illegible] the present performance, and says that it was [illegible] to the Author to fill up a volume of poems [illegible] by subscription.

* See the very curious and VERY SIMILAR criticisms on the comedy of the Jealous Wife, in the two Reviews, together with the most malicious and insolent attack on the writer, and the author of this Collection in the Critical Review for March; an injury poorly repaired by a lame apology in the Review for the succeeding month, containing fresh insults on one of the injured parties.

On rich preferments battens at his eaſe,
Nor ſweats for tithes, as lawyers toil for fees.
Thus they adviſ'd. I know thee better far;
And cry, ſtick cloſe, dear Colman, to the bar!
If genius warm thee, where can genius call
For nobler action than in yonder hall?
'Tis not enough each morn, on Term's approach,
To club your legal threepence for a coach;
Then at the hall to take your ſilent ſtand,
With ink-horn and long note-book in your hand,
Marking grave ſerjeants cite each wiſe report,
And noting down ſage dictums from the court,
With overwhelming brow, and law-learn'd face,
The index of your book of common-place.
These are mere drudges, that can only plod,
And tread the path their dull foreſathers trod,
Doom'd thro' law's maze, without a clue, to range,
From *ſecond Vernon* down to *ſecond Strange*.
Do thou uplift thine eyes to happier wits!
Dulneſs no longer on the woolpack ſits;
No longer on the drawling droniſh herd
Are the firſt honours of the law confer'd;
But they whoſe fame reward's due tribute draws.
Whoſe active merit challenges applauſe,
Like glorious beacons, are ſet high to view,
To mark the paths which genius ſhould purſue.
O for thy ſpirit, MANSFIELD! at thy name
What boſom glows not with an active flame?
Alone from Jargon born to reſcue law,
From precedent, grave hum, and formal ſaw!
To ſtrip chican'ry of its vain pretence,
And marry Common Law to Common Senſe!
PRATT*! on thy lips perſuaſion ever hung!
Engliſh falls, pure as Manna, from thy tongue;
On thy voice truth may reſt, and on thy plea
Unerring HENLEY † ſound the juſt decree.
HENLEY! than whom, to HARDWICKE's well-rais'd fame,
No worthier ſecond Royal GEORGE cou'd name:
No lawyer of prerogative; no tool
Faſhion'd in black corruption's pliant ſchool;
Form'd 'twixt the People and the Crown to ſtand,
And hold the ſcales of right with even hand!
True to our hopes, and equal to his birth,
See, ſee in YORKE‡ the force of lineal worth!
But why their ſev'ral merits need I tell
Why on each honour'd ſage's praiſes dwell
WILMOT‖ how well his place, or FOSTER§ fills?
Or ſhrew'd ſenſe beaming from the eye of WILLES¶?
Such, while thou ſeeſt the public care engage,
Their fame increaſing with increaſing age,
Rais'd by true genius bred in Phœbus' ſchool,
Whoſe warmth of ſoul ſound judgment knew to cool;
—With ſuch illuſtrious proofs before your eyes,
Think not, my friend, you've too much wit to riſe.

Think of the bench, the coif, long robe, and fee,
And leave the Preſs to * * * * * * * * * *

* Afterwards Earl Camden.

† Afterwards Earl of Northington.

‡ Charles Yorke, Eſq; ſecond ſon of Lord Hardwicke.

§ Sir John Eardley Wilmot, afterwards chief Juſtice of the Common Pleas.

‖ Sir Michael Foſter, one of the Judges of the King's Bench.

¶ Sir John Willes, Chief Juſtice of the Common Pleas.

THE POETRY PROFESSORS.

OLD ENGLAND has not loſt her pray'r,
And GEORGE, (thank heav'n!) has got a heir.
A royal babe, a PRINCE of WALES.
—Poets! I pity all your nails—
What reams of paper will be ſpoil'd!
What *graduſes* be daily ſoil'd
By inky fingers, greaſy thumbs,
Hunting the word that never comes!
Now *Academies* pump their wits,
And laſh in vain their lazy *tits*;
In vain they whip, and flaſh, and ſpur,
The callous jades will never ſtir;
Nor can they reach *Parnaſſus'* hill,
Try every method which they will.
Nay, ſhould the tits get on for once,
Each rider is ſo *grave* a dunce,
That, as I've heard good judges ſay,
'Tis ten to one they'd loſe their way;
Though not one wit beſtrides the back
Of uſeful drudge, ycleped hack,
But fine *bred things* of *mettled blood*,
Pick'd from *Apollo's* royal *ſtud*.
Greek, *Roman*, nay *Arabian* ſteeds,
Or thoſe our mother country breeds;
Some ride ye *in*, and ride ye *out*,
And to come *home* go round *about*,
Nor on the green ſward, nor the road,
And that I think they call an ODE.
Some take the pleaſant country air,
And ſmack their whips and drive a pair,
Each horſe with bells which clink and chime,
And ſo *they* march—and that is *rhime*.
Some copy with prodigious ſkill
The figures of a *buttery-bill*,
Which, with great folks of erudition,
Shall paſs for *Coptic* or *Phœnician*.
While ſome, as *patriot* love prevails,
To compliment a prince of *Wales*,
Salute the royal babe in *Welſh*,
And ſend forth *gutturals* like a belch.
What pretty things imagination
Will fritter out in adulation!
The *Pagan* Gods ſhall viſit earth,
To triumph in a *Chriſtian's* birth.
While *claſſic* poets, pure and chaſte,
Of *trim* and *academic* TASTE,
Shall lug them in by head and ſhoulders,
To be or *ſpeakers*, or *beholders*.
MARS ſhall preſent him with a lance,
To humble *Spain* and conquer *France*;
The GRACES, buxom, blith, and gay,
Shall at his cradle *dance the Hay*;
And VENUS, with her train of LOVES,
Shall bring a thouſand pair of *doves*

To hill, to coo, to whine, to ſqueak,
Through all the *dialects* of *Greek*.
How many *ſwains* of claſſic breed,
Shall *deftly* tune their *oaten* reed,
And bring their *Dorik* nymphs to town,
To ſing their meaſures *up* and *down*,
In notes *alternate* clear and ſweet,
Like *Ballad-ſingers* in a ſtreet.
While thoſe who graſp at reputation,
From *imitating imitation*,
Shall hunt each cranny, nook, and creek,
For *precious* fragments in the *Greek*,
And *rob the ſpittle*, and the *waſte*,
For ſenſe, and ſentiment, and taſte.
What Latin *hodge-podge*, Grecian *haſh*,
With Hebrew *roots*, and Engliſh *traſh*,
Shall academic cooks produce
For preſent ſhow and future uſe!
FELLOWS! who'ye ſoak'd away their knowledge,
In *ſleepy* reſidence at college;
Whoſe lives are like a ſtagnant pool,
Muddy and placid, dull and cool;
Mere drinking, eating; eating, drinking;
With no impertinence of thinking;
Who lack no farther erudition,
Than juſt to *ſee* an impoſition
To cramp, demoliſh and diſpirit,
Each true begotten child of merit;
Cenſors, who, in the day's broad light,
Puniſh the vice they act at night;
Whoſe charity with *ſelf* begins,
Nor covers others venial ſins;
But that their feet may ſafely tread,
Take up hypocriſy inſtead,
As knowing that muſt always hide
A multitude of ſins beſide;
Whoſe ruſty wit is at a ſtand,
Without a *freſhman* at their hand;
(Whoſe ſervice muſt of courſe create
The juſt return of ſev'n-fold hate)
Lord! that ſuch *good* and *uſeful* men
Should ever turn to books again.
YET matter muſt be gravely plann'd,
And ſyllables on fingers ſcann'd,
And racking pangs rend lab'ring head,
Till lady Muſe is brought to-bed:
What hunting, changing, toiling, ſweating,
To bring the uſual epithet in!
Where the cramp't meaſure kindly ſhows
It will be verſe, but *ſhould* be proſe.
So, when its neither light nor dark,
To 'prentice ſpruce, or lawyer's clerk,
The nymph, who takes her nightly ſtand
At ſome by corner in the Strand,
Plump in the cheſt, tight in the boddice,
Seems to the eye a perfect goddeſs;
But canvaſs'd more minutely o'er,
Turns out an old, ſtale, batter'd whore.
Yet muſt theſe ſons of GOWNED RAGE,
Proud of the Plumage of *Degrees*,
Forſake their APATHY a while,
To figure in the *Roman* ſtile,
And offer incenſe at the ſhrine
Of LATIN POETRY *Divine*.
Upon a throne the goddeſs ſits,
Surrounded by her *bully* wits;
FABRICIUS, COOPER, CALEPINE,
ARTSWORTHIUS, FABER, CONSTANTINE;
And he, who like DODONA ſpoke,
DE SACRA QUERCU, HOLYOAKE;
Theſe are her counſellors of ſtate,
Men of much words, and wits of *weight*;
Here GRADUS, full of *phraſes clever*,
Lord of her *treaſury* for ever,
With liberal hand his bounty deals;
SIR CENTO KEEPER of the *Stalk*.
Next to the perſon of the queen,
Old madam PROSODY is ſeen;
Talking inceſſant, although dumb,
Upon her fingers to her thumb.
And all around her portraits hung
Of heroes in the *Latin* Tongue;
Italian, *Engliſh*, *German*, *French*,
Who moſt laboriouſly entrench
In deep parade of language *dead*,
What would not in their *own* be read,
Without impeachment of that TASTE,
Which LATIN IDIOM turns to *chaſte*.
SANTOLIUS here, whoſe flippant joke,
Sought refuge in a *Roman* cloak:
With dull COMMIRIUS at his ſide,
In all the pomp of jeſuit pride.
MENAGE, the pedant figur'd there,
A trifler with a ſolemn air:
And there in looſe, unſeemly view,
The graceleſs, eaſy LOVELING *too*.
'Tis here grave poets urge their claims,
For ſome thin blaſt of tiny fame;
Here bind their temples drunk with praiſe,
With half a ſprig of *wither'd* bays.
O poet, if that honour'd name
Befits ſuch idle childiſh aim;
If VIRGIL aſk thy ſacred care,
If HORACE charm thee, oh forbear
To ſpoil with ſacrilegous hand,
The glories of the CLASSIC land:
Nor ſew thy *dowlas* on the SATTIN,
Of *their* pure uncorrupted Latin.
Better be native in thy verſe,——
What is FINGAL but genuine *Erſe*?
Which all ſublime ſonorous flows,
Like HERVEY's thoughts in drunken proſe.
Hail, SCOTLAND, hail, to thee belong
All pow'rs, but moſt the pow'rs of ſong;
Whether the rude unpoliſh'd *Erſe*
Stalk in the buckram *Proſe* or *Verſe*,
Or bonny RAMSAY pleaſe thee mo',
Who *ſang ſae* ſweetly *ayo* his woe.
If ought (and ſay who knows ſo well)
The ſecond-ſighted Muſe can tell,
The happy LAIRDS ſhall laugh and ſing,
When ENGLAND'S GENIUS droops his wing.
So ſhall thy ſoil new wealth diſcloſe,
So thy own THISTLE choak the ROSE.
But what comes here? Methinks I ſee
A *walking* univerſity.
See how they preſs to croſs the TWEED,
And ſtrain their limbs with eager ſpeed!
While SCOTLAND, from her *fertile* ſhore,
Cries, On my ſons, return no more.
Hither they haſte with willing mind,
Nor caſt one *longing* look behind;
On *ten-toe* carriage to ſalute,
The k——, and q——n, and EARL OF BUTE.
No more the gallant *Northern* ſons
Spout forth their ſtrings of *Latin* puns;

Nor *courſe* all languages to frame,
The quibble ſuited to their name;
As when their anceſtors *be-wers'd*,
That *glorious* STUART, JAMES the FIRST.
But with that elocution's GRACE,
That oratorial flaſhy *Lace*,
Which the fam'd *Iriſh* TOMMY PUFF,
Would ſew on ſentimental *ſtuff*;
Twang with a ſweet pronunciation,
The flow'rs of bold imagination.
MACPHERSON leads the flaming van,
LAIRD of the *new* Fingalian clan;
While JACKY HOME brings up the rear,
With new-got penſion neat and clear
Three hundred *Engliſh* pounds a year.
While ſiſter PEG, our *ancient Friend*,
Sends MACS and DONALDS without end
To GEORGE awhile they tune their lays,
Then all their choral voices raiſe,
To heap their panegyric wit on
Th' illuſtrious chief, and our NORTH BRITON.
Hail to the THANE, whoſe *patriot* ſkill
Can break all nations to his will;
Maſter of ſciences and arts,
MÆCENAS to all men of parts;
Whoſe ſoft'ring hand, and ready wit,
Shall find *us* all in places fit;
So ſhall thy friends no longer roam,
But change to meet a ſettled home.
Hail mighty THANE, for SCOTLAND born.
To fill her almoſt empty horn:
Hail to thy ancient glorious *ſtem*,
NOT THEY *from Kings*, BUT KINGS FROM THEM.

THE CIT's COUNTRY BOX. 1757.

Vos ſapere & ſolos aio bene vivere, quorum,
Conſpicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis. HOR.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wiſhes for the rural ſhade,
And buckles to his one horſe-chair,
Old *Dobbin*, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in cloſely by his ſide,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With *Jacky* on the ſtool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce paſt the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country ſeems to ſmile!
And as they ſlowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather;
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry houſe ſhe ſees,
Admires its views, its ſituation,
And thus ſhe opens her oration.
What ſignify the loads of wealth,
Without that richeſt jewel, health?
Excuſe the fondneſs of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such ceaſeleſs toil, ſuch conſtant care,
Is more than human ſtrength can bear.
One may obſerve it in your face—
Indeed, my dear, you break a pace:
And nothing can your health repair,
But exerciſe and country air,
Sir Traffic has a houſe, you know,
About a mile from *Cheney-Row*;
He's a *good* man, indeed 'tis true,
But not ſo *warm*, my dear, as you:
And folks are always apt to ſneer—
One would not be out-done my dear!
Sir Traffic's name ſo well apply'd
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmoſt deference to his wife.
Confeſs'd her arguments had reaſon,
And by th' approaching ſummer ſeaſon,
Draws a few hundreds from the ſtocks,
And purchaſes his Country-Box.
Some three or four mile out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down,)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road:
And ſo convenient does it lay,
The ſtages paſs it ev'ry day:
And then ſo ſnug, ſo mighty pretty,
To have an houſe ſo near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar
You're ſet down at the very door.
Well then, ſuppoſe them fix'd at laſt,
White-waſhing, painting, ſcrubbing paſt,
Hugging themſelves in eaſe and clover,
With all the fuſs of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred!
And wanton in my lady's head.
Well to be ſure, it muſt be own'd,
It is a charming ſpot of ground;
So ſweet a diſtance for a ride,
And all about ſo *countryfied!*
'Twould come but to a trifling price
To make it quite a paradiſe;
I cannot bear thoſe naſty rails,
Thoſe ugly broken mouldy pales:
Suppoſe, my dear, inſtead of theſe,
We build a railing, all Chineſe.
Although one hates to be expoſ'd;
'Tis diſmal to be thus incloſ'd;
One hardly any object ſees—
I wiſh you'd fell thoſe odious trees,
Objects continual paſſing by
Were ſomething to amuſe the eye,
But to be pent within the walls—
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our houſe, beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before,
Nothing its views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road;
While ev'ry trav'ler in amaze,
Should on our little manſion gaze,
And pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, that's Sir Thrifty's Country Seat.
No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.
Bleſt age! when all men may procure,
The title of a Connoiſſeur;

When noble and ignoble herd,
Are govern'd by a ſingle word;
Though, like the royal Germandantes,
It bears an hundred Chriſtian names;
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Gout,
Whim, Caprice, Je-ne-ſcal-quoi, Virtù
Which appellations all deſcribe
TASTE, and the modern *taſteful* tribe.
How bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chineſe artiſts, and deſigners,
Produce their ſchemes of alteration,
To work this wond'rous reformation.
The uſeful dome, which ſecret ſtood,
Emboſom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ler with amazement ſees
A temple, Gothic, or Chineſe,
With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,
And creſted with a ſprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent aſtride
A ditch of water, four foot wide,
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact deſigns.
In front, a level lawn is ſeen,
Without a ſhrub upon the green,
Where Taſte would want its firſt great law,
But for the ſkulking, ſly *ha-ha*,
By whoſe miraculous aſſiſtance,
You gain a proſpect two fields diſtance.
And now from Hyde-Park Corner come
The Gods of Athens, and of Rome.
Here ſquabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumſy Graces:
Apollo there, with aim ſo clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there without the pow'r to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.
The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own that Thrifty has a Taſte;
And Madam's female friends, and couſins,
With common-council-men, by dozens,
Flock every Sunday to the Seat,
To ſtare about them and to eat.

GENIUS, ENVY, AND TIME.

A FABLE;

ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ.

IN all profeſſionary ſkill,
There never was, nor ever will
Be excellence, or exhibition,
But fools are up in oppoſition;
Each letter'd, grave, pedantic dunce
Wakes from his lethargy at once,
Shrugs, ſhakes his head, and rubs his eyes,
And, being dull, looks wond'rous wiſe,
With ſolemn phiz, and critic ſcowl,
The wiſdom of his brother owl.
MODERNS! He hates the very name;
Your Antients have preſcriptive claim:—
But let the century be paſt,
And we have taſte and wit at laſt;
For at that period Moderns too
Juſt turn the corner of *Virtù*.
But merit now has little claim
To any meed of preſent fame,
For 'tis not worth that gets you friends,
'Tis excellence that moſt offends.
If, Proteus-like, a GARRICK'S art,
Shews taſte and ſkill in every part;
If, ever juſt to nature's plan,
He is in all the very man,
E'en here ſhall Envy take her aim.
——— write, and ——— blame.
The JEALOUS WIFE, tho' chaſtly writ,
With no parade of frippery wit,
Shall ſet a ſcribbling, all at once,
Both giant wit, and pigmy dunce;
While Critical Reviewers write,
Who ſhew their teeth before they bite,
And ſacrifice each reputation,
From wanton falſe imagination.
Theſe obſervations, rather ſtale,
May borrow ſpirit from a tale.
GENIUS, a buſtling lad of parts,
Who all things did by fits and ſtarts,
Nothing above him or below him,
Who'd make a riot or a poem,
From excentricity of thought,
Not always do the thing he ought;
But was it once his own election,
Would bring all matters to perfection;
Would act, deſign, engrave, write, paint,
But neither from the laſt conſtraint,
Who hated all pedantic ſchools,
And ſcorn'd the gloſs of knowing fools,
That hold perfection all in all,
Yet treat it as *mechanical*.
And give the ſame ſufficient rule
To make a poem, as a ſtool—
From the firſt ſpring-time of his youth,
Was downright worſhipper of truth;
And with a free and liberal ſpirit,
His courtſhip paid to lady MERIT.
ENVY, a ſquint-ey'd, mere old maid,
Well known among the ſcribbling trade;
A hag, ſo very, very thin,
Her bones peep'd through her bladder-ſkin;
Who could not for her ſoul abide
That folks ſhou'd praiſe, where ſhe muſt chide,
Follow'd the youth where'er he went,
To mar each good and brave intent;
Would lies, and plots, and miſchief hatch,
To ruin HIM and ſpoil the match.
Honour ſhe held at bold defiance,
Talk'd much of *Faction*, Gang, Alliance,
As if the real ſons of taſte
Had clubb'd to lay a DESART waſte.
In ſhort, wherever GENIUS came,
You'd find this Antiquated Dame;
Whate'er he did, where'er he went,
She follow'd only to torment;
Call'd MERIT by a thouſand names,
Which decency or truth diſclaims,
While all her buſineſs, toil, and care,
Was to depreciate, lye, compare,
To pull the Modeſt Maiden down,
And blaſt her fame to all the town.

The youth, inflam'd with conſcious pride,
To Prince POSTERITY apply'd,
Who gave his anſwer thus in rhyme,
By his chief miniſter Old TIME.
" Repine not at what pedants ſay,
" We'll bring thee forward on the way;
" If wither'd ENVY ſtrive to hurt
" With lies, with impudence and dirt,
" You only pay a common tax
" Which fool, and knave, and dunce exacts.
" Be this thy comfort, this thy joy,
" Thy ſtrength is in its prime, my boy,
" And every year the vigour grows,
" Impairs the credit of my foes.
" ENVY ſhall ſink, and be no more
" Than what her NAIADS were before;
" Mere excremental maggots, bred;
" In poet's topſy-turvey head,
" Born like a momentary fly,
" To flutter, buzz about, and die.
" Yet, GENIUS, mark what I preſage;
" Who look through every diſtant age:
" MERIT ſhall bleſs thee with her charms,
" FAME lift thy off-ſpring in her arms,
" And ſtamp eternity of grace
" On all thy numerous various race.
" ROUBILLIAC, WILTON, names as high
" As *Phidias* of antiquity,
" Shall ſtrength, expreſſion, manner give;
" And make e'en marble breathe and live;
" While SIGISMUNDA's deep diſtreſs,
" Which looks the ſoul of wretchedneſs;
" When I, with flow and ſoft'ning pen,
" Have gone o'er all the tints again,
" Shall urge a bold and proper claim
" To level half the antient fame;
" While futtle ages yet unknown
" With critic air ſhall proudly own
" Thy HOGARTH firſt of every clime
" For humour keen, or ſtrong ſublime,
" And hail him from his fire and ſpirit,
" The child of GENIUS and of MERIT."

THE HARE AND TORTOISE, 1757.

A FABLE.

GENIUS, bleſt term, of meaning wide,
For ſure no term ſo miſapply'd,
How many bear the ſacred name,
That never felt a real flame!
Proud of the ſpecious appellation,
Thus fools have chriſten'd inclination.
But yet ſuppoſe a genius true,
Exempli gratiâ, me or you?
Whate'er he tries with due attention,
Rarely eſcapes his apprehenſion;
Surmounting ev'ry oppoſition,
You'd ſwear he learnt by intuition.
Shou'd he rely alone on parts;
And ſtudy therefore but by ſtarts,
Sure of ſucceſs whene'er he tries,
Should he forego the means to riſe?
Suppoſe your watch a Graham make;
Gold, if you will, for value's ſake;
Its ſprings within in order due,
No watch, when going, goes ſo true;
If ne'er wound up with proper care,
What ſervice is it in the wear?
Some genial ſpark of Phœbus' rays,
Perhaps within your boſom plays?
O how the purer rays aſpire,
If application fans the fire!
Without it genius vainly tries,
Howe'er ſometimes it ſeem to riſe:
Nay application will prevail,
When braggart part and genius fail:
And now to lay my proof before ye,
I here preſent you with a ſtory.
In days of yore, when time was young;
When birds convers'd as well as ſung,
When uſe of ſpeech was not confin'd,
Merely to brutes of human kind,
A forward Hare, of ſwiftneſs vain;
The Genius of the neighb'ring plain,
Won'd oft deride the drudging croud:
For Geniuſes are ever proud.
He'd boaſt, his flight 'twere vain to follow,
For dog and horſe he'd *beat them hollow*,
Nay, if he put forth all his ſtrength,
Outſtrip his brethren *half a length*.
A Tortoiſe heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation.
Oh Puſs, it bodes thee dire diſgrace;
When I defy thee to the race.
Come, 'tis a match, nay, no denial;
I lay my ſhell upon the trial:
'Twas done and gone, all fair, a bet;
Judges prepar'd, and diſtance ſet.
The ſcamp'ring Hare outſtrip the wind;
The creeping Tortoiſe lagg'd behind,
And ſcarce had paſs'd a ſingle pole,
When Puſs had almoſt reach'd the goal.
Friend Tortoiſe, quoth the jeering Hare,
Your burthen's more than you can bear,
To help your ſpeed, it were all well
That I ſhould eaſe you of your ſhell;
Jog on a little faſter pr'ythee,
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.
So ſaid, ſo done, and ſafely ſure,
For ſay, what conqueſt more ſecure?
Whene'er he wak'd (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.
The tortoiſe heard his taunting jeer,
But ſtill reſolv'd to *perſevere*,
Still draw'd along, as who ſhould ſay,
I'll win, like Fabius, by delay;
On to the goal ſecurely crept,
While Puſs unknowing ſoundly ſlept.
The bets were won, the Hare awake,
When thus the victor tortoiſe ſpake.
Puſs, tho' I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by ſtarts,
You may deride my aukward pace,
But *ſlow and ſteady* wins the race.

THE SATYR AND PEDLAR; 1757.

WORDS are, ſo Wollaſton defines,
Of our ideas merely ſigns,
Which have a pow'r at will to vary.
As being vague and arbitrary.
Now *damn'd* for inſtance—all agree,
Damn'd the *ſuperlative degree*;
Means *that* alone, and nothing more,
However taken heretofore;
Damn'd is a word can't ſtand alone;
Which has no meaning of its own;
But ſignifies or bad or good
Juſt as its neighbour's underſtood.
Examples we may find enough.
Damn'd high, *damn'd* low; *damn'd* fine, *damn'd* ſtuff.
So fares it too with its relation.
I mean its ſubſtantive, *damnation*.
The wit with metaphors makes bold;
And tells you he's *damnation* cold;
Perhaps, that metaphor forgot,
The ſelf-ſame wit's *damnation* hot.
And here a fable I remember—
Once in the middle of December;
When every mead in ſnow is loſt;
And ev'ry river bound with froſt,
When families get all together,
And feelingly talk o'er the weather;
When—pox on the deſcriptive rhyme—
In ſhort it was the winter time,
It was a Pedlar's happy lot,
To fall into a Satyr's cot:
Shiv'ring with cold, and almoſt froze,
With pearly drop upon his noſe,
His fingers' ends all pinch'd to death;
He blew upon them with his breath.
"Friend, quoth the Satyr, what intends
"That blowing on thy fingers' ends?
"It is to warm them thus I blow,
"For they are froze as cold as ſnow.
"And ſo inclement has it been
"I'm like a cake of ice within."
Come, quoth the Satyr, comfort, man!
I'll cheer thy inſide, if I can;
You're welcome in my homely cottage
To a warm fire, and meſs of pottage.
This ſaid, the Satyr, nothing loth,
A bowl prepar'd of ſav'ry broth,
Which with delight the Pedlar view'd,
As ſmoaking on the board it ſtood.
But, though the very ſteam aroſe
With grateful ardour to his noſe;
One ſingle ſip he ventur'd not,
The gruel was ſo wond'rous hot.
What can be done? with gentle puff
He blows it, 'till it's cool enough.
Why how now, Pedlar, what's the matter
Still at thy blowing! quoth the Satyr.
I blow to cool it, cries the Clown,
That I may get the liquor down:
For though I grant, you've made it well,
You've boil'd it, ſir, as hot as hell.
Then raiſing high his cloven ſtump,
The Satyr ſmote him on the rump.
"Begone, thou double knave, or fool,
"With the ſame breath to warm and cool:
"Friendſhip with ſuch I never hold
"Who're ſo *damn'd* hot, and ſo *damn'd* cold.

THE NIGHTINGALE, OWL, AND CUCKOW.

A FABLE,

ADDRESSED TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

ON THE REPORT OF HIS RETIRING FROM THE STAGE, DEC. 1760.

CRITICKS, who like the ſcarecrows ſtand
Upon the poet's common land,
And with ſeverity of ſenſe,
Drive all imagination thence,
Say that in truth lies all ſublime,
Whether you write in proſe or rhyme.
And yet the truth may loſe its grace,
If blurted to a perſon's face;
Eſpecially if what you ſpeak
Shou'd crimſon o'er the glowing cheek:
For when you throw that ſlaver o'er him,
And tumble out your praiſe before him,
However juſt the application,
It looks a-ſquint at adulation.
I would be honeſt and ſincere,
But not a flatterer, or ſevere.
Need I be ſurly, rough, uncouth,
That folks may think I love the truth?
And ſhe, good dame, with Beauty's Queen,
Was not at all times naked ſeen:
For every boy, with Prior, knows,
By accident ſhe loſt her cloaths,
When Falſhood ſtole them to diſguiſe
Her miſbegotten brood of lies.
Why ſhould the prudiſh Goddeſs dwell
Down at the bottom of a well,
But that ſhe is in piteous fright,
Leſt, riſing up to mortal ſight,
The modeſt world ſhould fleer and flout her;
With not a rag of cloaths about her?
Yet ſhe might wear a proper dreſs
And keep her eſſence ne'ertheleſs.
So Delia's boſom ſtill will riſe,
And faſcinate her lover's eyes,
Though round her ivory neck ſhe draws,
The decent ſhade of ſpecious gauze.
I hear it buzz'd about the table,
What can this lead to?—Sirs,

A FABLE.

When Birds allow'd the Eagles ſway,
Ere Eagles turn'd to fowls of prey,
His Royal Majeſty of Air
Took Muſick underneath his care;
And, for his queen and court's delight,
Commanded concerts every night.
Here every Bird of Rarts might enter,
The Nightingale was made Præcentor;
Under whoſe care and juſt direction,
Merit was ſure to meet protection.
The Lark, the Blackbird, and the Robin
This concert always bore a bob in;
The beſt performers all were in it,
The Thruſh, Canary-bird, and Linnet.
But birds, alas! are apt to aim
At things, to which they've ſmalleſt claim.
The ſtaring Owl, with hideous hoot,
Offer'd his ſervice for a flute.
The Cuckow needs would join the band;
"The Thruſh is but a paultry hand:
"And I can beſt ſupply that place,
"For I've a ſhake, a ſwell, a grace."
The Manager their ſuit preferr'd:
Both tun'd their pipes, and both were heard;
Yet each their ſeveral praiſes miſs'd,
For both were heard, and both were hiſs'd.
The Cuckow hence, with rancour ſtirr'd,
(A kind of *periodic* bird,
Of naſty hue, and body ſcabby
No would-be-play-wright half ſo ſhabby)
Reviles, abuſes, and defames,
Screams from a branch, and calls hard names,
And ſtrikes at Nightingale or Lark,
Like Liſbon ruffians, in the dark.
The Owl harangues the gaping throng
On *Pow'rs*, and excellence of ſong,
"The Blackbird's note has loſt its force;
"The Nightingale is downright hoarſe;
"The Linnet's harſh; the Robin ſhrill;
"—The Sparrow has prodigious ſkill!"
At length they had what they deſir'd:
The ſkilful Nightingale retir'd.
When Folly came, with wild Uproar,
And Harmony was heard no more.

A TALE.

VENUS, of laugheer queen of love,
The greateſt dominop above,
Who ſcorn'd reſtriction, hated cuſtom,
Knew her own ſex too well to truſt 'em,
Proceeded on the noble plan,
At any rate, to have her man;
Look'd on decorum, as mere truſh,
And liv'd like *** and ***,
From Paphos, where they her revere
As much as we do Cælia here,
Or from Cythera, where her altars
Are deck'd with daggers, true-love halters,
Garters yclept, and other trophies,
Which prove that man in love an oaf is,
According to appointment, came
To ſee CÆCILIA, tuneful dame,
Whoſe praiſe by Dryden's Ode is grown
Bright and immortal as his own;
And who hath been for many years
The chief directreſs of the ſpheres.
Thomas, who rode behind the car,
And for a flambeau held a ſtar,
Who, in the honeſt way of trade,
Hath forg'd more horns, and cuckolds made,
Than Vulcan and his brawny dolts
Ever for Jove forg'd thunderbolts,
Slipt gently down and ran before 'em,
Ringing the bell with due decorum.
But, truth to ſay, I cannot tell
Whether it Knocker was or Bell,
(This for vertù an anecdote is,)
Which us'd to give CÆCILIA notice,
When any lady of the ſky
Was come to bear her company.
But this I'm ſure, be which it will,
Thomas perform'd his part with ſkill.
Methinks I hear the reader cry—
His part with ſkill? why, You or I,
Or any body elſe, as well
As Thomas, ſure, could ring a bell,
Nor did I ever hear before
Of ſkill in knocking at a door.
Poor low-liv'd creature! I ſuppoſe,
Nay, and am ſure, you're one of thoſe
Who, at what door ſoe'er they be,
Will always knock in the ſame key.
Thinking that Bell and Knocker too
Were found out nothing elſe to do,
But to inform the houſe, no doubt,
That there was ſomebody without,
Who, if they might ſuch favour win,
Would rather chuſe to be within.
But had our ſervants no more ſenſe,
Lord! what muſt be the conſequence?
Error would error ſtill purſue,
And ſtrife and anarchy enſue,
Punctilio from her altar hurl'd,
Whence ſhe declares unto the world
Whate'er by fancy, is decreed,
Through all her niceties muſt bleed.
For if there was not to be found
Some wholeſome difference of ſound,
But the ſame rap foretold th' approach
Of him who walk'd, or rode in coach,
A poor relation now and then,
Might to my lord admittance gain,
When his good lordſhip hop'd to ſee
Some raſcal of his own degree;
And, what is more unhappy ſtill,
The ſtupid wretch who brings a bill,
Might paſs through all the motley tribe,
As free as one, who brings a bribe.
My lady too might pique her grace
With carriage ſtiff and formal face,
Which, ſhe deceiv'd, had taken care
For ſome inferior to prepare;
Or might ſome wretch from Lombard-ſtreet
With greater eaſe and freedom meet,

That ſenſe of honour will admit
Between my lady and a cit.
Thoſe evils wiſely to prevent,
And root out care and diſcontent,
Ev'ry gay ſmart, who rides behind,
With roſe and bag in taſte refin'd,
Muſt muſick fully underſtand,
Have a nice ear and ſkilful hand;
At ev'ry turn be always found
A perfect connoiſſeur in ſound;
Through all the gamut ſkilful fly
Varying his notes, now low, now high,
According as he ſhifts his place;
Now hoarſely grumbling in the baſe,
Now turning tenor, and again
To treble raiſing his ſhrill ſtrain;
So to declare, where'er he be,
His maſter's fortune and degree,
By the diſtinguiſhing addreſs,
Which he'll upon the door expreſs.
Thomas, whom I have nam'd before
As ringing at CÆCILIA's door,
Was perfect maſter of this art,
And vers'd alike in ev'ry part:
So that Cæcilia knew, before
Her footman came unto the door,
And in due form had told her ſo,
That Madam VENUS was below.
The doors immediate open flew,
The GODDESS, without more ado,
Diſplaying beauty's thouſand airs
Skim'd through the hall, and trip'd up ſtairs.
CÆCILIA met her with a ſmile
Of great delight, when all the while
If her falſe heart could have been ſeen,
She wiſh'd ſhe had at Cyprus been.
But ladies, ſkill'd in forms and arts
Don't in their faces wear their hearts,
And thoſe above like thoſe below,
Deal frequently in outſide ſhow,
And always to keep up parade,
Have a ſmile by them ready-made.
The forms, which ladies when they meet
Muſt for good-manners' ſake repeat,
As *humble ſervant, how d'you do,*
And in return, *pray how are you?*
Enrich'd at ev'ry proper ſpace
With due integuments of lace,
As Madam; Grace, and Goddeſhip,
Which we for brevity ſhall ſkip,
Happily paſt, in elbow-chair
At length our ladies ſeated are.
Inſtiff'rent ſubjects firſt they chuſe,
And talk of weather and the news.
That done, they ſit upon the ſtate,
And ſnarl at the decrees of fate,
Inveſtives againſt Jove are hurl'd,
And They alone ſhould rule the world.
Dull politicks at length they quit,
And by ill-nature ſhew their wit;
For hand in hand, too well we know,
Theſe intimates are ſaid to go,
As that where either doth preſide
The other's exiſtence is implied.
The vein of wit, ſo men decree,
Muſt without doubt ill-natured be;
And the ill-natur'd ſcarce forgets
To mark himſelf among the wits.

Malicious VENUS, who by rote
Had ev'ry little anecdote,
And moſt minutely could advance
Each intereſting circumſtance,
Which unto all intrigues related,
Since Jupiter the world created,
Diſplay'd her eloquence with pride,
Hinted, obſerv'd, enlarg'd, applied;
And not the reader to detain
With things impertinent and vain,
She did, as ladies do on earth
Who cannot bear a rival's worth,
In ſuch a way each tale rehearſe
As good made bad, and bad made worſe:
CÆCILIA too, with ſaint-like air,
But lately come from evening pray'r,
Who knew her duty, as a ſaint,
Always to pray, and not to faint,
And, rain or ſhine, her church ne'er miſt,
Prude, dovetee, and methodiſt,
With equal zeal the cauſe promoted,
Miſconſtru'd things, and words miſquoted,
Miſrepreſented, miſapplied,
And, inſpiration being her guide,
The very heart of man diſſected,
And to his principles objected.
Thus, amongſt us, the ſanctified,
In all the ſpirituals of pride,
Whoſe honeſt conſciences ne'er reſted,
Till, of carnalities diveſted,
They knew and felt themſelves t'inherit
A double portion of the ſpirit:
Who from one church to t'other roam,
Whilſt their poor children ſtarve at home,
Conſid'ring they may claim the care
Of Providence, who ſent them there,
And therefore certainly is tied
To ſee their ev'ry want ſupplied;
Who unto preachers give away,
That which their creditors ſhould pay,
And hold that choſen veſſels muſt
Be generous before they're juſt.
And that their charity this way
Shall bind o'er heaven their debts to pay,
And ſerve their temp'ral turn, no doubt,
Better than if they'd put it out,
Whilſt nought hereafter can prevent,
Their ſure reward of cent. per cent.
Who honeſt labour ſcorn, and ſay
None need to work who love to pray,
For heav'n will ſatisfy their cravings,
By ſending of Elijah's ravens,
Or rain down, when their ſpirits fail,
A diſh of manna, or a quail;
Who from Moorfields to Tottenham Court
In furious fits of zeal reſort,
Praiſe what they do not underſtand,
Turn up the eye, ſtretch out the hand,
Melt into tears, whilſt——blows
The twang of nonſenſe through his noſe,
Or——deals in ſpeculation,
Or——hums his congregation,
Or——talks with the lord of hoſts,
——with pillars and with poſts;
Who ſtrictly watch, leſt Satan ſhou'd,
Roaring like lion for his food,
Enſnare their feet his fatal trap in,
And their poor ſouls be taken napping;

Who ſtrictly faſt, becauſe they find,
The fleſh ſtill wars againſt the mind,
And fleſh of ſaints, like ſinner's, muſt
Be mortified, to keep down luſt;
Who, four times in the year at leaſt,
Join feaſt of love to love of feaſt,
Which, though the profligate and vain
In terms of blaſphemy prophane,
Yet all the ceremony here is
Pure as the myſteries of Ceres;
Who, God's elect, with triumph feel
Within themſelves ſalvation's ſeal,
And will not, muſt not, dare not doubt,
That heav'n itſelf cant blot it out;
After they've done their holy labours,
Return to ſcandalize their neighbours,
And think they can't ſerve heav'n ſo well,
As with its creatures filling hell:
So that, inflam'd with holy pride,
They ſave themſelves, damn all beſide.
For perſons, who pretend to feel
The glowings of uncommon zeal,
Who others ſcorn, and ſeem to be
Righteous in very great degree,
Do, 'bove all others, take delight
To vent their ſpleen in tales of ſpite,
And think they raiſe their own renown
By pulling of a neighbour's down;
Still lying on with moſt ſucceſs,
Becauſe they charity profeſs,
And make the outſide of religion,
Like Mahomet's inſpiring pigeon,
To all their forgeries gain credit,
'Tis enough ſure that——ſaid it.
But what can all this rambling mean?
Was ever ſuch an hodge-podge ſeen?
VENUS, CÆCILIA, Saints, and whores,
Thomas, Vertù, Bells, Knockers, Doors,
Lords, Rogues, Relations, Ladies, Cits,
Stars, Flambeaux, Thunderbolts, Horns, Wits,
Vulcan, and Cuckold-maker, Scandal,
Muſic, and Footmen, Ear of Handel,
Weather, News, Envy, Politicks,
Intrigues, and Women's Thouſand Tricks,
Prudes, Methodiſts and Devotees,
Faſtings, Feaſts, Pray'rs, and Charities,
Ceres, with her myſterious train,
——, ——, ——, and ——,
Fleſh, Spirit, Love, Hate and Religon,
A Quail, a Raven and a Pigeon,
All jumbled up in one large diſh,
Red-Herring, Bread, Fowl, Fleſh, and Fiſh.
Where's the connection, where's the plan
The devil ſure is in the man.
All in an inſtant we are hurl'd
From place to place all round the world,
Yet find no reaſon for it—mum—
There, my good critic, lies the hum—
Well but me thinks, it would avail
To know the end of this—A TALE.

SHAKSPEARE:

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GARRICK.

THANKS to much induſtry and pains,
Much twiſting of the wit and brains,
Tranſlation has unlock'd the ſtore,
And ſpread abroad the Grecian lore,
While Sophocles his ſcenes are grown
E'en as familiar as our own.
No more ſhall taſte preſume to ſpeak
From its incloſures in the Greek;
But, all its fences broken down,
Lie at the mercy of the town.
Critic, I hear thy torrent rage,
"'Tis blaſphemy againſt that ſtage,
"Which Æſchylus his warmth deſign'd,
"Euripides his taſte refin'd,
"And Sophocles his laſt direction,
"Stamp'd with the ſignet of perfection."
Perfection! 'tis a word ideal,
That bears about it nothing real;
For excellence was never hit
In the firſt eſſays of man's wit.
Shall *ancient* worth, or *ancient* fame
Preclude the Moderns from their claim?
Muſt they be blockheads, dolts, and fools,
Who write not up to Grecian rules?
Who tread in buſkins or in ſocks.
Muſt they be damn'd as Heterodox,
Nor merit of good works prevail,
Except within the claſſic pale?
'Tis ſtuff that bears the name of knowledge,
Not current half a mile from college;
Where half their lectures yield no more
(Beſure I ſpeak of times of yore)
Than juſt a niggard light, to mark
How much we all are in the dark:
As ruſhlights in a ſpacious room,
Juſt burn enough to form a gloom.
When Shakſpeare leads the mind a dance
From France to England, hence to France,
Talk not to me of time and place;
I own I'm happy in the chace.
Whether the drama's here or there,
'Tis nature, Shakſpeare, every where.
The poet's fancy can create,
Contract, enlarge, annihilate,
Bring paſt and preſent cloſe together,
In ſpite of diſtance, ſeas, or weather;
And ſhut up in a ſingle action
What coſt whole years in its tranſaction,
So, ladies at a play, or rout,
Can ſtirt the univerſe about.
Whoſe geographical account
Is drawn and pictured on the mount:
Yet, when they pleaſe; contract the plan,
And ſhut the world up in a fan.
True Genius, like Armida's wand,
Can raiſe the ſpring from barren land,
While all the art of Imitation,
Is pilf'ring from the firſt creation;

Tranſplanting flowers, with uſeleſs toil,
Which wither in a foreign ſoil.
As conſcience often ſets us right
By its interior active light,
Without th' aſſiſtance of the laws
To combat in the moral cauſe;
So Genius, of itſelf diſcerning,
Without the myſtic rules of learning,
Can, from its preſent intuition,
Strike at the truth of compoſition.
Yet thoſe who breathe the claſſic veins,
Enliſted in the mimic train,
Who ride their ſteed with double bit,
Ne'er run away with by their wit,
Delighted with the pomp of rules,
The ſpecious pedantry of ſchools,
(Which rules, like crutches, ne'er became
Of any uſe but to the lame,)
Purſue the method ſet before 'em;
Talk much of order, and decorum,
Of probability of fiction,
Of manners, ornament, and diction,
And with a jargon of hard names,
A privilege which dulneſs claims,
And merely us'd by way of fence,
To keep out plain and common ſenſe,)
Extol the wit of antient days,
The ſimple fabric of their plays;
Then from the fable, all ſo chaſte,
Trick'd up in antient modern taſte,
So mighty gentle all the while,
In ſuch a ſweet deſcriptive ſtile.
While chorus marks the ſervile mode
With fine reflection, in an ode,
Preſent you with a perfect piece,
Form'd on the model of old Greece.
Come, pr'ythee Critic, ſet before us,
The uſe and office of a chorus.
What! ſilent! why then I'll produce
Its ſervices from antient uſe.
'Tis to be ever on the ſtage,
Attendants upon grief or rage;
To be an arant go-between,
Chief-mourner at each diſmal ſcene;
Shewing its ſorrow, or delight,
By ſhifting dances, left and right,
Not much unlike our modern notions;
Adagio or *Allegro* motions;
To watch upon the deep diſtreſs,
And plaints of royal wretchedneſs;
And when, with tears, and execration,
They've pour'd out all their lamentation,
And wept whole cataracts from their eyes,
To call on rivers for ſupplies,
And with their *Hais*, and *Hees*, and *Hoes*,
To make a ſymphony of woes.
Doubtleſs the Antient want the art
To ſtrike at once upon the heart:
Or why their prologues of a mile
In ſimple—call it—humble ſtile,
In unimpaſſioned phraſe to ſay
"'Fore the beginning of this play.
"I, hapleſs Polydore, was found
"By fiſhermen, or others drown'd!"
Or, "I, a gentleman, did wed,
"The lady I wou'd never bed,
"Great Agamemnon's royal daughter,
"Who's coming hither to draw water."
Or need the chorus to reveal
Reflexions, which the audience feel;
And jog them, leſt attention ſink,
To tell them how and what to think?
Oh, where's the Bard, who at one view
Cou'd look the whole creation through,
Who travers'd all the human heart,
Without recourſe to Grecian art?
He ſcorn'd the modes of imitation,
Of altering, pilfering, and tranſlation,
Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,
From models of a former age;
The bright original he took,
And tore the leaf from nature's book.
'Tis Shakſpeare, thus, who ſtands alone—
—But why repeat what *You* have ſhown?
How true, how perfect, and how well,
The feelings of our hearts muſt tell.

AN EPISTLE to C. CHURCHILL,

AUTHOR OF THE ROSCIAD.

IF at a Tavern, where you'd wiſh to dine,
They cheat your palate with adulterate wine,
Would you, reſolve me, critics for you can,
Send for the maſter up, or chide the man?
The man no doubt a knaviſh buſineſs drives,
But tell me what's the maſter who connives?
Hence you'll infer, and ſure the doctrine's true,
Which ſays, no quarter to a ſoul Review.
It matters not who vends the nauſeous ſlop,
Maſter or 'prentice; we deteſt the ſhop.
Critics of old, a manly liberal race,
Approv'd or cenſur'd with an open face;
Boldly purſu'd the free deciſive taſk,
Nor ſtabb'd, conceal'd beneath a ruffian's maſk.
To works not men, with honeſt warmth, ſevere,
Th' impartial judges laugh'd at hope or fear:
Theirs was the noble ſkill, with gen'rous aim,
To fan true genius to an active flame;
To bring forth merit in its ſtrongeſt light,
Or damn the blockhead to his native night.
But, as all ſtates are ſubject to decay,
The ſtate of letters too will melt away,
Smit with the harlot charms of trilling ſound,
Softneſs now wantons e'en on Roman ground;
Where Thebans, Spartans, fought their honour'd graves,
Behold a weak enervate race of ſlaves.
In claſſic lore, deep ſcience, language dead,
Though modern witlings are but ſcantly read,
Profeſſors * fail not, who will loudly bawl
In praiſe of either, with the want of all:
Hail'd mighty critics to this preſent hour.
—The tribune's name ſurviv'd the tribune's pow'r.

* The author takes this opportunity, notwithſtanding all inſinuations to the contrary, to declare, that he has no particular aim at a gentleman, whoſe ability he ſufficiently acknowledges.

Now Quack and Critic differ but in name,
Empirics frontleſs both, they mean the ſame;
This raw in Phyſic, that in Letters freſh,
Both ſpring, like warts, excreſcence from the fleſh.
Half form'd, half bred in printers' hireling ſchools,
For all profeſſions have their rogues and fools,
Though the pert witling, or the coward knave,
Caſts no reflection on the wiſe or brave.
Yet, in theſe leaden times, this idle age,
When, blind with dulneſs, or as blind with rage,
Author 'gainſt author rails with venom curſt,
And happy He who calls out blockhead firſt;
From the low earth aſpiring genius ſprings,
And ſails triumphant, born on eagles wings.
No toothleſs ſpleen, no venom'd critic's aim,
Shall rob thee Churchill, of thy proper fame;
While hitch'd for ever in thy nervous rhyme,
Fool lives, and ſhines out fool to lateſt time.
Pity perhaps might wiſh a harmleſs fool,
To ſcape th' obſervance of the critic ſchool;
But if low malice, leagu'd with folly, riſe,
Arm'd with invectives, and hedg'd round with lies;
Should wakeful dulneſs, if ſhe ever wake,
Write ſleepy nonſenſe but for writing's ſake,
And, ſtung with rage, and pioufly ſevere,
Wiſh bitter comforts to your dying ear;
If ſome ſmall wit, ſome ſilk-lin'd verſeman rakes,
For quaint reflections in the putrid jakes,
Talents uſurp'd demand a cenſor's rage;
A dunce is dunce proſcrib'd in ev'ry age.
Courtier, phyſician, lawyer, parſon, cit,
All, all are objects of theatric wit.
Are ye then, actors, privileg'd alone.
To make that weapon, ridicule your own?
Profeſſions bleed not from his juſt attack,
Who laughs at pedant, coxcomb, knave, or quack;
Fools on and off the ſtage are fools the ſame,
And every dunce is ſatire's lawful game.
Freely you thought, where thought has freeſt room,
Why then apologize? for what? to whom?
Though Gray's-Inn wits with author ſquires unite,
And ſelf-made giants club their labour'd mite,
Though pointleſs ſatire make its weak eſcape,
In the dull babble of a mimic ape,
Boldly purſue where genius points the way,
Nor heed what monthly puny critics ſay.
Firm in thyſelf, with calm indifference ſmile,
When the wiſe Vet'ran knows you by your ſtile,
With critic ſcales weighs out the partial wit,
What I, or You, or He, or no one writ;
Denying thee thy juſt and proper worth,
But to give falſhood's ſpurious iſſue birth;
And all ſelf-will'd with lawleſs hand to raiſe
Malicious ſlander on the baſe of praiſe.
Diſgrace eternal wait the wretch's name
Who lives on credit of a borrow'd fame;
Who wears the trappings of another's wit,
Of fathers bantlings which he could not get!
But ſhrewd Suſpicion with her ſquinting eye,
To truth declar'd, prefers a whiſper'd lye.
With greedy mind the proffer'd tale believes,
Relates her wiſhes, and with joy deceives.
The World, a pompous name, by cuſtom due
To the ſmall circle of a talking few,
With heart-felt glee th' injurious tale repeats,
And ſends the whiſper buzzing through the ſtreets.
The prude demure, with ſober ſaint-like air,
Pities her neighbour for ſhe's wond'rous fair.
And when temptations lie before our feet,
Beauty is frail, and females indiſcreet:
She hopes the nymph will every danger ſhun,
Yet prays devoutly—that the deed were done.
Mean time ſits watching for the daily ſin,
As ſpiders, durſk to catch a ſimple fly.
Yet is not ſcandal to one ſex confin'd,
Though men would fix it on the weaker kind:
Yet, this great lord, creation's maſter, man,
Will vent his malice where the blockhead can,
Imputing crimes, of which e'en thought is free,
For inſtance now, your Roſciad,—all to me.
If partial friendſhip, in thy ſterling lays,
Grows all too wanton in another's praiſe,
Critics, who judge by ways themſelves have known,
Shall ſwear the praiſe, the poem is my own;
For 'tis the method in theſe learned days
For wits to ſcribble firſt, and after praiſe.
Critics and Co. thus vend their wretched ſtuff,
And help out nonſenſe by a monthly puff,
Exalt to giant forms weak puny elves,
And deſcant ſweetly on their own dear ſelves;
For works per month by learning's midwives paid,
Demand a puffing in the way of trade:
Reſerv'd and cautious, with no partial aim
My muſe e'er ſought to blaſt another's fame.
With willing hand cou'd twine a rival's bays,
From candour ſilent where ſhe cou'd not praiſe:
But if vile rancour, from (no matter who)
Actor or mimic, printer, or Review;
Lies, oft o'erthrown, with ceaſeleſs venom ſpread
Still hiſs out ſcandal from their Hydra head;
If the dull malice boldly walk the town,
Patience herſelf wou'd wrinkle to a frown.
Come then with juſtice draw the ready pen,
Give me the works, I wou'd not know the men:
All in their turns might make repriſals too,
Had all the patience but to tread them through.
Come, to the utmoſt, probe the deſperate wound,
Nor ſpare the knife where'er infection's found!
But, prudence, Churchill, or her ſiſter, Fear,
Whiſpers forbearance to my fright'ned ear.
Oh! then with me forſake the thorny road,
Leſt we ſhould flounder in ſome Fleet-Ditch Ode,
And ſunk for ever in the lazy flood
Weep with the Naiads heavy drops of Mud.
Hail mighty Ode! which like a picture frame,
Holds any portrait, and with any name;
Or, like your nitches, planted thick and thin,
Will ſerve to cram the random hero in.
Hail mighty bard too—whatſo'er thy name,
——or Durfy, for it's all the ſame.
To brother bards ſhall equal praiſe belong,
For wit, for genius, comedy and ſong?
No coſtive Muſe is thine, which freely rakes
With eaſe familiar in the well-known jakes,
Happy in ſkill to ſouſe through foul and fair,
And toſs the dung out with a *lordly* air.
So have I ſeen, amidſt the grinning throng,
The ſledge proceſſion ſlowly dragg'd along;
Where the mock female ſhrew and hen-peck'd male
Scoop'd rich contents from either copious pail,
Call'd bursts of laughter from the roaring rout,
And daſh'd and ſplaſh'd the filthy grains about.
Quit then, my friend, the Muſes' lov'd abode,
Alas! they lead not to preferment's road.

Be solemn, sad, put on the priestly frown,
Be dull! 'tis sacred, and becomes the gown.
Leave wit to others, do a Christian deed,
Your foes shall thank you, for they know their need.
Broad is the path by learning's sons possess'd,
A thousand modern wits might walk abreast,
Did not each poet mourn his luckless doom,
Jostled by pedants out of elbow room.
I, who nor court their love, nor fear their hate,
Must mourn in silence o'er the Muse's fate.
No right of common now on Pindus' hill,
While all our tenures are by critic's will;
Where, watchful guardians of the lady muse,
Dwell monstrous giants, dreadful tall REVIEWS,
Who, as we read in fam'd romance of yore,
Sound but a horn, press forward to the door:
But let some chief, some bold advent'rous knight,
Provoke those champions to an equal fight,
Strait into air of spaceless nothing fall
The castle, lions, giants, dwarf and all.
Ill it befits with undiscerning rage,
To censure giants in this polish'd age.
No lack of genius stalks these happy times,
No want of learning, and no dearth of rhymes.
The see-saw Muse that flows by *measur'd* laws,
In tuneful numbers, and affected pause,
With sound alone, sound's happy virtue fraught,
Which hates the trouble and expence of thought,
Once, every moon throughout the circling year,
With even cadence charms the critic ear.
While, dire promoter of poetic sin,
A *Magazine* must hand the lady in.
How *Moderns* write, how nervous, strong and well,
The ANTI-ROSCIAD's decent Muse *does* tell:
Who, while she strives to cleanse each actor hurt,
Daubs with hey praise, and rubs him into dirt.
Sure never yet was happy æra known
So gay, so wise, so *tasteful* as our own.
Our curious histories rise at once COMPLETE,
Yet still *continued*, as they're paid, per sheet.
See every science which the world wou'd know,
Your Magazines shall every month bestow,
Whose very titles lift the mind with awe,
Imperial, *Christian*, *Royal*, *British*, *Law*,
Their rich contents will every reader fit,
Sessions, *Divine*, *Philosophic*, and *Wit*;
Compendious schemes! which teach all things at once,
And make a pedant coxcomb of a dunce.
But let not anger with such frenzy grow,
Draweansir like, to strike down friend and foe,
To real worth be homage duly paid,
But no allowance to the paltry trade.
My friends I name not (though I boast a few,
To me an honour, and to letters too)
Fain would I praise, but, when such *Things* oppose,
My praise of course must make them ——'s foes.
If manly JOHNSON, with satyric rage,
Lash the dull follies of a trifling age,
If his strong Muse with genuine strength aspire,
Glows not the reader with the poet's fire?
Fills the true fire, where creep the witling fry
To warm themselves, and light their rushlights by.
What Muse like GRAY's shall pleasing pensive flow
Accompan'd sweetly to the rustic woe?
Or who like him shall sweep the Theban lyre,
And, as his master pour forth thoughts of fire?
E'en now to guard afflicted learning's cause,
To judge by reason's rules, and nature's laws,
Boast we *true critics* in their proper right,
While LOWTH and Learning, HURD and Taste unite.
Hail sacred names!—Oh guard the Muse's page,
Save your lov'd mistress from a ruffian's rage;
See how she gasps and struggles hard for life,
Her wounds all bleeding from the butcher's knife;
Critics, like surgeons, blest with curious art,
Should mark each passage to the human heart,
But not, unskilful, yet with lordly air,
Read surgeon's lectures while they scalp and tear.
To names like these I pay the hearty vow,
Proud of their worth, and not asham'd to bow,
To these inscribe my rude, but honest lays,
And feel the pleasures of my conscious praise:
Not that I mean to court each letter'd name,
And poorly glimmer from reflected fame,
But that the Muse, who owns no servile fear,
Is proud to pay her willing tribute here.

EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ. 1757

AGAIN I urge my old objection,
That modern rules obstruct perfection,
And the severity of Taste
Has laid the walk of genius waste.
Fancy's a flight we dare no more in,
Our authors creep instead of soaring,
And all the brave imagination
Is dwindled into declamation.
But still you cry in sober sadness,
"There is discretion e'en in madness."
A pithy sentence, which wants credit!
Because I find a poet said it:
Their verdict makes but small impression,
Who are known lyars by profession.
Rise what exalted flights it will,
True genius will be genius still;
And say, that horse would you prefer,
Which wants a bridle or a spur?
The mettled steed may lose his tricks;
The jade grows callous to your kicks.
Had Shakspeare crept by modern rules,
We'd lost his Witches, Fairies, Fools:
Instead of all that wild creation,
He'd form'd a regular plantation,
A garden trim, and all inclos'd,
In nicest symmetry dispos'd,
The hedges cut in proper order,
Not e'en a branch beyond the border:
Now like a forest he appears,
The growth of twice three hundred years;
Where many a tree aspiring shrouds
Its airy summit in the clouds,
While round its root still love to twine,
The ivy or wild eglantine.

" But Shakſpeare's all creative fancy
" Made others love extravagancy:
" While cloud-capt nonſenſe was their aim,
" Like Hurlothrumbo's mad lord Flame."
True—who can ſtop dull imitators?
Thoſe younger brothers of tranſlators,
Thoſe inſects, which from genius riſe,
And buzz about, in ſwarms, like flies?
Faſhion, that ſets the modes of dreſs,
Sheds too her influence o'er the preſs:
As formerly the ſons of rhyme
Sought Shakſpeare's fancy and ſublime;
By cool correctneſs now they hope
To emulate the praiſe of Pope.
But Pope and Shakſpeare both diſclaim
Theſe low retainers to their fame.
What taſk can dullneſs e'er effect
So eaſy, as to write *correct*?
Poets, 'tis ſaid, are ſure to ſplit
By too much or too little wit;
So, to avoid th' extremes of either,
They miſs their mark and follow neither;
They ſo exactly poiſe the ſcale
That neither meaſure will prevail,
And mediocrity the Muſe
Did never in her ſons excuſe.
'Tis true, their tawdry works are grac'd
With all the charms of modern taſte,
And every ſenſeleſs line is dreſt
In quaint expreſſion's tinſel veſt.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A monſieur-barber in the ſtreet,
Whoſe ruffle, as it lank depends,
And dangles o'er his fingers' ends,
His olive tann'd complexion graces
With little dabs of Dreſden laces,
While for the body Monſieur Puff,
Wou'd think e'en dowlas fine enough?
So fears it with our men of rhymes,
Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes.
For lace, and fringe, and tawdry cloaths,
Sure never yet were greater beaux;
But fairly ſtrip them to the ſhirt,
They're all made up of rags and dirt.
And ſhall theſe wretches bards commence,
Without or ſpirit, taſte, or ſenſe?
And when they bring no other treaſure,
Shall I admire them for their meaſure?
Or do I ſcorn the critic's rules
Becauſe I will not learn of fools?
Although Longinus' full-mouth'd proſe
With all the force of genius glows;
Though Dionyſius' learned taſte
Is ever manly, juſt, and chaſte,
Who, like a ſkilful wiſe phyſician,
Diſſects each part of compoſition,
And ſhews how beauty ſtrikes the ſoul
From a juſt compact of the whole;
Though judgment, in Quintillian's page,
Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age;
Yet *Hypercritics* I diſdain,
A race of blockheads dull and vain,
And laugh at all thoſe empty fools,
Who cramp a genius with dull rules,
And what their narrow ſcience mocks
Damn with the name of Het'rodox.
Theſe butchers of a poet's fame,
While they uſurp the critic's name,
Cry—" This is taſte—that's my opinion."
And poets dread their mock dominion.
So have you ſeen with dire affright,
The petty monarch of the night,
Seated aloft in elbow chair,
Command the priſoners to appear,
Harangue an hour on watchmen's praiſe,
And on the dire effect of frays;
Then cry, " You'll ſuffer for your daring,
" And d—n you, you ſhall pay for ſwearing."
Then turning, tell the aſtoniſh'd ring,
I ſit to repreſent the KING.

EPISTLE TO THE SAME, 1757.

HAS my good dame a wicked child?
It takes the gentle name of wild;
If cheſts he breaks, if locks he picks,
'Tis nothing more than youthful tricks:
The mother's fondneſs ſtamps it merit,
For vices are a ſign of ſpirit.
Say, do the neighbours think the ſame
With the good old indulgent dame?
Cries goſſip Prate, " I hear with grief
" My neighbour's ſon's an arrant thief.
" Nay, could you think it, I am told,
" He ſtole five guineas, all in gold,
" You know the youth was always wild—
" He got his father's maid with child;
" And robb'd his maſter, to defray
" The money he had loſt at play.
" All means to ſave him muſt now fail,
" What can it end in?—In a Jail."
Howe'er the dame doats o'er her youth,
My goſſip ſays the very truth.
But as his vices love wou'd hide,
Or torture them to virtue's ſide,
So friendſhip's glaſs deceives the eye,
(A glaſs too apt to magnify)
And makes you *think* at leaſt you ſee
Some ſpark of genius ev'n in me,
You ſay I ſhou'd get fame: I doubt it:
Perhaps I am as well without it.
For what's the worth of empty praiſe?
What poet ever din'd on bays?
For though the laurel, rareſt wonder!
May ſcreen us from the ſtroke of thunder,
This mind I ever was, and am in,
It is no antidote to famine.
And poets live on ſlender fare,
Who, like Cameleons, feed on air,
And ſtarve, to gain an empty breath,
Which only ſerves them after death.
Grant I ſucceed, like Horace riſe,
And ſtrike my head againſt the ſkies:
Common experience daily ſhews,
That poets have a world of foes;
And we ſhall find in every town
Goſſips enough to cry them down;
Who meet in pious converſation
T' anatomiſe a reputation,
With flippant tongue, and empty head,
Who talk of things they never read.

Their idle cenſures I deſpiſe:
Their niggard praiſes won't ſuffice.
Tempt me no more then to the crime
Of dabbling in the font of rhime.
My Muſe has anſwered all her end,
If her productions pleaſe a friend.
The world is burthen'd with a ſtore,
Why need I add one ſcribbler more?

TO * * * *

ABOUT TO PUBLISH A

VOLUME OF MISCELLANIES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1755.

SINCE now, all ſcruple's caſt away,
Your works are riſing into day,
Forgive, though I preſume to ſend
This honeſt counſel of a friend.
Let not your verſe, as verſe now goes,
Be a ſtrange kind of meaſur'd proſe;
Nor let your proſe, which ſure is worſe,
Want aught but meaſure to be verſe.
Write from your own imagination,
Nor curb your Muſe by imitation:
For copies ſhew, howe'er expreſt,
A barren genius at the beſt.
—But Imitation's all the mode—
Yet where one hits, ten miſs the road.
The mimic bard with pleaſure ſees
Mr. Prior's unaffected eaſe:
Aſſumes his ſtyle, affects a ſtory,
Sets every circumſtance before ye,
The day, the hour, the name, the dwelling,
And mars a curious tale in telling:
Obſerves how *eaſy* Prior flows,
Then runs his numbers down to proſe.
Others have ſought the filthy ſtews
To find a dirty ſlip-ſhod Muſe.
Their groping genius, while it rakes
The bogs, the common-ſew'rs, and jakes,
Ordure and filth in rhyme expoſes,
Diſguſtful to our eyes and noſes;
With many a daſh—that muſt offend us,
And much * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * *Hiatus non deflendus.*
O Swift! how would'ſt thou bluſh to ſee,
Such are the bards who copy Thee?
This, Milton for his plan will chuſe:
Wherein reſembling Milton's Muſe?
Milton, like thunder, rolls along
In all the majeſty of ſong;
While his low mimics meanly creep,
Not quite awake; nor quite aſleep;
Or, if their thunder chance to roll,
'Tis thunder of the muſtard bowl.
The ſtiff expreſſion, phraſes ſtrange,
The Epithet's prepoſterous change.
Forc'd numbers, rough and unpolite,
Such as the judging ear affright,
Stop in mid verſe. Ye mimics vile!
Is't thus ye copy Milton's ſtyle?
His faults religiouſly you trace,
But borrow not a ſingle grace.
How few, (ſay, whence can it proceed?)
Who copy Milton, e'er ſucceed!
But all their labours are in vain:
And wherefore ſo? the reaſon's plain.
Take it for granted, 'tis by thoſe
Milton's the model moſtly choſe,
Who can't write verſe, and won't write proſe.
Others, who aim at fancy, chuſe
To woo the gentle Spencer's Muſe,
This poet fixes for his theme
An allegory, or a dream;
Fiction and truth together joins
Through a long waſte of ſlimſy lines;
Fondly believes his fancy glows,
And image upon image grows;
Thinks his ſtrong Muſe takes wond'rous flights,
Whene'er ſhe ſings of peerleſs wights,
Of dens, of palfreys, ſpells and knights:
'Till allegory, Spencer's veil
T' inſtruct and pleaſe in moral tale,
With him's no veil the truth to ſhroud,
But one impenetrable cloud.
Others, more daring, fix their hope
On rivaling the fame of Pope.
Satyr's the word againſt the times—
Theſe catch the cadence of his rhymes,
And borne from earth by Pope's ſtrong wings,
Their Muſe aſpires, and boldly flings
Her dirt up in the face of kings.
In theſe the ſpleen of Pope we find;
But where the greatneſs of his mind?
His numbers are their whole pretence,
Mere ſtrangers to his manly ſenſe.
Some few, the fav'rites of the Muſe,
Whom with her kindeſt eyes ſhe views;
Round whom Apollo's brighteſt rays
Shine forth with undiminiſh'd blaze;
Some few, my friend, have ſweetly trod
In Imitation's dang'rous road.
Long as Tobacco's mild perfume
Shall ſcent each happy curate's room,
Oft as in elbow-chair he ſmokes,
And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes,
So long, O * Brown, ſhall laſt thy praiſe,
Crown'd with Tobacco-leaf for bays;
And whoſoe'er thy verſe ſhall ſee,
Shall fill another Pipe to thee.

* Iſaac Hawkins Brown, Eſq. author of a piece called the Pipe of Tobacco, a moſt excellent imitation of ſix different authors.

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

WRITTEN JANUARY 1, 1761,

FROM TISSINGTON IN DERBYSHIRE.

FRIENDSHIP with moſt is dead and cool,
A dull, inactive, ſtagnant pool;
Yours like the lively current flows,
And ſhares the pleaſure it beſtows.
If there is ought, whoſe lenient pow'r
Can ſoothe affliction's painful hour,
Sweeten the bitter cup of care,
And ſnatch the wretched from deſpair,
Superior to the ſenſe of woes,
From friendſhip's ſource the balſam flows.
Rich then am I, poſſeſt of thine,
Who know that happy balſam mine.
In youth, from nature's genuine heat,
The ſouls congenial ſpring to meet,
And emulation's infant ſtrife,
Cements the man in future life.
Oft too the mind well-pleas'd ſurveys
Its progreſs from its childiſh days;
Sees how the current upwards ran,
And reads the child o'er in the man.
For men, in reaſon's ſober eyes,
Are children, but of larger ſize,
Have ſtill their idle hopes and fears,
And Hobby-Horſe of riper years.
Whether a bleſſing, or a curſe,
My raſtle is the love of verſe.
Some fancied parts, and emulation,
Which ſtill aſpires to reputation,
Bade infant fancy plume her flight,
And held the laurel full to ſight.
For vanity, the poet's fin,
Had ta'en poſſeſſion all within:
And he whoſe brain is verſe poſſeſt,
Is in himſelf as highly bleſt,
As he, whoſe lines and circles vie
With heav'n's direction of the ſky.
Howe'er the river rolls its tides,
The cork upon the ſurface rides.
And on Ink's Ocean, lightly buoy'd,
The cork of vanity is Lloyd.
Let *me* too uſe the common claim
And ſouſe at once upon my name,
Which ſome have done with greater ſtreſs,
Who know me, and who love me leſs.
Poets are very harmleſs things,
Unleſs you teaſe one till it ſtings;
And when affronts are plainly meant,
We're bound in honour to reſent:
And what tribunal will deny
An injur'd perſon to reply?
In theſe familiar emanations,
Which are but writing converſations;
Where thought appears in diſhabille,
And fancy does juſt what ſhe will,
The ſoureſt critic would excuſe
The vagrant ſallies of the Muſe:
Which lady, for Apollo's bleſſing,
Has ſtill attended our careſſing,
As many children round her ſees
As maggots in a Cheſhire cheeſe,
Which I maintain at vaſt expence,
Of pen and paper, time and ſenſe:
And ſurely 'twas no ſmall miſcarriage
When firſt I enter'd into marriage.
The poet's title which I bear,
With ſome ſtrange caſtles in the air,
Was all my portion with the fair.
However narrowly I look,
In Phœbus's *valorem* book,
I cannot from enquiry find
Poets had much to leave behind.
They had a coyhold eſtate
In lands which they themſelves create,
A fooliſh title to a *fountain*,
A right of common in a *mountain*,
And yet they liv'd amongſt the great,
More than their brethren do of late;
Invited out at feaſts to dine,
Eat as they pleas'd, and drank their wine;
Nor is it any where ſet down
They tipt the ſervants half a crown,
But paſs'd amid the waiting throng
And pay'd the porter with a ſong;
As once, a wag, in modern days,
When all are in theſe bribing ways,
His ſhillings to diſpenſe unable,
Scrap'd half the fruit from off the table,
And walking gravely through the croud,
Which ſtood obſequiouſly, and bow'd,
To keep the faſhion up of tipping,
Dropt in each hand a golden pippin.
But there's a difference indeed
'Twixt ancient bards and modern breed.
Though poet known, in Roman days,
Fearleſs he walk'd the public ways,
Nor ever knew that ſacred name
Contemptuous ſmile, or painful ſhame:
While with a fooliſh face of praiſe,
The folks would ſtop to gape and gaze,
And half untold the ſtary leaves,
Pulling their neighbour by the ſleeve,
While th' index of the finger ſhews,
—There—yonder's Horace—there he goes.
This finger, I allow it true,
Points at us modern poets too;
But 'tis by way of wit and joke,
To laugh, or as the phraſe is, *ſmoke*.
Yet there are thoſe, who're fond of wit,
Although they never us'd it yet,
Who wits and witlings entertain;
Of Taſte, Virtu, and Judgment vain,
And dinner, grace, and grace-cup done,
Expect a wond'rous deal of fun:
"Yes—He at bottom—don't you know him?
"That's He that wrote the laſt new poem,
"His Humour's exquiſitely high,
"You'll hear him open by and by."
The man in print and converſation
Have often very ſmall relation;

And he, whose humour hits the town,
When copied fairly, and set down,
In public company may pass,
For little better than mi afs.
Perhaps the fault is on his fide,
Springs it from modefty, or pride;
Thofe qualities afham'd to own,
For which he's happy to be known;
Or that his nature's ſtrange and ſhy,
And diffident, he knows not why;
Or from a prudent kind of fear,
As knowing that the world's ſevere,
He won'd not ſuffer to eſcape
Familiar wit in eaſy ſhape:
Leſt gaping fools, and vile repeaters,
Should catch her up, and ſpoil her features,
And, for the child's unlucky maim,
The faithleſs parent come to ſhame.
Well, but methinks I hear you ſay,
"Write then, my friend!"—Write what?—Why a Play.
"The theatres are open yet,
"The market for all ſterling wit;
"Try the ſtrong efforts of your pen,
"And draw the characters of men;
"Or bid the burſting tear to flow,
"Obedient to the fabled woe;
"With Tragedy's ſevereſt art,
"Anatomize the human heart,
"And, that you may be underſtood,
"Bid nature ſpeak, as nature ſhou'd."
That talent, George, though yet untried,
Perhaps my genius has denied;
While you, my friend, are ſure to pleaſe
With all the pow'rs of comic eaſe.
Authors, like maids at fifteen years,
Are full of wiſhes, full of fears.
One might by pleaſant thoughts be led,
To loſe a trifling maiden-head;
But 'tis a terrible vexation
To give up with it reputation.
And he, who has with Plays to do,
Has got the devil to go through.
Critics have reaſon for their rules,
I dread the cenſure of your fools.
For tell me, and conſult your pride,
(Set Garrick for a while aſide)
How can you, George, with patience bear,
The critic proſing in the play'r?
Some of that calling have I known,
Who held no judgment like their own;
And yet their reaſons faintly ſcan,
And ſeparate the wheat and bran;
You'd be amaz'd indeed to find,
What little wheat is left behind.
Yet, after all their mighty rout,
Of chatt'ring round and round about;
'Tis but a kind of clock-work talking;
Like croſſing on the ſtage, and walking.
The form of this tribunal paſt,
The play receiv'd, the parts all caſt,
Each actor has his own objections,
Each character, new imperfections:
The man's to drawn too coarſe and rough,
The lady's has not ſmut enough.
It want's a touch of Cibber's eaſe,
A higher kind of talk to pleaſe:
Such as your titled folks would chuſe,
And Lords and Ladyſhips might uſe,
Which ſtile, whoever would ſucceed in,
Muſt have ſmall wit, and much good breeding.
If this is dialogue—*ma foi*,
Sweet Sir, ſay I, *pardonnez moi!*
As long as life and buſineſs laſt,
The actors have their ſeveral caſt,
A walk where each his talent ſhews,
Queens, Nurſes, Tyrants, Lovers, Beaux;
Suppoſe you've found a girl of merit,
Wou'd ſhew your part in all its ſpirit,
Take the whole meaning in the ſcope,
Some little lively thing, like Pope,
You rob ſome others of a feather,
They've worn for thirty years together.
But grant the caſt is as you like,
To actors which you think will ſtrike,
To-morrow then—(but as you know
I've ne'er a Comedy to ſhew,
Let me awhile in converſation,
Make free with yours for application)
The arrow's flight can't be prevented—
To-morrow then, will be preſented
The JEALOUS WIFE! To-morrow? Right,
How do you ſleep, my frictid, to-night?
Have you no pit-pat hopes and fears,
Roaſt-beef, and catcalls in your ears?
Mabb's wheels a-croſs your temples creep,
You toſs and tumble in your ſleep,
And cry aloud, with rage and ſpleen,
"That fellow murders all my ſcene."
To-morrow comes. I know your merit,
And ſee the piece's fire and ſpirit;
Yet friendſhip's zeal is ever hearty,
And dreads the efforts of a party.
The coach below; the clock gone five,
Now to the theatre we drive:
Peeping the curtain's eyelet through,
Behold the houſe in dreadful view!
Obſerve how cloſe the critics ſit,
And not one bonnet in the pit.
With horror hear the galleries ring,
Noſy! Black Joke! God ſave the King!
Sticks clatter, catcalls ſcream, *Encore!*
Cocks crow, pit hiſſes, galleries roar:
E'en *cha' ſome oranges* is found
This night to have a dreadful ſound:
'Till, decent ſables on his back,
(Your prologuizers all wear black)
The prologue comes; and, if its mine,
Its very good, and very fine:
If not, I take a pinch of ſnuff,
And wonder where you got ſuch ſtuff.
That done, a-gape the critics ſit,
Expectant of the comic wit.
The fidlers play again pell-mell:
—But hiſt!—the prompter rings his bell.
—Down there? hats off!—the curtain drawn!
What follows is—the juſt applauſe.

TWO ODES*.

Pindar, Olymp. II.

ODE I.

I. 1.

DAUGHTER of Chaos and old Night,
Cimmerian Muſe, all hail!
That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canſt write,
And ſhadoweſt meaning with thy duſky veil!
What Poet ſings, and ſtrikes the ſtrings?
It was the mighty Theban ſpoke,
He from the ever-living Lyre
With magic hand elicits fire:
Heard ye the din of Modern Rhimers bray?
It was cool M——n, or warm G——y,
Involv'd in tenfold ſmoke.

I. 2.

The ſhallow Fop in antic veſt,
Tir'd of the beaten road,
Proud to be ſingly dreſt,
Changes, with every changing moon, the mode.
Say, ſhall not then the heav'n-born Muſes too
Variety purſue?
Shall not applauding critics hail the vogue?
Whether the Muſe the ſtile of Cambria's ſons,
Or the rude gabble of the Huns,
Or the broader dialect
Of Caledonia ſhe effect,
Or take, Hibernia, thy ſtill rankèr brogue?

I. 3.

On this terreſtrial ball
The tyrant, Faſhion, governs all.
She, fickle Goddeſs, whom, in days of yore,
The Ideot Moria, on the banks of Seine,
Unto an antic fool, hight Andrew, bore:
Long ſhe paid him with diſdain,
And long his pangs in ſilence he conceal'd:
At length, in happy hour, his love-ſick pain
On thy bleſt Calends, April, he reveal'd.
From their embraces, ſprung,
Ever changing, ever ranging,
Faſhion, Goddeſs ever young.

II. 1.

Perch'd on the dubious height, She love to ride,
Upon a weather-cock, aſtride.
Each blaſt that blows, around ſhe goes,
While nodding o'er her creſt,
Emblem of her magic pow'r,
The light Cameleon ſtands confeſt,
Changing its hues a thouſand times an hour.

* I take the liberty of inſerting the two following Odes, though I cannot, with ſtrict propriety, print them as my own compoſition. The truth is, they were written in concert with a friend; to whoſe labours I am always happy to add my own: I mean the Author of the Jealous Wife.

And in a veſt is ſhe array'd,
Of many a dancing moon-beam made,
Nor ſtoneleſs is her waiſt:
But fair and beautiful, I ween,
As the ceſtus-cinctur'd Queen,
Is with the Rainbow's ſhadowy girdle brac'd,

II. 2.

She bids purſue the fav'rite road
Of lofty cloud-capt Ode.
Meantime each bard, with eager ſpeed,
Vaults on the Pegaſean Steed:
Yet not that Pegaſus, of yore
Which th' illuſtrious Pindar bore,
But one of nobler breed;
High blood and youth his veins inſpire:
From Tottipontſmoy he came,
Who knows not, Tottipontſmoy, thy name?
The bloody-ſhoulder'd Arab was his Sire;
* His White-noſe, He on fam'd Doncaſter plains
Reſign'd his fatal breath:
In vain for life the ſtruggling courſer ſtrains.
Ah! who can run the race with death?
The tyrant's ſpeed, or man or ſteed,
Strives all in vain to fly.
He leads the chace, he wins the race;
We ſtumble, fall, and die.

II. 3.

Third from Whitenoſe ſprings
Pegaſus with eagle wings:
Light o'er the plain, as dancing cork,
With many a bound he beats the ground;
While all the Turf with acclamation rings:
He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford, York:
He too Newmarket won:
There Granta's Son
Seiz'd on the Steed;
And thence him led, (ſo fate decreed)
To where old Cam, renown'd in poet's ſong,
With his dark and inky waves,
Either bank in ſilence laves,
Winding ſlow his ſluggiſh ſtreams along.

III. 1.

What ſtripling neat, of viſage ſweet,
In trimmeſt guiſe array'd,
Firſt the neighing Steed aſſay'd?
His hand a taper ſwitch adorns, his heel
Sparkles refulgent with elaſtic ſteel:
The whiles he wins his whiffling way,
Prancing, ambling, round and round,
By hill, and dale, and mead, and greenſward gay;
Till ſated with the pleaſing ride,
From the lofty Steed diſmounting,
He lies along, enwrapt in conſcious pride,
By gurgling rill, or chryſtal fountain.

* The Author is either miſtaken in this place, (
has elſe indulged himſelf in a very unwarrantab
poetical licence. White-noſe was not the Sire, b
a Son of the Godolphin Arabian. See my Calenda

HERRI

III. 2.

Lo! next, a Bard, ſecure of praiſe,
His ſelf-complacent countenance diſplays.
His broad Muſtachios, ting'd with golden die,
Flame like a meteor, to the troubled air:
Proud his demeanor, and his eagle eye,
O'er-hang with laviſh lid, yet ſhone with glorious glare.
The grizzle grace
Of bushy perukе ſhadow'd o'er his face.
In large wide boots, whoſe ponderous weight
Would ſink each wight of modern date,
He rides, well pleas'd: ſo large a pair
Not Garagantua's ſelf might wear:
Not He, of nature fierce and cruel,
Who, if we truſt to antient Ballad,
Devour'd Three Pilgrims in a Sallad;
Nor he of fame germane, hight Pantagruel.

III. 3.

Accoutred thus, th' adventrous Youth
Seeks not the level lawn, or velvet mead,
Faſt by whoſe ſide clear ſtreams meandring creep;
But urges on amain the fiery Steed
Up Snowdon's ſhaggy ſide, or Cambrian rock uncouth:
Where the venerable herd
Of Goats, with long and ſapient beard,
And wanton Kidlings their blithe revels keep.
Now up the mountain ſee him ſtrain!
Now down the vale he's toſt,
Now flaſhes on the ſight again,
Now in the Palpable Obſcure quite loſt.

IV. 1.

Man's feeble race eternal dangers wait,
With high or low, all, all, is woe,
Diſeaſe, miſchance, pale fear, and dubious fate.
But o'er every peril bounding,
Ambition views not all the ills ſurrounding,
And, tiptoe on the mountains ſteep,
Reflects not on the yawning deep.

IV. 2.

See, ſee, he ſoars! with mighty wings outſpread,
And long reſounding mane,
The Courſer quits the plain.
Aloft in air, ſee, ſee, him bear
The Bard, who ſhrouds
His Lyrick Glory in the clouds,
Too fond to ſtrike the ſtars with lofty head!
He topples headlong from the giddy height,
Deep in the Cambrian Gulph immerg'd in endleſs night.

IV. 3.

O Steed Divine! what daring ſpirit
Rides thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ſelf-opinion,
Which elate the mighty Pair,
Each of Taſte the fav'rite minion,
Prancing through the deſart air:
By help mechanic of Equeſtrian-Block,
Yet ſhall he mount, with claſſic houſing's grac'd,
And, all unheedful of the Critick Mock,
Drive his light Courſer o'er the bounds of Taſte.

ODE II.

TO OBLIVION.

I.

*PARENT OF EASE! OBLIVION old,
Who lov'ſt thy dwelling-place to hold,
Where ſcepter'd Pluto keeps his dreary ſway,
Whoſe ſullen pride the ſhiv'ring ghoſts obey!
Thou, who delighteſt ſtill to dwell
By ſome hoar and moſs-grown cell,
At whoſe dank foot Cocytus joys to roll,
Or Styx' black ſtreams, which even Jove controul!
Or if it ſuit thy better will
To chuſe the tinkling weeping rill,
Hard by whoſe ſide the ſeeded poppy red
Heaves high in air his ſweetly curling head,
While, creeping in meanders ſlow,
Lethe's drowſy water's flow,
And hollow blaſts, which never ceaſe to ſigh,
Hum to each care-ſtruck mind their lulla-lulla-by!
A prey no longer let me be
To that goſſip MEMORY,
Who waves her banners trim, and proudly flies
To ſpread abroad her bribble-brabble lies.
With thee, OBLIVION, let me go,
For MEMORY's a friend to woe;
With thee, FORGETFULNESS, fair ſilent Queen,
The ſolemn ſtole of grief is never ſeen.

II.

All, All is thine. Thy pow'rful ſway
The throng'd poetic hoſts obey:
Though in the van of MEM'RY proud t'appear,
At thy command they darken in the rear.
What though the modern Tragic ſtrain
For nine whole days protract thy reign,
Yet through the Nine, like whelps of curriſh kind,
Scarcely it lives, weak, impotent, and blind.
Sacred to thee the Crambo Rhime,
The motley forms of Pantomime:
For Thee from Eunuch's throat ſtill loves to flow
The ſoothing ſadneſs of his warbled woe:
Each day to Thee falls Pamphlet clean:
Each month a new-born Magazine:
Hear then, O GODDESS, hear thy vot'ry's pray'r!
And, if Thou deign'ſt to take one moment's care,
Attend Thy Bard! who duly pays;
The tribute of his votive lays;

* According to Lillæus, who beſtows the Parental Function on Oblivion.
'*Verba* OBLIVISCENDI *regunt* GENITIVUM.
Lib. xiii. Cap. 8.
There is a ſimilar paſſage in Buſbæus.

Whose Muse still offers at thy sacred shrine;—
Thy Bard, who calls THEE *His*, and makes him THINE.
O, sweet FORGETFULNESS, supreme
Rule supine o'er ev'ry theme,
O'er each sad subject, o'er each soothing strain,
Of mine, O GODDESS, stretch thine awful reign!
Nor let MEM'RY steal one note,
Which this rude hand to Thee hath wrote!
So shalt thou save me from the Poet's shame,
Though on the letter'd Rubric DODSLEY post my Name.

III.

O come! with opiate popples crown'd,
Shedding slumbers soft around!
O come! FAT GODDESS, drunk with Laureat's Sack!—
See where she sits on the benumb'd Torpedo's back!
Me, in thy dull Elysium lapt, O bless
With thy calm Forgetfulness!
And gently lull my senses all the while
With placid poems in the sinking stile!
Whether the Herring-Poet sing,
Great Laureat of the Fishes' King,
Or Lycophron prophetic rave his fill,
Wrapt in the darker strains of Johnny—;
Or, If HE sing, whose verse affords
A *bevy* of the *choicest* words,
Who meets his Lady Muse by moss-grown cell,
Adorn'd with epithet and tinkling bell:
These, GODDESS, let me still forget,
With all the dearth of Modern Wit!
So may'st Thou gently o'er my youthful breast,
Spread, with thy welcome hand, OBLIVION'S friendly vest.

THE PROGRESS OF ENVY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1751.

I.

AH me! unhappy state of mortal wight,
Sith ENVY'S sure attendant upon fame,
Ne doth she rest from rancorous despight,
Until she works him mickle woe and shame!
Unhappy he whom ENVY thus doth spoil,
Ne doth she check her ever restless hate:
Until she doth his reputation foil:
Ah! luckless imp is he, whose worth elate,
Forces him pay this heavy tax for being great.

II.

There stood an ancient mount, yclept Parnass,
(The fair domain of sacred poesy)
Which, with fresh odours ever-blooming, was
Besprinkled with the dew of Castaly;
Which now in soothing murmurs whisp'ring glides,
Wat'ring with genial waves the fragrant soil,
Now rolls adown the mountain's steepy sides,
Teaching the vales full beauteously to smile,
Dame NATURE'S handy-work, not farm'd by lab'ring toil.

III.

The MUSES fair, these peaceful shades among,
With skilful fingers sweep the trembling strings;
The air in silence listens to the song,
And TIME forgets to ply his lazy wings;
Pale-visag'd CARE, with foul unhallow'd feet,
Attempts the summit of the hill to gain,
Ne can the hag arrive the blissful seat;
Her unavailing strength is spent in vain,
CONTENT sits on the top, and mocks her empty pain.

IV.

Oft PHOEBUS self left his divine abode,
And here enshrouded in a shady bow'r,
Regardless of his state, lay'd by the God,
And own'd sweet Music's more alluring pow'r.
On either side was plac'd a peerless wight,
Whose merit long had fill'd the trump of FAME;
This, FANCY'S darling child, was SPENSER hight,
Who pip'd full pleasing on the banks of Tame;
That no less fam'd than HE, and MILTON was his name.

V.

In these cool bow'rs they live supinely calm;
Now harmless talk, now emulously sing;
While VIRTUE, pouring round her sacred balm,
Makes happiness eternal as the spring.
Alternately they sung; now SPENSER 'gan,
Of jousts and tournaments, and champions strong;
Now MILTON sung of disobedient man,
And Eden lost: The bards around them throng,
Drawn by the wond'rous magic of their princes' song

VI.

Not far from these, Dan CHAUCER, antient wight,
A lofty seat on mount Parnassus held,
Who long had been the Muses' chief delight;
His reverend locks were silver'd o'er with eld;
Grave was his visage, and his habit plain;
And while he sung, fair nature he display'd,
In verse albeit uncouth, and simple strain;
Ne mote he well be seen, so thick the shade,
Which elms and aged oaks had all around him made.

VII.

Next SHAKSPEARE sat, irregularly great,
And in his hand a magic rod did hold,
Which visionary beings did create,
And turn the foulest dross to purest gold:

Whatever ſpirits rove in earth or air,
Or bad or good, obey his dread command;
To his beheſts theſe willingly repair,
Thoſe aw'd by terrors of his magic wand,
The which not all their pow'rs united might withſtand.

VIII.

Beſide the bard there ſtood a beauteous maid,
Whoſe glittering appearance dimm'd the eyen;
Her thin-wrought veſture various tints diſplay'd,
FANCY her name, yſprong of race divine;
Her mantle* wimpled low, her ſilken hair,
Which looſe adown her well-turn'd ſhoulders ſtray'd,
'She made a net to catch the wanton air,'
Whoſe love-ſick breezes all around her play'd
And ſeem'd in whiſpers ſoft to court the heav'nly maid.

IX.

And ever and anon ſhe wav'd in air
A ſceptre, fraught with all-creative pow'r:
She wav'd it round: Eftſoons there did appear
Spirits and witches, forms unknown before:
Again ſhe lifts her wonder-working wand;
Eftſoons upon the flow'ry plain were ſeen
The gay inhabitants of fairie land,
And blithe attendants upon MAB their queen
In mystic circles danc'd along th' inchanted green.

X.

On th' other ſide ſtood NATURE, goddeſs fair;
A matron ſeem'd ſhe, and of manners ſtaid;
Beauteous her form, majeſtic was her air,
In looſe attire of pureſt white array'd:
A potent rod ſhe bore, whoſe pow'r was ſuch,
(As from her darling's works may well be ſhown)
That often with its ſoul-enchanting touch,
She rais'd or joy, or caus'd the deep-felt groan,
And each man's paſſions made ſubſervient to her own.

XI.

But lo! thick fogs from out the earth ariſe,
And murky miſts the buxom air invade,
Which with contagion dire infects the ſkies,
And all around their baleful influence ſhed;
Th' infected ſky, which whilom was ſo fair,
With thick Cimmerian darkneſs is o'erſpread;
The ſun, which wilom ſhone without compare,
Muffles in pitchy veil his radiant head,
And ſave the time ſore-grieving ſeeks his wat'ry bed.

XII.

ENVY, the daughter of fell Acheron,
(The flood of deadly hate and gloomy night)
Had left precipitate her Stygian throne,
And through the frighted heavens wing'd her flight;
With careful eye each realm ſhe did explore,
Ne mote ſhe ought of happineſs obſerve;
For happineſs, alas! was now no more,
Sith ev'ry one from virtue's paths did ſwerve,
And trample on religion baſe deſigns to ſerve.

XIII.

At length, on bleſt Parnaſſus ſeated high,
Their temple circled with a laurel crown,
SPENSER and MILTON met her ſcowling eye,
And turn'd her horrid grin into a frown.
Full faſt unto her ſiſter did ſhe poſt,
There to unload the venom of her breaſt,
To tell how all her happineſs was croſt,
Sith others were of happineſs poſſeſt:
Did never gloomy hell ſend forth like ugly peſt.

XIV.

Within the covert of a gloomy wood,
Where ſun'ral cypreſs ſtar-proof branches ſpread,
O'ergrown with tangling briers a cavern ſtood:
Fit place for melancholy * dreary-head.
Here a deformed monſter joy'd to won,
Which on fell rancour ever was ybent,
All from the riſing to the ſetting ſun,
Her heart purſued ſpite with black intent,
Ne could her iron mind at human woes relent.

XV.

In flowing ſable ſtole ſhe was yclad,
Which with her countenance did well accord;
Forth from her mouth, like one through grief
gone mad,
A frothy ſea of nauſeous foam was pour'd;
A ghaſtly grin and eyes aſquint, diſplay
The rancour which her helliſh thoughts contain,
And how, when man is bleſt, ſhe pines away,
Burning to turn his happineſs to pain;
MALICE the monſter's name, a foe to God and man.

XVI.

Along the floor black loathſome toads ſtill crawl,
Their gullets ſwell'd with poiſon's mortal bane,
Which ever and anon they ſpit at all
Whom hapleſs fortune leads too near her den;
Around her waiſt, in place of ſilken zone,
A life-devouring viper rear'd his head,
Who no diſtinction made 'twixt friend and foen,
But death on ev'ry ſide fierce brandiſhed,
Fly, reckleſs mortals, fly, in vain is † hardy-head.

XVII.

Impatient ENVY, through th' ætherial waſte,
With inward venom fraught, and deadly ſpite,
Unto this cavern ſteer'd her panting haſte.
Enſhrouded in a darkſome veil of night.
Her inmoſt heart burnt with impetuous ire,
And fell deſtruction ſparkled in her look,
Her ferret eyes flaſh'd with revengeful fire,
A-while contending paſſions utt'rance choke,
At length the fiend in furious tone her ſilence broke.

* Wimpled. A word uſed by Spenſer for hung down. The line incloſed within Commas is one of Fairfax's in his tranſlation of Taſſo.

* *Dreary-head.* Gloomineſs.
† *Hardy-head.* Courage.

XVIII.

Sifter, ariſe! ſee how our pow'r decays,
No more our empire Thou and I can boaſt,
Sith mortal man now gains immortal praiſe,
Sith man is bleſt, and Thou and I are loſt:
See in what ſtate Parnaſſus' Hill appears;
See PHOEBUS' ſelf two happy bards atween;
See how the God their ſong attentive hears;
This SPENSER hight, that MILTON, well I ween!
Who can behold unmov'd ſike heart tormenting ſcene?

XIX.

Sifter, ariſe! ne let our courage droop,
Perforce we will compel theſe mortals own,
That mortal force unto our force ſhall ſtoop;
ENVY and MALICE then ſhall reign alone:
Thou beſt has known to file thy tongue with lies,
And to deceive mankind with ſpecious bait:
Like TRUTH accoutred, ſpreadeſt forgeries,
The fountain of contention and of hate:
Ariſe, unite with me, and be as whilom great!

XX.

The Fiend obey'd, and with impatient voice—
"Tremble, ye bards, within that bliſsful ſeat;
"MALICE and ENVY ſhall o'erthrow your joys,
"Nor PHOEBUS ſelf ſhall our deſigns defeat.
"Shall We, who under friendſhip's feigned veil,
"Prompted the bold archangel to rebel;
"Shall We, who under ſhow of ſacred zeal,
"Plung'd half the pow'rs of heav'n in loweſt hell—
"Such vile diſgrace of us no mortal man ſhall tell.

XXI.

And now, more hideous rendered to the ſight,
By reaſon of her raging cruelty,
She burnt to go, equipt in dreadful plight,
And find fit engine for her forgery.
Her eyes inflam'd did caſt their rays aſkance,
While helliſh imps prepare the monſter's car,
In which ſhe might cut through the wide expanſe,
And find out nations that extended far,
When all was pitchy dark, ne twinkled one bright ſtar.

XXII.

Black was her chariot, drawn by dragons dire,
And each fell ſerpent had a double tongue,
Which ever and anon ſpit flaming fire,
The regions of the tainted air among;
A lofty ſeat the ſifter-monſters bore,
In deadly machinations cloſe combin'd,
Dull FOLLY drove with terrible uproar,
And cruel DISCORD follow'd faſt behind;
God help the man 'gainſt whom ſuch caitiff foes are join'd.

XXIII.

Aloft in air the rattling chariot flies,
While thunder harſhly grates upon its wheels;
Black pointed ſpires of ſmoke around them riſe,
The air depreſs'd unuſual burthen feels;
Deteſted ſight! in terrible array,
They ſpur their fiery dragons on amain,
Ne mote their anger ſuffer cold delay,
Until the wiſh'd-for region they obtain,
And land their dingy car on Caledonian plain.

XXIV.

Here, eldeſt ſon of MALICE, long had dwelt
A wretch of all the joys of life forlorn;
His ſame on double falſities was built:
(Ah! worthleſs ſon, of worthleſs parent born!)
Under the ſhew of ſemblance fair, he veil'd
The black intentions of his helliſh breaſt;
And by theſe guileful means he more prevail'd
Than had he open enmity profeſt;
The wolf more ſafely wounds when in ſheep's cloathing dreſt.

XXV.

Him then themſelves atween they joyful place,
(Sure ſign of woe when ſuch are pleas'd, alas!)
Then meaſure back the air with ſwifter pace,
Until they reach the foot of Mount Parnaſs.
Hither in evil hour the monſters came,
And with their new companion did alight,
Who long had loſt all ſenſe of virtuous ſhame,
Beholding worth with poiſonous deſpight;
On his ſucceſs depends their impious delight.

XXVI.

Long burnt He ſore the ſummit to obtain,
And ſpread his venom o'er the bliſsful ſeat;
Long burnt He ſore, but ſtill He burnt in vain;
Mote none come there, who come with impious feet.
At length, at unawares, he out doth ſpit
That ſpite which elſe had to himſelf been bane
The venom on the breaſt of MILTON lit,
And ſpread benumbing death thro' every vein;
The Bard of life bereft fell ſenſeleſs on the plain.

XXVII.

As at the banquet of Thyeſtes old,
The ſun is ſaid t' have ſhut his radiant eye,
So did he now through grief his beams with-hold
And darkneſs to be felt o'erwhelm'd the ſky;
Forth iſſued from their diſmal dark abodes
The birds attendant upon hideous night,
Shriek-owls and ravens, whoſe fell croaking bodes
Approaching death to miſerable wight:
Did never mind of man behold ſike dreadful ſight?

XXVIII.

APOLLO wails his darling done to die
By foul attempt of ENVY's fatal bane;
The MUSES ſprinkle him with dew of Caſtaly,
And crown his death with many a living ſtrain;

Hoary PARNASSUS beats his aged breaſt,
Aged, yet ne'er before did ſorrow know;
The flowers drooping their deſpair atteſt,
Th' aggrieved rivers querulouſly flow;
All nature ſudden groan'd with ſympathetic woe.

XXIX.

But lo! the ſky a gayer livery wears,
The melting clouds begin to fade apace,
And now the cloak of darkneſs diſappears,
(May darkneſs ever thus to light give place!)
Left griev'd APOLLO jocund looks reſumes,
The NINE renew their whilom chearful ſong,
No grief PARNASSUS' aged breaſt conſumes,
For from the teeming earth new flowers ſprong,
The plenteous rivers flow'd full peacefully along.

XXX.

The ſtricken Bard freſh vital heat renews,
Whoſe blood, erſt ſtagnate, ruſhes through his veins;
Life through each pore her ſpirit doth infuſe,
And FAME by MALICE unextinguiſhed reigns:
And ſee, a form breaks forth, all heavn'ly bright,
Upheld by one of mortal progeny,
A Female Form, yclad in ſnowy white,
Ne half ſo fair at diſtance ſeen as nigh;
DOUGLAS and TRUTH appear, ENVY and LAUDER die.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

JEALOUS WIFE.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

THE JEALOUS WIFE! a Comedy! poor man!
A charming ſubject! but a wretched plan.
His ſkittiſh wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
Commits flat treſpaſs upon tragic ground.
Quarrels, upbraidings, Jealouſies, and ſpleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic ſcene.
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
'Tis Paſſion, Pathos, Character, Sublime!
What round big words had ſwell'd the pompous ſcene,
A king the huſband, and the wife a queen!
Then might diſtraction rend her graceful hair,
See ſightleſs forms, and ſcream, and gape, and ſtare.
Drawcanſir death had rag'd without controul,
Here the drawn dagger, there the poiſon'd bowl.
What eyes had ſtream'd at all the whining woe!
What hands had thunder'd at each *Ha!* and *Oh!*

But peace! the gentle prologue cuſtom ſends,
Like drum and ſerjeant, to beat up for friends.
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
Our author flies, but with no *partial* aim,
He read the manners, open as they lie
In nature's volume to the general eye.
Books too he read, nor bluſh'd to uſe their ſtore.—
He does but what his betters did before.
Shakſpeare has done it, and the Grecian ſtage
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.

If in his ſcenes an honeſt ſkill is ſhewn,
And borrowing little, much appears his own;
If what a maſter's happy pencil drew
He brings more forward, in dramatic view;
To your deciſion he ſubmits his cauſe,
Secure of candour, anxious for applauſe.

But if all rude, his artleſs ſcenes deface
The ſimple beauties which he meant to grace;
If, an invader upon others' land,
He ſpoil and plunder with a robber's hand,
Do juſtice on him!—As on fools before,
And give to *Blockheads* paſt one *Blockhead* more,

PROLOGUE,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE, ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1761.

GENIUS, neglected, mourns his wither'd bays;
But ſoars to heav'n from virtue's generous praiſe.
When Kings themſelves the proper judges ſit
O'er the bleſt realms of ſcience, arts and wit,
Each eager breaſt beats high for glorious fame,
And emulation glows with active flame.
Thus, with Auguſtus roſe imperial Rome,
For arms renown'd abroad, for arts at home.
Thus, when Eliza fill'd Britannia's throne,
What arts, what learning was not then our own?
Then ſinew'd Genius, ſtrong and nervous roſe,
In Spenſer's numbers, and in Raleigh's proſe;
On Bacon's lips then every ſcience hung,
And Nature ſpoke from her own Shakſpeare's tongue,
Her patriot ſmiles fell, like refreſhing dews,
To wake to life each pleaſing uſeful Muſe,
While every virtue which the Queen profeſs'd,
Beam'd on her ſubjects, but to make them bleſt.
O glorious times!—O theme of praiſe divine!
—Be happy, Britain, then—ſuch times are thine.
Behold e'en now ſtrong ſcience imps her wing,
And arts revive beneath a Patriot King.
The Muſes too burſt forth with double light,
To ſhed their luſtre in a Monarch's ſight.
His cheering ſmiles alike to all extend—
Perhaps *this ſpot* may boaſt a Royal Friend.
And when a Prince, with early judgment grac'd,
Himſelf ſhall marſhal out the way to taſte,

Caught with the flame perhaps e'en *here* may riſe
Some powerful genius of uncommon ſize,
And, pleas'd with nature, nature's depth explore,
And be what our great Shakſpeare was before.

PROLOGUE TO HECUBA.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, 1761.

A Grecian bard, two thouſand years ago,
Plann'd this ſad fable of illuſtrious woe;
Waken'd each ſoft emotion of the breaſt,
And called forth tears, that would not be ſuppreſt.

Yet, O ye mighty Sirs, of judgment chaſte,
Who, lacking Genius, have a deal of Taſte,
Can you forgive our modern ancient piece,
Which brings no chorus, tho' it comes from Greece?
Kind ſocial chorus, which all humours meets,
And ſings and dances up and down the ſtreets.
——Oh! might true taſte, in theſe unclaſſic days,
Revive the Grecian faſhions with their plays!
Then, rais'd on ſtilts, our Players would ſtalk and rage,
And, at three ſteps, ſtride o'er a modern ſtage;
Each geſture then would boaſt unuſual charms,
From lengthen'd legs, ſtuff'd body, ſprawling arms!
Your critic eye would then no pigmies ſee;
But Buſkins make a giant, even of me.
No features then the Poet's mind would trace,
But one black vizor blot out all the face.
O! glorious times, when actors thus could ſtrike,
Expreſſive, inexpreſſive, all alike!
Leſs change of face than in our punch they ſaw,
For punch can roll his eyes, and wag his jaw;
With one ſet glare they mouth'd the rumbling verſe;
Our Gog and Magog look not half ſo fierce?

Yet, though depriv'd of inſtruments like theſe,
Nature, perhaps, may find a way to pleaſe;
Which, whereſoe'er ſhe glows with genuine flame,
In Greece, in Rome, in England, is the ſame.

Of raillery then, ye modern wits, beware,
Nor damn the Grecian poet for the player.
Theirs was the ſkill, with honeſt help of art,
To win, by juſt degree, the yielding heart,
What if our Shakſpeare claims the magic throne,
And in one inſtant makes us all his own;
They differ only in one point of view,
For Shakſpeare's nature, was their nature too.

ODE

SPOKEN ON A PUBLIC OCCASION AT WEST-MINSTER SCHOOL.

NOR at Apollo's vaunted ſhrine,
Nor to the fabled Siſters Nine,
Offers the youth his ineffectual vow,
Far be their rites!—Such worſhip fits not now;
When at Eliza's ſacred name
Each breaſt receives the preſent flame:
While eager genius plumes her infant wings,
And with bold impulſe ſtrikes the accordant ſtrings,
Reflecting on the crouded line
Of mitred ſages, bards divine,
Of patriots, active in their country's cauſe,
Who plan her councils, or direct her laws.

Oh Memory! how thou lov'ſt to ſtray,
Delighted, o'er the flow'ry way
Of childhood's greener years! when ſimple youth
Pour'd the pure dictates of ingenuous truth!
'Tis then the ſouls congenial meet,
Inſpir'd with friendſhip's genuine heat,
Ere intereſt, frantic zeal, or jealous art,
Have taught the language foreign to the heart.

'Twas *here* in many an early ſtrain
Dryden firſt try'd his claſſic vein,
Spurr'd his ſtrong genius to the diſtant goal,
In wild effuſions of his manly ſoul;
When Buſby's ſkill and judgment ſage,
Repreſs'd the poet's frantic rage,
Cropt his luxuriance bold, and blended taught
The flow of numbers with the ſtrength of thought.

Nor, Cowley, be thy Muſe forgot! which ſtray
In wits ambiguous flowery maze,
With many a pointed turn and ſtudied art:
Though affectation blot thy rhyme,
Thy mind was lofty and ſublime,
And manly honour dignified thy heart:
Though fond of wit, yet firm to virtue's plan,
The *Poet*'s trifles ne'er diſgrac'd the *Man*.

Well might thy morals ſweet engage
Th' attention of the Mitred Sage,
Smit with the plain ſimplicity of truth.
For not ambition's giddy ſtrife,
The gilded toys of public life,
Which ſnare the gay unſtable youth,
Cou'd lure Thee from the ſober charms,
Which lapt thee in retirement's arms,
Whence Thou, untainted with the pride of ſtate,
Coud'ſt ſmile with pity on the buſtling Great.

Such were Eliza's ſons. Her ſoft'ning care
Here bade free genius tune his grateful ſong;
Which elſe had wafted in the deſart air,
Or droop'd unnotic'd 'mid the vulgar throng.
—Ne'er may her youth degenerate ſhame
The glories of Eliza's name!
But with the poet's frenzy bold,
Such as inſpir'd her bards of old,
Pluck the green laurel from the hand of Fame!

THE TEARS AND TRIUMPH OF PARNASSUS:

A N O D E,

SET TO MUSICK AND PERFORMED AT DRURY-LANE, 1760.

The Scene discovers APOLLO *and the* NINE MUSES *in their proper Habits.*

APOLLO.

FATE gave the word; the deed is done;
AUGUSTUS is no more;
His great career of fame is run,
And all the I's deplore.
[*The Muses tear off their laurels.*

CALLIOPE.

Well, ſiſters of the ſacred ſpring,
Well may you rend your golden hair;
Well may you now your dirges ſing,
And pierce with cries the troubled air.

CHORUS.

Fate gave the word, &c.

CLIO.

Founded in juſtice was his ſway;
Ambition never mark'd his way.

CALLIOPE.

Unleſs the beſt ambition that can fire
A monarch's breaſt and all his ſoul inſpire,
The gen'rous purpoſe of the noble mind,
The beſt ambition—to ſerve human kind.

APOLLO.

Yes, Virgins, yes; that wiſh ſublime
Rank'd him with thoſe of earlieſt time,
Who for a people's welfare ſtrove;
Whoſe ſpirits breathe æthereal air,
And for their meed of earthly care,
Drink Nectar with Olympian Jove.

CALLIOPE.

Oh! TRUTH! fair daughter of the ſky,
And MERCY!—that with aſking eye
Near the OMNIPOTENT do'ſt ſtand;
And, when mankind provoke his rage,
Do'ſt claſp his knees, his wrath aſſuage,
And win the thunder from his hand!

CLIO.

Oh! white-rob'd FAITH! celeſtial maid!
Twin-born with JUSTICE! by whoſe aid
He liv'd the guardian of the laws;
Dear LIBERTY! round ALBION's iſle
That bid'ſt eternal ſunſhine ſmile,
Who now will guard your ſacred cauſe?

CHORUS.

Dear liberty, &c.

CALLIOPE.

Where were ye, Muſes, when the fatal ſheers
The FURY rais'd, to cloſe his rev'rend years?
But ah! vain wiſh!—you could not ſtop the blow!
No Omen warn'd ye of th' impending woe.

APOLLO.

See! where BRITANNIA ſtands
With cloſe-infolded hands,
On yonder ſea-beat ſhore!
Behold her languid air!
To! her diſhevell'd hair!
Majeſtic now no more?
Still on the ſullen wave her eye is bent,
The TRIDENT of the MAIN thrown idle by;
OLD THAMES, his ſea-green mantle rent,
Inverts his urn, and heaves a doleful ſigh.
Hark! to the winds and waves
Frantic with grief ſhe raves,
And, cruel Gods! ſhe cries;
Each chalky cliff around,
Each rock returns the ſound,
And, cruel Gods! replies.

CALLIOPE.

See! the proceſſion ſad and ſlow,
Walks in a ſolemn pomp of woe
Through awful arches, gloomy iſles,
And rows of monumental piles,
Where lie the venerable juſt,
Where heroes moulder into duſt.
Now quietly inurn'd he lies,
Pale! pale! inanimate and cold:
Where round him baleful vapours riſe,
'Midſt bones of legiſlators old!

CLIO.

Of him who fought th' ambitious Gaul
Oe'r thick-embattled plains,
Who felt, who liv'd, and reign'd for all,
This only now remains.

APOLLO.

Bring, in handfuls, lillies bring
Bring me all the flow'ry ſpring.
Scatter roſes on his bier;
Ever honour'd, ever dear!

CHORUS.

Scatter Roſes, &c.

MERCURY *deſcends.*

No more, harmonious Progeny of Jove,
No more let fun'ral accents riſe;
The great, the good AUGUSTUS reigns above,
Tranſlated to his kindred ſkies.

CLIO.

No more for my hiſtoric page—

CALLIOPE.

No more for my great epic rage—

BOTH.

Will by the hero now be done—

CHORUS.

His great career of fame is run,
And all the loſs deplore.

Enter MARS.

Lo? Mars, from his beloved land,
Where freedom long hath fix'd her ſtand,
Bids ye collect your flowing hair,
And again the laurel wear:
For ſee! BRITANNIA rears her drooping head;
Again reſumes her TRIDENT of the main;
THAMES takes his urn, and ſeeks his wat'ry bed,
While gay content ſits ſmiling on the plain.
Hark! a glad voice.
Proclaims the people's choice.

CHORUS, *within the Scenes.*

He is our liege, our rightful lord!
Of heart and tongue with one accord
We all will ſing
Long live the king!
He is our liege!—he!—he alone!
With BRITISH HEART he mounts the throne;
Around him throngs a loyal band;
He will protect his NATIVE LAND!
He is our liege, &c.

[*The Muſes riſe and put on their laurels.*

CALLIOPE.

The muſes now their heads ſhall raiſe;
The arts to life ſhall ſpring;
Virgins, we'll trim our wither'd bayes,
And wake each vocal ſtring;
Now ſhall the ſculptor's happy ſkill
Touch the rude ſtone to life;
The painter ſhall his canvaſs fill,
Pleas'd with his mimic ſtrife.

CLIO.

Sweet MERCY! FAITH! CÆLESTIAL TRUTH!
Now by your aid the royal youth
Shall live the guardian of the laws;
Dear LIBERTY! round ALBION'S iſle
That bid'ſt eternal ſunſhine ſmile,
He now will guard your ſacred cauſe.

APOLLO.

Bleſt Prince! whoſe ſubjects in each adverſe hour
For freedom ſtill have ſtood!
Bleſt iſle! whoſe Prince but deems the ſov'reign pow'r,
The pow'r of doing good!

MARS.

Now open all your Helicon; explore
Of harmony the loftieſt ſtore;
Let the drum beat alarms,
Such as rouze us to arms;
The trumpet's ſhrill clangor ſhall pierce through th ſky!
Swell the rapture, ſwell it high;
And in notes ſublime and clear
Pour the ſtrong melody, that Heav'n may hear.

APOLLO.

Nothing mortal will I ſound;
Lo! the flame, the flame divine!
High I mount, I quit the ground,
Holy fury! I am thine.
With rage poſſeſt
Big ſwells my breaſt!
In viſions rapt, before my ſight appears
A brighter order of increaſing years.

MARS.

I ſee the Rhine devolve his flood
Deep-crimſon'd with the Gallic blood!
I hear, I hear the diſtant roar
Of ruin on yon hoſtile ſhore!
I ſee, young Prince, to thee I ſee
The ſavage Indian bend the knee!
Lo! AFRIC from her ſable kings
Her richeſt ſtores in tribute brings!
And fartheſt IND, beneath the riſing day
Lays down her arms, and venerates thy ſway.

CALLIOPE.

I ſee Bellona baniſh'd far!
I ſee him cloſe the gates of war,
While purple rage within
With gaſtly ire ſhall grin,
And rolling his terrific eyes,
Where round him heaps of arms ariſe,
Bound with a hundred brazen chains,
In vain ſhall foam, and thirſt for ſanguine plains.

CLIO.

Sweet peace returns;
O'er Albion's ſons
She waves her dove-like wing:
On ev'ry plain
The ſhepherd train
Their artleſs loves ſhall ſing.
Pale DISCORD ſhall fly
From the light of the ſky.

To black Cocytus hurl'd;
There, there ſhall feel
Ixion's wheel,
The furies with their ſerpents curl'd;
With the unceaſing toil ſhall groan
Of the unconquerable ſtone,
And leave in harmony the Britiſh world.

APOLLO.

Proceed great days; lead on th' auſpicious years;
Such years (—for lo! the ſcene of fate appears!)
Such years, the DESTINIES have ſaid, ſhall roll;
Jove nods conſent, and thunder ſhakes the pole.

ARCADIA. A DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

SCENE I. *A view of the country.*

SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

CHORUS.

SHEPHERDS, buxom, blithe and free,
Now's the time for jollity.

SYLVIA.

AIR.

Hither haſte, and bring along
Merry tale and jocund ſong
To the pipe and tabor beat
Frolic meaſures with your feet,
Ev'ry gift of time employ;
Make the moſt of proffer'd joy,
Pleaſure hates the ſcanty rules
Portion'd out by dreaming fools.

CHORUS.

Shepherds, buxom, blithe and free
Now's the time for jollity.

[*A dance of Shepherds, &c.*

SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

Rejoice, ye happy ſwains, rejoice;
It is the heart that prompts the voice.
No ſorrow baniſh'd far away;
Thyrſis ſhall make it holy-day.
Who at his name can joy ſuppreſs?
ARCADIAN-BORN to rule and bleſs.

DAMON.

And hark! from rock to rock the ſound
Of winding horn, and deep-mouth'd hound,
Breaking with rapture on the ear,
Proclaims the blitheſome Phœbe near:
See where ſhe haſtes with eager pace,
To ſpeak the joys that paint her face.

SCENE II. *Opens to a proſpect of rocks. Huntſmen, Huntreſſes, &c. coming down from them.*

PHOEBE.

Hither I ſpeed with honeſt glee,
Such as befits the mind that's free;
Your chearful troop, blithe youth, to join,
And mix my ſocial joys with thine.
Now may each nymph, and frolic ſwain,
O'er mountain ſteep, or level plain,
Court buxom health, while jocund horn
Bids echo wake the ſluggard morn.

AIR.

When the morning peeps forth, and the zephyr's cool gale,
Carries fragrance and health over mountain and dale;
Up, ye nymphs, and ye ſwains, and together we'll rove,
Up hill, down the valley, by thicket or grove:
Then follow with me, where the welkin reſounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

Let the wretched be ſlaves to ambition and wealth;
All the bleſſing we aſk is the bleſſing of health.
So ſhall innocence ſelf give a warrant to joys
No envy diſturbs, no dependence deſtroys.
Then follow with me, where the welkin reſounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

O'er hill, dale, and woodland, with rapture we roam;
Yet returning, ſtill find the dear pleaſures at home;
Where the chearful good humour gives honeſty grace,
And the heart ſpeaks content in the ſmiles of the face.
Then follow with me, where the welkin reſounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Small care, my friends, your youth annoys,
Which only looks to preſent joys.

SYLVIA.

Though the white locks of ſilver'd age,
And long experience hail thee ſage;
I'll ſuits it in this joy, to wear,
A brow ſo over-hung with care.
Better with us thy voice to raiſe,
And join a whole Arcadia's praiſe.

DAMÆTAS.

With you I joy that Thyrſis reigns
The guardian o'er his native plains;

But praiſe is ſcanty to reveal
The ſpeaking bleſſings all muſt feel.

DAMON.

True, all muſt feel—but thankleſs too?
Nor give to virtue, virtue's due?
My grateful heart ſhall ever ſhew
The debt I need not bluſh to owe.

AIR.

That I go where I liſt, that I ſing what I pleaſe,
That my labour's the price of contentment and eaſe,
That no care from abroad my retirement annoys,
That at home I can taſte the true family joys,
That my kids wanton ſafely o'er meadows and rocks,
That my ſheep graze ſecure from the robber or fox;
Theſe are bleſſings I ſhare with the reſt of the ſwains,
For it's Thyrſis who gave them, and Thyrſis maintains.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Periſh my voice, if e'er I blame
Thy duty to our guardian's name!
His active talents I revere,
But eye them with a jealous fear.
Intent to form our bliſs alone,
The generous youth forgets his own;
Nor e'er his buſy mind employs
To find a partner of his joys.
So might his happy offspring own
The virtues which their ſire hath ſhewn.

AIR.

With joy the parent loves to trace
Reſemblance in his children's face:
And as he forms their docile youth
To walk the ſteady paths of truth,
Obſerves them ſhooting into men,
And lives in them life o'er again.

While active ſons, with eager flame,
Catch virtue at their father's name;
When full of glory, full of age,
The parent quits this buſy ſtage,
What in the ſons we moſt admire,
Calls to new life the honour'd ſire.

SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

O prudent Sage forgive the zeal
Of thoughtleſs youth. With thee I feel,
The glories now Arcadia ſhares
May but embitter future cares.

Oh mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inſpire, direct, and ſanctify his choice.

AIR.

So may all thy ſylvan train,
Dryad, nymph, and ruſtic faun,]
To the pipe and merry ſtrain,
Trip it o'er the ruſſet lawn!
May no thorn or bearded graſs
Hurt their footſteps as they paſs,
Whilſt in gambols round and round
They ſport it o'er the ſhaven ground!

Though thy Syrinx, like a dream,
Flying at the face of day,
Vaniſh'd in the limpid ſtream,
Bearing all thy hopes away,
If again thy heart ſhould burn,
In careſſing,
Bleſt, and bleſſing,
May'ſt thou find a wiſh'd return.

CHORUS.

O mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inſpire, direct, and ſanctify his choice.
[*A dance of huntſmen and huntreſſes*

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Peace, ſhepherds, peace, with jocund air,
Which ſpeaks a heart unknown to care,
Young Delia haſtes. The glad ſurprize
Of rapture flaſhing from her eyes.

ENTER DELIA.

DELIA.

AIR.

Shepherds, ſhepherds, come away;
Sadneſs were a ſin to-day
Let the pipe's merry notes aid the ſkill of the voi
For our wiſhes are crown'd, and our hearts ſhall
joice.
Rejoice, and be glad;
For ſure he is mad
Who, where mirth and good humour and harmo
found,
Never catches the ſmile, nor lets pleaſure go ro
Let the ſtupid be grave,
'Tis the vice of the ſlave;
But can never agree
With a maiden like me,
Who is born in a country that's happy and free.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

What means this rapture, Delia? Shew
Th' event our boſoms burn to know.

DELIA.

Now as I trod yon verdant ſide,
Where Ladon rolls its ſilver tide,
All gayly deck'd in gorgeous ſtate,
Sail'd a proud barge of richeſt freight:
Where ſat a nymph, more freſh and fair
Than bloſſoms which the morning air
Steals perfume from; the modeſt grace
Of maiden bluſh beſpread her face.
Hither it made, and on this ſtrand
Pour'd it's rich freight for ſhepherds' land.
Ladon, for this, ſmooth flow thy tide!
The precious freight was Thyrſis' bride.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Stop, shepherds, if aright I hear,
The sounds of joy proclaim them near:
Let's meet them, friends, I'll lead the way;
Joy makes me young again to-day.

SCENE III.

A view of the sea, with a vessel at a distance,
[Here follows a Pastoral Procession to the wedding of Thyrsis.]

PRIEST.

RECITATIVE.

Mighty Pan with tender care,
View this swain and virgin fair;
May they ever thus impart
Just return of heart for heart.
May the pledges of their bliss
Climb their knees to share the kiss.
May their steady blooming youth
While they tread the paths of truth,
Virtues catch from either side,
From the bridegroom and the bride.

CHORUS.

May their steady blooming youth,
While they tread the paths of truth,
Virtues catch from either side,
From the bridegroom and the bride.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. COLMAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1756.

YOU know, dear George, I'm none of those
That condescend to write in prose;
Inspir'd with pathos and sublime,
I always soar—in doggrel rhyme,
And scarce can ask you how you do,
Without a jingling line or two.
Besides, I always took delight in
What bears the name of *easy writing*;
Perhaps the reason makes it please
Is, that I find it's writ with ease.

I vent a notion here in private,
Which public taste can ne'er connive at,
Which thinks no wit or judgment greater
Than Addison and his Spectator
Who says (it is no matter where,
But that he says it, I can swear)
With *easy verse* most Bards are smitten,
Because they think it's *easy written*;
Whereas the *easier* it appears,
The greater marks of *care* it wears;
Of which, to give an explanation,
Take this by way of illustration:
The fam'd Mat Prior, it is said,
Oft bit his nails, and scratch'd his head,
And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
Because he did not like the rhymes,
To make my meaning clear, and please ye,
In short, he *labour'd* to write *easy*.
And yet, no critic e'er defines
His poems into labour'd lines.
I have a simile will hit him;
His verse, like cloaths, was made to fit him,
Which (as no Taylor e'er denied)
The better fit, the more they're tried.

Though I have mention'd Prior's name,
Think not I aim at Prior's fame.
'Tis the result of admiration
To spend itself in imitation;
If imitation may be said,
Which is in me by nature bred,
And you have better proofs than these,
That I'm idolater of *ease*.

Who, but a madman, would engage
A Poet in the present age?
Write what we will, our works bespeak us
Imitatores, servum Pecus.
Tale, Elegy, or lofty Ode,
We travel in the beaten road:
The proverb still sticks closely by us,
Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.
The only comfort that I know
Is, that 'twas said an age ago,
Ere Milton soar'd in thought sublime,
Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,
Ere Colman wrote in stile so pure,
Or the great TWO the CONNOISSEUR;
Ere I burlesqu'd the rural cit,
Proud to hedge in my scraps of wit,
And happy in the close connexion,
T' acquire some name from their reflexion
So (the similitude is trite)
The moon still shines with borrow'd light,
And, like the race of modern beaux,
Ticks with the sun for her lac'd cloaths.

Methinks there is no better time
To shew the use I make of rhyme,
Than now, when I, who from beginning
Was always fond of couplet-sinning,
Presuming on good nature's score,
Thus lay my bantling at your door.

The first advantage which I see,
Is, that I ramble loose and free:
The Bard indeed full oft complains,
That rhymes are *fetters*, *links*, and *chains*,
And when he wants to leap the fence,
Still keep him pris'ner to the sense.
Howe'er in common place he rage,
Rhyme's like your *fetters* on the *stage*,
Which when the player once hath wore,
It makes him only strut the more,
While, raving in pathetic strains,
He shakes his legs to clank his chains.

From rhyme, as from a handſome face,
Nonſenſe acquires a kind of grace;
I therefore give it all its ſcope,
That ſenſe may unperceived elope:
So miniſters of baſeſt tricks
(I love a fling at *politicks*)
Amuſe the nation, court, and king,
With breaking Fowke, and hanging Byng;
And make each *puny* rogue a prey,
While they, the *greater* ſlink away.
This ſimile perhaps would ſtrike,
If match'd with ſomething more alike;
Then take it dreſs'd a ſecond time
In Prior's eaſe, and *my* ſublime.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A mob of people in the ſtreet,
Ready to give the robb'd relief,
And all in haſte to catch a thief,
While the ſly rogue, who filch'd the prey,
Too cloſe beſet to run away,
Stop thief! ſtop thief! exclaims aloud,
And ſo eſcapes among the croud?
So Miniſters, &c.

O England how I mourn thy fate!
For ſure thy loſſes now are great;
Two ſuch, what Briton can endure,
Minorca and the Connoiſſeur!

To-day, before the ſun goes down,
Will die the Cenſor, Mr. TOWN!
He dies, whoe'er takes pains to con him,
With bluſhing honours thick upon him;
O may his name theſe verſes ſave,
Be theſe inſcrib'd upon his grave!

Know, reader, that on Thurſday died
The CONNOISSEUR, a ſuicide!
Yet think not that his ſoul has fled,
Nor rank him 'mongſt the vulgar dead.
Howe'er defunct you ſet him down,
He's only *going out of Town.*

THE PUFF.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BOOKSELLER AND AUTHOR.

BOOKSELLER.

MUSEUM, ſir! that's not enough.
New works, we know, require a Puff;
A title to entrap the eyes,
And catch the reader by ſurprize;
As gaudy ſigns, which hang before
The Tavern or the alehouſe door,
Hitch every paſſer's obſervation,
Magnetic in their invitation.
—That SHAKSPEARE is prodigious fine!
Shall we ſtep in, and taſte the wine?

Men, women, houſes, horſes, books,
All borrow credit from their looks.
Externals have the gift of ſtriking,
And lure the fancy into liking.

AUTHOR.

Oh! I perceive the thing you mean—
Call it *St. James's Magazine.*

BOOKSELLER.

Or the *New Britiſh*—

AUTHOR.

Oh! no more.
One name's as good as half a ſcore.
And titles oft give nothing leſs
Than what they *ſtaringly* profeſs.
Puffing, I grant, is all the mode;
The common hackney turnpike road:
But cuſtom is the blockhead's guide,
And ſuch low arts diſguſt my pride.
Succeſs on merit's force depends,
Not on the partial voice of friends;
Not on the *ſeems*, that bully ſin;
But that *which paſſeth ſhew within*:
Which bids the warmth of friendſhip glow,
And wrings conviction from a foe.—
Deſerve ſucceſs, and proudly claim,
Not *ſteal* a paſſage into fame.

BOOKSELLER.

Your method, ſir, will never do;
You're right in theory, it's true.
But then, experience in *our* trade
Says, there's no harm in ſome parade.
Suppoſe we ſaid, by Mr. Lloyd?

AUTHOR.

The very thing I would avoid;
And would be rather pleas'd to own
Myſelf unknowing, and unknown:
What could th' unknowing muſe expect,
But information or neglect?
Unknown—perhaps her reputation
Eſcapes the tax of defamation,
And wrapt in darkneſs, laugh's unhurt,
While *critic* blockheads throw their dirt:
But he who madly prints his name,
Invites his foe to take ſure aim.

BOOKSELLER.

True—but a name will always bring
A better ſanction to the thing:
And all your ſcribling foes are ſuch,
Their cenſure cannot hurt you much;
And, take the matter ne'er ſo ill,
If *you* don't print it, ſir, *they* will.

AUTHOR.

Well, be it ſo—that ſtruggle's o'er—
Nay,—this ſhall prove one ſpur the more.
Pleas'd if ſucceſs attends, if not,
I've *writ my name, and made a blot.*

BOOKSELLER.

But a good print.

AUTHOR.

The print? why there

I truſt to honeſt LEACH's care.
What is't to me? in verſe or proſe,
I find the ſtuff, you make the cloaths:
Add paper, print, and all ſuch dreſs,
Will loſe no credit from *his* preſs.

BOOKSELLER.

You quite miſtake the thing I mean,
—I'll fetch you, ſir, a MAGAZINE;
You ſee that picture there—the QUEEN.

AUTHOR.

A dedication to her too!
What will not folly dare to do?
O days of art! when happy ſkill
Can raiſe a likeneſs whence it will;
When portraits aſk no REYNOLDS' aid,
And queens and kings are ready made.
No, no, my friend, by helps like theſe,
I cannot wiſh my works ſhould pleaſe;
No pictures taken from the life,
Where all proportions are at ſtrife;
No HUMMING-BIRD, no PAINTED FLOWER,
No BEAST juſt landed in the TOWER,
No WOODEN NOTES, no COLOUR'D MAP,
No COUNTRY-DANCE ſhall ſtop a gap;
O PHILOMATH, be not ſevere,
If not one problem meets you here;
Where goſſip A, and neighbour B,
Pair, like good friends, with C and D;
And E F G, H I K join;
And curve and *incidental* line
Fall out, fall in, and croſs each other,
Juſt like a fifter and a brother.
Ye *tiny* poets, *tiny* wits,
Who friſk about on *tiny* tits,
Who words disjoin, and ſweetly ſing,
Take one third part, and *take the thing*;
Then cloſe the joints again, to frame
Some LADY'S, or ſome CITY'S name,
Enjoy your own, your proper *Phœbus*;
We neither make, nor print a REBUS.
No CRAMBO, no ACROSTIC fine,
Great letters lacing down each line;
No ſtrange CONUNDRUM, no invention
Beyond the reach of comprehenſion,
No RIDDLE, which whoe'er unties,
Claims twelve MUSEUMS for the PRIZE,
Shall ſtrive to pleaſe you, at th' expence
Of ſimple taſte, and common ſenſe.

BOOKSELLER.

But would not ORNAMENT produce
Some real grace, and proper uſe?
A FRONTISPIECE would have its weight,
Neatly engrav'd on copper-plate.

AUTHOR.

Plain letter-preſs ſhall do the feat,
What need of foppery to be neat?
The paſte-board Guard delights me more,
That ſtands to watch a bun-houſe door,
Than ſuch a mockery of grace,
And ornament ſo out of place.

BOOKSELLER.

But one word more, and I have done—
A PATENT might inſure its run.

AUTHOR.

Patent! for what! can patents give
A Genius? or make blockheads live?
If ſo, O hail the glorious plan!
And buy it at what price you can.
But what alas! will that avail,
Beyond the *property* of ſale?
A property of little worth,
If weak our produce at its birth.
For fame, for honeſt fame we ſtrive,
But not to ſtruggle half alive,
And drag a miſerable being,
Its end ſtill fearing and foreſeeing.
Oh! may the flame of genius blaze,
Enkindled with the breath of praiſe!
But far be ev'ry fruitleſs puff,
To blow to light a dying ſnuff.

BOOKSELLER.

But ſhould not ſomething, ſir, be ſaid,
Particular on ev'ry head?
What your ORIGINALS will be,
What *infinite* variety,
Multum in Parvo, as they ſay,
And ſomething neat in every way?

AUTHOR.

I wiſh there could—but that depends
Not on myſelf, ſo much as friends.
I but ſet up a new machine,
With harneſs tight, and furniſh'd clean;
Where ſuch, who think it no diſgrace,
To ſend in time, and take a place,
The book-keeper ſhall minute down,
And I with pleaſure drive to town.

BOOKSELLER.

Ay, tell them that, ſir, and then ſay,
What letters come in every day;
And what great *Wits* your care procures,
To join their ſocial hands with yours.

AUTHOR.

What! muſt I huge propoſals print,
Merely to drop ſome ſaucy hint,
That real folks of real fame
Will give their works, and not their name?
—This Puff's of uſe, you ſay—why let it,
We'll boaſt ſuch friendſhip when we get it.

BOOKSELLER.

Get it! Ah, ſir, you do but jeſt,
You'll have aſſiſtance, and the beſt.
There's CHURCHILL—will not CHURCHILL lend
Aſſiſtance?

AUTHOR.

Surely—to his FRIEND.

BOOKSELLER.

And then your intereſt might procure
Something from either CONNOISSEUR.
COLMAN and THORNTON, both will join
Their ſocial hand, to ſtrengthen thine:
And when your name appears in print,
Will GARRICK *never* drop a hint?

AUTHOR.

True, I've indulg'd ſuch hopes before,
From thoſe you name, and many more;
And they, perhaps, again will join
Their hand, if not aſham'd of mine.
Bold is the taſk we undertake,
The friends we wiſh, the WORK muſt make:
For Wits, like adjectives, are known
To cling to that which ſtands alone.

BOOKSELLER.

Perhaps too, in our way of trade,
We might procure ſome uſeful aid:
Could we engage ſome able pen,
To furniſh matter now and then;
There's—what's his name, ſir? wou'd compile,
And methodize the news in *ſtyle*.

AUTHOR.

Take back your newſman whence he came.
Carry your crutches to the lame.

BOOKSELLER.

You muſt enrich your book, indeed!
Bare MERIT never will ſucceed;
Which readers are not now a-days,
By half ſo apt to buy, as praiſe;
And praiſe is hardly worth purſuing,
Which tickles authors to their ruin.
Books ſhift about, like ladies' dreſs,
And there's a faſhion in ſucceſs.
But could not we, like little *Bayes*,
Armies *imaginary* raiſe?
And bid our generals take the field,
To head the troops that lie conceal'd?
Bid *General* ESSAY lead the van,
Try—Oh! the *Style* will ſhew the man:
Bid *Major* SCIENCE bold appear,
With all his pot-hooks in the rear.

AUTHOR.

True, true——our NEWS, our PROSE, our RHYMES,
Shall ſhew the colour of the times;
For which moſt ſalutary ends,
We've fellow-ſoldiers, fellow-friends.
For city, and for court affairs,
My lord duke's butler, and the mayor's.
For politicks—eternal talkers,
Profound obſervers, and park-walkers.
For plays, great actors of renown,
(Lately or juſt arriv'd in town)
Or ſome, in ſtate of abdication,
Of oratorial reputation;
Or thoſe who live on ſcraps and bits,
Mere green-room waſps, and temple wits;
Shall teach you, in a page or two,
What GARRICK ſhould, or ſhould not do.
Trim poets from the *City* deſk,
Deep vers'd in *rural* picturesque,
Who minute down, with wond'rous pains,
What RIDER's Almanack contains
On flow'r and ſeed, and wind, and weather
And bind them in an *Ode* together;
Shall through the ſeaſons monthly ſing
Sweet WINTER, AUTUMN, SUMMER, SPRING.

BOOKSELLER.

Ah, ſir! I ſee you love to jeſt,
I did but hint things for the beſt.
Do what you pleaſe, 'tis *your* deſign,
And if it fails, no blame is mine;
I leave the management to you,
Your ſervant, ſir,

AUTHOR.

I'm yours,—Adieu!

CHIT-CHAT.

AN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS.

IDYLL. XV.

MRS. BROWN.

IS Miſtreſs SCOT at home my dear?

SERVANT.

MA'M, is it you? I'm glad you're here;
My *Miſſes*, though reſolv'd to wait,
Is quite *impatient*—'tis ſo late.
She fancy'd you would not come down,
—But pray walk in, MA'M—Mrs. BROWN

MRS. SCOT.

Your ſervant, MADAM. Well, I ſwear
I'd giv'n you over—Child, a chair.
Pray, MA'M, be ſeated.

MRS. BROWN.

Lard! my dear,
I vow I'm almoſt dead with fear.
There is ſuch *ſcrouging* and ſuch *ſqueezing*,
The folks are all ſo diſobliging;
And then the waggons, carts and drays
So clog up all thoſe narrow ways,
What with the buſtle and the throng,
I wonder how I got along.
Beſides the walk is ſo *immenſe*—
Not that I grudge a coach expence,
But then it jumbles me to death,
—And I was always ſhort of breath.
How can you live ſo far, my dear?
It's quite a journey to come here.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard! MA'M, I left it all to *Him*,
Huſbands you know, will have their whim.
He took this houſe.—This houſe! this den.—
See but the temper of ſome men.
And I, forſooth, am hither hurl'd,
To live *quite out of all the world.*
Huſband, indeed!

MRS. BROWN.

Hiſt! lower, pray,
The child hears every word you ſay.
See how he looks—

MRS. SCOT.

Jacky, come here,
There's a good boy, look up; my dear.
'Twas not papa we talk'd about.
—Surely he cannot find it out.

MRS. BROWN.

See how the urchin holds his hands.
Upon my life he underſtands.
—There's a ſweet child, come, kiſs me, come,
Will *Jacky* have a ſugar-plumb?

MRS. SCOT.

This Perſon, MADAM (call him ſo
And then the child will never know)
From houſe to houſe would ramble out,
And every night a drunken bout.
For at a tavern he will ſpend
His twenty ſhillings with a friend.
Your rabbits fricaſeed and chicken,
With curious choice of dainty picking,
Each night got ready at the *Crown*,
With port and punch to waſh 'em down,
Would ſcarcely ſerve this belly-glutton,
Whilſt we muſt ſtarve on mutton, mutton.

MRS. BROWN.

My good man, too—Lord bleſs us! Wives
Are born to lead unhappy lives,
Although his profits bring him clear
Almoſt two hundred pounds a year,
Keeps me of caſh ſo ſhort and bare,
That *I have not a gown to wear*;
Except my robe, and yellow ſack,
And this old luteſtring on my back.
—But we've no time, my dear, to waſte.
Come, where's your cardinal, make haſte.
The KING, God bleſs his majeſty, I ſay,
Goes to the houſe of lords to-day,
In a fine painted coach and eight,
And rides along in all his ſtate
And then the Queen—

MRS. SCOT.

Aye, aye, you know,
Great folks can always make a ſhow.
But tell me, do—I've never ſeen
Her preſent majeſty, the Queen.

MRS. BROWN.

Lard! we've no time for talking now,
Hark!—one—two—three—'tis *twelve* I vow.

MRS. SCOT.

KITTY, my things,—I'll ſoon have done,
It's time enough, you know at *one*.
—Why, girl! ſee how the creature ſtands!
Some water here, to waſh my hands.
—Be quick—why ſure the gipſy ſleeps!
—Look how the drawling daudle creeps.
That baſon there—why don't you pour,
Go on, I ſay—ſtop, ſtop—no more—
Lud! I could beat the huſſey down,
She's pour'd it all upon my gown
—Bring me my ruffles—can'ſt not mind?
And pin my handkerchief behind.
Sure thou haſt aukwardneſs enough,
Go—fetch my gloves, and fan, and muff.
—Well, heav'n be prais'd—this work is done.
I'm ready now, my dear—let's run.
Girl,—put that bottle on the ſhelf,
And bring me back the key yourſelf.

MRS. BROWN.

That clouded ſilk becomes you much,
I wonder how you meet with ſuch,
But you've a charming taſte in dreſs,
What might it coſt you, Madam?

MRS. SCOT.

Gueſs.

MRS. BROWN.

Oh! that's impoſſible—for I
Am in the world the worſt to buy.

MRS. SCOT.

I never love to bargain hard,
Five ſhillings, as I think, a yard.

—I was afraid it ſhould be gone—
'Twas what I'd ſet my heart upon.

MRS. BROWN.

Indeed you bargain'd with ſucceſs,
For its a moſt delightful dreſs.
Beſides, it fits you to a hair,
And then 'tis ſlop'd with ſuch an air.

MRS. SCOT.

I'm glad you think ſo,—*Kitty*, here,
Bring me my cardinal, my dear.
Jacky, my love, nay dont you cry,
Take *you abroad*!—indeed not I;
For all the *Bugaboos* to fright ye—
Beſides, the naughty horſe will bite ye;
With ſuch a mob about the ſtreet,
Bleſs me, they'll tread you under feet.
Whine as you pleaſe, I'll have no blame,
You'd better blubber, than be lame.
The more you cry, the leſs you'll——
——Come, come then, give mamma a kiſs,
KITTY, I ſay, here take the boy,
And fetch him down the laſt new toy,
Make him as merry as you can,
——There, go to KITTY—there's a *man*,
Call in the dog, and ſhut the door,
Now, MA'M.

MRS. BROWN.

Oh Lard!

MRS. SCOT.

Pray go before,

MRS. BROWN.

I can't indeed, now.

MRS. SCOT.

MADAM, pray.

MRS. BROWN.

Well then, for once, i'll lead the way.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard! what an uproar! what a throng!
How ſhall we do to get along?
What will become of us?—look here,
Here's all the king's horſe-guards, my dear.
Let us croſs over—haſte, be quick,
—Pray ſir, take care—your horſe will kick.
He'll kill his rider—he's ſo wild.
—I'm glad I did not bring the child.

MRS. BROWN.

Don't be afraid, my dear, come on,
Why don't you ſee the guards are gone?

MRS. SCOT.

Well, I begin to draw my breath;
But I was almoſt ſcar'd to death
For when a horſe rears up and capers,
It always puts me in the vapours.
For as I live,—nay, dont you laugh,
I'd rather ſee a toad by half,
They kick and prance, and look ſo bold,
It makes my very blood run cold,
But let's go forward—come, be quick,
The crowd again grows vaſtly thick.

MRS. BROWN.

Come you from *Palace-yard*, old dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Troth, do I, my young ladies, why?

MRS. BROWN.

Was it much crowded when you came?

MRS. SCOT.

And is his majeſty gone by?

MRS. BROWN.

Can we get in, old lady, pray
To ſee him robe himſelf to-day?

MRS. SCOT.

Can you direct us, dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Endeavour.
TROY could not ſtand a ſiege for ever.
By frequent trying, TROY was won.
All things, by trying, may be done.

MRS. BROWN.

Go thy ways, Proverbs—well ſhe's gone—
Shall we turn back, or venture on?
Look how the folks preſs on before,
And throng impatient at the door.

MRS. SCOT.

Perdigious! I can hardly ſtand,
Lord bleſs me, Mrs. BROWN, your hand;
And you, my dear, take hold of hers,
For we muſt ſtick as cloſe as burrs,
Or in this racket, noiſe and pother,
We certainly ſhall loſe each other.
——Good God! my cardinal and ſack
Are almoſt torn from off my back.
Lard, I ſhall faint—Oh Lud—my breaſt—
I'm cruſh'd to atoms, I proteſt.
God bleſs me—I have dropt my fan,
——Pray did you ſee it, honeſt man?

MAN.

I, madam! no,—indeed, I fear
You'll meet with ſome misfortune here.
—Stand back, I ſay—pray, ſir, forbear—
Why, don't you ſee the ladies there?
Put yourſelves under my direction,
Ladies, I'll be your ſafe protection.

MRS. SCOT.

You're very kind ſir; truly few
Are half ſo complaiſant as you.
We ſhall be glad at any day
This obligation to repay,
And you'll be always ſure to meet
A welcome, ſir, in—Lard! the ſtreet

Bears such a name, I can't tell how
To tell him where I live, I vow.
—Mercy! what's all this noise and stir?
Pray is the KING a coming, sir?

MAN.

No—don't you hear the people shout?
'Tis Mr. PITT, just *going* OUT.

MRS. BROWN.

Aye, there he goes, pray heav'n bless him!
Well may the people all-cares him.
—Lord, how my husband us'd to sit,
And drink success to honest PITT,
And happy o'er his evening cheer,
Cry, you shall pledge this toast my dear.

MAN.

Hist—silence—don't you hear the drumming?
Now, ladies, now, the KING's a coming.
There, don't you see the guards approach?

MRS. BROWN.

Which is the king?

MRS. SCOT.

Which is the coach?

SCOTCHMAN.

Which is the noble EARL OF BUTE,
Good-faith, I'll *gi* him a salute.
For he's the *Laird of aw our clan*,
Troth he's a *bonny muckle man*.
Here comes the Coach, so very slow
As if it ne'er was made to go,
In all the gingerbread of state,
And staggering under its own weight.

MRS. SCOT.

Upon my word, it's *monstrous* fine!
Would half the gold upon't were mine!
How gaudy all the gilding shews!
It put's *one's* eyes out as it goes.
With a rich glare of various hues,
With shining yellows, scarlets, blues!
It must have cost a heavy price;
'Tis like a mountain drawn by mice.

MRS. BROWN,

So painted, gilded, and so large,
Bless me! 'tis like my lord mayor's barge.
And so it is—look how it reels!
'Tis nothing else—a barge on wheels.

MAN.

Large! it can't pass *St. James's* gate,
So big the coach, the arch so strait,
It might be made to rumble through
And pass as other coaches do.
Could they a *body*-coachman get
So much preposterously fit,
Who'd undertake (and no rare thing)
Without a *head* to drive the king.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard! what are those two ugly things
There—with their hands upon the springs,
Filthy, as ever eyes beheld,
With naked breasts, and faces swell'd?
What could the saucy maker mean,
To put such things to fright the QUEEN?

MAN.

Oh! they are Gods, Ma'm, which you see.
Of the *Marine Society*,
Tritons, which in the ocean dwell,
And only rise to blow their shell.

MRS. SCOT.

Gods, d'ye call those filthy men?
Why don't they go to sea again?
Pray, tell me, sir, you understand,
What do these *Tritons* do on land?

MRS. BROWN.

And what are they? those hindmost things,
Men, fish and birds, with flesh, scales, wings?

MAN.

Oh, they are Gods too, like the others,
All of one family and brothers,
Creatures, which seldom come a-shore,
Nor seen about the King before.
For *Show*, they wear the *yellow Hue*,
Their *proper* colour is *True-blue*.

MRS. SCOT.

Lord bless us! what's this noise about?
Lord, what a tumult and a rout!
How the folks holla, hiss, and hoot!
Well—Heav'n preserve the EARL OF BUTE!
I cannot stay, indeed, not I,
If there's a riot I shall die.
Let's make for any house we can.
Do—give us shelter, honest man.

MRS. BROWN.

I wonder'd where you was, my dear,
I thought I should have died with fear.
This noise and racketing and hurry
Has put my nerves in such a flurry!
I could not think where you was got,
I thought I'd lost you, Mrs. *Saw*;
Where's Mrs. *Tape*, and Mr. *Grin*?
Lard, I'm so glad we're all got in.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND

FRIEND.

YOU say, "it hurts you to the soul
To brook confinement or controul."
And yet will voluntary run
To that confinement you would shun,
Content to drudge along the track,
With bells and harness on your back.
Alas! what genius can admit
A monthly tax on spendthrift wit,

Which often flings whole ſtores away,
And oft has not a doit to pay!
—Give us a work, indeed—of length—
Something which ſpeaks poetic ſtrength;
Is ſluggiſh fancy at a ſtand?
No ſcheme of conſequence in hand?
I, nor your plan, nor book condemn,
But why your name, and why A. M!

AUTHOR.

Yes—it ſtands forth to public view
Within, without, on white, on blue,
In proper, tall, gigantic Letters,
Not daſh'd—emvowell'd—like my betters.
And though it ſtares me in the face,
Reflects no ſhame, hints no diſgrace.
While thoſe unlaboured trifles pleaſe,
Familiar chains are worn with eaſe.
—Behold! to yours and my ſurpriſe,
Theſe trifles to a VOLUME riſe.
Thus will you ſee me, as I go,
Still gath'ring bulk like balls of ſnow,
Steal by degrees upon your ſhelf,
And grow a giant from an elf.
The current ſtudies of the day,
Can rarely reach beyond a PLAY:
A PAMPHLET may deſerve a look,
But Heav'n defend us from a BOOK!
A LIBEL flie on Scandal's wings,
But works of length are heavy things,
—Not one in twenty will ſucceed—
Conſider, ſir, how few can read.

FRIEND.

I mean a work of *merit*———

AUTHOR.

True.

FRIEND.

A man of *Taſte* MUST buy.

AUTHOR.

Yes;——You
And half a dozen more my friend,
Whom your good Taſte ſhall recommend.
Experience will by facts prevail,
When argument and reaſon fail;
The NUPTIALS now—

FRIEND.

Whoſe nuptials, ſir?—

AUTHOR.

A Poet's——did that poem *ſtir*?
No—fixt—tho' thouſand readers paſs,
It ſtill looks through its pane of glaſs,
And ſeems indignant to exclaim
Paſs on ye SONS of TASTE, for ſhame!
While duly each revolving moon,
Which often comes, God knows too ſoon,
Continual plagues my ſoul moleſt,
And *Magazines* diſturb my reſt,
While ſcarce a night I ſteal to bed,
Without a couplet in my head.
And in the morning when I ſtir,
Pop comes a *Devil*, "Copy ſir."
I cannot ſtrive with daring flight
To reach the bold *Parnaſſian* HEIGHT;
But at it's foot, content to ſtray,
In eaſy unambitious way,
Pick up thoſe flowers the muſes ſend,
To make a noſegay for my friend.
In ſhort, I lay no idle claim
To genius ſtrong, and noiſy fame.
But with a hope and with to pleaſe,
I write, as I would live, with eaſe.

FRIEND.

But you muſt have a fund, a mine,
Proſe, poems, letters,

AUTHOR.

Not a line.
And here, my friend, I reſt ſecure;
We can't loſe much, who's always poor.
And if, as now, through numbers *five*,
This work with pleaſure kept alive
Can ſtill its currency afford,
Nor fear the breaking of its hoard,
Can pay you, as at ſundry times,
For *ſelf* per *Mag*, two thouſand Rhimes;
From whence ſhould apprehenſion grow,
That *ſelf* ſhould fail, with richer Co?
No *doer* of a monthly grub,
Myſelf alone a learned *club*,
I aſk my readers to no treat
Of ſcientifick *haſh'd-up* meat,
Nor ſeek to pleaſe theatrick friends,
With ſcraps of plays, and odds and ends.—

FRIEND.

Your method, ſir, is plain enough;
And all the world has read your PUFF*.
Th' alluſion's neat, expreſſion clean,
About your travelling MACHINE;
But yet—it is a *Magazine*.

AUTHOR.

Why let it be, and wherefore ſhame?
As JULIET ſays, what's in a name?
Beſides it is the way of *trade*,
Through which all ſcience is convey'd,
Thus knowledge parcels out her ſhares;
The COURT has hers, the LAWYERS theirs.
Something to SCHOLARS ſure is due,—
Why not *one* MAGAZINE for YOU?

FRIEND.

That's an Herculean taſk, my friend,
You toil and labour—to offend.
Part of your ſcheme—a free tranſlation,
To SCHOLARS is a profanation;
What! break up *Latin*! pull down *Greek*!
(Peace to the ſoul of ſir JOHN CHEEKE!†)
And ſhall the gen'rous liquor run,
Broach'd from the rich FALERNIAN tun?

* See the PUFF.

† The firſt reſtorer of Greek learning in Engla

Will you pour out to *Engliſh* ſwine,
Neat as imported, old GREEK wine;
Alas! ſuch beverage only fits
Collegiate taſtes, and claſſic wits.

AUTHOR.

I ſeek not, with ſatyrick ſtroke,
To ſtrip the pedant of his cloak;
No——let him cull and ſpout quotations,
And call the jabber, demonſtrations,
Be his the great concern to ſhew,
If *Roman* gowns were *tied* or no *;
Whether the *Grecians* took a ſlice
Four times a-day, or only *twice*,
Still let him work about his hole,
Poor, buſy, blind, laborious mole;
Still let him puzzle, read, explain,
Oppugn, remark, and read again.
Such, though they waſte the midnight oil
In dull, minute, perplexing toil,
Not underſtanding, do no good,
Nor can do harm, not underſtood.
By ſcholars, apprehend me right,
I mean the learned, and polite,
Whoſe knowledge unaffected flows,
And fits as eaſy as their cloaths;
Who care not though 'an *ac* or *ſed*
Miſplac'd, endanger PRISCIAN'S head;
Nor think his wit a grain the worſe,
Who cannot frame a *Latin* verſe,
Or give the *Roman* proper word
To things the ROMANS never heard.
'Tis true, *except among the Great*,
Letters are rather out of date,
And *quacking* genius more diſcerning,
Scoffs at your *regulars* in learning.
—PEDANTS, indeed, are learning's curſe,
But IGNORANCE is ſomething worſe:
All are not bleſt with reputation,
Built on the WANT of EDUCATION,
And ſome, to letters duly bred,
Mayn't *write* the worſe, becauſe they've *read*,
Though books had better be unknown,
Than not one thought appear our own;
As ſome can never ſpeak themſelves,
But through the authors on their ſhelves,
Whoſe writing ſmacks too much of reading.
As affectation ſpoils good breeding.

FRIEND.

True; but that fault is ſeldom known,
Save in your bookiſh *college* drone.
Who, conſtant (as I've heard them ſay)
Study their fourteen hours a-day,
And ſquatting cloſe, with dull attention,
Read themſelves out of apprehenſion;
Who ſcarce can waſh their hands or face,
For fear of loſing time, or place,
And give one hour to meat and drink,
But never *half a one* to THINK.

AUTHOR.

Lord! I have ſeen a thouſand ſuch,
Who read, or ſeem to read, too much.

So have I known, in that rare place,
Where *Claſſics* always breed diſgrace,
A wight, upon diſcoveries hot,
As whether flames have heat or not,
Study himſelf, poor ſceptic dunce,
Into the very fire at once,
And clear the philoſophic doubt,
By burning all ideas out.
With ſuch, eternal books, ſucceſſive
Dead to no ſciences progreſſive,
While each dull ſit of ſtudy paſt,
Juſt like a wedge drives out the laſt,
From theſe I ground no expectation
Of genuine wit, or free tranſlation;
But you miſtake me, friend. Suppoſe,
(Tranſlations are but modern cloaths)
I dreſs my boy—(for inſtance ſake
Maintain theſe children which I make)
I give him coat and breeches—

FRIEND.

True—
But not a bib and apron too!
You would not let your child be ſeen,
But dreſt conſiſtent, neat, and clean.

AUTHOR.

So would I cloath a free tranſlation,
Or as Pope calls it, imitation;
Not pull down authors from my ſhelf,
To ſpoil their wit, and plague myſelf,
My learning ſtudious to diſplay,
And loſe their ſpirit by the way.

FRIEND.

Your HORACE now—e'en borrow thence
His eaſy wit, his manly ſenſe,
But let the Moraliſt convey
Things in the manners of to-day,
Rather than that old garb aſſume,
Which only ſuits a man at *Rome*.

AUTHOR.

Originals will always pleaſe,
And copies too, if done with eaſe.
Would not old PLAUTUS wiſh to wear,
Turn'd *Engliſh* hoſt, an *Engliſh* air,
If THORNTON, rich in native wit,
Would make the modes and diction fit?
Or, as I know you hate to roam,
To fetch an inſtance nearer home;
Though in an idiom moſt unlike,
A ſimilarity muſt ſtrike,
Where both of ſimple nature fond,
In art and genius correſpond;
And *native* both (allow the phraſe
Which no one *Engliſh* word conveys)
Wrapt up their ſtories neat and clean,
Eaſy as——

FRIEND.

DENIS's you mean.
—The very man—not mere tranſlation,
But LA FONTAINE by tranſmigration.

* See SIGONIUS and MANUTIUS.

AUTHOR.

Authors, as DRYDEN's maxim runs
Have what he calls poetic ſons,
Thus MILTON, more correctly wild,
Was richer Spenſer's lawful child:
And CHURCHILL, got on all the nine,
Is DRYDEN's heir in ev'ry line.
Thus DENIS proves his parents plain,
The child of EASE, and LA FONTAINE.

FRIEND.

His muſe, indeed, the work ſecures.
And aſks our praiſe as much as yours;
For, if delighted, readers too
May pay their thanks, as well as you.
But YOU, my friend (ſo folks complain)
For ever in this eaſy vein,
This proſe in verſe, this meaſur'd talk,
This pace, that's neither trot nor walk,
Aim at no flights, nor ſtrive to give
A real poem fit to live.

AUTHOR.

(To critics no offence, I hope)
PRIOR ſhall live as long as POPE,
Each in his manner ſure to pleaſe,
While both have ſtrength, and both have eaſe;
Yet though their various beauties ſtrike,
Their eaſe, their ſtrength is not alike.
Both with conſummate horſeman's ſkill,
Ride as they liſt, about the *hill*;
But take, peculiar in their mode,
Their favourite horſe, and favourite road.
For me, once fond of author-fame,
Now forc'd to bear its weight and ſhame,
I have no time to run a race,
A traveller's my only pace.
They, whom their ſteeds unjaded bear
Around *Hyde-park*, to take the air,
May friſk and prance, and ride their fill,
And go all paces which they will;
We, *hackney* tits—nay, never ſmile,
Who trot our ſtage of *thirty* mile,
Muſt travel in a conſtant plan,
And run our journey, as we can.

FRIEND.

A critic ſays, upon whoſe ſleeve
Some pin more faith than you'll believe,
That writings which as *eaſy* pleaſe,
Are not the writings done with *eaſe*.
From whence the inference is plain,
Your friend MAT PRIOR wrote with pain.

AUTHOR.

With pain perhaps he might correct,
With care ſupply each looſe defect,
Yet ſure, if rhime, which ſeems to flow
Whether its maſter will or no,
If humour, not by ſtudy ſought,
But riſing from immediate thought,
Are proofs of eaſe, what hardy name
Shall e'er diſpute a PRIOR's claim!
But ſtill your critic's obſervation
Strikes at no POET's reputation,
His keen reflection only hits
Your rhiming fops and pedling wits.
As ſome take ſtiffneſs for a grace,
And walk a dancing-maſter's pace,
And others, for familiar air
Miſtake the ſlouching of a bear;
So ſome will finically trim,
And dreſs their lady-muſe too prim,
Others, mere ſlovens in their pen
(The mob of *Lords and Gentlemen*)
Fancy they write with eaſe and pleaſure,
By rambling out of rhime and meaſure.
And, on your critic's judgment, theſe
Write *eaſily*, and not with EASE.
There are, indeed, whoſe wiſh purſues,
And inclination courts the muſe;
Who, happy in a partial fame,
A while poſſeſs a poet's name,
But read their works, examine fair,
—Shew me invention, fancy there,
Taſte I allow; but is the flow
Of genius in them? Surely, no.
'Tis labour from the claſſic brain.
Read your own ADDISON's CAMPAIGN.
E'en he, nay, think me not ſevere,
A critic fine, of *Latin* ear,
Who toſſ'd his claſſic thoughts around
With elegance on *Roman* ground,
Juſt ſimmering with the muſe's flame
Woos but a cool and ſober dame;
And all his *Engliſh* rhimes expreſs
But beggar-thoughts in royal dreſs.
In verſe his genius ſeldom *glows*,
A POET only in his *proſe*,
Which rolls luxuriant, rich, and chaſte,
Improv'd by Fancy, Wit, and Taſte.

FRIEND.

I taſk you for yourſelf, my friend,
A ſubject you can ne'er defend,
And you cajole me all the while
With diſſertations upon ſtile.
Leave others wits and works alone,
And think a little of your own,
For FAME, when all is ſaid and done,
Though a coy miſtreſs, may be won;
And half the thought, and pains, and time
You take to jingle *eaſy* rhime,
Would make an ODE, would make a PLAY,
Done into Engliſh, MALLOCH's way,
—Stretch out your more *Heroic* feet,
And write an ELEGY complete.
Or, not a more laborious taſk,
Could you not pen a *Claſſic* MASQUE?

AUTHOR.

With will at large, and unclogg'd wings,
I durſt not ſoar to ſuch *high* things.
For I, who have more phlegm than fire,
Muſt underſtand, or not admire,
But when I read with admiration,
Perhaps I'll write in IMITATION.

FRIEND.

But buſineſs of this monthly kind,
Need that *alone* engroſs your mind.
Aſſiſtance muſt pour in a-pace,
New paſſengers will take a place,

And then your friends———

AUTHOR.

Aye, they indeed,
Might make a better work ſucceed,
And with the helps which they ſhall give,
I and the Magazine ſhall live.

FRIEND.

Yes, live, and *eat*, and nothing more.

AUTHOR.

I'll live as——Authors did before.

THE POET.

AN EPISTLE TO C. CHURCHILL.

WELL——ſhall I wiſh you joy of fame,
That loudly echoes CHURCHILL's name,
And ſets you on the Muſes' throne,
Which right of conqueſt made your own?
Or ſhall I (knowing how unfit
The world eſteems a man of wit,
That wherefoever he appears,
They wonder if the knave has ears)
Addreſs with joy and lamentation,
CONDOLENCE and CONGRATULATION,
As colleges, who duly bring
Their meſs of verſe to every king,
Too *economical* in taſte,
Their ſorrow or their joy to waſte:
Mix both together, ſweet and ſow'r;
And bind the thorn up with the flow'r?
Sometimes 'tis Elegy, or Ode.
Epiſtle now's your only mode.
Whether that ſtyle more glibly hits,
The fancies of our rambling wits,
Who wince and kick at all oppreſſion,
But love to ſtraggle in digreſſion;
Or, that by writing to the GREAT
In letters, honours, or eſtate,
We ſlip more eaſy into fame,
By clinging to another's name,
And with their ſtrength our weakneſs yoke,
As ivy climbs about an oak;
As TUFT-HUNTERS will buzz and purr
About a FELLOW-COMMONER,
Or Crows will wing a higher flight,
When ſailing round the floating kite.
Whate'er the motive, 'tis the mode,
And I will travel in the road.
The faſhionable track purſue,
And write my ſimple thoughts to YOU,
Juſt as they riſe from head to heart,
Not marſhall'd by the herald Art.
By vanity or pleaſure led,
From thirſt of fame, or want of bread,
Shall any ſtart up ſons of rhime
PATHETIC, EASY, or SUBLIME?
—You'd think, to hear what Critics ſay,
Their labour was no more than play:
And that, but ſuch a paltry ſtation
Reflects diſgrace on education,
(As if we could at once forſake
What education helps to make)
Each reader has ſuperior ſkill,
And can write better when he will.
In ſhort, howe'er you toil and drudge,
The world, the mighty world, is judge,
And nice and fanciful opinion
Sways all the world with ſtrange dominion;
Opinion! which on crutches walks,
And ſounds the words another talks.
Bring me eleven Critics *groaning*,
Ten have no judgment of their own:
But, like the Cyclops watch the nod
Of ſome informing maſter god:
Or as, when near his lateſt breath,
The patient fain would juggle death,
When DOCTORS ſit in CONSULTATION
(Which means no more than converſation,
A kind of comfortable chat
'Mongſt ſocial friends, on This and That,
As whether ſtocks get up or down,
And tittle-tattle of the town;
Books, pictures, politics, and news,
Who lies with whom, and who got whoſe)
Opinions never diſagree,
One doctor writes, *all* take the fee.
But eminence offends at once
The owliſh eye of critic dunce,
DULLNESS alarm'd, collects her Force,
And FOLLY ſcreams till ſhe is hoarſe.
Then far abroad the LIBEL flies
From all th' artillery of lies,
MALICE, delighted, flaps her wing,
And EPIGRAM prepares her ſting.
Around the frequent pellets whiſtle
From SATIRE, ODE, and pert EPISTLE;
While every blockhead ſtrives to throw
His ſhare of vengeance on his foe:
As if it were a Shrove-tide game,
And cocks and poets were the ſame.
Thus ſhould a wooden collar deck
Some woe-full 'ſquire's embarraſs'd neck,
When high above the croud he ſtands
With equi-diſtant ſprawling hands,
And without hat, politely bare,
Pops out his head to take the air;
The mob his kind acceptance begs
Of dirt, and ſtones, and addle-eggs.
O GENIUS! though thy noble ſkill
Can guide thy *Pegaſus* at will?
Fleet let him bear thee as the wind—
DULLNESS mounts up and clings behind,
In vain you ſpur, and whip, and ſmack,
You cannot ſhake her from your back.
Ill nature ſprings as merit grows,
Cloſe as the thorn is to the roſe.
Could HERCULANEUM's friendly earth
Give MÆVIUS' works a ſecond birth,
MALEVOLENCE, with lifted eyes,
Would ſanctify the noble prize.
While *modern* critics ſhould behold
Their near relation to the *old*,
And wond'ring gape at one another,
To ſee the likeneſs of a brother.

But with us *rhiming* moderns here,
Critics are not the only fear;
The poet's bark meets sharper shocks
From other sands, and other rocks.
Not such alone who understand,
Whose book and memory are at hand,
Who scientific skill profess,
And are great adepts—*more* or *less*;
(Whether distinguish'd by degree,
They write A. M. or sign M. D.
Or make advances somewhat higher
And take a new degree of 'SQUIRE.)
Who read your authors, Greek and Latin,
And bring your strange quotations pat in,
As if each sentence grew more terse
From odds and ends, and scraps of verse;
Who with true poetry dispense,
So social sound fits simple sense,
And load one Letter with the labours,
Which should be shar'd among its neighbours.
Who know that thought produces pain,
And deep reflection mads the brain,
And *therefore*, wise and prudent grown.
Have no ideas of their own.
But if the man of *Nature* speak,
Advance their Bayonets of *Greek*,
And keep plain sense at such a distance,
She cannot give a friend assistance.
Not these alone in judgment rise,
And shoot at genius as it flies,
But those who cannot *spell* will TALK,
As women scold, who cannot walk.
Your man of habit, who's wound up
To eat and drink, and dine and sup,
But has not either will or pow'r
To break out of his formal hour;
Who lives by rule, and ne'er outgoes it;
Moves like a clock, and hardly knows it;
Who is a kind of breathing being,
Which has but half the pow'r of seeing;
Who stands for ever on the brink,
Yet dare not plunge enough to think,
Nor has one reason to supply
Wherefore he does a thing, or why,
But what he does proceeds so right,
You'd think him always guided by't;
Joins poetry and vice together
Like sun and rain in April weather,
Holds rake and wit as things the same,
And all the difference but a NAME.
A Rake! Alas! how many wear
The brow of mirth, with heart of care!
The desperate wretch reflection flies,
And shuns the way where madness lies,
Dreads each increasing pang of grief,
And runs to FOLLY for relief,
These, 'midst the momentary joys
Of giddy mirth and frantic noise,
FORGETFULNESS, her eldest born,
Smooths the World's hate, and blockhead's scorn,
Then PLEASURE wins upon the mind,
Ye CARES, go whiffle to the wind;
Then welcome frolic, welcome whim!
The world is all alike to *him*.
Distress *is* all in apprehension;
It ceases when 'tis past prevention:
And happiness then presses near,
When nor a hope's left, nor a fear.

—But you've enough, nor want my preaching,
And I was never form'd for teaching.
Male prudes we know, (those driv'ling things)
Will have their gibes, and taunts, and flings.
How will the sober Cit abuse,
The sallies of the Culprit muse;
To *her* and Poet shut the door—
And whip the beggar, with his whore!
POET!—a FOOL! a WRETCH! a KNAVE!
A mere mechanic dirty slave!
What is his verse, but cooping sense
Within an arbitrary fence?
At best, but ringing that in rhime,
Which prose would say in half the time?
Measure and numbers! what are those
But artificial chains or prose?
Which mechanism quaintly joins
In parallels of see-saw lines.
And when the frisky wanton writes
In PINDAR'S (what d'ye call 'em)—flights
Th' uneven measure, short and tall,
Now rhiming *twice*, now *not at all*,
In *curves* and *angles* twirls about,
Like *Chinese railing*, in and out.
Thus when you've labour'd hours on hours,
Cull'd all the *sweets*, cull'd all the *flow'rs*,
The churl, whose dull imagination
Is dead to every fine sensation,
Too gross to relish nature's bloom,
Or taste her *simple* rich perfume,
Shall cast them by as useless stuff,
And fly with keenness to his—snuff.
Look round the world, not one in ten,
Thinks Poets good, or honest men.
'Tis true their conduct, not o'er nice,
Sits often loose to easy vice.
Perhaps *their Temperance* will not pass
The due rotation of the glass;
And gravity denies 'em pow'r
T' unpeg their hats at such an hour.
Some vices must to all appear
As constitutional as FEAR;
And every Moralist will find
A ruling passion in the mind:
Which, though pent up and barricado'd
Like winds, where Æolus bravado'd;
Like them, will sally from their den,
And raise a tempest now and then;
Unhinge dame PRUDENCE from her place
And ruffle all the world of man.
Can authors then exemption draw
From nature's, or the common law?
They err alike with all mankind,
Yet not the same indulgence find.
Their lives are more conspicuous grown,
More talk'd of, pointed at, and shewn.
Till every *error* seems to rise
To SINS of most *gigantic* size.
Thus fares it still, however hard,
With every wit, and ev'ry bard.
His *publick* writings, *private* life,
Nay more, his mistress, or his wife,
And ev'ry social, dear connection,
Must bear a critical dissection;
While *friends* connive, and rivals hate,
Scoundrels traduce, and blockheads bate.
Perhaps you'll readily admit
There's danger from the *trading* wit;

And dunce and fool, and such as those,
Must be of course the poet's foes:
But sure no sober man alive,
Can think that *friends* would e'er *connive*.
From just remarks on earliest time,
In the first infancy of rhime,
It may be fairly understood
There were two sects—the Bad, the Good.
Both fell together by the ears,
And both beat up for volunteers.
By interest, or by birth allied,
Numbers flock'd in on either side.
Wit to his weapons ran at once,
While all the cry was "down with DUNCE!"
Onward he led his social bands,
The common cause had join'd their hands.
Yet even while their zeal they show,
And war against the gen'ral foe,
Howe'er their rage flam'd fierce and cruel,
They stop it all to fight a duel.
And each cool wit would meet his brother,
To pink and tilt at one another.
Jealous of every puff of fame.
The idle whist'ling of a name,
The property of half a line,
Whether a comma's your's or mine,
Shall make a Bard a Bard engage,
And shake the friendship of an age.
But diffident and modest wit
Is always ready to submit;
Fearful of press and publication,
Consults a brother's observation,
Talks of the maggot in his brains,
As hardly worth the critic pains;
"If ought disgusts the sense or ear,
"You cannot, sir, be too *severe*.
"Expunge, correct, do what you will,
"I leave it to superior skill;
"Exert the office of a friend,
"You may oblige but can't offend."
This Bard too has his private clan,
Where *He*'s the great, the only man.
Here, while the bottle and the bowl
Promote the joyous flow of soul,
(And sense of mind, no doubt, grows stronger
When failing legs can stand no longer)
Emphatic judgment takes the chair,
And damns about her with an air.
Then each, self-puff'd, and hero grown,
Able to cope with hosts alone,
Drawcansir like, his murders blends,
First slays his foes, and then his *friends*.
While your good word, or conversation,
Can lend a brother reputation;
While verse of preface quaintly penn'd,
Can raise the consequence of friend,
How visible the kind affection!
How close the partial fond connection!
"Then *He* is quick, and *I'm* discerning,
"And *I* have wit, and *He* has learning,
"*My* judgment's strong, and *His* is chaste;
"And BOTH—ay BOTH, are men of taste.
Should you nor steal nor borrow aid,
And set up for yourself in trade,
Resolv'd imprudently to show
That 'tis not always Wit and *Co.*
Feelings, before unknown, arise,
And Genius looks with jealous eyes,
Though thousands may arrive at fame,
Yet never take one path the same,
An Authors vanity or pride
Can't bear a neighbour by his side,
Although he but delighted goes
Along the track which nature shows,
Nor ever madly runs astray,
To cross his brother in his way.
And some there are, whose narrow minds,
Center'd in self, self always blinds,
Who, at a friend's re-echoed praise,
Which their own voice conspir'd to raise,
Shall be more deep and inly hurt,
Than from a foe's insulting dirt.
And some, too timid to reveal
That glow of heart, and forward zeal,
Which words are scanty to express,
But friends must feel from friends' success,
When full of hopes and fears, the Muse,
Which every breath of praise pursues,
Won'd open to their free embrace,
Meet her with such a blasting face,
That all the brave imagination,
Which seeks the sun of approbation,
No more its early blossoms tries,
But curls its tender leaves, and dies.
Is there a man whose genius strong,
Rolls like a rapid stream along,
Whose Muse, long hid in chearful night,
Pours on us like a flood of light,
Whose acting comprehensive mind
Walks fancy's region's, unconfin'd;
Whom, nor the surly sense of pride,
Nor affection, warps aside;
Who drags no author from his shelf,
To talk on with an eye to self;
Careless alike, in conversation,
Of censure, or of approbation;
Who freely thinks, and freely speaks,
And meets the Wit he never seeks;
Whose reason calm, and judgment cool,
Can pity, but not hate a fool;
Who can a hearty praise bestow,
If merit sparkles in a foe;
Who bold and open, firm and true,
Flatters no friends—yet loves them too:
CHURCHILL will be the last to know
His is the portrait, I would show.

THE TWO RUBRIC POSTS,

A DIALOGUE.

IN *Russel-street*, enfued of late,
Between two posts a strange debate.
—Two posts—aye posts—for posts can speak,
In *Latin*, *Hebrew*, *French* or *Greek*,
One Rubric thus address'd the other:
"—A noble situation, brother,
"With authors lac'd from top to toe,
"Methinks we cut a *taring* show,

"The *Dialogues* of famous dead *,
"You know how much they're bought and read.
"Suppose again we raise their ghosts,
"And make them chat through us two posts;
"A thing's half finish'd well begun,
"So take the authors as they run.
"The list of names is mighty fine,
"You look down this, and I that line.
"Here's POPE and SWIFT, and STEELE and GAY,
"And CONGREVE, in the modern way.
"Whilst you have those, I cannot speak,
"But sound most wonderful in *Greek*.
"—A Dialogue—I should adore it,
"With such a show of names before it."
"Modern, your judgment wanders wide,"
The antient Rubric strait reply'd.
"It grieves me much, indeed, to find
"We never can be of a mind,
"Before one door, and in one street,
"Neither ourselves nor thoughts can meet,
"And we, as brother oft with brother,
"Are at a distance from each other.
"Suppose among the *letter'd* dead,
"Some author should erect his head,
"And starting from his Rubric, pop
"Directly into *Davies'* shop,
"Turn o'er the leaves, and look about
"To find his own opinions out;
"D'ye think one author out of ten
"Would know his sentiments again?
"Thinking, your authors differ less in,
"Than in their manner of expressing.
"'Tis stile which makes the writer known,
"The mark he sets upon his own.
"Let CONGREVE speak as CONGREVE writ,
"And keep the ball up of his wit;
"Let SWIFT be SWIFT, nor e'er demean
"The sense and humour of the DEAN:
"E'en let the antients rest in peace,
"Nor bring good folks from *Rome* or *Greece*
"To give a cause for past transactions;
"They never dreamt of in their actions.
"I can't help quibbling, brother post,
"'Twere better we should *lay* the ghost,
"But 'twere a task of real merit
"Could we contrive to raise their *Spirit*.
"Peace, brother, peace, though what you say,
"I own has reason in his way,
"On Dialogues to bear so hard,
"Is playing with a dangerous card;
"Writers of rank are sacred things,
"And crush like arbitrary kings.
"Perhaps your sentiment is right,
"Heav'n grant we may not suffer by't.
"For should friend DAVIES overhear,
"He'll publish ours another year."

* By Lord Lyttleton.

SONG.

THOUGH winter its desolate train
Of frost and of tempest may bring,
Yet *Flora* steps forward again,
And nature rejoices in spring.

Though the sun in its glories decreast,
Of his beams in the evening is shorn,
Yet he rises with joy from the east,
And repairs them again in the morn.

But what can youth's sunshine recall,
Or the blossoms of beauty restore?
When its leaves are beginning to fall,
It dies, and is heard of no more.

The spring-time of love then employ,
'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn,
For *Cupid's* a vagrant, a boy,
And his seasons will never return.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ.

SHALL I, from worldly friends estrang'd,
Embitter'd much, but nothing chang'd
In that affection firm and true,
Which Gratitude excites to You;
Shall I indulge the Muse, or stifle
This meditation of a trifle?
But you, perhaps, will kindly take
The trifle for the Giver's sake,
Who only pays his grateful Mite,
The just acknowledgment of Right,
As to the Landlord duly sent
A pepper-corn shall pass for rent.
Yet Trifles often shew the Man,
More than his settled Life and Plan:
These are the starts of inclination;
Those the mere gloss of EDUCATION,
Which has a wond'rous knack at turning
A Blockhead to a man of Learning;
And, by the help of form and place,
The child of Sin to babe of Grace.
Not that it alters Nature quite,
And sets perverted Reason right,
But, like Hypocrisy, conceals
The very passions which she feels;
And claps a Vizor on his face,
To hide us from the World's disgrace,
Which, as the first Appearance strikes,
Approves of all things, or dislikes.
Like the fond fool with eager glee,
Who sold his all, and put to sea,
Lur'd by the calm which seemed to sleep
On the smooth surface of the Deep;
Nor dreamt its waves could proudly rise,
And toss up mountains at the skies.
APPEARANCE is the only thing,
A King's a Wretch, a Wretch a King.
Undress them both—You King, suppose
For once you wear the beggar's cloaths;
Cloaths that will take in every air;
—Bless me! they fit you to a hair.
Now you, Sir Vagrant, quickly don
The robes his Majesty had on.
And now, O WORLD, so wond'rous wise,
Who see with such discerning eyes,
Put observation to the Stretch,
Come—which is King, and which is Wretch?

To cheat *this* World, the hardest task
Is to be constant to our Mask.
Externals make direct impressions
And masks are worn by all Professions.
What need to dwell on topics stale?
Of Parsons drunk with wine or ale?
Of Lawyers, who with face of brass,
For learned Rhetoricians pass?
Of Scientific Doctors big,
Hid in the pent-house of their wig?
Whose conversation hardly goes
Beyond half words, and hums! and Oh's!
Of Scholars, of superior *Taste*,
Who cork it up for fear of waste,
Nor bring one bottle from their shelves,
But keep it always for themselves?
Wretches like these, my Soul disdains,
And doubts their hearts as well as brains.
Suppose a Neighbour should desire
To light a candle at your fire,
Would it deprive your flame of Light,
Because another profits by't?
But youth must often pay its court,
To these *great* Scholars, *by report*,
Who live on hoarded reputation,
Which dares no risque of Conversation,
And boast within a store of Knowledge,
Sufficient, bless us! for a College,
But take a prudent care, no doubt,
That not a grain shall straggle out;
And are of wit too nice and fine,
To throw their pearl and gold to *Swine*;
And therefore, to prevent deceit,
Think every Man a *Hog* they meet.
These may perhaps as Scholars shine,
Who hang *themselves* out for a *Sign*.
What signifies a Lion's skin,
If it conceals an Ass within?
If thou'rt a Lion, prithee roar;
If Ass—bray once, and stalk no more;
In words as well as Looks be wise,
Silence is folly in Disguise;
With so much wisdom bottled up,
Uncork and give your friends a sup.
What need your *nothings* thus to save?
Why place the *Dial* in the *Grave*?
A sig for Wit and Reputation,
Which sneaks from all Communication.
So in the post-bag, cheek by jole,
Letters will go from pole to pole,
Which may contain a wond'rous deal;
But then they travel under seal,
And though they bear your wit about,
Yet who shall ever find it out,
Till trusty Wax foregoes its use,
And sets imprison'd meaning loose?
Yet idle folly often deems
That Man must be from what he seems;
As if, to look a dwelling o'er,
Can'd go no farther than the Door.
Mark you round Parson, fat and sleek,
Who preaches only once a Week,
Whom Claret, Sloth, and Ven'son join
To make an *orthodox* Divine;
Whose Holiness receives its beauty
Than income large, and little Duty;
Who loves the Pipe, the Glass, the Smock,
And keeps—a Curate for his Flock.
The world, obsequious to his nod,
Shall hail this oily man of God,
While the poor priest, with half a score
Of prattling infants at his Door,
Whose sober wishes ne'er regale
Beyond the homely jug of Ale,
Is hardly deem'd companion fit
For man of Wealth, or man of Wit,
Though learn'd perhaps and wise as He
Who signs with staring S. T. P.
And full of sacerdotal Pride,
Lays God and Duty both aside.
"This Curate, say you, learn'd and wise!
"Why does not then this Curate rise?"
This Curate then, at *forty-thee*,
(Years which become a Curacy)
At no great mart of Letters bred,
Had strange odd notions in his head,
That Parts, and Books, and Application,
Furnish'd all means of Education;
And that a pulpiteer should know
More than his gaping flock below;
That Learning was not got with pain,
To be forgotten all again;
That Latin words, and rumbling Greek,
However charming sounds to speak,
Apt or unapt in each Quotation,
Were *insults* on a Congregation,
Who could not understand one word
Of all the learned stuff they heard;
That something more than preaching fine,
Should go to make a sound divine;
That Church and Pray'r, and holy *Sunday*,
Were no excuse for sinful *Monday*;
That pious doctrine, pious Life,
Should both make one, as Man and Wife.
Thinking in this uncommon Mode,
So out of all the priestly road,
What man alive can e'er suppose,
Who marks the way PREFERMENT goes,
That she should ever find her way
To this *poor Curate's* house of clay?
Such was the Priest, so strangely wise!
He could not bow—How should He rise?
Learned He was. and deeply read;
—But what of that?—not duly bred.
For he had suck'd no grammar rules
From Royal founts, or Public schools,
Nor gain'd a single Corn of Knowledge
From that vast Granary—a College.
A Granary, which food supplies
To vermin of uncommon Size.
Aye, now indeed the Matter's clear,
There is a mighty error here.
A public school's the place alone,
Where Talents may be duly known.
It has, no doubt, its imperfections,
But then, such Friendships! such connections!
The Parent, who has form'd his Plan,
And in his Child consider'd Man,
What is his grand and golden Rule?
"Make your connections, Child, at School.
"Mix with your Equals, fly inferiors,
"But follow *closely* your Superiors;
"On them your ev'ry Hope depends,
"Be prudent, Tom, get *useful* Friends;
"And therefore like a spider wait,
"And spin your Web about the great.

"If *my Lord*'s Genius wants ſupplies,
"Why—You muſt make his Exerciſe.
"Let the young *Marquis* take your Place,
"And bear a whipping for his *Grace*.
"Suppoſe (ſuch Things may happen once)
"The Nobles wits, and You the Dunce,
"Improve the means of Education;
"And learn commodious Adulation,
"Your Maſter ſcarcely holds it ſin,
"*He* chucks his *Lordſhip* on the Chin,
"And would not for the World rebuke,
"Beyond a pat, the ſchool-boy *Duke*.
"The Paſtor there, of——what's the Place?
"With ſmiles eternal in his Face,
"With dimpling cheek, and ſnowy hand,
"That ſhames the whiteneſs of his band;
"Whoſe mincing Dialect abounds
"In Hums and Haſhs, and half form'd ſounds;
"Whoſe Elocution, fine and chaſte,
"Lays his *commands* with judgment *vaſt*;
"And left the Company ſhould hear,
"Whiſpers his Nothings in your Ear;
"Think you 'twas Zeal, or Virtue's Care
"That placed the *ſmirking* Doctor there?
"No—'twas Connections form'd at School
"With ſome rich Wit, or noble Fool,
"Obſequious Flattery, and Attendance,
"A wilful, uſeful, baſe dependance;
"A ſupple bowing of the Knees
"To any *human God* you pleaſe.
"(For true good-breeding's *ſo polite*,
"'Twould call the very Devil white)
"'Twas watching others' ſhifting Will,
"And veering to and fro with ſkill:
"Theſe were the means that made him riſe,
"Mind your *connections*, and be wiſe."
Methinks I hear ſon Tom reply,
I'll be a Biſhop by and by.
Connections at a public School
Will often ſerve a wealthy Fool,
By lending him a letter'd Knave
To bring him Credit, or to ſave;
And Knavery gets a profit *real*,
By giving parts and worth *ideal*.
The child that marks this laviſh Plan,
Will make his Fortune when a Man.
While honeſt Wit's ingenious Merit
Enjoys his pittance, and his ſpirit.
The Strength of public Education
Is quick'ning Parts by EMULATION;
And Emulation will create
In narrow minds a jealous ſtate,
Which ſtifled for a courſe of Years,
From want of Skill or mutual Fears,
Breaks out in manhood with a zeal,
Which none but rival Wits can feel.
For when good people Wits commence,
They loſe all other kind of ſenſe;
(The maxim makes you ſmile, I ſee,
Retort it when you pleaſe on me;)
One writer always hates another,
As Emperors would kill a brother,
Or Empreſs Queen to rule alone,
Pluck down a Huſband from the throne.
When tir'd of Friendſhip and alliance,
Each ſide ſprings forward to defiance,
Inveterate Hate and Reſolution,
Faggot and Fire and Perſecution,
Is all their aim, and all their Cry,
Though neither ſide can tell you why.
To it they run like valiant Men,
And flaſh about them with their Pen.
What Inkſhed ſprings from Altercation!
What loppings off of Reputation!
You might as ſoon huſh ſtormy Weather,
And bring the North and South together,
As reconcile your letter'd foes,
Who come to all things but dry blows.
Your deſperate lovers wan and pale,
As needy culprits in a jail,
Who muſe and doat, and pine, and die,
Scorch'd by the light'ning of an eye,
(For ladies' eyes, with fatal ſtroke,
Will blaſt the verieſt heart of oak)
Will wrangle; bicker, and complain,
Merely to make it up again.
Though ſwain look glum, and miſs look fiery,
'Tis nothing but *amantium iræ*,
And all the progreſs purely this—
A frown, a pout, a tear, a kiſs.
Thus love and quarrels (April weather)
Like vinegar and oil together,
Join in an eaſy mingled ſtrife,
To make the ſallad up of life.
Love ſettles beſt from altercation,
As liquors after fermentation.
In a ſtage-coach, with lumber cramm'd,
Between two bulky bodies jamm'd,
Did you ne'er writhe yourſelf about,
To find the ſeat and cuſhion out?
How diſagreeably you ſit,
With b—m awry, and place unfit,
Till ſome kind jolt o'er ill-pav'd town,
Shall wedge you cloſe, and nail you down,
So fares it with your fondling dolts,
And all love's quarrels are but jolts.
When tiffs ariſe, and words of ſtrife
Turn one to two in man and wife,
(For that's a matrimonial courſe
Which yoke-mates muſt go through perforce,
And ev'ry married man is certain
T'attend the lecture call'd the *curtain*)
Though not another word is ſaid,
When once the couple are in bed:
There things their proper channel keep,
(They make it up, and go to ſleep)
Theſe fallings in and fallings out,
Sometimes with cauſe, but moſt without,
Are but the common modes of ſtrife,
Which oil the ſprings of married life,
Where ſameneſs would create the ſpleen,
For ever *ſtupidly ſerene*.
Obſerve yon downy bed—to make it,
You toſs the feathers up and ſhake it.
So fondneſs ſprings from words and ſcuffling,
As beds lie ſmoothеſt after ſhuffling.
But authors' wranglings will create
The very quinteſſence of hate;
Peace is a fruitleſs vain endeavour,
Sworn foes for once, they're foes for ever.
—Oh! had it pleas'd my wiſer betters
That I had never taſted letters,
Then no Parnaſſian maggots bred,
Like fancies in a madman's head,
No graſpings at an idle name,
No childiſh hope of future fame;

No impotence of wit had ta'en
Poſſeſſion of my muſe-ſtruck brain.
Or had my birth, with fortune fit,
Vaniſh'd the dunce, or made the wit;
I had not held a ſhameful place,
Nor letters paid me with diſgrace.
—O! for a pittance of my own,
That I might live unſought, unknown!
Retir'd from all this pedant ſtrife,
Far from the cares of buſt'ling life;
Far from the wits, the fools, the great,
And all the little world I hate.

THE MILK-MAID.

WHOE'ER for pleaſure plans a ſcheme,
Will find it vaniſh like a dream,
Affording nothing ſound or real,
Where happineſs is all ideal;
In grief, in joy, or either ſtate,
Fancy will always antedate,
And when the thoughts on evil pore,
Anticipation makes it more.
Thus while the mind the *future* ſees,
It cancels all its *preſent* eaſe.
Is Pleaſure's ſcheme the point in view;
How eagerly we all purſue!
Well—Tueſday is th' appointed day;
How ſlowly wears the time away!
How dull the interval between,
How darken'd o'er with clouds of ſpleen,
Did not the mind unlock her treaſure,
And fancy feed on promis'd pleaſure.
DELIA ſurveys, with curious eyes,
The clouds collected in the ſkies;
Wiſhes no ſtorm may rend the air,
And Tueſday may be dry and fair;
And I look round, my boys, and pray,
That Tueſday may be holiday.
Things duely ſettled—what remains?
Lo! Tueſday comes—alas! it rains;
And all our viſionary ſchemes
Have died away, like golden dreams.
Once on a time, a ruſtic dame,
(No matter for the lady's name)
Wrapt up in deep imagination,
Indulg'd her pleaſing contemplation;
While on a bench ſhe took her ſeat,
And plac'd the milk-pail at her feet,
Oft in her hand ſhe chink'd the pence,
The profits which aroſe from thence;
While fond ideas fill'd her brain,
Of layings up, and *monſtrous* gain,
Till every penny which ſhe told,
Creative fancy turn'd to gold;
And reaſoning thus from computation,
She ſpoke aloud her meditation.
"Pleaſe heav'n but to preſerve my health,
"No doubt I ſhall have ſtore of wealth;
"It muſt of conſequence enſue,
"I ſhall have ſtore of lovers too.
"Oh! how I'll break their ſtubborn hearts,
"With all the pride of female arts.
"What Suitors then will kneel before me.
"*Lords*, *Earls*, and *Viſcounts* ſhall adore me.
"When in my gilded coach I ride,
"*My Lady* at his *Lordſhip*'s ſide,
"How will I laugh at all I meet
"Clatt'ring in pattens down the ſtreet!
"And LOBBIN then I'll mind no more,
"Howe'er I lov'd him heretofore;
"Or, if he talks of plighted truth,
"I will not hear the ſimple youth,
"But riſe indignant from my ſeat,
"And ſpurn the lubber from my feet."
Action, alas! the ſpeaker's grace,
Ne'er came in more improper place,
For in the toſſing forth her ſhoe,
What fancied bliſs the maid o'erthrew!
While down at once, with hideous fall,
Came lovers, wealth, and milk, and all.
Thus fancy ever loves to roam,
To bring the gay materials home;
Imagination forms the dream,
And accident deſtroys the ſcheme.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

FROM THE REV. MR. HANBURY'S HORSE, TO THE REV. MR. SCOT.

AMONGST you *bipeds*, reputation
Depends on *Rank* and *Situation*;
And men increaſe in fame and worth,
Not from their merits, but their *Birth*.
Thus he is born to live obſcure,
Who has the ſin of being poor;
While wealthy dullneſs lolls at eaſe,
And is as witty as you pleaſe.
—"What did his *Lordſhip* ſay?—O! fine!
"The very *Thing! Bravo! Divine!*"
And then 'tis buzz'd from *Route* to *Route*,
While ladies whiſper it about,
"Well, I proteſt, a charming hit!
"His *Lordſhip* has a deal of wit:
"How elegant that double ſenſe!
"*Perdigious! waſtly fine! immenſe!*"
When all my lord has ſaid or done,
Was but the *letting off* a pun.
Mark the fat *Cit*, whoſe good round ſum,
Amounts at leaſt to half a *Plumb*;
Whoſe chariot whirls him up and down
Some three or four miles out of town;
For thither ſober folks repair,
To take the *Duſt* which they call air.
Dull folly (not the wanton wild
Imagination's younger child)
Has taken lodgings in his face,
As finding that a *vacant* place,
And peeping from *his* windows, tells
To all beholders, where ſhe dwells.
Yet once a week, this purſe-proud cit
Shall ape the fallies of a wit,
And after ev'ry Sunday's dinner,
To prieſtly ſaint, or city ſinner,
Shall tell the ſtory o'er and o'er,
H'as told a thouſand times before;

Like gamesters, who, with eager zeal,
Talk the game o'er between the deal.
Mark! how the fools and knaves admire
And chuckle with their Sunday 'squire:
While he looks pleas'd at ev'ry jueſt,
And laughs much louder than the reſt;
And cackling with inceſſant grin,
Triples the *Double* of his chin.
Birth, rank, and wealth, have wond'rous ſkill;
Make *Wits* and *Statesmen* when they will;
While genius holds no eſtimation,
From luckleſs want of *Situation*;
And, if through clouded ſcenes of life,
He takes dame poverty to wife,
Howe'er he work and teise his brain,
His pound of wit ſcarce weighs a *grain*;
While with his *Lordſhip* it *abounds*,
And one light grain ſwells out to *pounds*.
Receive, good ſir, with aſpect kind,
This wanton *gallop* of the mind;
But, ſince all things increaſe in worth,
Proportion'd to their rank and birth;
Leſt you ſhould think the letter baſe,
While I ſupply the poet's place,
I'll tell you whence and what I am,
My *Breed*, my *Blood*, my *Sire*, my *Dam*.
My *Sire* was PINDAR'S *Eagle*, ſon
Of *Pegaſus* of HELICON;
My *Dam*, the *Hippograph*, which whirl'd
Aſtolpho to the lunar world.
Both high-bred things of *mettled blood*,
The beſt in all APOLLO'S ſtud.
Now CRITICS here would bid me ſpeak
The OLD horſe language, that is, *Greek*;
For HOMER made us talk, you know,
Almoſt three thouſand years ago;
And men of *Taſte* and *Judgment* FINE,
Allow the paſſage is *divine*.
They were fine mettled things indeed,
And of peculiar ſtrength and breed;
What leaps they took, how far and wide!
—They'd take a country at a ſtride.
How great each leap, LONGINUS knew,
Who from dimenſions ta'en of two,
Affirms, with equal ardour whirld,
A third, good lord! would clear the world.
But till ſome learned wight ſhall ſhew
If *Accents* MUST be us'd, or no,
A doubt, which puzzles all the wiſe
Of giant and of pigmy ſize,
Who waſte their time, and fancies vex
With *aſper*, *lenis*, *circumflex*,
And talk of *mark* and punctuation,
As 'twere a matter of ſalvation;
For when your pigmies take the pen
They fancy they grow up to *Men*,
And think they keep the world in awe
By brandiſhing a very *Straw*;
Till they have clear'd this weighty doubt,
Which they'll be centuries about,
As a plain nag, in homely phraſe,
I'll uſe the language of *our* days;
And, for this firſt and only time,
Juſt make a *trot* in eaſy rhime.
Nor let it ſhock your thought or ſight,
That thus a *quadruped* ſhould write;
Read but the papers, and you'll ſee
More prodigies of wit than me;
Grown men and *Sparrows* taught to dance,
By monſieur *Paſſerat* from France;
The *learned* dog, the *learned* mare,
The *learned* bird, the *learned* hare;
And all are *faſhionable* too,
And play at cards as well as you.
Of paper, pen, and ink poſſeſs'd,
With faculties of writing bleſt,
Why ſhould not I then, *Houyhnhnm* bred
(A word that muſt be *ſeen*, not ſaid)
Rid you of all that anxious care,
Which good folk feel for good and fair,
And which your looks betray'd indeed,
To more diſcerning eyes of ſteed;
When in the ſhape of uſeful hack,
I bore a poet on my back?
Know, ſafely rode my maſter's bride,
The bard before her for *my* guide.
Yet think not, ſir, his awkward care
Enſured protection to the fair.
No—conſcious of the prize I bore,
My wayward footſteps ſlipt no more.
For though I ſcorn the *Poet*'s ſkill,
My miſtreſs guides me where ſhe will.
Abſtract in wond'rous ſpeculation,
Loſt in laborious meditation,
As whether 'twould promote *Sublime*
If *Silver* could be pair'd in rhyme;
Or, as the word of *ſweeter Tune*,
Month might be clink'd inſtead of moon;
No wonder poets hardly know
Or what they do, or where they go.
Whether they ride or walk the ſtreet,
Their *heads* are always on their *feet*;
They now and then may get aſtride
Th' *ideal* Pegaſus, and ride
Prodigious journeys—round a room,
As boys ride cock-horſe on a broom.
Whether *Acroſtics* teize the brain,
Which goes a hunting words in vain,
(For words moſt *capitally* fin,
Unleſs their letters right begin.)
Since how to man or woman's name,
Could you or I Acroſtic frame.
Or make the *ſtaring* letters join,
To form the word that tells us *thine*,
Unleſs we'ad *right* initials got,
S, C, O, T, and ſo made SCOT?
Or whether *Rebus*, *Riddle*'s brother
(Both which had DULLNESS for their mother)
Employ the gentle poet's care,
To celebrate ſome town or fair,
Which all *ad libitum* he ſlits
For *you* to pick it up by bits,
Which bits together plac'd, will frame
Some city's or ſome lady's name;
As when a worm is cut in twain,
It joins and is a worm again;
When thoughts *ſo* weighty, *ſo* intenſe,
Above the reach of common ſenſe,
Diſtract and twirl the mind about,
Which fain would hammer ſomething out;
A kind diſcharge relieves the mind,
As folks are eas'd by breaking wind;
Whatever whims or maggots bred
Take place of ſenſe in poet's head,
They fix themſelves without controul,
Where'er its ſeat is on the ſoul.

Then, like your heathen idols, we
Have eyes indeed, but cannot see.
(*We*, for I take the poet's part,
And for my blood, am *Bard* at heart)
For in reflection deep immerst,
The man muse-bitten and *be-verst*,
Neglectful of externals all,
Will run his head againſt a wall,
Walk, through's river as it flows,
Nor ſee the bridge before his noſe.
Are things like theſe equeſtrians fit
To mount the back of mettled tit?
Ar'—but farewell, for here comes *Bob*,
And I muſt ſerve ſome hackney job;
Fetch letters, or, for recreation,
Tranſport the bard to our *Plantation*.
Roberts joins compts with *Burnam Black*,
Your humble ſervant, *Hanbury*'s hack.

THE NEW-RIVER HEAD.

A TALE.

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF MR. C. DENIS.

INSCRIBED TO J. WILKES Esq.

Labitur & labetur in omne volubilis ævum. HOR.

DEAR WILKES, whoſe lively ſocial Wit
Diſdains the prudiſh Affectation
Of gloomy Folks, who love to ſit
As Doctors *ſhould* at Conſultation,
Permit me, in familiar Strain
To ſteal you from the idle hour
Of combating the NORTHERN THANE,
And all his pupper tools of Pow'r.
Shame to the Wretch, if ſenſe of ſhame
Can ever touch the miſcreant's breaſt,
Who dead to virtue as to fame,
(A Monſter whom the Gods deteſt)
Turns traitor to himſelf, to court,
Or Miniſter or Monarch's ſmile;
And dares, in inſolence of ſport,
Invade the CHARTER of our iſle.
But why ſhould I, who only ſtrive
By telling of an eaſy tale,
To keep attention half alive
'Gainſt BODGOLAM and FLIMNAP rail?
For whether ENGLAND be the name,
(Name which w're taught no more to prize)
Or BRITAIN, it is all the ſame,
The Lilliputian Stateſmen riſe
To malice of gigantic ſize.
Let them enjoy their warmth a while,
Truth ſhall regard them with a ſmile.
While you, like GULLIVER, in ſport
Pift out the fire and ſave the Court.
But to return—The tale is old;
Indecent, truly none of mine—
What BERGALDUS gravely told;
I read it in that ſound divine.
And for indecency, you know
He had a faſhionable turn,
As prim obſervers clearly ſhew
In t'other Parſon, Doctor STERNE.
Yet POPE denies it all defence,
And call it, bleſs us! Want of ſenſe.
But e'en the *decent* POPE can write
* Of bottles, corks, and maiden ſighs,
Of charming beauties leſs in ſight,
Of the more ſecret precious hair,
† "And ſomething elſe of little Size,
You know where.
If ſuch Authorities prevail,
To varniſh o'er this petty ſin,
I plead a pardon for my tale,
And having hemm'd and cough'd—begin.
A Genius (one of thoſe I mean,
We read of in the Arabian nights;
Not ſuch as every day are ſeen
At Bob's or Arthur's, whilom White's;
For howſoe'er you change the name,
The Clubs and Meetings are the ſame;
Nor thoſe prodigious learned folks,
Your Haberdaſhers of ſtale Jokes,
Who dreſs them up ſo neat and clean
For News-paper or Magazine;
But one that could play wond'rous tricks,
Changing the very courſe of Nature,
Not ASMODEUS on two ſticks
Or ſage URGANDA could do greater.)
Once on a time incog came down
From his equivocal dominions,
And travell'd o'er a country town
To try folks' tempers and opinions.
When to accompliſh his intent
(For had the cobler known the king.
Lord! it would quite have ſpoil'd the thing)
In ſtrange diſguiſe he ſlily went
And ſtump'd along the high-way track,
With greaſy knapſack at his back;
And now the night was pitchy dark,
Without one ſtar's indulgent ſpark,
Whether he wanted ſleep or not,
Is of no conſequence to tell;
A bed and lodging muſt be got,
For genuiſes live always well.
At the beſt houſe in all the town,
(It was th' attorney's you may ſwear)
He knock'd as he'd have beat it down,
Knock as you would, no entrance there.
But from the window cried the dame,
Go, ſirrah go, from whence you came.
Here, Nell, John, Thomas, ſee who knocks,
Fellow, I'll put you in the ſtocks.
Be gentle ma'am, the Genius cried:
Have mercy on the wand'ring poor,
Who knows not where his head to hide,
And aſks a pittance at your door.
A mug of beer, a cruſt of bread—
Have pity on the houſeleſs head;
Your huſband keeps a lordly table,
I aſk but for the offal crumbs,

* Rape of the Lock.
† Pope's Letters.

And for a lodging—barn or ſtable
Will ſhroud me till the morning comes.
'Twas all in vain: ſhe rang the bell,
The ſervants trembl'd at the knell;
Down flew the maids to tell the men,
To drive the vagrant back again.
He trudg'd away in angry mind,
And thought but cheaply of mankind,
Till throught a caſement's dingy pane,
A ruſh light's melancholy ray,
Bad him e'en try his luck again;
Perhaps beneath a houſe of clay
A wand'ring paſſenger might find,
A better friend to human kind,
And far more hoſpitable fare,
Though not ſo coſtly, nice, or rare,
As ſmokes upon the ſilver plate
Of the luxurious pamper'd great.
So to this cot of homely thatch,
In the ſame plight the genius came:
Down comes the dame, lifts up the latch;
What want ye ſir?
God ſave you, dame.
And ſo he told the piteous tale,
Which you have heard him tell before;
Your patience and my own would fail
Were I to tell it o'er and o'er.
Suffice it, that my goody's care
Brought forth her beſt, though ſimple fare,
And from the corner-cupboard's board,
Her ſtranger gueſt the more to pleaſe,
Beſpread her hoſpitable board
With what ſhe had—'twas bread and cheeſe.
'Tis honeſt though but homely cheer;
Much good may't do ye, eat your fill.
Would I cou'd treat you with ſtrong beer,
But for the action take the will,
You ſee my cot is clean though ſmall,
Pray heav'n encreaſe my ſlender ſtock!
You're welcome, friend, you ſee my all;
And for your bed, Sir there's a flock.
No matter what was after ſaid,
He eat and drank and went to bed.
And now the cock his mattins ſung,
(Howe'er ſuch ſinging's light eſteem'd,
'Tis precious in the Muſes' tongue
When ſung, rhimes better than he ſcream'd;)
The dame and pedlar both aroſe,
At early dawn of riſing day,
She for her work of folding clothes,
And He to travel on his way;
But much he thought himſelf to blame.
Juſt as in duty ſurely bound,
He did not thank the careful dame
For the reception he had found,
Hoſteſs, quoth He, before I go,
I thank you for your hearty Fare;
Would it were in my pow'r to pay
My gratitude a better way;
But money now runs very low,
And I have not a doit to ſpare;
But if you'll take this piece of Stuff—
—No, quoth the dame, I'm as poor as you,
Your kindeſt wiſhes are enough,
You're welcome, friend, farewell—Adieu.
But firſt reply'd the wand'ring gueſt,
For bed and board and homely diſh,
May all things turn out for the beſt,
So take my bleſſing and my wiſh.
May what you firſt begin to do.
Create ſuch profit and delight,
That you may do it all day through,
Nor finiſh till the depth of night.
Thank you, ſaid ſhe, and ſhut the door,
Turn'd to her work, and thought no more,
And now the napkin which was ſpread
To treat her gueſt with good brown bread,
She folded up with niceſt care;
When lo! another napkin there!
And every folding did beget
Another and another yet.
She folds a ſhift—by ſtrange encreaſe,
The remnant ſwells into a piece.
Her Caps, her Laces, all the ſame,
Till ſuch a quantity of Linen,
From ſuch a very ſmall beginning,
Flow'd in at once upon the Dame,
Who wond'red how the deuce it came,
That with the drap'ry ſhe had got
Within her little ſhabby cot,
She might for all the town provide,
And break both York-ſtreet and Cheapſide.
It happen'd that th' attorney's wife,
Who to be ſure, took much upon her,
As being one in higher Life,
Who did the Pariſh mighty honour,
Sent for the Dame, who poor and willing,
Would take a job of charing work,
And ſweat and toil like any Turk,
To earn a ſixpence or a ſhilling.
She could not come, not ſhe indeed!
She thank'd her much but had no need.
Good news will fly as well as bad,
So out this wond'rous ſtory came,
About the Pedlar and the Dame,
Which made th' Attorney's wife ſo mad,
That ſhe reſolv'd at any rate,
Spite of her pride and Lady airs,
To get the Pedlar tete-a-tete,
And make up all the paſt affairs;
And though ſhe wiſh'd him at the devil,
When he came there the night before,
Determin'd to be monſtrous civil,
And drop her curtſie at the door.
Now all was racket, noiſe and pother,
Nell running one way, John another,
And Tom was on the coach-horſe ſent,
To learn which way the Pedlar went.
Thomas return'd;—the Pedlar brought.
—What could my dainty Madam ſay,
For not behaving as ſhe ought,
And driving honeſt folks away?
Upon my word, it ſhocks me much,
—But there's ſuch thieving here of late—
Not that I dream'd that you were ſuch,
When you came knocking at my gate,
I muſt confeſs myſelf to blame,
And I'm afraid you lately met
Sad treatment with that homely dame,
Who lives on what her hands can get,
Walk in with me at leaſt to-night,
And let us ſet all matters right.
I know my duty, and indeed
Would help a friend in time of need.
Take ſuch refreſhment as you find,
I'm ſure I mean it for the beſt,

And give it with a willing mind,
To ſuch a grave and ſober gueſt.
So in they came, and for his picking,
Behold the table covers ſpread,
Inſtead of Goody's cheeſe and bread,
With tarts, and fiſh, and fleſh, and chicken.
And to appear in greater ſtate,
The knives and forks with ſilver handles,
The candleſticks of bright (French) plate
To hold her beſt mould (tallow) candles.
Were all brought forth to be diſplay'd,
In female houſewifry parade,
And more the Pedlar to regale,
And make the wond'rous man her friend,
Decanters foam'd of mantling ale,
And port and claret without end;
They bobb'd and nobb'd, and ſmil'd and laugh'd,
Touch'd glaſſes, nam'd their toaſts, and quaff'd;
Talk'd over every friend and foe,
Till eating, drinking, talking paſt,
The kind houſe-clock ſtruck twelve at laſt,
When wiſhing Madam *bon repos*,
The pedlar pleaded weary head,
Made his low bow, and want to bed.
Wiſhing him then at perfect eaſe,
A good ſoft bed, a good ſound ſleep,
Now, gentle reader, if you pleaſe,
We'll at the lady take a peep.
She could not reſt, but turn'd and toſs'd
While fancy whiſper'd in her brain,
That what her indiſcretion laſt,
Her wit and cunning might regain.
Such Linen to ſo poor a dame!
For ſuch coarſe fare! perplex'd her head;
Why might not ſhe expect the ſame,
So courteous, civil, and well-bred?
And now ſhe reckon'd up her ſtore
Of Cambricks, Hollands, Muſlins, Lawns,
Free gifts, and Purchaſes, and Pawns,
Reſolv'd to multiply them more,
Till ſhe had got a Stock of Linen.
Fit for a Dowager to ſin in.
The morning came, when up ſhe got,
Moſt ceremoniouſly inclin'd
To wind up her ſagacious plot,
With all that civil ſtuff we find
Amongſt thoſe who talk a wond'rous deal
Of what they neither mean nor feel.
How ſhall I, Ma'm, reply'd the Gueſt,
Make you a ſuitable return,
For your attention and concern,
And ſuch civilities expreſt
To one, who muſt be ſtill in debt
For all the kindneſs he has met?
For this your entertainment's ſake,
If ought of good my wiſh can do,
May what you firſt ſhall undertake,
Laſt without ceaſing all day through.
Madam, who kindly underſtood
His wiſh effectually good,
Strait dropp'd a curtſie wond'rous low,
For much ſhe wanted him to go,
That ſhe might look up all her ſtore,
And turn it into thouſands more.
Now all the maids were ſent to look
In every cranny, hole and nook,
For every rag which they could find
Of any ſize, or any kind.
Draw'rs, Boxes, Cloſets, Cheſts and Caſes
Were unlock'd at once to get
Her Point, her Gawz, her Pruſſia-net,
With fifty names of fifty kinds,
Which ſuit variety of minds.
How ſhall I now my tale purſue,
So paſſing ſtrange, ſo paſſing true?
When every bit from every hoard,
Was brought and laid upon the board,
Leſt ſome more urgent obligation
Might interrupt her pleaſing toil,
And marring half her application.
The promiſ'd hopes of profit ſpoil,
Before ſhe folds a ſingle rag,
Or takes a cap from board or bag,
That nothing might her work prevent,
(For ſhe was now reſolv'd to labour,
With earneſt hope and full intent
To get the better of her neighbour)
Into the garden ſhe would go
To do that neceſſary thing,
Which muſt by all be done, you know,
By rich and poor, and high and low,
By Male and Female, Queen and King;
She little dream'd a common action,
Practis'd as duly as her pray'rs,
Should prove ſo tedious a tranſaction,
Or coſt her ſuch a ſea of cares.
In ſhort the ſtreams ſo plenteous flow'd,
That in the dry and duſty weather,
She might have water'd all the road
For ten or twenty miles together.
What could ſhe do? as it began,
Th' involuntary torrent ran.
Inſtead of folding Cap or Mob,
So dreadful was this diſtillation.
That from a ſimple watering job,
She fear'd a general Inundation,
While for her Indiſcretion's crime,
And coveting too great a ſtore,
She made a river at a time,
Which ſure was never done before.

A FAMILIAR LETTER OF RHIMES.

TO A LADY.

YES—I could rifle grove and bow'r
And ſtrip the beds of every flow'r,
And deck them in their faireſt hue,
Merely to be out bluſh'd by you.
The lilly, pale, by my direction,
Should fight the roſe for your complexion:
Or I could make up ſweeteſt poſies,
Fit fragrance for the ladies' noſes,
Which drooping, on your breaſt reclining,
Should all be withering, dying, pining,
Which every ſongſter can diſplay,
I've more authorities than GAY;
Nay, I could teach the globe its duty
To pay all homage to your beauty,
And, wit's creative pow'r to ſhow,
The very *fire* ſhould mix with *ſnow*;
Your eyes, that brandiſh burning *darts*
To ſcorch and ſinge our *tinder* hearts,

Should be the *lamps* for lover's ruin,
And light them to their own undoing;
While all the *snow* about your breaſt
Should leave them hopeleſs and diſtreſt.
For thoſe who rarely ſoar above
The art of coupling *love* and *dove*,
In their conceits and amorous fictions,
Are mighty fond of contradictions,
Above, in air; in earth, beneath;
And things that do, or do not breathe,
All have their parts, and ſeparate place,
To paint the fair one's various grace.
Her cheek, her eye, her boſom ſhow
The roſe, the lilly, diamond, ſnow.
Jet, milk, and amber, vales and mountains,
Stars, rubies, ſuns, and moſſy fountains,
The poet gives them all a ſhare
In the deſcription of his fair,
She *burns*, ſhe *chills*, ſhe pierces hearts
With locks, and bolts, and flames, and darts.
And could we truſt th' extravagancy
Of every poet's youthful fancy,
They'd make each nymph they love ſo well,
As cold as ſnow, as *hot* as——.
—O gentle lady, ſpare your fright,
No horrid rhime ſhall wound your ſight.
I would not for the world be heard,
To utter ſuch *unſeemly* word,
Which the politer parſon fears
To mention to politer ears.
But, could a female form be ſhown,
(The thought, perhaps, is not my own)
Where every circumſtance ſhould meet
To make the poet's nymph compleat
Form'd to his Fancy's utmoſt pitch,
She'd be as ugly as a witch.
Come then, O muſe, of trim conceit,
Muſe, always fine, but never neat,
Who to the dull unfated ear
Of *French* or *Tuſcan* SONNETEER,
Tak'ſt up the ſame unvaried tone,
Like the *Scotch* bagpipe's favourite drone,
Squeezing out thoughts in ditties quaint,
To poet's miſtreſs, whore, or ſaint;
Whether thou dwell'ſt on ev'ry grace,
Which lights the world from LAURA's face,
Or amorous praiſe expatiates wide
On beauties which the nymph muſt hide;
For wit affected, loves to ſhow
Her every charm from top to toe,
And wanton fancy oft purſues
Minute deſcription from the muſe,
Come and pourtray, with pencil fine,
The poet's *mortal* nymph *divine*.
Her *golden* locks of claſſic hair,
Are *nets* to catch the wanton air;
Her forehead *ivory*, and her eyes
Each a bright *ſun* to light the ſkies,
Orb'd in whoſe centre, *Cupid* aims
His darts proteſt us! tipt with *flames*;
While the ſly god's unerring bow
Is the half circle of her *brow*.
Each lip a *ruby*, parting, ſhews
The precious *pearl* in even rows,
And all the loves and graces ſleek
Bathe in the dimples of her *cheek*.
Her *breaſts* pure *ſnow*, or white *as milk*,
Are *ivory* apples, ſmooth as ſilk,
Or elſe, as fancy trips on faſter,
Fine *marble* hills or *alabaſter*.
A figure made of WAX wou'd pleaſe
More than an aggregate of theſe,
Which though they are of precious worth,
And held in great eſteem on earth,
What are they, rightly underſtood,
Compar'd to real fleſh and blood?
And I, who hate to act by rules
Of whining, rhiming, loving fools,
Can never twiſt my mind about
To find ſuch ſtrange reſemblance out,
And ſimile that's only fit
To ſhew my plenteous lack of wit.
Therefore, omitting flames and darts,
Wounds, ſighs and tears, and bleeding hearts,
Obeying, what I here declare,
Makes half my happineſs, the Fair,
The favourite ſubject I purſue,
And write, as who would not, for you.
Perhaps my muſe, a common curſe,
Errs in the manner of her verſe,
Which, flouching in the doggrel lay,
Goes tittup all her eaſy way.
Yes—an Acroſtic had been better,
Where each good natured prattling letter,
Though it conceal the writer's aim,
Tells all the world his lady's name,
But all Acroſtics, it is ſaid,
Shew wond'rous pain of empty head,
Where wit is cramp'd in hard confines,
And fancy dare not jump the lines.
I love a fanciful diſorder,
And ſtraggling out of rule and order;
Impute not then to vacant head,
Or what I've writ, or what I've ſaid,
Which imputation can't be true,
Where head and heart's ſo full of you.
Like TRISTRAM SHANDY, I could write
From morn to noon, from noon to night,
Sometimes obſcure, and ſometimes leaning,
A little ſideways to a meaning,
And unfatigu'd myſelf, purſue
The civil mode of teazing you.
For as your folks who love the dwelling
On circumſtance in ſtory telling,
And to give each relation grace,
Deſcribe the time, the folks, the place,
And are religiouſly exact
To point out each unmeaning fact,
Repeat their wonders *undeſired*,
Nor think one hearer can be tired;
So they who take a method worſe,
And *proſe* away, like me, in *verſe*,
Worry their miſtreſs, friends or betters.
With ſatire, ſonnet, ode, or letters,
And think the knack of pleaſing follows
Each jingling pupil of APOLLO's.
—Yet let it be a venial crime
That I addreſs you thus in rhime.
Nor think that I am *Phœbus*'-bit
By the *Tarantula* of wit,
But as the meaneſt critic knows
All females have a knack at proſe,
And letters are the mode of writing
The ladies take the moſt delight in;
Bold is the man, whoſe ſaucy aim
Leads him to form a rival claim;

A double death the victim dies,
Wounded by wit as well as eyes.
—With mine disgrace a lady's prose,
And put a nettle next a rose?
Who would, so long as taste prevails,
Compare St. *James's* with *Versailles?*
The nightingale, as story goes,
Fam'd for the music of his woes,
In vain against the artist try'd,
But strain'd his tuneful throat—and died.
Perhaps I sought the rhiming way,
For reasons which have pow'rful sway.
The swain, no doubt, with pleasure sues
The nymph he's sure will not refuse.
And more compassion may be found
Amongst these goddesses of sound,
Than always happens to the share
Of the more cruel human fair;
Who love to fix their lover's pains,
Pleas'd with the rattling of their chains,
Rejoicing in their servant's grief,
As 'twere a sin to give relief.
They twist each easy fool about,
Nor let them in, nor let them out,
But keep them twirling on the fire
Of apprehension and desire,
As cock-chafers, with corking pin
The school-boy stabs to make them spin.
For 'tis a maxim in love's school,
To make a man of sense a fool;
I mean the man, who loves indeed,
And hopes and wishes to succeed;
But from his fear and apprehension,
Which always mars his best intention,
Can ne'er address with proper ease
The very person he would please.
Now Poets, when these nymphs refuse,
Strait go a courting to the muse.
But still some difference we find
'Twixt goddesses and human kind;
The muses' favours are ideal,
The ladies' scarce, but always real.
The poet can, with little pain,
Create a mistress in his brain,
Heap each attraction, every grace
That should adorn the mind or face,
On *Delia*, *Phyllis*, with a score
Of *Phyllises* and *Delias* more.
Or as the whim of passion burns,
Can court each frolic muse by turns;
Nor shall one word of blame be said,
Altho' he take them all to bed.
The muse detests coquettry's guilt,
Nor apes the manners of a jilt.
Jilt! O dishoneſt hateful name,
Your sex's pride, your sex's shame.
Which often bait their treacherous hook
With smile endearing, winning look,
And wind them in the easy heart
Of man, with most ensnaring art,
Only to torture and betray
The wretch they mean to cast away.
No doubt 'tis *charming* pleasant angling
To see the poor fond creatures dangling,
Who rush like gudgeons to the bait,
And gorge the mischief they should hate.
Yet sure such cruelties deface
Your virtues of their fairest grace.
And pity, which in woman's breast,
Should swim at top of all the rest,
Must such insidious sport condemn,
Which play to you, is death to them.
So have I often read or heard,
Though both upon a trav'llers word,
(Authority may pass it down,
So, *vide* TRAVELS, by ED. BROWN)
At METZ, a dreadful engine stands,
Form'd like a maid, with folded hands,
Which finely dress't, with primmest grace,
Receives the culprit's first embrace;
But at the second (dismal wonder!)
Unfolds, clasps, cuts his heart asunder.
You'll say, perhaps I love to rail,
We'll end the matter with a tale.
A *Robin* once, who lov'd to stray,
And hop about from spray to spray,
Familiar as the folks were kind,
Nor thought of mischief in his mind,
Slight favours make the bold presume,
Would flutter round the lady's room,
And careless often take his stand
Upon the lovely *Flavia's* hand.
The nymph, 'tis said, his freedom sought,
—In short, the trifling fool was caught;
And happy in the fair one's grace,
Would not accept an *Eagle's* place:
And while the nymph was kind as fair,
Wish'd not to gain his native air,
But thought he bargain'd to his cost,
To gain the liberty he lost.
Till at the last, a fop was seen,
A *parrot*, dress'd in red and green,
Who could not boast one genuine note,
But chatter'd, swore and ly'd—by rote.
"Nonsense and noise will oft prevail,
"When honour and affection fail."
The lady lik'd her foreign guest,
For novelty will please the best;
And whether it is lace or fan,
Or silk, or china, bird or man,
None sure can think it wrong, or strange,
That ladies should admire a change.
The *Parrot* now came into play,
The *Robin!* he had had his day,
But could not brook the nymph's disdain,
So fled—and ne'er came back again.

THE

COBLER OF TISSINGTON's LETTER

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ. 1761.

MY predecessors often use
To cobble verse as well as shoes;
As PARTRIDGE (*vide* SWIFT's disputes)
Who turn'd BOOTES into *boots*,
Ah!—PARTRIDGE!—I'll be bold to say
Was a rare scholar in his day;
He'd tell you when t'wou'd rain, and when
The weather would be fine again;

Precisely when your bones *should* ache,
And when grow sound! by th' almanack.
For he knew ev'ry thing, d'ye see,
By, what d'ye call't, astrology,
And skill'd in all the starry system,
Foretold events, and often mist'em.
And then it griev'd me sore to look
Just at the *keel-piece* of his book,
Where stood a man, Lord bless my heart!
(No doubt by *matthew maticks* art,)
Naked, expos'd to public view,
And darts stuck in him through and through.
I warrant him some hardy fool,
Who scorn'd to follow wisdom's rule,
And dar'd blasphemously despise
Our doctor's knowledge in the skies.
Full dearly he abides his laugh,
I'm sure 'tis SWIFT, or BICKERSTAFF.
Excuse this bit of a digression,
A cobler's is a learn'd profession.
Why may not I too couple rhimes?
My wit will not disgrace the times;
I too, forsooth, among the rest,
Claim one advantage, and the best,
I scarce know writing, have no reading,
Nor any kind of scholar *breeding*;
And *wanting* that's the sole foundation
Of half your poets' reputation.
While genius, perfect at its birth,
Springs up, like mushrooms from the earth.
You know they send me to and fro
To carry messages or so;
And though I'm somewhat old and crazy,
I'm still of service to the lazy,
For our good squire has no great notion
Of much alacrity in motion,
And when there's miles betwixt you know
Would rather *send* by half than *go*;
Then I'm dispatch'd to travel hard,
And bear myself by way of card.
I'm a two-legg'd excuse to show
Why other people cannot go;
And merit sure I must assume,
For once I went in GARRICK's room.
In my old age, 'twere wond'rous hard
To come to town, as trav'lling card,
Then let the post convey me there,
The clerk's direction tell him where,
For, though I ramble at this rate
He writes it all, and I *dictate*;
For I'm resolv'd—by help of neighbour,
(Who keeps a school, and goes to *labour*)
To tell you all things as they past;
Coblers will go beyond their last,
And so I'm told will authors too,
—But that's a point I leave to you;
Cobbling extends a thousand ways,
Some cobble shoes, some cobble plays;
Some—but this jingle's vastly clever,
It makes a body write for ever.
While with the motion of the pen,
METHOD pops in and out again,
So, as I said, I thought it better,
To set me down and *think* a letter,
And without any more ado,
Seal up my mind, and send it you.
You'll ask me, master, why I chuse
To plague your worship with my muse?
I'll tell you then—will truth offend?
Though cobler, yet I love my friend.
Besides, I like you merry folks,
Who make their puns, and crack their jokes;
Your jovial hearts are never wrong,
I love a story, or a song;
But always feel most grievous qualms,
From WESLEY's hymns, or WISDOM's psalms*.
My father often told me, one day
Was for religion—that was Sunday,
When I should go to prayers twice,
And hear our parson battle vice;
And dress'd in all my finest cloaths,
Twang the *psalmody* through my nose.
But betwixt churches, for relief,
Eat bak'd plumb-pudding, and roast-beef;
And chearful, without sin, regale
With good home-brew'd, and nappy ale,
But not one word of *fasting* greetings,
And *dry* religious singing meetings.
But here comes folks a-preaching to us
A *saving* doctrine to *undo* us,
Whose notions fanciful and scurvy,
Turn old religion topsy-turvy.
I'll give my pleasure up for no man
And an't I right now, master SHOW-MAN?
You seem'd to me a person civil,
Our parson gives you to the devil;
And says, as how, that after grace,
You laugh'd directly in his face;
Ay, laugh'd out-right (as I'm a sinner)
I should have lik'd t' have been at dinner,
Not for the sake of master's fare,
But to have seen the doctor stare,
Odzooks, I think, he's perfect mad,
Scar'd out of all the wits he had,
For wheresoe'er the doctor comes,
He pulls his wig, and bites his thumbs,
And mutters, in a broken rage,
The MINOR, GARRICK, FOOTE, the STAGE;
(For I must blab it out—but hist,
His reverence is a *methodist*)
And preaches like an errant fury,
'Gainst all your *shows* folks about DRURY,
Says actors all are hellish imps,
And managers the devil's pimps.
He knows not what he sets about;
Puts on his surplice inside out,
Mistakes the lessons in the church,
Or leaves a collect in the lurch;
And t'other day—God help his head,
The gardener's wife being brought to bed,
When sent for to baptize the child
His wig awry, and staring wild,
He laid the prayer-book flat before him,
And read the burial service o'er him.
—The folks must wait without their shoes,
For I must tell you all the news.
For we have had a deal to do,
Our squire's become a show-man too!
And horse and foot arrive in flocks
To see his worship's famous rocks,
Whilst, he with humourous delight,
Walks all about and shews the sight,

* Robert Wisdom was an early translator of Psalms. Wood says, "he was a good Latin & English poet of his time." He died 1568.

Points out the place, where trembling you
Had like t' have bid the world adieu;
It bears the ſad remembrance ſtill,
And people call it GARRICK'S Hill.
The goats their uſual diſtance keep,
We never have recourſe to ſheep;
And the whole ſcene wants nothing now,
Except your ferry-boat and cow.
I had a great deal more to ſay,
But I am ſent expreſs away,
To fetch the ſquire's three children down
To TISSINGTON from DERBY town;
And ALLEN ſays he'll mend my rhime,
When e'er I write a ſecond time.

THE

CORLER OF CRIPPLEGATE'S LETTER

TO ROBERT LLOYD, A. M.

UNUS'D to verſe, and tir'd, Heav'n knows,
Of drudging on in heavy proſe,
Day after day, year after year,
Which I have ſent the GAZETTEER;
Now, for the firſt time I eſſay
To write in your own eaſy way.
And now, O LLOYD, I wiſh I had,
To go that road your ambling pad,
While you, with all a poet's pride,
On the *great horſe* of verſe might ride.
You leave the road that's rough and ſtoney,
To pace and whiſtle with your poney;
And proof to us you're *lazy* grown,
And fear to gall your huckle bone.
For he who rides a nag ſo ſmall,
Will ſoon we fear, ride none at all.
There are, and nought gives more offence,
Who have ſome fav'rite excellence,
Which evermore they introduce,
And bring it into conſtant uſe.
Thus GARRICK ſtill in ev'ry part
His pauſe, and attitude, and ſtart:
The pauſe, I will allow, is good,
And ſo, perhaps, the attitude;
The ſtart too's fine: but if not ſcarce,
The tragedy becomes a farce.
I have too, pardon me, ſome quarrel,
With other branches of your laurel.
I hate the ſtile, that ſtill defends
Yourſelf, or praiſes all your friends,
As if the club of wits was met
To make eulogiums on *the Set*;
Say, muſt the town for ever hear,
And no *Reviewer* dare to ſneer,
Of THORNTON'S humour, GARRICK'S nature,
And COLMAN'S wit, and CHURCHILL'S ſatire;
CHURCHILL, who—let it not offend,
If I make free, though he's your friend,
And ſure we cannot want excuſe,
When CHURCHILL nam'd for ſmart abuſe—
CHURCHILL! who ever loves to raiſe
On ſlander's dung his muſhroom bays;
The prieſt, I grant, has ſomething clever,
A ſomething that will laſt for ever:
Let him, in part, be made your pattern,
Whoſe muſe, now queen, and now a ſlattern,
Trick'd out in ROSCIAD rules the roaſt,
Turns trapes and trollop in the GHOST,
By turns both tickles us, and warms,
And, drunk or ſober, has her charms.
GARRICK, to whom with lath and plaiſter
You try to raiſe a fine pilaſter,
And found on LEAR and MACBETH,
His monument e'en after death,
GARRICK'S a dealer in grimaces,
A haberdaſher of wry faces,
A hypocrite, in all his ſtages,
Who laughs and cries for hire and wages;
As undertakers' men draw grief
From onion in their handkerchief,
Like real mourners cry and ſob,
And of their paſſions make a job.
And COLMAN too, that little ſinner,
That eſſay-weaver, drama-ſpinner,
Too much the comic *Sock* will uſe,
For 'tis the law muſt find him *Shoes*.
And though he thinks on fame's wide ocean
He ſwims, and has a pretty motion,
Inform him, LLOYD, for all his grin
That HARRY FIELDING holds his chin.
Now higher ſoar, my muſe, and higher,
To BONNEL THORNTON, hight Eſquire!
The only man to make us laugh,
A very PETER PARAGRAPH;
The grand conducter and adviſer
In CHRONICLE, and ADVERTISER,
Who ſtill delights to run his rig
On *Citizen* and *Perriwig*!
Good ſenſe, I know, though daſh'd with oddity,
In THORNTON is no ſcarce commodity:
Much learning too I can deſcry,
Beneath *his* perriwig doth lie.
——I beg his pardon, I declare,
His grizzle's gone for greaſy hair,
Which now the wag with eaſe can ſcrue,
With dirty ribband in a queue—
But why neglect (his trade forſaking
For ſcribbling, and for merry-making,)
With tye to overſhade that brain,
Which might have ſhewn in WARWICK-LANE?
Why not, with ſpectacles on noſe,
In chariot lazily repoſe,
A formal, pompous, deep phyſician,
HIMSELF A SIGN-POST EXHIBITION?
But hold, my Muſe! you run a-head:
And where's the clue that ſhall unthread
The maze, wherein you are entangled?
While out of tune the bells are jangled
Through rhimes rough road that ſerve to deck
My jaded Pegaſus his neck.
My muſe with LLOYD alone contends:
Why then fall foul upon his friends?
Unleſs to ſhew like handy-dandy,
Or CHURCHILL'S GHOST, or TRISTRAM SHANDY.
Now here, now there, with quick progreſſion,
How ſmartly you can make digreſſion:
Your rambling ſpirit now confine,
And ſpeak to LLOYD in ev'ry line.

Tell me then, LLOYD, what is't you mean
By cobbling up a MAGAZINE?
A MAGAZINE, a wretched Olio
Purloin'd from quarto and from folio,
From Pamphlet, News-paper, and Book;
Which toſt up by a monthly cook,
Borrows fine ſhapes, and titles new,
Of fricaſee or rich ragout,
Which dunces dreſs, as well as you.
Say, is't for you, your wit to coop,
And tumble through this narrow hoop?
The body thrives, and ſo the mind,
When both are free and unconfin'd;
But harneſs'd in like hackney tit,
To run the monthly ſtage of wit,
The racer tumbles in the ſhaft,
And ſhews he was not meant for draft.
Pot-bellied gluttons, ſlaves of taſte,
Who bind in leathern belt their waiſt,
Who lick their lips at ham or haunch,
But hate to ſee the ſtrutting paunch,
Full often rue the pain that's felt
From circumſcription of the belt.
Thus women too we ideots call,
Who lace their ſhapes too cloſe and ſmall.
Tight ſtays, they find, oft end in humps,
And take, too late, alas! to jumps.
The chineſe ladies cramp their feet,
Which ſeem, indeed, both ſmall and neat,
While the dear creatures laugh and talk,
And can do every thing—but walk;
Thus you, "who trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtic toe,"
And in the *Ring* are never ſeen,
Or *Rotten-Row* of Magazine,
Will cramp your muſe in four-foot verſe,
And find at laſt your eaſe your curſe.
CLIO already humbly begs
You'd give her leave to ſtretch her legs,
For though ſometimes ſhe takes a leap,
Yet quadrupeds can only creep.
While Namby-Pamby thus you ſcribble,
Your manly genius a mere fribble,
Pinn'd down, and ſickly, cannot vapour,
Nor dares to ſpring, or cut a caper.
Rouſe then, for ſhame, your ancient ſpirit!
Write a great work! a work of merit!
The conduct of your friend examine,
And give a PROPHECY OF FAMINE;
Or like yourſelf, in days of yore,
Write ACTORS, as you did before:
Write what may pow'rful friends create you,
And make your preſent friends all hate you.
Learn not a ſhuffling, ſhambling, pace,
But go erect with manly grace;
For OVID ſays, and pr'y thee heed it,
Os homini ſublime dedit.
But if you ſtill waſte all your prime
In ſpinning Lilliputian rhyme,
Too long your genius will lie fallow,
And ROBERT LLOYD be ROBERT SHALLOW.

ON RHYME.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

BRING paper, Aſh, and let me ſend
My hearty ſervice to my friend.
How pure the paper looks and white!
What pity 'tis that folks will write,
And on the face of candour ſcrawl
With deſperate ink, and heart of gall!
Yet thus it often fares with thoſe
Who, gay and eaſy in their *proſe*,
Incur ill-natures ugly crime,
And lay about 'em in their *rhyme*.
No man more generous, frank and kind,
Of more ingenuous ſocial mind,
Than CHURCHILL, yet though CHURCHILL be
I will pronounce him too ſevere,
For, whether ſcribbled at or not,
He writes no name without a blot.
Yet let me urge one honeſt plea?
Say, is the Muſe in fault or He?
The man, whoſe genius thirſts for praiſe,
Who boldly plucks, not waits the bays;
Who drives his rapid car along,
And feels the energy of ſong;
Writes, from the *impulſe* of the Muſe,
What ſober reaſon might refuſe.
My Lord, who lives and writes *at* eaſe,
(Sure to be pleas'd, as ſure to pleaſe)
And draws from ſilver-ſtand his pen,
To ſcribble ſonnets *now* and *then*;
Who writes not what he truly feels,
But rather what he ſlily ſteals,
And patches up in courtly phraſe,
The manly ſenſe of better days;
Whoſe dainty Muſe is only kiſt;
But as his dainty lordſhip liſt,
Who treats her like a *Miſtreſs* ſtill,
To turn her off and keep at will;
Knows not the labour, pains and ſtriſe,
Of him who takes the Muſe to *Wife*.
For then the poor good-natur'd man
Muſt bear his burden as he can;
And if my lady prove a ſhrew,
What would you have the huſband do?
Say, ſhould he thwart her inclination
To work his own, and her vexation?
Or giving madam all her rein,
Make marriage but a ſilken chain?
Thus we, who lead poetic lives,
The hen-peck'd culls of vixen wives,
Receive their orders, and obey,
Like huſbands in the common way:
And when we write with too much phlegm,
The fault is not in us, but them:
True ſervants always at command,
We *hold the pen*; they *guide the hand*.
Why need I urge ſo plain a fact
To you who catch me in the act?
And ſee me, (ere I've ſaid my grace,
That is, put SIR in proper place,
Or with epiſtolary bow,
Have preface'd, as I ſcarce know how.)

You ſee me, as I ſaid before,
Run up and down a page or more,
Without one word of tribute due
To friendſhip's altar, and to YOU.
Accept, then, in or out of time,
My honeſt thanks, though writ in rhyme.
And theſe once paid, (to obligations
Repeated thanks grow ſtale vexations,
And hurt the liberal donor more,
Than all his laviſh gifts before,)
I ſkip about, as whim prevails,
Like your own friſky goats in WALES,
And follow where the Muſe ſhall lead,
O'er hedge and ditch, o'er hill or mead.
Well might the * Lordly writer praiſe
The firſt inventor of *Eſſays*,
Where wanton fancy gaily rambles,
Walks, paces, gallops, trots, and ambles;
And all things may be ſung or ſaid,
While drowſy METHOD's gone to bed,
And bleit the poet, or the rhymiſt,
(For ſurely none of the ſublimeſt)
Who prancing in his eaſy mode;
Down this epiſtolary road,
Firſt taught the Muſe to play the fool,
A truant from the pedant's ſchool,
And ſkipping, like a *taſteleſs* dunce,
O'er all the UNITIES at once;
(For ſo we keep but clink and rhyme,
A fig for ACTION, PLACE, and TIME.)
But critics, (who ſtill judge by rules,
Tranſmitted down as guides to fools,
And howſoe'er they prate about 'em,
Drawn from wiſe folks who writ without 'em;)
Will blame this frolic, wild excurſion,
Which fancy takes for her diverſion,
As inconſiſtent with the law,
Which keeps the ſober Muſe in awe,
Who dares not for her life diſpenſe,
With ſuch *mechanic* chains for ſenſe.
Yet men are often apt to blame
Thoſe errors they'd be proud to claim,
And if their ſkill, of pigmy ſize,
To glorious darings cannot riſe,
From critic ſpleen and pedant phlegm,
Would make all genius creep with them.
Nay e'en profeſſors of the art,
To prove their wit betray their heart,
And ſpeak againſt themſelves, to ſhow,
What they would hate the world ſhou'd know.
As when the meaſur'd couplets curſe,
The manacles of Gothic verſe,
While the trim bard in *eaſy* ſtrains,
Talks much of *fetters*, *clogs*, and *chains*;
He only aims that you ſhould think,
How charmingly he makes them clink.
So have I ſeen in tragic ſtride,
The hero of the Mourning Bride,
Sullen and ſulky tread the ſtage:
Till, fixt attention to engage,
He flings his fetter'd arms about,
That all may find ALPHONSO out.
Oft have I heard it ſaid by thoſe,
Who moſt ſhou'd bluſh to be her foes,
That rhyme's impertinent vexation,
Shackles the brave imagination,

Which longs with eager zeal to try
Her trackleſs path above the ſky,
But that the clog upon her feet,
Reſtrains her flight, and damps her heat.
From BOILEAU down to his tranſlators,
Dull paraphraſts, and imitators,
All rail at metre at the time
They write and owe their ſenſe to rhyme.
Had HE ſo maul'd his gentle ſoe,
But for that lucky word QUINEAUT?
Or had his ſtrokes been half ſo fine,
Without that cloſing name COTIN?
Yet dares He on this very theme,
His own APOLLO to blaſpheme,
And talk of wars 'twixt rhyme and ſenſe,
And murders which enſu'd from thence,
As if they both reſolv'd to meet,
Like Theban ſons, in mutual heat,
Forgetful of the ties of brother,
To maim and maſſacre each other.
'Tis true, ſometimes to coſtive brains,
A couplet coſts exceeding pains;
But where the fancy waits the ſkill
Of fluent eaſy dreſs at will,
The thoughts are oft, like colts which ſtray
From fertile meads, and loſe their way,
Clapt up and faſten'd in the pound
Of meaſur'd rhyme, and barren ſound.
—What are theſe jarring notes I hear,
Grating harſh diſcord on my ear!
How ſhrill, how coarſe, th' unſettled tone,
Alternate 'twixt a ſqueak and drone,
Worſe than the ſcrannel pipe of ſtraw,
Or muſic grinding on a ſaw!
Will none that horrid fiddle break?
—O ſpare it for GIARDINI's ſake.
'Tis *His*, and only errs by chance,
Play'd by the hand of ignorance,
From this alluſion I infer,
'Tis not the art, but artiſts err,
And rhyme's a fiddle, ſweet indeed,
When touch'd by thoſe who well can lead,
Whoſe varied notes harmonious flow,
In tones prolong'd from ſweeping bow;
But harſh the ſounds to ear and mind,
From the poor fidler lame and blind,
Who begs in muſic at your door.
And thrums *Jack Latin* o'er and o'er.
Some MILTON-mad, (an affectation
Glean'd up from college education)
Approve no verſe, but that which flows
In epithetic meaſur'd proſe,
With trim expreſſions daily dreſt
Stol'n miſapply'd, and not confeſt,
And call it writing in the ſtile
Of that great HOMER of our iſle.
Whilom, *what time*, *eftſoons* and *erſt*,
(So proſe is oftentimes *beverſt*)
Sprinkled with quaint fantaſtic phraſe,
Uncouth to ears of modern days,
Make up the metre, which they call
Blank, CLASSICK BLANK, their All in All.
Can only blank admit ſublime?
Go read and meaſure DRYDEN's rhyme.
Admire the magic of his ſong,
See how his numbers roll along,
With eaſe and ſtrength and varied pauſe,
Nor cramp'd by ſound, nor metre's laws.

* Shaftſbury.

Is harmony the gift of rhyme?
Read, if you can, your MILTON's chime;
Where taſte, not wantonly ſevere,
May find the meaſure, not the ear,
As rhyme, rich rhyme, was DRYDEN's choice,
And blank has MILTON's nobler voice,
I deem it as the ſubjects lead,
That either meaſure will ſucceed.
That rhyme will readily admit
Of fancy numbers, force and wit;
But though each couplet has its ſtrength,
It palls in works of epic length.
For who can bear to read or hear,
Though not offenſive to the ear,
The mighty BLACKMORE gravely ſing
Of ARTHUR PRINCE, and ARTHUR KING,
Heroic poems without number,
Long, lifeleſs, leaden, lulling lumber;
Nor pity ſuch laborious toil,
And loſs of midnight time and oil?
Yet glibly runs each jingling line,
Smoother, perhaps, than yours or mine,
But ſtill, (though peace be to the dead,)
The dull, dull poems weigh down lead.
So have I ſeen upon the road,
A waggon of a mountain's load,
Broad-wheel'd and drawn by horſes eight,
Pair'd like great folks who ſtrut in ſtate:
While the gay ſteeds, as proud as ſtrong,
Drag the ſlow tottering weight along,
Each as the ſteep aſcent he climbs,
Moves to his bells, and walks in chimes.
The Muſes dwelt on OVID's tongue,
For OVID never ſaid, but *ſung*,
And POPE (for POPE affects the ſame)
In *numbers liſp'd*, for *numbers came*.
Thus, in hiſtoric page I've read
Of ſome queen's daughter, fairy-bred,
Who could not either cough or ſpit,
Without ſome precious flow of wit,
While her fair lips were as a ſpout,
To tumble pearls and diamonds out.
Yet though dame nature may beſtow
This nack of verſe, and jingling flow:
(And thouſands have that impulſe felt,
With whom the Muſes never dwelt)
Though it may ſave the lab'ring brain
From many a thought-perplexing pain,
And while the rhyme preſents itſelf,
Leaves BYSSHE untouch'd upon the ſhelf;
Yet more demand the critic ear,
Than the two catch-words in the rear,
Which ſtand like watchmen in the cloſe,
To keep the verſe from being proſe,
But when reflection has refin'd
This boiſt'rous bias of the mind.
When harmony enriches ſenſe,
And borrows ſtronger charms from thence,
When genius ſteers by judgment's laws
When proper cadence, varied pauſe
Shew nature's ſtrength combin'd with art,
And through the ear poſſeſs the heart;
Then numbers come, and all before
Is bab, dab, ſcab—mere rhymes—no more.
Some boaſt, which none could e'er impart,
A ſecret principle of art,
Which gives a melody to rhyme
Unknown to Bards of antient time.
And BOILEAU leaves it as a rule
To all who enter PHOEBUS' ſchool,
To make the metre ſtrong and fine,
Poets write firſt your *ſecond* line.
'Tis folly all—No poet flows
In tuneful verſe, who thinks in proſe;
And all the mighty ſecret here
Lies in the niceneſs of the ear.
E'en in this meaſure, when the muſe,
With genuine eaſe, her way purſues,
Though ſhe affect to hide her ſkill,
And walks the town in diſhabille,
Something peculiar will be ſeen
Of air, or grace, in ſhape or mien,
Which will, though careleſly diſplay'd,
Diſtinguiſh MADAM from her maid.
Here, by the way of critic ſample,
I give the precept and example.
Four feet, you know, in ev'ry line
Is PRIOR's meaſure, and is mine;
Yet Taſte wou'd ne'er forgive the crime
To talk of mine with PRIOR's rhyme.
Yet, take it on a Poet's word,
There are who fooliſhly have err'd,
And marr'd their proper reputation,
By ſticking cloſe to imitation.
A double rhyme is often fought
At ſtrange expence of time and thought;
And though ſometimes a lucky hit
May give a zeſt to BUTLER's wit;
Whatever makes the meaſure halt
Is beauty ſeldom, oft a fault.
For when we ſee the wit and pains,
The twiſting of the ſtubborn brains,
To cramp the ſenſe within the bound
Of ſome queer double treble ſound:
Hard is the Muſes's travail, and 'tis plain
'Tis pinion'd ſenſe, and EASE in PAIN;
'Tis like a foot that's wrapt about
With flannel in the racking gout.
But here, methinks, 'tis more than time
To wave both ſimile and rhyme;
For while, as pen and Muſes pleaſe,
I talk ſo much of eaſe and eaſe,
Though the word's mention'd o'er and o'er,
I ſcarce have thought of yours before.
'Tis true, when writing to one's friend,
'Tis a rare ſcience when to end,
As 'tis with wits a common ſin
To want th' attention to begin.
So, Sir, (at laſt indeed) adieu,
Believe me, as you'll find me, true;
And if henceforth, at any time,
APOLLO whiſpers you in rhyme,
Or Lady Fancy ſhould diſpoſe
Your mind to ſally out in proſe,
I ſhall receive, with hallow'd awe,
The Muſe's mail from FLEXNEY's draw.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

TO A FRIEND WHO SENT THE AUTHOR A HAMPER OF WINE.

Decipit Exemplar vitiis imitabile. HOR.

FOND of the looſe familiar vein,
Which neither tires, nor cracks the brain,
The Muſe is rather truant grown
To buckram works of higher tone;
And though perhaps her pow'rs of rhyme,
Might riſe to fancies more ſublime,
Prefers this eaſy down-hill road,
To dangerous leaps at five-barr'd ODE,
Or ſtarting in the Claſſic race
Jack-booted for an EPIC chace.
That Bard, as other Bards, divine,
Who was *a ſacris* to the Nine,
DAN PRIOR I mean, with natural eaſe,
(For what's not nature cannot pleaſe)
Would ſometimes make his rhyming bow,
And greet his friend as I do now;
And howſo'er the critic train
May hold my judgment rather vain,
Allow me *one* reſemblance true,
I have my friend, a SHEPHERD * too.
You know, dear Sir, the Muſes nine,
Though ſober Maids are wooed in wine,
And therefore, as beyond a doubt,
You've found my dangling foible out,
Send me nectareous inſpiration,
Though others read Intoxication.
For there are thoſe who vainly uſe
This grand Elixir of the Muſe,
And fancy in their apiſh fit,
An idle trick of maudlin wit,
Their genius takes a daring flight,
'Bove PINDUS, or PLINLIMMON's height.
Whilſt more of madman than of poet,
They're drunk indeed, and do not know it.
The Bard, whoſe charming meaſure flows
With all the native eaſe of proſe,
Who, without flaſhy vain pretence,
Has beſt adorn'd Eternal Senſe,
And, in his chearful moral page,
Speaks to mankind in every age;
Tells us, from folks whoſe ſituation
Makes them the mark of obſervation,
Example oft gives Folly riſe,
And Imitation clings to Vice.
ENNIUS could never write, 'tis ſaid,
Without a bottle in his head;
And your own HORACE quaff'd his wine
In plenteous draughts at BACCHUS' ſhrine:
Nay, ADDISON would oft unbend,
Indulge his *genius* with a friend;
(For fancy, which is often dry,
Muſt wet her wings, or cannot fly)

What precedents for fools to follow
Are BEN the DEVIL and APOLLO!
While the great gawky ADMIRATION,
Parent of ſtupid imitation,
Intrinſic proper worth neglects,
And copies Errors and Defects.
The man, ſecure in ſtrength of Parts,
Has no recourſe to ſhuffling Arts,
Seeks not his nature to diſguiſe,
Nor heeds the people's tongues, or eyes,
His wit, his faults at once diſplays,
Careleſs of envy, or of praiſe;
And foibles, which we often find
Juſt on the ſurface of the mind,
Strike common eyes, which can't diſcern
What to avoid, and what to learn.
Errors in wit conſpicuous grow,
To uſe GAY's words, like ſpecks in ſnow;
Yet it were kind, at leaſt, to make
Allowance for the merit's ſake;
And when ſuch beauties fill the eye,
To let the blemiſhes go by.
Plague on your philoſophic ſots!
I'll view the ſun without its ſpots.
Wits are peculiar in their mode;
They cannot bear the hackney road
And will contract habitual ways,
Which ſober people cannot praiſe,
And fools admire: Such fools I hate;
—Begone, ye ſlaves, who imitate.
Poor SPURIOUS! eager to deſtroy
And murder hours he can't enjoy,
The laſt of witlings, next to dunce,
Would fain turn Genius all at once,
But that the wretch miſtakes his aim,
And thinks a Libertine the ſame.
Connected as the hand and glove,
Is Madam POETRY and LOVE;
Shall not *He* then poſſeſs his Muſe,
And fetch CORINNA from the ſtews,
The burthen of his amorous verſe,
And charming melter of his purſe,
While happy REBUS tells the name
Of His and DRURY's common *Flame?*
How will the wretch at BACCHUS' ſhrine,
Betray the cauſe of wit and wine,
And waſte in bawdy, port, and pun,
In taſte a very GOTH or HUN,
Thoſe *little hours*, of value more
Than all the round of time before;
When fancy brightens with the flaſk,
And the heart ſpeaks without a maſk?
Muſt THOU, whoſe genius, dull and cool,
Is muddy as the ſtagnant pool;
Whoſe torpid ſoul and ſluggiſh brains,
Dullneſs pervades, and Wine diſdains;
Muſt *Thou* to nightly taverns run,
APOLLO's gueſt, and JONSON's ſon?
And in thy folly's beaſtly fit,
Attempt the ſallies of a wit?
Art thou the child of PHOEBUS' choir?
Think of the Adage—Aſs and Lyre*.
If thou wouldſt really ſucceed,
And be a *mimic* wit indeed,
Let DRYDEN lend thee SHEFFIELD's blows,
Or like WILL. DAVENANT loſe your noſe.

* Dr. Richard Shepherd, Author of a didactic Poem called The Nuptials.

* Aſinus ad Lyram.

O LUCIAN, Sire of antient wit,
Who wedding HUMOUR, didſt beget
Thoſe doctors in the laughing ſchool,
Thoſe Giant ſons of RIDICULE,
SWIFT, RAB'LAIS, and † that favourite Child,
Who, leſs excentrically wild,
Inverts the miſanthropic Plan,
And hating vices, hates not Man:
How do I love thy gibing vein!
Which glances at the mimic train
Of ſots, who proud of modern beaux
Of birth-day ſuits, and tinſel cloaths,
Affecting cynical grimace
With philoſophic ſtupid face,
In dirty hue, with naked feet,
In rags and tatters, ſtrole the ſtreet;
OSTENSIVELY exceeding wiſe;
But Knaves, and Fools, and walking Lies,
External Mimicry their plan,
The monkey's copy after Man.
Wits too poſſeſs this affectation,
And live a life of imitation,
Are Slovens, Revellers and Brutes,
Laborious, abſent, prattlers, Mutes,
From ſome example handed down
Of ſome great Genius of Renown.
If ADDISON, from habit's trick,
Could bite his fingers to the quick,
Shall not I nibble from deſign,
And be an ADDISON to mine?
If POPE moſt feelingly complains
Of aching head, and throbbing pains,
My head and arm his poſture hit,
And I already *ache* for wit.
If CHURCHILL, following nature's call,
Has *head that never aches at all*,
With burning brow, and heavy eye,
I'll give my looks and pain the Lye.
If huge tall words of termination,
Which aſk a Critic's explanation,
Come rolling out along with thought,
And ſeem to ſtand juſt where they ought;
If language more in grammar dreſt,
With greater emphaſis expreſt,
Unſtudied, unaffected flows,
In ſome great Wit's *converſing* proſe:
If from the tongue the period round
Fall into ſtile, and ſwell the ſound,
'Tis nature which herſelf diſplays,
And JOHNSON ſpeaks a JOHNSON's phraſe.
But can you hear, without a ſmile,
The formal coxcomb ape his ſtyle,
Who, moſt dogmatically wiſe,
Attempts to cenſure, and deſpiſe,
Affecting what he cannot reach,
A trim propriety of ſpeech?
What though his pompous Language wear
The grand deciſive ſolemn Air,
Where quaint ANTITHESIS prevails,
And ſentences are weighed in ſcales,
Can you bow down with reverend awe
Before this puppet king of ſtraw?
Or huſh'd in mute contention ſit,
To hear this CRITIC, POET, WIT,
PHILOSOPHER, all, all at once,
And to compleat them all this—DUNCE?
—All this you'll ſay is mighty fine,
But what has this to do with Wine?
Have patience and the Muſe ſhall tell
What you my friend, know full as well,
Vices in Poets, Wits and Kings,
Are catching, *imitable* things;
And frailties ſtanding out to view,
Become the objects fools purſue.
Thus have I pictures often ſeen,
Where features neither ſpeak nor mean,
Yet ſpite of all, the Face will ſtrike,
And mads us that it ſhould be like,
When all the near reſemblance grows,
From ſcratch or pimple on the Noſe.
To Poets then (I mean not here
The ſcribbling Drudge, or ſcribbling Peer,
Nor thoſe who have the monthly fit,
The Lunatics of modern Wit)
To POETS Wine is inſpiration,
Blockheads get drunk in imitation.
As different Liquors different ways
Affect the body, ſometimes raiſe
The fancy to an Eagle's flight,
And make the heart feel wond'rous light;
At other times the circling mug,
Like LETHE's draught, or opiate drug,
Will ſtrike the ſenſes on a heap,
When Folks talk wiſe, who talk aſleep;
A whimſical imagination,
Might from a whimſical relation,
How every Author writes and thinks
Analagous to what he drinks,
While quaint Conjecture's lucky hit,
Finds out his bev'rage in his Wit.
Ye goodly dray-nymph Muſes, hail!
MUM, PORTER, STINGO, MILD and STALE,
And chiefly thou of boaſted fame,
Of ROMAN and IMPERIAL name;
O Purl! all hail! thy vot'ry ſteals,
His ſtockings dangling at his heels,
To where ſome pendant head invites
The Bard to ſet his own to rights,
Who ſeeks thy influence divine,
And pours libations on thy ſhrine,
In wormwood draughts of inſpiration,
To whet his ſoul for defamation.
Hail too, your Domes! whoſe Maſter's ſkill
Takes up illuſtrious folks at will,
And careleſs or of place or name,
Beheads and *hangs* to public fame
Fine garter'd-Knights, blue, red, or green,
Lords, Earls and Dukes, nay King, or Queen,
And ſometimes pairs them both together,
To dangle to the wind and weather;
Or claps ſome mighty General there,
Who has not any head to ſpare.
Or if it more his fancy ſuit,
Pourtrays or fiſh, or bird, or brute.
And lures the gaping, thirſty gueſt,
To SCOTT's *entire*, or TRUEMAN's *beſt*.
Ye *chequer'd* Domes thrice hail! for hence
The fire of Wit, the froth of Senſe,
Here gentle Puns, ambiguous Joke,
Burſt forth oracular in ſmoke,
And inſpiration pottle deep
Forgets her ſons, and falls aſleep.

† The late inimitable HENRY FIELDING, Eſq.

Hence iſſue Treatiſes and Rhymes,
The Wit and Wonder of the Times,
Hence Scandal, Piracies and Lies,
Defenſive Pamphlets on EXCISE,
The mured'rous Articles of News,
And pert THEATRICAL REVIEWS.
Hither, as to their Urns, repair,
Bard, Publiſher, and minor Play'r,
And o'er the Porter's foaming head
Their venom'd malice nightly ſhed,
And aim their batteries of dirt
At Genius, which they cannot hurt.
Smack not *their* works, if verſe or proſe
Offend your eye, or ear, or noſe,
So frothy, vapid, ſtale, hum-drum,
Of STINGO, PORTER, PURL and MUM?
And when the muſe *politely* jokes,
Cannot you find the Lady ſmokes?
And ſpite of all her inſpiration,
Betrays her alehouſe education?
Alas! how very few are found,
Whoſe ſtyle taſtes neat and full and ſound!
In WILMOT's looſe ungovern'd vein
There is, I grant, much *burnt* CHAMPAGNE,
And DORSET's lines all palates hit,
The very BURGUNDY of wit.
But when, obedient to the mode
Of panegyric, courtly ode,
The bard beſtrides his annual hack,
In vain I taſte, and ſip and ſmack,
I find no flavour of the SACK.
But while I ramble and refine
On flavour, Style, and Wit and Wine,
Your Claret, which I would not waſte,
Recalls me to my proper taſte;
So ending, as 'tis more than time,
At once my Letter, glaſs and rhyme,
I take this bumper off to you,
'Tis SHEPHERD's health—dear friend, adieu.

THE CANDLE AND SNUFFERS.

A FABLE.

"NO author ever ſpar'd a brother:
"Wits are game cocks to one another."
But no antipathy ſo ſtrong,
Which acts ſo fiercely, laſts ſo long
As that which rages in the breaſt
Of *wits*, and of *wits* profeſt:
When, eager for ſome bold emprize,
WIT, Titan-like, affects the ſkies,
When, full of energy divine,
The mighty dupe of all the nine,
Runs his kite ſoar on paper wing,
The critic comes, and cuts the ſtring;
Hence dire contention often grows
'Twixt man of verſe, and man of proſe;
While proſe-man deems the verſe-man fool,
And meaſures wit by line and rule,
And, as he lops off fancy's limb,
Turns executioner of whim;
While genius, which too oft diſdains
To bear e'en honourable chains;
(Such as a ſheriff's ſelf might wear
Or grace the wiſdom of a may'r)
Turns rebel to dame REASON's throne
And holds no judgment like his own.
Yet while they ſpatter mutual dirt,
In idle threats that cannot hurt,
Methinks they waſte a deal of time,
Both fool in proſe, and fool in rhyme
And when the angry bard exclaims,
And calls a thouſand paltry names,
He doth his critic mighty wrong,
And hurts the dignity of ſong.
The prefatory matter paſt
The tale, or ſtory, comes at laſt.
A candle ſtuck in flaring ſtate
Within the nozzle of French plate,
Tow'ring aloft with ſmoaky light,
The ſnuff and flame of won'drous height,
(For, virgin yet of amputation,
No force had check'd its inclination)
Sullen addreſs'd with conſcious pride,
The Dormant ſnuffers at his ſide.
" Mean vulgar tools, whoſe envious aim
" Strikes at the vitals of my flame,
" Your rude aſſaults ſhall hurt no more,
" See how my beams triumphant ſoar!
" See how I gayly blaze alone
" With ſtrength, with luſtre all my own.
" Luſtre, good ſir!" the ſnuffers cried,
" Alas! how ignorant is pride!
" Thy light which wavers round the room,
" Shews as the counterfeit of gloom,
" Thy ſnuff which idly tow'rs ſo high
" Will waſte thy eſſence by and by,
" Which, as I prize thy luſtre dear
" I fain would lop to make thee clear.
" Boaſt not, old friend, thy random rays,
" Thy waſting ſtrength, and quiv'ring blaze;
" You ſhine but as a beggar's link,
" To burn away, and die in ſtink,
" No merit waits unſteady light,
" You muſt burn *true* as well as *bright*."
Poets like candles all are puffers,
And *critics* are the candle ſnuffers.

THE TEMPLE OF FAVOUR.

TO WILLIAM KENRICK.

THOUGH pilot in the ſhip no more,
To bring the cargo ſafe to ſhore *;
Permit, as time and place afford,
A paſſenger to come aboard.
The ſhepherd who ſurvey'd the deep,
When all its tempeſts were aſleep,

* When this was publiſhed in the Saint James's Magazine Mr. Lloyd had relinquiſhed the conduct of that work to Mr. Kenrick.

Dreamt not of danger; glad was he
To sell his flock, and put to sea:
The consequence has ÆSOP told,
He lost his venture, sheep and gold.
So fares it with us sons of rhyme,
From doggrel wit, to wit sublime;
On ink's calm ocean all seems clear,
No sands affright, no rocks appear;
No lightnings blast, no thunders roar,
No surges lash the peaceful shore;
Till, all too vent'rous from the land,
The tempests dash us on the strand:
Then the low pirate boards the deck,
And sons of theft enjoy the wreck.
The harlot muse so passing gay,
Bewitches only to betray;
Though for a while, with easy air,
She smooths the rugged brow of care,
And laps the mind in flow'ry dreams,
With fancy's transitory gleams.
Fond of the nothings she bestows,
We wake at last to real woes.
Through ev'ry age, in ev'ry place,
Consider well the poet's case;
By turns protected and caress'd,
Defam'd, dependent, and distress'd;
The joke of wits, the bane of slaves,
The curse of fools, the butt of knaves;
Too proud to stoop for servile ends,
To lacquey rogues, or flatter friends;
With prodigality to give,
Too careless of the means to live;
The bubble fame intent to gain,
And yet too lazy to maintain;
He quits the world he never priz'd,
Pitied by few, by more despis'd;
And lost to friends, oppress'd by foes,
Sinks to the nothing whence he rose.
O glorious trade, for wit's a trade,
Where men are ruin'd more than made.
Let crazy LEE, neglected GAY,
The shabby OTWAY, DRYDEN grey,
Those tuneful servants of the nine,
(Not that I blend their name with mine)
Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,
And teach the world some useful shame.
At first the Poet idly strays
Along the greensward path of praise,
Till on his journies up and down,
To see, and to be seen, in town,
What with ill-natur'd flings and rubs
From flippant bucks, and *hackney* scrubs,
His toils through dust, through dirt, through gravel,
Take off his appetite for travel.
Transient is fame's immediate breath,
Though it blows stronger after death;
Own then, with MARTIAL, after fate
If glory comes, she comes too late.
For who'd his time and labour give
For praise, by which he cannot live?
But in APOLLO's court of fame
(In this all courts are much the same)
By FAVOUR folks must make their way,
FAVOUR, which lasts, perhaps, a day,
And when you've twirl'd yourself about
To wriggle *in*, you're wriggled *out*.
'Tis from the sunshine of her eyes
Each courtly insect lives or dies;
'Tis she dispenses all the graces
Of profits, pensions, honours, places;
And in her light capricious fits
Makes wits of fools, and fools of wits,
Gives vices, folly, dullness birth,
Nay stamps the currency on worth;
'Tis she that lends the muse a spur,
And even *Kissing* goes by Her.
Far in the sea a temple stands
Built by dame ERROR's hasty hands,
Where in her dome of lucid shells
The visionary goddess dwells,
Here o'er her subject sons of earth
Regardless or of place, or worth,
She rules triumphant; and supplies
The gaping world with hopes and lies,
Her throne, which weak and tott'ring seems,
Is built upon the wings of dreams;
The fickle winds her altars bear
Which quiver to the shifting air;
Hither hath REASON seldom brought
The child of VIRTUE or of THOUGHT,
And JUSTICE with her equal face,
Finds this, alas! no throne of Grace.
CAPRICE, OPINION, FASHION wait,
The porters at the temple's gate,
And as the fond adorers press
Pronounce fantastic happiness;
While FAVOUR with a SYREN's smile,
Which might ULYSSES' self beguile,
Presents the sparkling bright libation,
The Nectar of intoxication;
And summoning her ev'ry grace
Of winning charms, and chearful face,
Smiles away Reason from his throne,
And makes his votaries her own:
Instant resounds the voice of fame;
Caught with the whistlings of their name,
The fools grow frantic, in their pride
Contemning all the world beside:
Pleas'd with the gewgaw toys of pow'r,
The noisy pageant of an hour,
Struts forth the statesman, haughty, vain,
Amidst a supple servile train,
With shrug, grimace, nod, wink, and share,
So proud, he almost treads in air;
While levee-fools, who sue for place,
Crouch for employment from his Grace,
And e'en good Bishops, taught to trim,
Forsake their GOD to bow to him.
The Poet in that happy hour,
Imagination in his pow'r,
Walks all abroad, and unconfin'd,
Enjoys the liberty of mind:
Dupe to the smoke of flimsy praise,
He vomits forth sonorous lays;
And, in his fine poetic rage,
Planning, poor soul, a deathless page,
Indulges pride's fantastic whim,
And all the WORLD must wake to HIM.
A while from fear, from envy free,
He sleeps on a pacific sea;
Lethargic ERROR for a while
Deceives him with her specious smile,
And flatt'ring dreams delusive shed
Gay gilded visions round his head.
When, swift as thought, the goddess lewd
Shifts the light gale; and tempests rude,

Such as the northern ſkies deform,
When fell DESTRUCTION guides the ſtorm,
Tranſport him to ſome dreary iſle
Where FAVOUR never deign'd to ſmile.
Where waking, helpleſs, all alone,
'Midſt craggy ſteeps and rocks unknown;
Sad ſcenes of woe his pride confound,
And DESOLATION ſtalks around.
Where the dull months no pleaſures bring,
And years roll round without a ſpring;
Where He all hopeleſs, loſt, undone,
Sees chearleſs days that know no ſun;
Where jibing SCORN her throne maintains,
Midſt mildews, blights, and blaſts, and rains.
Let others, with ſubmiſſive knee,
Capricious goddeſs! bow to Thee;
Let them with fixt inceſſant aim
Court fickle favour, faithleſs fame;
Let vanity's faſtidious ſlave
Lofe the kind moments nature gave,
In invocations to the ſhrine
Of Phœbus and the fabled Nine,
An Author to his lateſt days,
From hunger, or from thirſt of praiſe,
Let him through every ſubject roam
To bring the uſeful morſel home;
Write upon LIBERTY oppreſt,
On happineſs, when moſt diſtreſt,
Turn bookſeller's obſequious tool,
A monkey's cat, a mere fool's fool;
Let him, unhallow'd wretch! profane
The muſe's dignity for gain,
Yield to the dunce his ſenſe contemns,
Cringe to the knave his heart condemns,
And, at a blockhead's bidding, force
Reluctant genius from his courſe;
Write ode, epiſtle, eſſay, libel,
Make notes, or ſteal them, for the bible;
Or let him, more judicial, ſit,
The dull *Lord Chief*, on culprit wit,
With rancour read, with paſſion blame,
Talk high, yet fear to put his name,
And from the dark, but uſeful ſhade,
(Fit place for murd'rous ambuſcade,)
Weak monthly ſhafts at merit hurl,
The GILDON of ſome modern CURL.
For me, by adverſe fortune plac'd
Far from the colleges of taſte,
I juſtle no poetic name;
I envy none their proper fame;
And if ſometimes an eaſy vein,
With no deſign, and little pain,
Form'd into verſe, hath pleas'd a while,
And caught the reader's tranſient ſmile,
My muſe hath anſwer'd all her ends,
Pleaſing herſelf, while pleas'd her friends;
But, fond of liberty, diſdains
To bear reſtraint, or clink her chains;
Nor would, to gain a *Monarch's* FAVOUR,
Let dulneſs, or her ſons, enſlave her *.

*These two laſt lines were added by Mr. Kenrick; to whom the piece was originally addreſſed.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

A TALE.

THE very trifling things in life
Create the moſt material ſtrife.
What ſcarce will ſuffer a debate,
Will oft produce the bittereſt hate.
It *is*, you ſay; I ſay '*tis not*—
Why you grow warm—and you are hot.
Thus each alike with paſſion glows,
And words come firſt, and, after, blows.
Friend JERKIN had an income clear,
Some fifteen pounds, or more, a year,
And rented, on the farming plan,
Grounds at much greater ſums *per ann.*
A man of conſequence, no doubt,
'Mongſt all his neighbours round about;
He was of frank and open mind,
Too honeſt to be much refin'd,
Would ſmoke his pipe, and tell his tale,
Sing a good ſong, and drink his ale.
His wife was of another mould;
Her age was neither young nor old;
Her features ſtrong, but ſomewhat plain;
Her air not bad, but rather vain;
Her temper neither new nor ſtrange,
A woman's, very apt to change;
What ſhe moſt hated was conviction,
What ſhe moſt lov'd, flat CONTRADICTION.
A charming houſewife ne'ertheleſs;
—Tell me a thing ſhe could not dreſs,
Soups, haſhes, pickles, puddings, pies,
Nought came amiſs—ſhe was ſo *wiſe*.
For ſhe, bred twenty miles from town,
Had brought a world of breeding down,
And Cumberland had ſeldom ſeen
A farmer's wife with ſuch a mein:
She could not bear the ſound of *Dame*;
—No—*Miſtreſs* JERKIN was her name.
She could harangue with wond'rous grace
On gowns and mobs, and caps and lace;
But though ſhe ne'er adorn'd his brows,
She had a vaſt contempt for ſpouſe,
As being one who *took no pride*,
And was a *deal* too *countrified*.
Such were our couple, rain and wife;
Such were their means and ways of life.
Once on a time, the ſeaſon fair
For exerciſe and chearful air,
It happen'd in his morning's roam,
He kill'd his birds and brought them home.
—Here, CICELY, take away my gun—
How ſhall we have theſe ſtarlings done?
Done! what my love? Your wits are wild;
Starlings, my dear; they're thruſhes child.
Nay now but look, conſider, wife,
They're ſtarlings—No—upon my life:
Sure I can judge as well as you,
I know a thruſh and ſtarling too.
Who was it ſhot them, you or I?
They're ſtarlings—thruſhes—zounds you lie,
Pray, Sir, take back your dirty word,
I ſcorn your language as your bird;

It ought to make a husband blush,
To treat a wife so 'bout a thrush.
Thrush, Cicely!—Yes—a starling—No,
The lie again, and then a blow.
Blows carry strong and quick conviction,
And mar the pow'rs of contradiction.
Peace soon ensued, and all was well:
It were imprudence to rebel,
Or keep the ball up of debate
Against these arguments of weight.
A year roll'd on in perfect ease,
'Twas *as you like*, and *what you please*,
'Till in its course and order due,
Came March the twentieth, fifty-two.
Quoth Cicely, this is charming life,
No tumults now, no blows, no strife.
What fools we were this day last year!
Lord, how you beat me then, my dear!
—Sure it was idle and absurd
To wrangle so about a bird;
A bird not worth a single rush—
A starling—no, my love, a thrush,
That I'll maintain—that I'll deny.
—You're wrong, good husband—wife, you lie,
Again the self same wrangle rose,
Again the lye, again the blows.
Thus every year (true man and wife)
Ensues the same domestic strife.
Thus every year their quarrel ends,
They argue, fight, and buss, and friends;
'Tis starling, thrush, and thrush and starling;
You dog, you b—; my dear, my darling.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO ******

WHAT, three months gone, and never send
A single letter to a friend?
In that time, sure, we might have known
Whether you fat or lean was grown;
Whether your host was short or tall,
Had manners good, or none at all;
Whether the neighb'ring squire you found
As mere a brute as fox or hound;
Or if the parson of the place
(With all due reverence to his grace)
Took much more pains himself to keep,
Than to instruct and feed his sheep;
At what hour of the day you dine;
Whether you drink beer, punch, or wine;
Whether you hunt, or shoot, or ride;
Or, by some muddy ditch's side,
Which you, in visionary dream,
Call bubbling rill, or purling stream,
Sigh for some awkward country lass,
Who must of consequence surpass
All that is beautiful and bright,
As much as day surpasses night;
Whether the people eat and drink,
Or ever think, or ever think;
If, to the honour of their parts,
The men have heads, the women hearts?
If the moon rises and goes down,
And changes as she does in town;
If you've returns of night and day,
And seasons varying roll away;
Whether your mind exalted wooes
Th' embraces of a serious muse;
Or if you write, as I do now,
The L—d knows what, the L—d knows how.
These, and a thousand things like these,
The friendly heart are sure to please.
Now will my friend turn up his eyes,
And look superlatively wise;
Wonder what all this stuff 's about,
And how the plague I found him out!
When he had taken so much pains,
In order to regale his brains
With privacy and country air,
To go, no soul alive knew where!
Besides, 'tis folly to suppose
That any person breathing goes
On such a scheme, with a design
To write or read such stuff as mine,
And idly waste his precious time
In all th' impertinence of rhyme.
My good, wise, venerable sir!
Why about nonsense all this stir!
Is it, that you would stand alone,
And read no nonsense but your own;
Though you're (to tell you, by and bye)
Not half so great a fool as I;
Or is it that you make pretence,
Being a fool, to have some sense?
And would you really have my muse
Employ yourself in writing news,
And most unconscionably teize her
With rhyming to Warsaw and Weser;
Or toss up a postic olio,
Merely to bring in Marshal Broglio?
Should I recite what now is doing,
Or what for future times is brewing,
Or triumph that the poor French see all
Their hopes defeated at Montreal,
Or should I your attention carry
To Fred'rick, Ferdinand, or Harry,
Of flying Russian, dastard Swede,
And baffled Austria let you read;
Or gravely tell with what design
The youthful Henry pass'd the Rhine?
Or should I shake my empty head,
And tell you that the king is dead,
Observe what changes will ensue,
What will be what, and who'll be who,
Or leaving these things to my betters,
Before you set the state of letters!
Or should I tell domestic jars,
How author against author wars,
How both with mutual envy rankling,
Fr—k—q damns M—rp—y, M—rp—y Fr—k—q?
Or will it more your mind engage
To talk of actors and the stage,
To tell, if any words could tell,
What GARRICK acts still, and how well,
That SHERIDAN with all his care
Will always be a labour'd play'r,
And that his acting at the best
Is all but art, and art confest;

That BRIDE*, if reason may presume
To judge by things past, things to come,
In future times will tread the stage,
Equally form'd for love and rage,
Whilst POPE for comic humour fam'd,
Shall live when CLIVE no more is nam'd.
Your wisdom I suppose can't bear
About dull pantomime to hear;
Nor would you have a single word
Of Harlequin, and wooden sword,
Of dumb shew, fools tricks, and wry faces,
And wit which lies all in grimaces,
Nor should I any thing advance
Of new invented comic dance.
Callous, perhaps, to things like these,
Would it your worship better please,
That I, more loaden than the camels,
Should crawl in philosophic trammels?
Should I attack the stars, and stray
In triumph o'er the milky way,
And like the TITANS try to move
From seat of empire royal JOVE,
Then spread my terrors all around,
And his Satellites confound,
Teach the war far and wide to rage,
And ev'ry star by turns engage?
The danger we should share between us,
You fight with MARS and I with VENUS.
Or should I rather, if I cou'd,
Talk of words little understood,
Centric, excentric, epicycle,
Fine words the vulgar ears to tickle!
A vacuum, plenum, gravitation,
And other words of like relation,
Which may agree with studious men,
But hurt my teeth, and gag my pen;
Things of such grave and serious kind
Puzzle my head and plague my mind;
Besides in writing to a friend
A man may any nonsense send,
And the chief merit's to impart,
The honest feelings of his heart.

CHARITY. A FRAGMENT.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. MR. HANBURY.

WORTH is excis'd, and Virtue pays
A heavy Tax for barren praise.
A friend to universal Man,
Is universal good your plan?
Good may perhaps your project bless
But man shall strive to thwart success.
Though the grand scheme thy thoughts pursue,
Bespeak a noble generous view,
Where CHARITY o'er all presides,
And SENSE approves what VIRTUE guides,
Yet wars and tumults will commence,
For Rogues hate virtue, Blockheads sense.
Believe me, Opposition grows
Not always from our real foes,
But (where it seldom ever ends)
From our more dangerous seeming friends.
I hate not foes, for they declare,
'Tis War for War, and dare who dare;
But your sly, sneaking, worming owls,
Whom FRIENDSHIP scorns and FEAR controuls,
Who praise, support, and help by halves,
Like Heifers, neither Bulls, nor Calves;
Who, in Hypocrisy's disguise,
Are truly *as the Serpent wise*,
But cannot ALL the precept love,
And *be as harmless as the Dove*.
Who hold each charitable meeting,
To mean no more than good sound eating,
While each becomes a hearty fellow
According as he waxes mellow,
And kindly helps the main design,
By drinking its success in wine;
And when his feet and sense reel,
Totters with correspondent zeal;
Nay, would appear a patron wise,
But that his wisdom's in disguise,
And would harangue, but that his mouth,
Which ever hates the sin of drought,
Catching the full perpetual glass,
Cannot afford a word to pass.
Such, who like true Churchwardens eat,
Because the Parish pays the treat,
And of their bellyful secure,
O'ersee, or *over-look* the poor;
Who would no doubt be wond'rous just,
And faithful Guardians of their trust,
But think the deed might run more clever
To them and to their Heirs for ever,
That Charity, too apt to roam,
Might end, where she begins, at home;
Who make all public good a trade,
Benevolence a mere parade,
And Charity a cloak for sin,
To keep it snug and warm within;
Who flatter, only to betray,
Who promise much and never pay,
Who wind themselves about your heart
With hypocritic, knavish art,
Tell you what wond'rous things they're doing,
And undermine you to your ruin;
Such, or of low or high estate,
To speak the honest truth, I hate:
I view their tricks with indignation,
And loath each fulsom protestation,
As I would loath a whore's embrace,
Who smiles, and smirks, and strokes my face,
And all so tender, fond, and kind,
As free of body, as of mind,
Affects the softness of the Dove,
And p—xes me to shew her Love.
The Maiden wither'd, wrinkled, pale,
Whose charms, tho' strong, are rather stale,
Will use that weapon call'd a tongue,
To wound the beauteous and the young.
—What, DELIA handsome!—well!—I own
I'm either blind or stupid grown.
—The girl is well enough to pass,
A rosy, simple, rustic lass,

* Miss Bride an Actress then of Drury-Lane Theatre, who soon after quitted the Stage. See her character in the Rosciad.

—But there's no meaning in her face,
And then her air, ſo void of grace!
And all the world, with half an eye,
May ſee her ſhape grows quite awry.
—I ſpeak not from an ill deſign,
For ſhe's a favourite of mine,
—Though I could wiſh that ſhe would wear
A more reſerv'd becoming air;
Not that I hear of indiſcretions,
Such folks, you know, make no confeſſions,
Though the WORLD ſays, that Parſon there,
That ſmock-fac'd Man with darkiſh hair,
He who wrote verſes on her bird,
The ſimpleſt things I ever heard,
Makes frequent viſits there of late,
And is become exceeding great;
This I myſelf aver is true,
I ſaw him lead her to his pew.
Thus ſcandal, like a falſe quotation,
Miſrepreſents in defamation;
And where ſhe haply cannot ſpy
A loop whereon to hang a lye,
Turns every action wrong ſide out
To bring her paultry tale about.
Thus Excellence of every kind,
Whether of body or of mind,
Is but a mark ſet upon high,
For knaves to guide their arrows by,
A mere Scotch Poſt for public itch,
Where Hog, or Man, may ſcrub his breech.
But thanks to nature, which ordains
A juſt reward for all our pains,
And makes us ſtem, with ſecret pride,
Hoarſe DISAPPOINTMENT's rugged tide,
And like a lordly ſhip, which braves
The roar of winds, and ruth of Waves,
Weather all ſtorms, which jealous Hate
Or frantic Malice may create.
'Tis CONSCIENCE, a reward alone,
CONSCIENCE, who plac'd on Virtue's throne,
Eyes raging men, or raging ſeas,
Undaunted, firm, with heart at eaſe.
From her dark Cave, though ENVY riſe
With hollow cheeks, and jaundic'd eyes,
Though HATRED league with FOLLY vain,
And SPLEEN and RANCOUR join the train;
Shall VIRTUE ſhrink, abaſh'd, afraid,
And tremble at an idle ſhade?
Fear works upon the Fool, or Knave,
An honeſt man is always brave.
While OPPOSITION's fruitleſs aim
Is as the bellows to the flame,
And, like a Pagan perſecution,
Enforces FAITH and RESOLUTION.
Though prejudice in narrow minds,
The mental eye of reaſon blinds;
Though WIT, which not e'en friends will ſpare,
Affect the ſneering, laughing air,
Though DULLNESS, in her monkiſh gown,
Diſplay the WISDOM of a frown,
Yet TRUTH will force herſelf, in ſpite
Of all their efforts, into light.
See Bigot Monks in Spain prevail,
See GALILÆO drag'd to gaol:
Hear the grave Doctors of the ſchools,
The *Golgotha* of learned Fools,
As *damnable* and *impious* brand
That art they cannot underſtand,
And out of zeal pervert the Bible,
As if it were a ſtanding Libel,
On every good and uſeful plan
That riſes in the brain of man.
O BIGOTRY! whoſe frantic rage
Has blotted half the claſſic page,
And in Religion's drunken fit,
Murder'd the Greek and Roman wit;
Who zealous for that Faith's encreaſe,
Whoſe *ways are righteouſneſs and peace*,
With rods and whips, and ſword, and axe,
With priſons, tortures, flames and racks,
With perſecution's fiery goad,
Enforcing ſome new-fangl'd mode,
Wouldſt pluck down REASON from her throne
To raiſe ſome phantom of thy own;
Alas! the fury undiſcerning,
Which blaſts, and ſtunts, and hews up Learning,
Like an ill-judging zealous friend,
Blaſphemes that Wiſdom you defend.
Go, kick the proſtituted whores,
The *nine* ſtale *virgins* out of doors;
For let the Abbeſs beat her drum,
Eleven thouſand troops ſhall come;
All female forms, and virgins true,
As ever Saint or Poet knew.
And glorious be the honour'd name
Of WINIFREDE, of SAINTED fame,
Who to the Church like light'ning ſped,
And ran three miles without her head;
(Well might the modeſt Lady run,
Since 'twas to keep her maiden one)
And when before the congregation
The Prince fell dead for reparation,
Secure of Life as well as Honour,
Ran back with both her heads upon her.
No matter of what ſhape or ſize,
Gulp down the Legendary Lies,
Believe, what neither God ordains,
Nor Chriſt allows, nor ſenſe maintains;
Make Saint of Pope, or Saint of Thief,
Believe almoſt in unbelief;
Yet with thy ſolemn prieſtly air,
By book and bell, and candle ſwear,
That God has made his own elect
But from your ſtem and favourite ſect;
That He who made the world, has bleſt
One part alone, to damn the reſt,
As if th' Almerciful and juſt,
Who form'd us of one common duſt,
Had render'd up his own decree,
And lent his attributes to thee.
Thus his own eyes the Bigot blinds,
To ſhut out light from human minds,
And the clear truth (an emanation
From the great Author of creation,
A beam tranſmitted from on high,
To bring us nearer to the ſky,
While ev'ry path by ſcience trod
Leads us with wonder up to God,)
Is doom'd by Ignorance to make
Atonement at the Martyr's ſtake;
Though, like pure gold, th' illuſtrious dame,
Comes forth the brighter from the flame.
No perſecution will avail;
No inquiſition racks, nor gaol;
When Learning's more enlight'ned rays
Shall drive theſe fickly fogs away;

A thankful age shall pay her more,
Than all her troubles hurt before.
Be Shame and Scorn await on those
Who poorly dar'd to be her foes,
But will the grateful voice of fame
Link Truth, and GALILÆO's name?
How wilful, obstinate, and blind,
Are the main herd of human kind!
Well said the Wit, who well had tried
That malice which his Parts defied,
When merit's sun begins to break,
The Dunces stretch, and strive to wake,
And entry of Dunce with Dunce,
Forgets out Genius all at once.
As you may find the honey out,
By seeing all the flies about.
All ugly Women hate a toast;
The goodliest fruit is pick'd the most;
The ivy winds about the oak,
And to the fairest comes the smoke.
Escap'd the dangers of the deep,
When GULLIVER fell fast asleep,
Stretch'd on the Lilliputian strand,
A Giant in a pigmy Land;
Watchful against impending harms,
All Lilliput cried out, To arms;
The trumpets echoed all around,
The Captain slept exceeding sound,
Though crowds of undistinguish'd size
Assail'd his body, legs, and thighs,
While clouds of arrows flew apace,
And fell like feathers on his face.

THE WHIM.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. W. WOTTY.

THE praise of Genius will offend
A foe no doubt, sometimes a friend;
But curse on genius, wit, and parts;
The thirst of science, love of arts,
If inconsistent with the plan
Of social good from man to man.
Are me, who will, may wear the bays,
I value not such idle praise:
Let wrangling wits abuse, defame,
And quarrel for an empty name,
What is this shuffling pace of rhyme,
Or *grand pas* stride of stiff sublime,
That vanity her trump should blow,
And look with scorn on folks below?
Are wit and folly close ally'd,
And match'd like poverty, with pride?
When rival bards for fame contend,
The poet often spoils the friend;
Genius self-center'd feels alone
That merit he esteems his own,
And cold, o'er-jealous, and severe,
Hates, like a Turk, a brother near;
Malice steps in, good nature flies,
Folly prevails, and friendship dies,
Peace to all such, if peace can dwell
With those who bear about a hell,
Who blast all worth with envy's breath,
By their own feelings stung to death.
None but a weak and brainless fool,
Undisciplin'd in fortune's school,
Can hope for favours from the wit:
He pleads prescription to forget,
Unnotic'd let him live or rot,
And, as forgetful, be forgot,
Most wags, whose pleasure is to *smoke*,
Wou'd rather lose their friend, than joke;
A man in rags looks something *queer*,
And there's *vast humour* in a sneer;
That jest, alike all witlings suits,
Which lies no further than *the boots*.
Give me the man whose open mind
Means social good to all mankind;
Who when his friend, from fortune's round,
Is toppled headlong to the ground,
Can meet him with a warm embrace,
And wipe the tear from sorrow's face;
Who, not self-taught and proudly wise,
Seeks more to comfort than advise,
Who less intent to shine than please,
Wears his own mirth with native ease,
And is from sense, from nature's plan,
The jovial guest, the honest man;
In short, whose picture, painted true,
In ev'ry point resembles you.
And will my friend for once excuse,
This offering of a lazy muse?
Most lazy,—lest you think her not,
I'll draw her picture on the spot.
A perfect ease the dame enjoys;
Three chairs her indolence employs:
On one she squats her cushion'd bum,
Which would not rise, though kings should come;
An arm lolls dangling o'er another,
A leg lies *couchant* on its brother,
To make her look supremely wise,
At least like wisdom in disguise,
The weed which first by *Raleigh* brought,
Gives thinking looks instead of thought,
She smokes, and smokes; without all feeling,
Save as the eddies climb the cieling,
And waft about their mild perfume,
She marks their passage round the room,
When pipe forsakes the vacant mouth,
A pot of beer prevents her drought,
Which with *potations pottle deep*
Lulls the poor maudlin muse to sleep.
Her books of which sh'as wond'rous need,
But neither pow'r nor will to read,
In scatter'd tomes lie all around
Upon the lowest shelf—the ground.
Such ease no doubt suits *easy* rhyme;
Folks walk about who write SUBLIME,
While RECITATION's pompous sound
Drawls words sonorous all around,
And ACTION waves her hand and head,
As those who bread and butter spread.
You bards who feel not fancy's dearth,
Who strike the roof, and kick the earth,
Whose muse superlatively high
Take lodgings always near the sky;
And like the lark with daring flight
Still soars and sings beyond our sight;

May trumpet forth your grand ſublime,
And ſcorn our lazy lounging rhyme.
Yet though the lark in æther floats,
And trills no doubt diviner notes,
Carelefly perch'd on yonder ſpray,
The linnet ſings a pretty lay.
What horrid, what tremendous ſight
Shakes all my fabric with affright!
With ARGUS' hundred eys he marks,
With triple mouth the monſter barks;
And while he ſcatters flaming brands
BRIAREUS lends him all his hands.
Hiſt! 'tis a CRITIC.—Yes—'tis he
What wou'd your graceleſs form with me?
Is it t' upbraid me with the crime
Of ſpinning unlaborious rhyme,
Of ſtringing various thoughts together
In verſe, or proſe, or both, or neither?
A vein, which though it muſt offend
You *lofty* ſirs who can't *deſcend*,
To fame has often made its way
From BUTLER, PRIOR, SWIFT, and GAY;
Is it for this your brow auſtere
Frowns me to ſtone for very fear?
Hear my juſt reaſon firſt, and then
Approve me right, or ſplit my pen.
I ſeek not by more labour'd lays
To catch the ſlipp'ry tail of praiſe,
Nor will I run a mad career
'Gainſt genius which I moſt revere;
When Phœbus burſts with genuine fire,
The little ſtars at once retire;
Who cares a farthing for thoſe lays
Which you can neither blame, nor praiſe?
I cannot match a CHURCHILL'S ſkill,
But may be LANGHORNE when I will:
Let the mere mimic, for each ſeaſon bears
Your mimic Bards as well as mimic play'rs.
Creep ſervilely along, and with dull pains
Laſh his ſlow ſteed, in whoſe enfeebled veins
The cold blood lags, let him with fruitleſs aim
By borrow'd plumes aſſume a borrow'd fame,
With ſtudied forms th' incautious ear beguile,
And ape the numbers of a CHURCHILL'S ſtyle.
Slaves may ſome fame from imitation hope;
Who'd be PAUL WHITEHEAD, tho' he honours POPE?
If clinking couplets in one endleſs chime
Be the ſole beauty, and the praiſe of rhyme;
If ſound alone an eaſy triumph gains,
While fancy bleeds, and ſenſe is hung in chains,
Ye happy triflers hail the riſing mode;
See, all Parnaſſus is a turnpike road,
Where each may travel in the highway track
On true bred hunter, or on common hack.
For me, who labour with poetic ſin,
Who often woo the muſe I cannot win,
Whom pleaſure firſt a willing poet made,
And folly ſpoilt by taking up the trade,
Pleas'd I behold ſuperior genius ſhine,
Nor ting'd with envy wiſh that genius mine.
To CHURCHILL'S muſe can bow with decent awe,
Admire his mode, nor make that mode my law:
Both may, perhaps, have various pow'rs to pleaſe:
Be his the STRENGTH OF NUMBERS, mine the EASE,
Eaſe that rejects not, but betrays no care:
Leſs of the coxcomb than the ſlovan's air,
Your taſte, as mine, all metre muſt offend
When imitation is its only end.
I could perhaps that ſervile talk purſue,
And copy CHURCHILL as I'd copy you,
But that my flippant muſe, too ſaucy grown,
Prefers that manner ſhe can call own.

ODE TO GENIUS.

THOU child of nature, genius ſtrong,
Thou maſter of the poet's ſong,
Before whoſe light, Art's dim and feeble ray
Gleams like the taper in the blaze of day:
Thou lov'ſt to ſteal along the ſecret ſhade,
Where Fancy, bright aerial maid!
Awaits thee with her thouſand charms,
And revels in thy wanton arms;
She to thy bed, in days of yore,
The ſweetly-warbling Shakſpeare bore;
Whom every muſe endow'd with every ſkill,
And dipt him in that ſacred rill,
Whoſe ſilver ſtreams flow muſical along,
Where Phœbus' hallow'd mount reſounds with raptur'd ſong.

Forſake not thou the vocal choir,
Their breaſts reviſit with thy genial fire,
Elſe vain the ſtudied ſounds of mimic art,
Tickle the ear but come not near the heart.
Vain every phraſe in curious order ſet,
On each ſide leaning on the [ſtop-gap] epithet.
Vain the quick rhyme ſtill tinkling in the cloſe,
While pure deſcription ſhines in meaſur'd proſe,
Thou bear'ſt aloof, and look'ſt with high diſdain,
Upon the dull mechanic train;
Whoſe nerveleſs ſtrains flag on in languid tone.
Lifeleſs and lumpiſh as the bagpipe's drowzy drone.

No longer now thy altars blaze,
No poet offers up his lays;
Inſpired with energy divine,
To worſhip at thy ſacred ſhrine.
Since taſte* with abſolute domain,
Extending wide her leaden reign,
Kills with her melancholy ſhade
The blooming ſcyons of fair fancy's tree;
Which erſt full wantonly have ſtray'd
In many a wreath of richeſt poeſie.
For when the oak denies her ſtay,
The creeping ivy winds her humble way;
No more ſhe twiſts her branches round,
But drags her feeble ſtem along the barren ground.

Where then ſhall exil'd genius go?
Since only thoſe the laurel claim,
And boaſt them of the poet's name,
Whoſe ſober rhymes in even tenour flow;
Who prey on words, and all their flow'rets cull
Coldly correct, and regularly dull.

* By Taſte, is here meant the modern affectation of it.

Why ſleep the ſons of genius now?
Why, Wartons, reſts the lyre unſtrung?
* And thou, bleſt bard! around whoſe ſacred brow,
Great Pindar's delegated wreath is hung:
Ariſe and ſnatch the majeſty of ſong
From dullneſs' ſervile tribe, and art's unhallow'd throng.

* Dr. Akenſide.

PROLOGUE, 1757.

EST Schola Rhetorices, celebrat quam crebra juventus,
Et tumido inflatos ejicit ore ſonos,
Qui quiſque aſſumit tragicas novus hiſtrio partes,
Nec loquitur, verbum quin ſapit omne, pathos.
Ingenia hic creſcunt, mox ſucceſſura theatris,
Regis, amatoris, prompta ſubire vices.
Multus ibi furiis Macbetha agitatus iniquis,
Eluſa telum prendit inane manu.
Multus ibi, infuſcat cui vultus ſuber aduſtum
Immodicis ſævit raucus Othello minis.
Omnia queis tragicis opus eſt, hic arma parantur;
Auribus inſidiæ ſunt, oculiſque ſuæ:
Conatus manuumque, pedumque, oriſque rotundi,
Certatim et vultûs vis, laterumque labor.
Quam ſibi, dum geſtu ſtat fixus quiſque ſilenti,
Quam placet a ſpeculo forma reflexa ſui!
Hæc ſtudeant, cordi quibus ars et pompa theatri?
Non tamen eſt NOBIS *inde* petendus honor.
Ingenua ut pubes vultum ſibi ſumat apertum,
Et ſenſim aſſueſcat fortius ore loqui;
Ne dubiis tandem verba eluctantia labris
Occludat timidus præpediatque pudor,
Ingredimur ſcenam; nec clam Vos, Docta Corona,
Commoda ab hoc tenui quanta labore fluant.
Hinc SAPERE ET FARI diſcit generoſa juventus,
Dum pavida accendit pectora laudis amor.
Fruſtra his, majorem mox ingrediemur arenam;
Hic ſtabilita vigent Curia, Roſtra, Forum.

PROLOGUS, 1758.

HIC nihil ad populum—non pompa hic vana theatri,
Qualem ore attonito plebs inhiare ſolet:
Non ſcena hic ſplendet magicâ variabilis arte,
Et ſumit formas prodigioſa novas:
Non hic, labrato ſubvectus ſune per auras,
Mercurius celeres itque reditque vias:
Nec fretа cærulea turgent undoſa papyro,
Nec refinato fulgurat igne polus:
Non nec cæcos aperit furtiva receſſus,
Unde minutatim proferat umbra caput.
Quis valeant levia hæc vulgi crepitacula! jactant
Et proprium, et ſimplex, noſtra theatra decus.
—Heus! nemòn' audit?—fac ſurſum aulea trahantur!
—En! qualis qualis ſit, NOVA SCENA patet.
En Illæ, quas Vos ſemper coluiſtis, Athenæ,
Gratia quas voluit, quas ſibi Muſa domum.
Hic ſeſe oſtendunt priſci monumenta laboris,
Queis uſa eſt modulis Vitruviana Manus;
Hic ſtat Ventorum, Theſei hic venerabile Fanum,
Hic arce in ſummâ, Caſta Minerva tuum.
Omnia jam votis reſpondent. Attica jam ſunt
Omnia. Perſonæ, Fabula, Scena, Sales.
Quoque etiam magis hæ noſtræ lætentur Athenæ,
Cecropidas jactant Vos, recoluntque ſuos.

PROLOGUS,

IN ADELPHOS. 1759.

CUM Patres Populumque dolor communis haberet,
Fleret et Æmilium Maxima Roma ſuum,
Funebres inter ludos, his dicitur ipſis
Scenis extinctum condecorâſſe ducem.
Ecquis adeſt, ſcenam nocte hâc qui ſpectet eandem,
Nec nobis luctum ſentiet eſſe parem?
Utcunque arriſit pulchris victoria cæptis,
Qua Sol extremas viſit uterque plagas,
Succeſſus etiam medio de fonte Britannis
Surgit amari aliquid, legitimuſque dolor.
Si famæ generoſa ſitis, ſi bellica virtus,
Ingenium felix, intemerata fides,
Difficiles laurus, ipſoque in flore juventæ
Heu! nimium lethi præcipitata dies,
Si quid habent pulchrum hæc, vel ſi quid amabile, jure
Eſto tua hæc, WOLFI, laus, propriumque decus.
Nec moriere omnis—Quin uſque corona vigebit,
Unanimis Britonûm quam tibi nectit amor.
Regia quin pietas marmor tibi nobile ponet,
Quod tua perpetuis prædicet acta notis.
Confluet huc ſtudio viſendi martia pubes,
Sentiet et flammâ corda calere pari;
Dumque legit mediis cecidiſſe heroa triumphis,
Dicet, SIC DETUR VINCERE, SIC MORIAR.

EPILOGUS IN ADELPHOS. 1759.

SYRUS LOQUITUR.

QUANTA intus turba eſt! quanto molimine ſudat,
Accinctus cultro et forcipe, quiſque coquus!
Monſtrum informe maris—TESTUDO—in prandia fertur,
Quæ, varia, et ſimplex, omnia ſola ſapia.
Pullina eſca placet?—vitulina?—ſuilla? bovina?
Præſto eſt. Hæc quadrupes ſingula piſces habet.
De gente Æthiopum conducitur Archimagirus,
Qui ſecet, et coquat, et concoquat, arte novâ.

Qui doctè contundat aromata; miſceat aptè
Thus, apium, thyma, ſal, cinnama, cepe, piper.
Quin jecur et pulmonem in fruſta minutula ſcindat,
Curetque ut penitus ſint ſaturata mero.
Multo ut ventriculus pulchré flaveſcat ab ovo;
Ut tremulus, circum viſcera, vernet adeps.
His rité inſtructis conchæ ſint fercula! nam Tu,
TESTUDO! et patinis ſufficis, atque cibo.
Quàm cuperem in laudes utriuſque excurrere conchæ!
Sed vereor *Calipaſh* dicere—vel *Calipee*.
Vos etiam ad cænam mecum appellare juvaret,
Vellem et rellicuas participare dapum.
At ſunt convivæ tam multi, tamque guloſi,
Reſtabit, metuo, nil niſi concha mihi.

RECTE STATUIT BAXTERUS DE SOMNIORUM PHÆNOMENIS.

CUM nox tellurem ſuſcis amplectitur alis,
Mabba atomos jungit celeres, et vecta per auras
Inchoat aſſuetos ſimulatrix regia ludos,
Huic auriga culex tortum quatit uſque flagellum,
Acceleratque fugam tardis; retinacula curtus
Erucæ ſunt texta levis, radiique rotarum
Cruſcula areneoli; currus, quem dente ſciurus
Finxerat e coryli fructu, primæva vetuſtas
Hunc Mabbæ artificem memorat: ſub nocte ſilenti
Hoc inſtructa modo egreditur, neque cernitur ulli.
Nonnunquam leviter cerebrum perſtringit Amantis;
Somniat ille faces jaculari et vulnera ocellos,
Malarum labrique roſas, perfuſaque collo
Lilia: mox Medici digitos titillat, avarus
Mercédis dextram qui pandit, et ſcritur aurum
Ter captat; ter vana manus eludit imago.
Nunc quoque ſopitæ demulcet labra Puellæ;
Somniat illa procum, pulvinoque oſcula libans
Abſens abſentem teneris amplectitur ulnis;
Væ tibi, ſi Lemurum videat Regina colorem
Mentitum fuco, vultuſque ex arte nitentes!
Præcipites aget ira manus, lacerabit acuto
Ungue genas, ſimul amiſſa dulcedine ſomni,
Oſculaque, et tenues vaneſcit amator in auras.
Ampla Sacerdotis nonnunquam tranſvolat ora;
Continuo roſtrum conſcendens Hic thema trinas
Dividet in partes, expoundoque laborat,
Vel vigilem credas, ſtudio dormitat. Ad aures
Militis hinc migrat; turbatur imagine belli
Fortis eques, gemituſque audit, ſtrepituſque, tubaſque,
Exilit, et paulum trepidans, inſomnia diris
Devovet, in lecto prolabitur,—obdormiſcit.
Rurſus Rabulam palmâ mulcet, qui litibus aptus,
Defenſoris agit cauſam, actoriſque peritus,
Innecten[illegible] ad finem decipit ambos.
Sin caſu vifæ facilis regina Poetam,
Hunc ſibi plaudentem deludit amabilis error,
Et rignos fontes, et amœnos ſomniat hortos;
Cum vero vigil ille domum exploraverit omnem,
Viderit et triſtis quam ſit ſibi curta ſupellex,
Quam vellet ſemper dormire!—Volubilis inde
Judices invehitur trans naſum, et naribus illi
Emunctæ ſubolet cauſa. Inerdumat Dea feſſo,
Blanditur Servo, qui libertate vagatur,
Exultans redit ad patriam caroſque penates,
Et gremio uxoris longis amplexibus hæret.
Deinde rotâ ſtrepitante fremit per colla Tyranni;
Umbrarum ante oculos furgit chorus, improbus orco
Quas dedit inſontes; furiis agitatur acerbis
Conſcia mens, lectoque quies ſimul exulat. Inde
Si curſus flectat, placidiſſima munera ſomni
Quà carpit Sceleris Purus; non territus ille
Spectrorum eſt cætu, et furiarum ultricibus iris,
Sed molli potitur requie, aut ſi ſomniat umbras
Delectant oculos gratæ; prædulcis imago
Virtutis reficit mentem, et tellure relictâ
Radit iter liquidum cæli, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio felix. O Tu! quicunque beatum
Te velis, et tuto tranquillum carpere ſomnum;
I, pete, quo virtus ducit! ne vindice curru
Mabba ferux inſtet, vexentque cubilia curæ.
I, pete, quo virtus ducet! te numine molli
Mabba teget, radetque levi tua pectora curru.

In Comitiis Poſteribus, Apr. 5. 1753.

CARMINA AD NOBILISSIMUM THOMAM HOLLES DUCEM DE NEWCASTLE INSCRIPTA, CUM ACADEMIAM CANTABRIGIENSEM BIBLIOTHECÆ RESTITUENDÆ CAUSA INVISERET.

Prid. Kalend. Maias, 1753.

DE REGE.

AUGUSTUS, Artium uſque fautor optimus,
Hic mœnia haud inauſpicato numine
Condi imperavit conſecrata literis;
Eo nitore & partium elegantiâ,
Ut invidenda ſint vel illis Ædibus
Quæ ſæculorum voce comprobantium
Præ cæteris ſuberbiunt, juſtiſſima
Romæ recentis & vetuſtæ gloria.
Nec his ſupellex digna deerit mœnibus,
Et Vaticanæ, Bodleanæque æmula;
Id Ille abundè caverat, noviſſimus
Dedit volenti jura qui Britanniæ.
Brunſvichianis ſcilicet ſanctiſſimum eſt
Legeſque tutari & fovere Literas.

AD CANCELLARIUM.

O Tu, qui doctas Cami feliciter artes
Protegis, Aonii duxque decuſque chori,
Quod Domus incipiat tam læto hæc omine condi,
Quæ nec Bodleio cedat, id omne tuum eſt:
Munera dant numeroſa manus procerumque patrumque,
Exemplo & monitis exſtimulata tuis.
Perge, fovere, Artes, nec vanum urgere laborem:
Tam pulchrum pulchrè Muſa rependet opus.
Hæc moles quanquam ipſa ruet; monumenta, Camenæ
Quæ condent, nullo unt ruitura die:

AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY MR. GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r
Moleſt her ancient, ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, the yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke!
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where through the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

CARMEN ELEGIACUM,

IN CÆMETERIO RUSTICO COMPOSITUM.

AUdiſtin! quam lenta ſonans campana per agros,
Ærato occiduam nuntiat ore diem.
Armenta impellunt crebris mugitibus auras,
Laſſatuſque domum ruſticus urget iter.
Solus ego in tenebris moror, & veſtigia ſolus
Compono tacitâ nocte, vacoque mihi.

Omnia palleſcunt jam decedentia viſu,
Et terra & cœlum, quà patet, omne filet.
Cuncta ſilent, niſi muſca ſuam ſub veſpere ſero
Rauciſonans pigram quà rotat orbe fugam;
Cuncta ſilent, niſi quà faciles campanula ſomnos
Allicit, et lento murmure mulcet oves.

Quàque hedera antiquas ſocia complectitur umbrâ
Turres, feralis lugubre cantat avis;
Et ſtrepit ad lunam, ſi quis ſub nocte vagetur
Imperium violans, Cynthia Diva, tuum.

Has propter veteres ulmos, taxique ſed umbrâ
Qua putris multo ceſpite turget humus,
Dormit, in æternum dormit, gens priſca colonûm,
Quiſque ſuâ anguſtâ conditus uſque domo.

Hos nec mane novum, Zephyrique fragrantior aura,
Nec gallus vigili qui vocat ore diem,
Nec circumvolitans quæ ſtridula garrit hirundo
Stramineumque altâ ſub trabe figit opus,
Undique nec cornu vox ingeminata ſonantis
Æterno elicient hos, repetentque toro.

Amplius his nunquam conjux bene fida marito
Ingeret ardenti grandia ligna foco;
Nec reditum expectans domini ſub veſpere ſero
Excoquet agreſtes officioſa dapes;
Nec curret raptim genitoris ad oſcula proles,
Nec reducem agnoſcent æmula turba patrem.

Quam ſæpe Hi raſtris glebam fregere feracem?
Sæpe horum cecidit falce reſecta ſeges.
Quam læti egerunt ſtridentia plauſtra per agros,
Et ſtimulis tardos increpuere boves!
Horum ſylva vetus quam concidit icta bipenni,
Quàque ruit latè vi tremefecit humum!

Ne tamen Ambitio riſu male læta maligno
Sortemve, aut luſus, aut rude temnat opus!
Nec fronte excipiat ventoſa Superbia torvâ
Pauperis annales, hiſtoriaſque breves!

Et generis jactatus honos, dominatio regum,
Quicquid opes, quicquid forma dedêre boni,
Supremam ſimul hanc expectant omnia noctem:
Scilicet ad lethum ducit honoris iter.

Nolite hos humiles culpæ inſimulare, Superbi,
Quod domini oſtendant nulla trophæa decus,
Quà canit amiſſum longo ordine turba patronum,
Claroſque ingeminant clauſtra profunda ſonos.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire:
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs in the deſert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſtory in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

An vanis inſcripta notis anguſtior urna,
Phidiacumve loquens nobile marmor opus,
An revocent animam fatali a ſede fugacem?
Detque iterum vitâ poſſe priore frui?
Poſſit adulantum ſermo penetrare ſepulchrum?
Evocet aut manes laus et inanis honor?

Forſan in hoc, olim divino ſemine prægnans
Ingenii, hoc aliquis ceſpite dormit adhuc.
Neglecto hoc forſan jaceat ſub ceſpite, ſceptra
Cujus tractârint imperioſa manus.
Vel quales ipſo forſan vel Apolline dignæ
Pulſârint docto pollice fila lyræ.

Doctrinæ horum oculis antiqua volumina priſcæ
Nunquam divitias explicuêre ſuas.
Horum autem ingenium torpeſcere fecit egeſtas
Aſpera, & auguſtæ ſors inimica domi.

Multa ſub oceano pellucida gemma lateſcit,
Et rudis ignotum fert & inane decus.
Plurima neglectos fragrans roſa pandit odores,
Ponit & occiduo pendula ſole caput.

Æmulus Hamdeni hic aliquis requieſcat agreſtis,
Quem patriæ indignans exſtimulavit amor;
Auſus hic exiguo, eſt villæ oppugnare tyranno,
Aſſerere et forti jura paterna manu.
Aut mutus forſan, fatoque inglorius alter
Hac vel Miltono par, requieſcat humo.
Dormiat aut aliquis Cromuelli hic æmulus audax,
Qui patriam poterit vel jugulaſſe ſuam.

Eloquio arrectum prompto mulcere ſenatum,
Exilii immoto pectore ferre minas,
Divitias largâ in patriam diffundere dextrâ,
Hiſtoriam ex populi colligere ore ſuam,

Illorum vetuit ſors improba;—nec tamen arctæ
Tantum ad virtutem limite clauſit iter,
Verum etiam & vitia ulterius tranſire vetabat,
Nec dedit his magnum poſſe patrare ſcelus.
Hos vetuit temere per ſtragem invadere regnum,
Excipere et ſurdâ ſupplicis aure preces.

Sentire ingenuum nec dedidicere ruborum,
Conſcia ſuffuſus quò notat ora pudor.
Luxuria hi nunquam ſeſe immerſere ſuperbâ,
Nec Muſæ his laudes proſtituere ſuas.

At placidè illorum, procul a certamine turbæ
Spectabant propriam ſobria vota domum;
Quiſque ſibi vivens, & ſponte inglorius exul,
Dum tacito elabens vita tenore fluit.

Hæc tamen a damno qui ſervet tutius oſſa,
En tumulus fragilem præbet amicus opem!
Et vera agreſti eliciunt ſuſpiria corde
Incultæ effigies, indocileſque modi.

Atque locum ſupplent elegorum nomen & artis
Quæ formâ inſcribit ruſtica Muſa rudi:
Multa etiam ſacri diffundit commata textûs,
Queis meditans diſcat vulgus agreſte mori.

For who, to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate.

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
"Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
"Brushing with haſty ſteps the dews away
"To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
"That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
"His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
"And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
"Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he wou'd rove;
"Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
"Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

"One morn I miſs'd him on the 'cuſtom'd hill,
"Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree:
"Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
"Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next with dirges due, in ſad array,
"Slow through the church-yard path we ſaw him borne,
"Approach and read (for thou can'ſt read) the lay,
"Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to miſ'ry, all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd), a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

Heu! quis enim dubiâ hâc dulcique excedere vitâ
Juſſus, et æternas jam ſubituris quas,
Deſcendit nigram ad noctem, cupiduſque ſupremo
Non ſaltam occiduam reſpicit ore diem?

Decedens alicui ſaltem mens fidit amico
In cujus blando pectore ponit opem;
Fletum aliquem expoſcunt jam deficientia morte
Lumina, amicorum qui riget imbre genas;
Quin etiam ex tumulo, veteris non inſcia flammæ,
Natura exclamat fida, memorque ſui.

At tibi, qui tenui hoc deducis carmine ſortem,
Et defunctorum ruſtica fata gemis,
Huc olim intentus ſi quis veſtigia flectat
Et fuerit qualis ſors tua forte roget,

Huic aliquis forſan ſenior reſpondeat ultro
Cui niveis albent tempora ſparſa comis;
"Vidimus hunc quàm ſæpe micantes roribus herbas
"Verrentem rapido, mane rubente, gradu.
"Ad roſeum ſolis properabat ſæpius ortum,
"Summaque tendebat per juga lætus iter.

"Sæpe ſub hâc fago, radices undique circum
"Quæ varie antiquas implicat alta ſuas,
"Stratus humi meditans medio procumberet æſtu,
"Luſtraretque inhians flebile murmur aquæ.

"Sæpius hanc ſylvam propter virideſque receſſus
"Urgeret meditans plurima, lentus iter,
"Intentam hic multâ oblectaret imagine mentem,
"Muſarumque frequens ſollicitaret opem.
"Jam veluti demens, tacitis erraret in agris,
"Aut cujus ſtimulat corda repulſus amor.

"Mane aderat nuper, tamen hunc nec viderat arbos,
"Nec juga, nec ſaliens fons, taciturnve nemus;
"Altera lux oritur; nec apertâ hic valle videtur,
"Nec tamen ad fagum, nec prope fontis aquam.

"Tertia ſucceſſit—lentoque exangue cadaver
"Ecce ſepulchrali eſt pompa ſecuta gradu.
"Tu lege, namque potes, cælatum in marmore carmen,
"Quod juxta has vepres exhibet iſte lapis."

EPITAPHIUM.

CUI nunquam favit fama aut fortuna ſecunda.
Congeſto hoc juvenem ceſpite ſervat humus.
Huic tamen arriſit jucunda Scientia vultu,
Selegitque, habitans pectora, Cura ſibi.

Largus opum fuit, & ſincero pectore fretus,
Accepit pretium par, tribuente Deo.
Indoluit miſerans inopi, lachrymaſque profudit.
—Scilicet id, miſeris quod daret, omne fuit,
A cælo interea fidum acquiſivit amicum,
Scilicet id, cuperet quod magis, omne fuit.

Ne merita ulterius defuncti exquirere pergas,
Nec vitia ex ſacrâ ſede referre petas.
Utraque ibi trepidâ pariter ſpe condita reſtant,
In gremio Patris ſcilicet atque Dei.

SONG, BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

FLutt'ring ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a ſlave in thy dominions:
Nature muſt give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days conſuming,
All beneath you flow'ry rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the Boar in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Diſcretion, ſtring the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking ſlumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the cryſtal mirrors,
Wat'ring ſoft Elyſian plains.

Mournful cypreſs, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy, ſmooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate,
See the bird of Juno ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to fate.

CARMEN ELEGANS

TUQUE adeo roſeas expande volatilis alas,
Et leviter pectus tange, Cupido, meum.
Imperias, pulchelle, tuis ego ſervulus ultro;
Naturam ars victrix ſcilicet uſque domat.

Arcades, æterno viridantes flore juventæ,
Nocte innutantes qualibet inter oves,
Aſpicite, ut ſenſim languens juvenilior ætas,
Hæc juxta, hæc, inquam florea ſæcla perit!

Ante omnes carum ſic levit Adonida Cypris,
Deceptuſque Deam triſtius urſit Amor;
Hunc, tacitè adrepens per denſa ſilentia noctis
Incautum ſævo dente momordit Aper.

Stringe lyram interea pulchrè Prudentia ludens,
Harmoniæque graves, Cynthia, funde modos!
Doctæ ambæ vigiles curas ſopire canendo,
Tuque tuum imperti, Præſes Apollo, chorum!

Tuque adamanteis, Pluton' armate catenis,
O Tu Terrorum Rex, metuende Deus,
Duc me, quà paſſim chryſtallina flumina currunt,
Elyſiique lavat lucida lympha nemus.

Vos etiam mæſti ſalices, triſteſque cupreſſi,
Au reliæ æternum ſerta dicata meæ;
Audi etiam, Morpheu, divum placidiſſime Morphe
Ut queror, ut penitus maceror igne novo.

Triſtè fluens, ſed lenè fluens, Mæander, amæno
Murmure qui curſum flexilis orbe rotas!
Margine ſæpe etiam quam plurimus errat amator,
Cui tua ſubmittunt florea dona decus.

Sic quando ſenſim languens Philomela, ſilentem
Mollior aggreditur, nec ſine voce, procum;
Aſpice, de cœlo interea Junonius ales
Deſcendens, fato cedit inane Melos.

PART OF HOMER'S

HYMN TO APOLLO,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

GOD of the Bow! Apollo, thee I ſing;
Thee, as thou draw'ſt amain the ſounding ſtring,
Th' immortal pow'rs revere with homage low,
And ev'ry godhead trembles at thy bow.
All but Latona: She with mighty Jove
Eyes thee with all a tender parent's love;
Cloſes thy quiver, thy tough bow unbends,
And high arhid th' æthereal dome ſuſpends,
Then ſmiling leads thee, her all-glorious ſon,
To ſhare the mighty Thunderer's awful throne.

Goblets of nectar thy glad ſire prepares,
And thee, his faireſt, nobleſt ſon declares;
While ev'ry god ſits rapt, Latona's breaſt
Beats with ſuperior joy, and hails her ſon confeſt.
Thrice bleſt Latona! from thee, Goddeſs, ſprung
Diana chaſte, and Phœbus ever-young:
* Her in Ortygia's iſle, and Him you bore
At Cynthius' hill on Delos' ſea-girt ſhore,
Where the tall palm upbears its lovely head,
And clear Inopus laves the flow'ry mead.
O Phœbus, where ſhall I begin thy praiſe!
Well can'ſt thou rule the poet's artleſs lays.
Oft on the craggy rock, or mountain hoar,
By river ſide, or on the ſea's hoarſe ſhore,
Wand'ring well-pleas'd, with muſic's magic ſound
And airs divine, thou charm'ſt the region round.

* Delos and Ortygia are mentioned as different lands in the Original.

Say, ſhall I ſing how firſt on Delos' ſhore,
Thee, glorious progeny, Latona bore *?
How firſt; from other iſles, beſet with grief,
In vain thy tortur'd mother ſought relief,
Each to her out-caſt woe denied abode,
Nor durſt one iſle receive the future god.
At length to Delos came the lab'ring fair,
And ſuppliant thus beſought her needful care.
Delos! receive Apollo, and O! raiſe
A glorious temple to record his praiſe!
Then ſhall He govern thee with gentle ſway,
And only Phœbus ſhall thine iſle obey.
What though no flocks, nor herds, nor juicy vine,
Nor plants of thouſand natures ſhall be thine,
Swift to the temple of the Bowyer-king †,
Oblations rich ſhall ev'ry nation bring;
For ever from thy altars ſhall ariſe
The fragrant incenſe of burnt-ſacrifice.
No longer then regret thy barren ſoil,
Receive the God, and live by other's toil!
She ſpake: with inward rapture Delos ſmil'd,
And ſooth'd the ſuppliant pow'r with anſwer mild.
Latona! mighty Cœus' daughter fair,
Full willingly wou'd Delos eaſe thy care,
Full willingly behold her barren earth
Witneſs the glories of Apollo's birth:
The mighty God would raiſe my lowly name,
And conſecrate his native iſle to fame.
One fear alone diſtracts my beating heart;
That fear, O Goddeſs, liſt while I impart.
Second to none amid th' æthereal ſkies,
Apollo ſoon all terrible ſhall riſe:
All nations ſhall adore the mighty God,
And kings and kingdoms tremble at his nod.
Haply (for ah! dire fears my ſoul infeſt,
And fill with horror my tumultuous breaſt)
Soon as the glorious Godhead ſhall be born,
My deſert region will he view with ſcorn,
Indignant ſpurn me, curſe my barren ſoil,
And plunge into the waves my hated iſle.
Triumphant then to happier climes remove,
There fix his ſhrine, plant there his ſacred grove.
Whelm'd in the briny main ſhall Delos lay,
To all the finny brood a wretched prey.
But, O Latona! if, to quell my fear,
You'll deign a ſolemn ſacred oath to ſwear,
That here the God his glorious ſeat ſhall hold,
And here his ſapient oracles unfold,
Your ſacred burthen here, Latona, lay,
Here view the Godhead burſting into day.
Thus Delos pray'd, nor was her pray'r denied,
But ſoon with ſolemn vows thus ratified:
Witneſs O heaven and earth! O Stygian lake!
Dire adjuration, that no God may break!
In Delos ſhall Apollo's ſhrine be rear'd,
Delos, his beſt belov'd, moſt honour'd, moſt rever'd,
Thus vow'd Latona: Delos hail'd her earth
Bleſt in the glories of Apollo's birth.
Nine hapleſs days and nights, with writhing throes,
And all the anguiſh of a mother's woes,
Latona tortur'd lay; in ſorrowing mood,
Around her many a ſiſter-goddeſs ſtood.
Aloft in heaven imperial Juno ſat,
And view'd relentleſs her unhappy fate.

Lucina too, the kind aſſuaging pow'r
That tends the lab'ring mother's child-bed hour,
And mitigates her woes, in golden clouds
High on Olympus' top the Goddeſs ſhrouds.
Her large full eyes with indignation roll,
And livid envy ſeiz'd her haughty ſoul,
That from Latona's loins was doom'd to ſpring
So great a ſon, the mighty Bowyer-king.
The milder pow'rs, that near the lab'ring fair
View'd all her pangs with unavailing care,
Fair Iris ſent, the many colour'd maid,
To gain with goodly gifts Lucina's aid.
But charg'd her heed, leſt Juno ſhould prevent
With prohibition dire their kind intent,
Fleet as the winged winds, the flying fair
With nimble pinion cut the liquid air.
Olympus gain'd, apart ſhe call'd the maid,
Then ſought with many a pray'r her needful aid,
And mov'd her ſoul: when ſoon with dove-like pace
Swiftly they meaſur'd back the viewleſs airy ſpace.
Soon as to Delos' iſle Lucina came
The pangs of travail ſeiz'd Latona's frame.
Her twining arms ſhe threw the palm around,
And preſt with deep-indented knee the ground:
Then into day ſprung forth the jolly boy,
Earth ſmil'd beneath, and heaven rang with joy.
The Siſter Pow'rs that round Latona ſtood
With chaſte ablutions cleans'd the infant-god.
His lovely limbs in mantle white they bound,
And gently drew a golden ſwathe around.
He hung not helpleſs at his mother's breaſt,
But Themis fed him with an heavenly feaſt.
Pleas'd while Latona views the heavenly boy,
And fondly glows with all a mother's joy,
The luſty babe, ſtrong with ambroſial food,
In vain their bonds or golden ſwathes withſtood,
Bonds, ſwathes, and ligaments with eaſe he broke,
And thus the wond'ring Deities beſpoke;
"The lyre, and ſounding bow, and to declare
"The Thund'rer's counſels, be Apollo's care!"
He ſpake; and onwards all majeſtic ſtrode;
The Queen of Heaven awe-ſtruck view'd the God.
Delos beheld him with a tender ſmile,
And hail'd, enrich'd with gold, her happy iſle;
Her happy iſle, Apollo's native ſeat,
His ſacred haunt, his beſt-belov'd retreat.
Grac'd with Apollo, Delos glorious ſhines,
As the tall mountain crown'd with ſtately pines.
Now ſtony Cynthus would the God aſcend,
And now his courſe to various iſlands bend.
Full many a fane, and rock, and ſhady grove,
River, and mountain did Apollo love;
But chiefly Delos: the Ionians there,
With their chaſte wives and prattling babes, repair.
There gladly celebrate Apollo's name
With many a ſolemn rite and ſacred game;
The jolly dance and holy hymn prepare,
And with the Cæſtus urge the manly war.
If, when their ſacred feaſt th' Ionians hold,
Their gallant ſports a ſtranger ſhou'd behold,
View the ſtrong nerves the brawny chiefs that brace,
Or eye the ſofter charms of female grace;
Then mark their riches of a thouſand kinds,
And their tall ſhips born ſwift before the winds,
So goodly to the ſight wou'd all appear,
The fair aſſembly Gods he wou'd declare.
There too the Delian Virgins, beauteous choir,
Apollo's handmaids, wake the living lyre

* Here ſeveral verſes containing nothing but a mere liſt of the names of iſlands are omitted.

† *Bowyer-king* and *Bowyer-God* are expreſſions frequently uſed by Dryden, in his verſion of the firſt Iliad, to ſignify Apollo.

To Phœbus firſt they conſecrate the lays,
Latona then and chaſte Diana praiſe,
Then heroes old, and matrons chaſte rehearſe,
And ſooth the raptur'd heart with ſacred verſe.
Each voice, the Delian maids, each human ſound
With apteſt imitations ſweet reſound:
Their tongue ſo juſtly tune with accents new,
That none the falſe diſtinguiſh from the true.
Latona! Phœbus! Dian, lovely fair!
Bleſt Delian nymphs, Apollo's chiefeſt care,
All hail! and O with praiſe your poet crown,
Nor all his labours in oblivion drown!
If haply ſome poor pilgrim ſhall enquire,
"O, virgins, who moſt ſkilful ſmites the lyre?
"Whoſe lofty verſe in ſweeteſt deſcant rolls,
"And charms to extaſy the hearers ſouls?"
O anſwer, a blind bard in Chios dwells,
In all the arts of verſe who far excells.
Then o'er the earth ſhall ſpread my glorious fame,
And diſtant nations ſhall record my name.
But Phœbus never will I ceaſe to ſing,
Latona's noble ſon, the mighty Bowyer-king.
Thee Lycia and Mæonia, thee, great Pow'r,
The bleſt Miletus' habitants adore;
But thy lov'd haunt is ſea-girt Delos' ſhore.
Now Pytho's ſtony ſoil Apollo treads,
And all around ambroſial fragrance ſheds,
Then ſtrikes with matchleſs art the golden ſtrings,
And ev'ry hill with heavenly muſic rings.
Olympus now and the divine abodes
Glorious he ſeeks, and mixes with the Gods.
Each heavenly boſom pants with fond deſire
To hear the lofty verſe and golden lyre.
Drawn by the magic ſound, the Virgin-Nine
With warblings ſweet the ſacred miniſtrel join:
Now with glad heart, loud voice, and jocund lays
Full ſweetly carol bounteous heaven's praiſe;
And now in dirges ſad, and numbers ſlow
Relate the piteous tale of human woe;
Woe, by the Gods on wretched mortals caſt,
Who vainly ſhun affliction's wintry blaſt,
And all in vain attempt with fond delay
Death's certain ſhaft to ward, or chaſe old age away.
The Graces there, and ſmiling Hours are ſeen,
And Cytherea, laughter-loving Queen,
And Harmony, and Hebe, lovely band,
To ſprightlieſt meaſures dancing hand in hand.
There, of no common port or vulgar mien,
With heavenly radiance, ſhines the Huntreſs-Queen,
Warbles reſponſive to the golden lyre,
Tunes her glad notes, and joins the virgin choir.
There Mars and Mercury with aukward play,
And uncouth gambols, waſte the live-long day.
There as Apollo moves with graceful pace
A thouſand glories play around his face;
In ſplendor dreſt he joins the feſtive band,
And ſweeps the golden lyre with magic hand.
Mean while, Latona and imperial Jove
Eye the bright Godhead with parental love;
And, as the Deities around him play,
Well pleas'd his goodly mien and awful port ſurvey.*

* The Tranſlator, when he began this piece, had ſome thoughts of giving a complete Engliſh verſion of all Homer's Hymns, being the only parts of his works never yet tranſlated; but (to ſay nothing of his opinion of this ſpecimen of his tranſlation) fearing that this ſpecies of poetry, though it has its beauties, and does not want admirers among the learned, would appear far leſs agreeable to the Engliſh reader, he deſiſted. They, who would the juſteſt idea of this ſort of compoſition among ancients, may be better informed, by peruſing Akenſide's moſt claſſical Hymn to the Naiads, from any tranſlation of Homer or Callimachus.

FROM CATULLUS.

CHLOE, that dear bewitching prude,
Still calls me ſaucy, pert, and rude,
And ſometimes almoſt ſtrikes me;
And yet, I ſwear, I can't tell how,
Spite of the knitting of her brow,
I'm very ſure ſhe likes me.

Aſk you me, why I fancy thus?
Why, I have call'd her jilt, and puſs,
And thought myſelf above her;
And yet I feel it, to my coſt,
That when I rail againſt her moſt,
I'm very ſure I love her.

THE FIRST BOOK OF

THE HENRIADE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE

FRENCH OF M. DE VOLTAIRE.

THY chieftain, France, of try'd illuſtrio worth,
By right of conqueſt, king, by right of birth,
I ſing. Who, tutor'd in miſfortune's ſchool,
There learnt the nobleſt ſcience, how to rule;
Bad Faction's furious diſcord ceaſe to rave,
Valiant to conquer, merciful to ſave;
Baffled the daring League's rebellious ſchemes,
MAYENNE's proud hopes, and Spain's ambitio dreams:
With civil prudence bleſt, with martial fire,
A nation's conqueror, and a nation's ſire.
Truth, heavenly maid, from th' Empyræan beig
Deſcend, and with thy ſtrong and pureſt light
My verſe illume! and O, let mortals hear
Thy ſacred word, and awfully revere!
Be thou my guide! thy ſage experience brings
Unerring maxims to the ear of kings.
Tis thine, bleſt maid, and only thine, to ſhow
What moſt befits the regal pow'r to know.
Purge thou the film from off a nation's eyes,
And ſhew what ills from civil diſcord riſe!
Nor ſpare with decent boldneſs to diſcloſe
The prince's errors, and the people's woes:
And O! if fable e'er, in times of yore,
Mix'd her ſoft accents with thy ſterner lore,
If e'er her hand adorn'd thy tow'ring head,
And o'er thy front her milder graces ſpread
If e'er her ſhades, which lovingly unite,
Bad thy fair form ſpring ſtronger into light,
With me, permit her all thy ſteps to trace,
Not to conceal thy beauties, but to grace!

Still VALOIS reign'd, and ſunk in pleaſure's bow'r,
O'er a mad ſtate held looſe the reins of pow'r:
The trampled Law had loſt its ancient force,
And Right confounded, miſs'd her even courſe.
'Twas thus when VALOIS France's ſceptre bore,
Scepter'd indeed, but now a king no more;
Not glory's minion now, the voice of fame,
Swell'd the loud trumpet to the hero's name;
His laurels wither'd, and all blaſted now,
Which conqueſt hung upon his infant brow;
Whoſe progreſs Europe mark'd with conſcious fear,
Whoſe loſs provok'd his country's common tear,
When, the long train of all his virtues known,
The North admiring call'd him to the throne.
In ſecond rank, the light which ſtrikes the eyes,
Rais'd to the firſt, grows dim, and feebly dies.
From war's ſtern ſoldier, active, firm, and brave,
He ſunk a monarch, pleaſure's abject ſlave.
Lull'd with ſoft eaſe, forgetful of all ſtate,
His weakneſs totter'd with a kingdom's weight;
Whilſt loſt in ſloth, and dead to glorious fame,
The ſons of riot govern'd in his name.
QUELUS, St. MAIGRIN, death-cemented pair,
JOYEUSE the gay, and D'ESPERON the fair,
The careleſs king in pleaſure plung'd with theſe,
In luſt intemperate, and lethargic eaſe.
Mean time, the GUISES, fortunate and brave,
Catch'd the fair moment which his weakneſs gave.
Then roſe the fatal League in evil hour,
That dreadful rival of his waning pow'r.
The people blind, their ſacred Monarch brav'd,
Led by thoſe Tyrants, who their rights enſlav'd.
His friends forſook him, helpleſs and alone,
His ſervants chas'd him from his royal throne;
Revolted Paris, deaf to kingly awe,
Within her gates the crouding ſtranger ſaw.
Through all the city burſt rebellion's flame;
And all was loſt, when virtuous BOURBON came;
Came, full of warlike ardour, to reſtore
That light his prince, deluded, had no more.
His active preſence breath'd an inſtant flame;
No longer now the ſluggiſh ſons of ſhame,
Onward they preſs, where glory calls, to arms,
And ſpring to War from Pleaſure's ſilken charms:
To Paris' gates both kings advance amain,
Rome felt th'alarm, and trembled haughty Spain:
While Europe, watching where the tempeſt falls,
With anxious eyes beheld th' unhappy walls.
Within was DISCORD, with her hell-born train,
Stirring to war the League, and haughty MAYNE,
The people, and the church: and from on high
Call'd out to Spain, rebellion's prompt ally.
DISCORD, dread monſter, deaf to human woe,
To her own ſubjects an avengeful foe,
Bloody, impetuous, eager to deſtroy,
In man's misfortune founds her hateful joy!
To neither party ought of mercy ſhown,
Well-pleas'd ſhe ſtabs the dagger in her own;
Dwells a fierce tyrant in the breaſt ſhe fires,
And ſmiles to puniſh what herſelf inſpires.
Weſt of the city, near thoſe borders gay,
Where Seine obliquely winds her ſloping way,
(Scenes now, where pleaſure's ſoft retreats are found,
Where triumphs art, and nature ſmiles around,
Then, by the will of fate, the bloody ſtage
For war's ſtern combat and relentleſs rage)

Th' unhappy VALOIS had his troops advance,
There ruſh'd at once the generous ſtrength of France.
A thouſand heroes, eager for the fight,
By ſects divided, from revenge unite.
Theſe virtuous BOURBON leads, their choſen guide,
Their cauſe confederate, and their hearts allied.
It ſeem'd the army felt one common flame,
Their zeal, religion, cauſe, and chief the ſame.
The ſacred LOUIS, ſire of BOURBON'S race,
From azure ſkies, beſide the throne of grace,
With holy joy beheld his future heir,
And ey'd the Hero with paternal care;
With ſuch as prophet's feel, a bleſt preſage,
He ſaw the virtues of his ripening age:
Saw Glory round him all her laurels deal,
Yet wail'd his errors, though he lov'd his zeal;
With eye prophetic he beheld e'en now,
The crown of France adorn his royal brow;
He knew the wreath was deſtin'd which they gave,
More will'd the Saint, the light which ſhines to ſave.
Still HENRY'S ſteps mov'd onward to the throne,
By ſecret ways, e'en to himſelf unknown;
His help from Heaven the Holy Prophet ſent,
But hid the arm his wiſe indulgence lent:
Leſt ſure of conqueſt, he had ſlack'd his flame,
Nor grappled danger for the meed of fame.
Already MARS had donn'd his coat of mail,
And doubtful Conqueſt held her even ſcale;
Carnage with blood had mark'd his purple way,
And ſlaughter'd heaps in wild confuſion lay.
When VALOIS thus his part'ner king addreſt,
The ſigh deep-heaving from his anxious breaſt.
" You ſee what fate, what humbling fate is mine,
" Nor yet alone,—the injury is thine.
" The dauntleſs League, by hardy Chieftains led,
" Which hiſſes faction with her Hydra head,
" Boldly confederate by a deſperate oath,
" Aims not at me alone, but ſtrikes at both.
" Though I long ſince the regal circle wear,
" Though thou by rank ſucceed my rightful heir,
" Paris diſowns us, nor will homage bring
" To me their preſent, you their future king.
" Thine, well they know the next illuſtrious claim,
" From law, from birth, and deeds of loudeſt fame;
" Yet from that throne's hereditary right
" Where I but totter, wou'd exclude thee quite.
" Religion hurls her furious bolts on thee,
" And holy councils join her firm decree:
" ROME, though ſhe raiſe no ſoldier's martial band,
" Yet kindles war through every awe-ſtruck land;
" Beneath her banners bids each hoſt repair,
" And truſts her thunder to the Spaniard's care,
" Far from my hopes each ſummer friend is flown,
" No ſubjects hail me on my ſacred throne;
" No kindred now the kind affection ſhows,
" All fly their king, abandon, or oppoſe:
" Rich in my ſpoils, with greedy treacherous haſte,
" While the baſe Spaniard lays my country waſte.
" Midſt foes like theſe, abandon'd, and betray'd,
" France in her turn ſhall ſeek a foreign aid:
" Shall Britain's court by ſecret methods try,
" And win ELIZA for a firm ally.
" Of old I know between each pow'rful ſtate,
" Subſiſts a jealous and immortal hate;
" That London lifts its tow'ring front on high,
" And looks on Paris with a rival eye;
" But I, the monarch of each pageant throne,
" Have now no ſubjects, and no country own.

" Vengeance alone my ſtern reſolves avow,
" Who gives me that, to me is Frenchman now.
" The ſnail-pac'd agents, whoſe deliberate way,
" Creeps on in trammels of preſcrib'd delay,
" Such fit not now; 'tis You, great Prince, alone
" Muſt haſte a ſuppliant to ELIZA's throne.
" Your voice alone ſhall needful ſuccours bring,
" And arm Britannia for an injur'd king.
" To Albion hence, and let thy happier name
" Plead the king's cauſe, and raiſe their generous flame!
" My foes' defeat upon thy arm depends,
" But from thy virtue I muſt hope for friends."
Thus ſpoke the king, while HENRY's looks confeſt
The jealous ardour which inflam'd his breaſt,
Leſt others' arms might urge their glorious claim,
And raviſh from him half the meed of fame.
With deep regret the Hero number'd o'er
The wreaths of glory he had won before;
When, without ſuccours, without ſkill's intrigue,
Himſelf with CONDE ſhook the trembling League.
When thoſe command, who hold the regal ſway,
It is a ſubject's virtue to obey.
Reſolv'd to follow what the King commands,
The blows, ſuſpended, fell not from his hands;
He rein'd the ardour of his noble mind,
And parting left the gather'd wreaths behind.
Th' aſtoniſh'd army felt a deep concern,
Fate ſeem'd depending on the Chief's return.
His abſence ſtill unknown, the pent-up foe
In dire expectance dread the ſudden blow;
While VALOIS' troops ſtill feel their hero's flame,
And virtue triumphs in her HENRY's name.
Of all his fav'rites, none their chief attend,
Save MORNAY brave, his ſoul's familiar friend.
MORNAY of ſteady faith, and manners plain,
And truth, untainted with the flatt'rers ſtrain;
Rich in deſert, of valour rarely tried,
A virtuous champion, though on error's ſide;
With ſignal prudence bleſt, with patriot zeal
Firm to his church, and to the public weal;
Cenſor of courtiers, but by courts belov'd,
Rome's fierce aſſailant, and by Rome approv'd.
Acroſs two rocks, where with tremendous roar,
The foaming ocean waſhes either ſhore,
To Dieppe's ſtrong port the Hero's ſteps repair,
The ready ſailors ply their buſy care.
The tow'ring ſhips, old ocean's lordly kings,
Aloft in air diſplay their canvas wings;
Not ſwell'd by Boreas now, the glaſſy ſeas
Flow'd calmly on, with Zephyr's gentle breeze.
Now, anchor weigh'd, they quit the friendly ſhore,
And land receding greets their eyes no more.
Jocund they ſail'd, and Albion's chalky height
At diſtance roſe full fairly to the ſight.
When rumbling thunders rend th' affrighted pole,
Loud roar the winds, and ſeas tempeſtuous roll:
The livid lightnings cleave the darken'd air,
And all around reigns horror and deſpair.
No partial fear the Hero's boſom knows,
Which only trembled for his country's woes,
It ſeem'd his looks toward her in ſilence bent,
Accus'd the winds, which croſs'd his great intent.
So CÆSAR, ſtriving for a conquer'd world,
Near Epire's banks, with adverſe tempeſts hurl'd,
Truſting, undaunted, and ſecurely brave,
Rome's and the world's fate to the ſwelling wave.
Though leagu'd with POMPEY NEPTUNE's ſel
engage,
Oppos'd his fortune to dull Ocean's rage.
Mean time that GOD, whoſe power the tempe
binds,
Who rides triumphant on the wings of winds,
That GOD, whoſe wiſdom, which preſides o'er all,
Can raiſe, protect, or cruſh this earthly ball,
From his bright throne, beyond the ſtarry ſkies,
Beheld the Hero with conſidering eyes,
GOD was his guide, and 'mid the tempeſt's roar
The toſſing veſſel reach'd the neighbouring ſhore;
Where Jerſey riſes from the ocean's bed,
There, heaven-conducted, was the Hero led.
At a ſmall diſtance from the ſhore, there ſtood
The growth of many years, a ſhadowy wood.
A neighbouring rock the calm retirement ſaves
From the rude blaſts, and hoarſe-reſounding waves.
A grotto ſtands behind, whoſe ſtructure knows
The ſimple grace which nature's hand beſtows.
Here far from court remov'd, a holy Sage
Spent the mild evening of declining age.
While free from worldly toils, and worldly woe,
His only ſtudy was himſelf to know:
Here mus'd, regretting on his miſſpent days,
Or loſt in love, or pleaſure's flow'ry maze.
No guſts of folly ſwell the dangerous tide,
While all his paſſions to a calm ſubſide;
The bubble life he held an empty dream,
His food the ſimple herb, his drink the ſtream;
Tranquil and calm he drew his aged breath,
And look'd with patience toward the port of death,
When the pure ſoul to bliſsful realms ſhall ſoar,
And join with GOD himſelf to part no more.
The GOD he worſhipp'd ey'd the zealous Sage,
And bleſs'd with wiſdom's lore his ſilver'd age:
Gave him the ſkill of prophecy to know,
And from fate's volume read events below.
The Sage with conſcious joy the Prince addreſs
And ſpread the table for his royal gueſt;
The prompt repaſt, which ſimple nature ſuits,
The ſtream's freſh water, and the foreſt's roots.
Not unaccuſtom'd to the homely fare,
The Warrior ſat; for oft from buſy care,
From court retir'd, and pomp's faſtidious pride,
The Hero dar'd to throw the king aſide:
And in the ruſtic cot well-pleas'd partook
Of labour's mean repaſt, and chearful look;
Found in himſelf the joys to kings unknown
And ſelf-depos'd forgot the lordly throne.
The world's contention to their minds ſupplies
Much converſe, wholeſome to the good and wiſe.
Much did they talk of woes in human life,
Of Chriſtian kingdoms torn with jarring ſtrife.
The zeal of MORNAY, like a ſtubborn fort,
Attach'd to Calvin ſtood his firm ſupport.
HENRY, ſtill doubting, ſought th' indulgent ſki
That light's clear ray might burſt upon his eyes,
" Muſt then, ſaid he, the truth be always found
" To mortals weak with miſts encompaſs'd round
" Muſt I ſtill err? my way in darkneſs trod,
" Nor know the path which leads me to my G
" If all alike he will'd us to obey,
" The God who will'd it, had preſcrib'd the way
" Let us not vainly GOD's deſigns explore!
" (The Sage reply'd) be humble, and adore!
" Arraign not madly heav'n's unerring laws
" For faults, where mortals are themſelves the ca

These aged eyes beheld in days of yore,
When Calvin's doctrine reach'd the Gallic shore,
Then, though with blood it now distains the earth,
Creeping in shade and humble in the birth,
I saw it banish'd by religion's laws,
Without one friend to combat in the cause.
Through ways oblique I saw the phantom tread,
Slow winding, and asham'd to rear her head,
'Till, at the last, upheld by pow'rful arms,
'Midst cannon's thunder, and 'mid war's alarms,
Burst forth the Monster in the glare of light,
With tow'ring front full dreadful to the sight;
To scowl at mortals from her tyrant seat,
And spurn our altars at her impious feet.
Far then from courts, beneath this peaceful cot,
I wail'd Religion's and my country's lot;
Yet here, to comfort my declining days,
Some dawn of hope presents its chearful rays.
So new a worship cannot long survive,
Which man's caprice alone has kept alive.
With that it rose, with that shall die away,
Man's works and Man are bubbles of a day.
The God, who reigns for ever and the same,
At pleasure blasts a world's presumptuous aim.
Vain is our malice, vain our strength display'd,
To sap the city his right hand hath made;
Himself hath fix'd the strong foundations low,
Which brave the wreck of time, and hell's inve-
" terate blow:
The Lord of Lords shall bless thy purged sight
With bright effulgence of diviner light;
On thee, Great Prince, his mercies he'll bestow,
And shed that Truth thy bosom pants to know.
That God hath chose thee, and his hand alone
Safe through the war shall lead thee to a throne.
Conquest already (for his voice is fate,)
For thee bids Glory ope her golden gate.
If on thy sight the Truth unnotic'd falls
Hope not admission in thy Paris' walls,
Though splendid Ease invite thee to her arms,
O shun, Great Prince, the Syren's poison'd
" charms!
O'er thy strong passions hold a glorious rein,
Fly love's soft lap, break pleasure's silken chain!
And when, with efforts strong, all foes o'er-
thrown,
A League's great conqueror, and what's more
" Your Own,
When, with united hearts, and triumph's voice,
Thy people hail thee with one common choice,
From a dread siege, to fame for ever known,
To mount with glory thy paternal throne,
That time, Affliction shall lay by her rod,
And thy glad eyes shall seek thy father's God:
Then shalt thou see from whence thy arms prevail.
Go, Prince,—Who TRUSTS IN GOD—can ne-
" ver fail."
Such word the Sage's holy lips impart,
Like, like a flame, on HENRY's generous heart.
The Hero stood transported in his mind
Fortunes, when God held converse with mankind,
When simple virtue taught her heav'n-born lore,
And Truth commanding bad e'en king's adore.
His open arms the reverend Sage embrace,
And the warm tear fast trickled down his face.
Speech'd, yet lost awhile in deep surprise,
Fond MORNAY brave; for still on MORNAY's eyes
Hung error's mist, and GOD's high will conceal'd
The gifts from him to HENRY's breast reveal'd.
His wisdom idly would the world prefer,
Whose lot, though rich in virtues, was to err.
While the rapt Sage fulfilling GOD's behest,
Spoke inspiration to the Prince's breast,
Hush'd were the winds, within their caverns bound,
Smooth flow'd the seas, and nature smil'd around.
The Sage his guide, the Hero sought his way
Where the tall vessels safe at anchor lay:
The ready sailors quit the friendly strand,
Hoist the glad sails, and make for Albion's land.
While o'er her coast his eyes admiring range,
He prais'd in silence Britain's happier change:
Where laws abus'd by foul intestine foes,
Had erst entail'd a heap of dreadful woes
On prince and people; on that bloody stage,
Where slaughter'd heroes bled for civil rage;
On that bright throne, from whence descended
springs,
Th' illustrious lineage of an hundred kings,
Like HENRY, long in adverse fortune school'd,
O'er willing English hearts a WOMAN rul'd:
And rich in manly courage, female grace,
Clos'd the long lustre of her crouded race.
ELIZA then, in Britain's happiest hour,
Held the just balance of contending pow'r;
Made English subjects bow the willing knee,
Who will not serve, and are not happy free.
Beneath her sacred reign the nation knows
No sad remembrance of its former woes;
Their flocks securely graz'd the fertile plain,
Their garners bursting with their golden grain.
The stately ships, their swelling sails unfurl'd,
Brought wealth and homage from the distant world:
All Europe watch'd Britannia's bold decree,
Dreaded by land, and monarch of the sea.
Wide o'er the waves her fleet exulting rode,
And fortune triumph'd over Ocean's GOD.
Proud London now, no more of barbarous fame,
To arms and commerce urg'd her blended claim.
Her pow'rs, in union leagu'd, together sate,
King, Lords, and Commons, in their threefold state.
Though separate each their several interest draw,
Yet all united form the stedfast law.
All three, one body's members, firm and fit,
Make but one pow'r in strong conjunction knit;
Pow'r to itself of danger often found,
But spreading terror to its neighbours round.
Blest, when the people duty's homage show,
And pay their king the tribute which they owe!
More blest, when kings for milder virtues known,
Protect their people's freedom from the throne!
" Ah when, cry'd BOURBON, shall our discord
cease,
" Our glory, Albion, rise, like thine, in peace?
" Blush, blush, ye kings, ye lords of jarring states,
" A Woman bids, and War hath clos'd its gates:
" YOUR countries bleed with factious rage oppress,
" While SHE reigns happy o'er a people blest."
Mean time the Hero reach'd the sea-girt isle,
Where freedom bids eternal plenty smile;
Not far from William's Tow'r at distance seen,
Stood the fam'd palace of the Virgin Queen.
Hither, the faithful MORNAY at his side,
Without the noise and pageant pomp of pride,
The toys of grandeur which the vain pursue,
But glare unheeded to the hero's view,

The Prince arriv'd: With bold and manly ſenſe
He ſpoke; his frankneſs all his eloquence;
Told his ſad tale, and bow'd his lofty heart,
For France's woes, to act ſubmiſſion's part;
For needful aids the Britiſh Queen addreſt,
While, in the ſuppliant, ſhone the king confeſt.
"Com'ſt thou, reply'd the Queen, with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
"Com'ſt thou from VALOIS for the wiſh'd allies?
"Aſk'ſt thou protection for a tyrant foe,
"Whoſe deadly hate work'd all thy fortune's woe?
"Far as the golden ſun begins to riſe,
"To where he drives adown the weſtern ſkies,
"His ſtrife and Thine to all the world is known:
"Stand'ſt thou for him a friend at Britain's throne?
"And is that hand, which VALOIS oft hath fear'd.
"Arm'd in his cauſe, and for his vengeance rear'd?"
When thus the Prince; "A monarch's adverſe fate
"Wipes all remembrance out of former hate.
"VALOIS was then a ſlave, his paſſion's ſlave,
"But now himſelf a monarch firm and brave;
"He burſts at once the ignominious chain,
"Reſumes the Hero, and aſſerts his reign.
"Bleſt, if of nature more aſſur'd and free,
"He'd ſought no aid but from himſelf and me!
"But, led by fraud, and arts, all infincere,
"He was my foe from weakneſs and from fear.
"His faults die with me, when his woes I view,
"I've gain'd the conqueſt—grant me vengeance, YOU
"For know the work is thine, Illuſtrious Dame,
"To deck thy Albion's brows with worthieſt fame,
"Let thy protection ſpread her ready wings,
"And fight with me the injur'd cauſe of Kings!"
ELIZA then, for much ſhe wiſh'd to know,
The various turns of France's long-felt woe,
Whence riſing firſt the civil diſcord came,
And Paris kindled to rebellion's flame—
"To me, Great Prince, thy griefs are not unknown,
"Though brought imperfect, and by Fame alone;
"Whoſe rapid wing too indiſcreetly flies,
"And ſpreads abroad her indigeſted lies.
"Deaf to her tales, from thee, Illuſtrious Youth,
"From thee alone ELIZA ſeeks the truth,
"Tell me, for you have witneſs'd all the woe,
"VALOIS' brave friend, or VALOIS' conquering foe,
"Say, whence this friendſhip, this alliance grew,
"Which knits the happy bond 'twixt him and you;
"Explain this wond'rous change, 'tis you alone
"Can paint the virtues which yourſelf hath ſhown.
"Teach me thy woes, for know the ſtory brings
"A moral leſſon to the pride of kings."
"And muſt my memory then, Illuſtrious Queen,
"Recal the horrors of each dreadful ſcene?
"O had it pleas'd th' Almighty Pow'r (which knows,
"How my heart bleeds o'er all my country's woes)
"Oblivion then had ſnatch'd them from the light,
"And hid them buried in eternal night.
"Neareſt of blood muſt I aloud proclaim,
"The princes' madneſs, and expoſe their ſhame?
"Reflection ſhakes my mind with wild diſmay—
"But 'tis ELIZA's will, and I obey.
"Others, in ſpeaking, from their ſmooth addreſs,
"Might make their weakneſs or their crimes ſeem leſs,
"The flow'ry art was never made for me,
"I ſpeak a ſoldier's language plain and free."

AN IMITATION FROM THE SPECTATOR.

A Month hath roll'd its lazy hours away,
Since Delia's preſence bleſs'd her longing ſwain:
How cou'd he brook the ſluggiſh time's delay,
What charm cou'd ſoften ſuch an age of pain?

One fond reflection ſtill his boſom chear'd,
And ſooth'd the torments of a lover's care,
'Twas that for Delia's ſelf the bow'r he rear'd,
And fancy plac'd the nymph already there.

O come, dear maid, and with a gentle ſmile,
Such as lights up my lovely fair one's face,
Survey the product of thy ſhepherd's toil,
Nor rob the villa of the villa's grace.

Whate'er improvements ſtrike thy curious ſight,
Thy taſte hath form'd—let me not call it mine,
Since when I muſe on thee, and feed delight,
I form no thought that is not wholly thine.

Th' apartments deſtin'd for my charmer's uſe,
(For love in trifles is conſpicuous ſhewn)
Can ſcarce an object to thy view produce,
But bears the dear reſemblance of thine own.

And truſt me, love, I could almoſt believe,
This little ſpot the manſion of my fair,
But that awak'd from fancy's dreams I grieve,
To find its proper owner is not there.

Oh! I could doat upon the rural ſcene,
Its proſpect over hill and champaign wide,
But that it marks the tedious way between,
That parts thy Damon from his promis'd bride.

The gardens now put forth their bloſſoms ſweet,
In Nature's flow'ry mantle gayly dreſt,
The cloſe-trimm'd hedge, and circling border neat,
All aſk my Delia for their deareſt gueſt.

The lilly pale, the purple-bluſhing roſe,
In this fair ſpot their mingled beauties join;
The woodbine here its curling tendrils throws,
In wreaths fantaſtic round the mantling vine.

The branching arbour here for lovers made,
For dalliance met, or ſong, or amorous tale,
Shall oft protect us with its cooling ſhade,
When ſultry Phæbus burns the lovely vale.

'Tis all another paradiſe around,
And, truſt me, ſo it would appear to me,
Like the firſt man were I not lonely found,
And but half bleſt, my Delia, wanting thee.

For two, but two, I've form'd a lovely walk,
And I have call'd it by my fair one's name;
Here bleſt with thee, t'enjoy thy pleaſing talk,
While fools and madmen bow the knee to fame.

The ruſtic path already have I try'd,
Oft at the ſinking of the ſetting day;
And while, my love, I thought thee by my ſide,
With careful ſteps have worn its edge away.

With thee I've held diſcourſe, how paſſing ſweet!
While fancy brought thee to my raptur'd dream,
With thee have prattled in my lone retreat,
And talk'd down ſuns, on love's delicious theme.

Oft as I wander through the ruſtic croud,
Muſing with downcaſt look, and folded arms,
They ſtare with wonder, when I rave aloud,
And dwell with rapture on thy artleſs charms.

They call me mad, and oft with finger rude,
Point at me leering, as I heedleſs paſs;
Yet Colin knows the cauſe, for love is ſhrewd,
And the young ſhepherd courts the farmer's laſs.

Among the fruits that grace this little ſeat,
And all around their cluſtring foliage ſpread,
Here mayſt thou cull the peach, or nect'rine ſweet,
And pluck the ſtrawberry from its native bed.

And all along the river's verdant ſide,
I've planted elms, which riſe in even row;
And fling their lofty branches far and wide,
Which float reflected in the lake below.

Since I've been abſent from my lovely fair,
Imagination forms a thouſand ſchemes,
For O! my Delia, thou art all my care,
And all with me is love and golden dreams.

O flatt'ring promiſe of ſecure delight;
When will the lazy-pacing hours be o'er?
That I may fly with rapture to thy ſight,
And we ſhall meet again to part no more.

A BALLAD.

YE ſhepherds ſo careleſs and gay,
Who ſport with the nymphs of the plain,
Take heed leſt you frolic away
The peace you can never regain.
Let not Folly your boſoms annoy;
And of Love, the dear miſchief, beware.
You may think 'tis all ſunſhine and joy,
—I know 'tis o'erſhadow'd with care.

Love's morning how blithſome it ſhines,
With an aſpect deceitfully fair;
Its day oft in ſorrow declines,
And it ſets in the night of deſpair.
Hope paints the gay ſcene to the ſight,
While fancy her viſions beſtows,
And gilds ev'ry dream with delight,
But to wake us to ſenſible woes.

How hard is my lot to complain
Of a nymph whom I yet muſt adore,
Though ſhe love not her ſhepherd again,
Her DAMON muſt love her the more.

For it was not the pride of her ſex,
That treated his vows with diſdain,
For it was not the pleaſure to vex,
That made her delude her fond ſwain.

'Twas His, the fair nymph to behold,
He hop'd—and he raſhly believ'd.
'Twas hers to be fatally cold;
—He lov'd—And was fondly deceiv'd,
For ſuch is of lovers the doom,
While paſſions their reaſon beguile,
'Tis warrant enough to preſume,
If they catch but a look or a ſmile.

Yet ſurely my PHYLLIS would ſeem
To prize me moſt ſhepherds above;
But that might be only eſteem,
While I fooliſhly conſtru'd it love.
Yet others, like DAMON, believ'd
The nymph might have favour'd her ſwain,
And others, like Him, were deceiv'd,
Like Him, though they cannot complain.

Of PHYLLIS was always my ſong,
For ſhe was my pride and my care;
And the folks, as we wander'd along,
Wou'd call us the conjugal pair.
They mark'd how I walk'd at her ſide,
How her hand to my boſom I preſt,
Each tender endearment I try'd,
And I thought none was ever ſo bleſt.

But now the deluſion is o'er,
Theſe day-dreams of pleaſure are fled,
Now Her DAMON is pleaſing no more,
And the hopes of her ſhepherd are dead.
May he that my fair ſhall obtain,
May He, as thy DAMON, be true;
Or haply thou'lt think of that ſwain,
Who bids thee, dear maiden, adieu.

TO CHLOE.

IF CHLOE ſeek one verſe of mine
I call not on the tuneful Nine
With uſeleſs Invocation;
Enough for Me that *She* ſhould aſk;
I fly with pleaſure to the Taſk,
And Her's the inſpiration.

When Poets ſung in ancient Days,
The Muſes that inſpir'd their Lays,
Of whom there ſuch Parade is;
Their Deities, let Pride confeſs,
Were nothing more, and nothing leſs,
Than earth-born mortal Ladies.

Did any nymph her ſubject chuſe?
She ſtrait commenc'd inſpiring MUSE;
And every Maid, of lovely Face,
That ſtruck the heart of wounded Swain,
Exalted to yon ſtarry Plain,
Was regiſter'd a GRACE.

Theſe were the Compliments of old,
While Nymphs, among the Gods enroll'd,
Claim'd Love's obſequious Duty;

Thus, while each Bard had favourite Views,
Each Nymph became a GRACE, or MUSE,
A VENUS every Beauty.

Say, in theſe latter Days of ours,
When Love exerts his uſual Powers,
What difference lies between us?
In CHLOE's ſelf at once I boaſt,
What Bards of every age might toaſt,
A MUSE, a GRACE, a VENUS.

In CHLOE are a thouſand charms,
Though Envy call her ſex to arms,
And giggling girls may flout her.
The MUSE inhabits in her Mind,
A VENUS in her form we find,
The GRACES all about her.

TO THE MOON.

ALL hail! majeſtic Queen of Night,
Bright Cynthia! ſweeteſt Nymph, whoſe preſence brings
The penſive pleaſures, calm delight,
While Contemplation ſmooths her ruffled wings,
Which Folly's vain tumultuous joys,
Or buſineſs, care, and buzz of luſty day
Have all too ruffled.—Hence, away
Stale Jeſt, and flippant Mirth, and Strife engend'ring Noiſe.
When Evening dons her mantle grey,
I'll wind my ſolitary way,
And hie me to ſome lonely grove
(The haunt of Fancy and of love)
Whoſe ſocial branches, far outſpread,
Poſſeſs the mind with pleaſing dread.
While Cynthia quivers through the trees
That wanton with the ſummer breeze,
And the clear brook, or dimpled ſtream,
Reflects oblique her dancing beam.
How often, by thy ſilver light,
Have Lovers' tongues beguil'd the Night?
When forth the happy pair have ſtray'd,
The amorous ſwain and tender maid,
And as they walk'd the groves along,
Cheer'd the ſtill Eve with various ſong.
While ev'ry Artful ſtrain conſeſt
The mutual Paſſion in their breaſt.
The lovers' hours fly ſwift away,
And Night reluctant yields to Day.

Thrice happy nymph, thrice happy Youth,
When Beauty is the meed of Truth!

Yet not the happy Loves alone,
Has thy celeſtial preſence known.
To thee complains the Nymph forlorn,
Of broken faith, and Vows forſworn;
And the dull Swain, with folded Arms,
Still muſing on his falſe one's charms,
Frames many a ſonnet to her name,
(As Lovers uſe to expreſs their flame)
Or pining wan with thoughtful care,
In downcaſt ſilence feeds Deſpair;
Or when the Air dead ſtillneſs keeps,
And Cynthia on the water ſleeps;
Charms the dull ear of ſober night,
With love-born Muſic's ſweet delight.

Oft as thy Orb performs its round,
Thou liſt'neſt to the various ſound
Of ſhepherds' hopes and Maidens' fears
(Thoſe conſcious Cynthia ſilent hears
While Echo which ſtill loves to mock,
Bears them about from Rock to Rock.)

But ſhift we now the penſive ſcene,
Where Cynthia ſilvers o'er the green.
Mark yonder Spot, whoſe equal rim
Forms the green circle quaint and trim;
Hither the Fairies blith advance,
And lightly trip in mazy dance;
Beating the panſie-paven ground
In frolic meaſures round and round;
Theſe Cynthia's Revels gayly keep,
While lazy mortals ſnore aſleep;
Whom oft they viſit in the night,
Not viſible to human ſight;
And as old prattling Wives relate,
Though now the faſhion's out of date,
Drop ſixpence in the Houſewife's ſhoe,
And pinch the Slattern black and blue.
They fill the mind with airy ſchemes,
And bring the Ladies pleaſant dreams.

Who knows not Mab, whoſe chariot glides,
And athwart men's noſes rides?
While OBERON, blith Fairy, trips,
And hovers o'er the Ladies Lips;
And when he ſteals ambroſial bliſs,
And ſoft imprints the charming Kiſs,
In Dreams the Nymph her ſwain purſues,
Nor thinks 'tis OBERON that woes.

Yet ſportive Youth, and lovely Fair,
From hence, my Leſſon read, beware,
While Innocence and Mirth preſide,
We care not where the Fairies glide;
And OBERON will never miſs
To greet his fav'rites with a Kiſs;
Nor ever more Ambroſia ſips,
Than when he viſits ——'s Lips,

When all things elſe in ſilence ſleep,
And blithſome Elfs their vigils keep;
And always hover round about,
To find our worth or frailties out,
Receive with joy theſe Elfin ſparks;
Their Kiſſes leave no tell-tale Marks,
But breathe freſh beauty o'er the face,
Where all is Virtue, all is grace.

Not only elfin Fays delight
To hail the ſober Queen of Night,
But that ſweet Bird, whoſe gurgling Throat
Warbles the thick melodious note,
Duly as Evening Shades prevail,
Renews her ſoothing love-lorn tale.
And as the Lover penſive goes,
Chaunts out her ſymphony of Woes,
Which in boon Nature's wilder tone,
Beggar all ſounds which Art has known.

But hiſt —— the melancholy bird
Among the Groves no more is heard;
And Cynthia pales her ſilver ray
Before th' approach of golden Day,

Which on yon mountain's misty height,
Stands tiptoe with his gladsome Light.
Now the shrill Lark in æther floats,
And carols wild her liquid notes;
While Phœbus, in his lusty pride,
His flaring beams flings far and wide
Cynthia farewell —— the pensive Muse,
No more her feeble flight pursues,
But all unwilling takes her way,
And mixes with the buzz of Day.

SONG.

THE Beauty which the Gods bestow,
Did they but give it for a show?
No —— 'twas lent thee from above,
To shed its Lustre o'er thy face,
And with its pure and native grace
To charm the soul to Love.

The flaunting Sun, whose western beams,
This evening drink of Oceans' streams,
To-morrow springs to Light.
But when thy Beauty sets, my Fair,
No morrow shall its beam repair,
'Tis all eternal Night.

See too, my Love, the virgin Rose,
How sweet, how bashfully it blows
Beneath the vernal skies!
How soon it blooms in full display,
Its bosom opening to the Day,
Then withers, shrinks, and dies.

Of mortal Life's declining Hour,
Such is the Leaf, the bud, the Flow'r;
Then crop the Rose in Time.
Be blest and bless, and kind impart
The just return of Heart for Heart,
Ere Love becomes a Crime.

To Pleasure then, my Charmer, haste,
And ere thy Youth begins to waste,
Ere Beauty dims its ray,
The proffer'd gift of Love employ,
Improve each moment into Joy,
Be happy, whilst you may.

TO THE REV. MR. HANBURY,

OF CHURCH-LANGTON, LEICESTERSHIRE,

ON HIS PLANTATIONS.

WHILE vain pursuits a trifling race engage,
And Virtue slumbers in a thriftless age,
Thy glorious plan *, on deep foundations laid,
Which aiding Nature, Nature's bound to aid,

* See Mr. Hanbury's Essay on Planting.

The wise man's study, though the blockhead's scorn,
Shall speak for ages to a world unborn.
Though fools deride, for Censure's still at hand
To damn the work she cannot understand,
Pursue thy project with an ardour fit;
Fools are but whetstones to a man of wit.

Like puling infants seem'd thy rising plan,
Now knit in strength, it speaks an active man.
So the broad oak, which from *thy* grand design
Shall spread aloft, and tell the world 'twas thine,
A strip'ling first, just peep'd above the ground,
Which, ages hence, shall fling its shade around.

SENT TO A LADY, WITH A SEAL.

TH' impression which this seal shall make,
The rougher hand of force may break;
Or jealous time, with slow decay,
May all its traces wear away;
But neither time nor force combin'd,
Shall tear thy image from my mind;
Nor shall the sweet *impression* fade
Which CHLOE's thousand charms have made;
For spite of time, or force, or art,
'Tis *seal'd* for ever on my heart.

A BALLAD.

HARK, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb,
Come, LUCY, it cries, come away,
The grave of thy COLIN has room
To rest thee beside his cold clay.
I come, my dear shepherd, I come,
Ye friends and companions adieu:
I haste to my COLIN's dark home,
To die on his bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When LUCY, sad LUCY, arose;
And forth to the green turf she sprung,
Where COLIN's pale ashes repose.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all-around.

"How long, my lov'd COLIN," she cry'd,
"How long must thy LUCY complain?
"How long shall the grave my love hide?
"How long ere it join us again?
"For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
"With thee o'er the world would she fly;
"For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd;
"For thee would she lie down and die.

"Alas! what avails it how dear
"Thy LUCY was once to her swain!
"Her face like the lily so fair,
"And eyes that gave light to the plain.

" The ſhepherd that lov'd her is gone ;
" That face and thoſe eyes charm no more ;
" And LUCY forgot, and alone,
" To death ſhall her COLIN deplore."

While thus ſhe lay ſunk in deſpair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder ſhook dreadful the ground.
" I hear the kind call, and obey,
" Oh, COLIN receive me," ſhe cried,
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-ſtone, and died.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

" DO, ſtudy more—diſcard that Siren, Eaſe,
" Whoſe fatal charms are murd'rous while
" they pleaſe.
" Wit's ſcanty ſtreams will fret their channel dry,
" If Learning's ſpring withhold the freſh ſupply.
" Turn leaf by leaf gigantick volumes o'er,
" Nor bluſh to know what ancients wrote before.
" Why not, ſometimes, regale admiring friends
" With Greek and Latin ſprinklings, odds and ends ?
" Exert your talents ; read, and read to write !
" As Horace ſays, mix profit with delight."

'Tis rare advice : but I am ſlow to mend,
Though ever thankful to my partial friend ;
Full of ſtrange fears—for hopes are baniſh'd all—
I liſt' no more to Phœbus' ſacred call,
Smit with the Muſe, 'tis true, I ſought her charms ;
But came no champion, clad in cumb'rous arms,
To pull each rival monarch from his throne,
And ſwear no lady Clio like my own.
All unambitious of ſuperior praiſe,
My fond amuſement aſk'd a ſprig of bays,
Some little fame for ſtringing harmleſs verſe,
And e'en that little fame has prov'd a curſe ;
Hitch'd into rhime, and dragg'd through muddy
proſe,
By butcher criticks, worth's confed'rate foes.

If then the Muſe no more ſhall ſtrive to pleaſe,
Lull'd in the happy lethargy of eaſe ;
If, unadvent'rous, ſhe forbear to ſing,
Nor take one thought to plume her ruffled wing ;
'Tis that ſhe hates, howe'er by nature vain,
The ſcurril nonſenſe of a venal train.
When deſp'rate robbers, iſſuing from the waſte,
Make ſuch rude inroads on the land of taſte,
Genius grows ſick beneath the Gothic rage,
Or ſeeks her laurels from ſome worthier age.

As for MYſELF, I own the preſent charge ;
Lazy and lounging, I confeſs at large :
Yet Eaſe, perhaps, may loſe her ſilken chains,
And the next hour become an hour of pains.
We write, we read, we act, we think, by fits,
And follow all thing's as the humour hits ;
For of all pleaſures, which the world can bring,
Variety—O ! dear variety's the thing !
Our learned Coke, from whom we ſcribblers draw
All the wiſe Dictums of poetic law,
Lays down this truth, from whence my maxim follows,
(See Horace, Ode *Dec. Sext.*—the caſe Apollo's)
" The God of Verſe diſclaims a plodding wretch,
" Nor keeps his bow for ever on the ſtretch."

However great my thirſt of honeſt fame,
I bow with rev'rence to each letter'd name ;
To worth, where'er it be, with joy ſubmit,
But own no curſt monopolies of wit.
Nor think, my friend, if I but rarely quote,
And little reading ſhines through what I've wrote,
That I bid peace to ev'ry learned ſhelf ;
Becauſe I dare form judgments for myſelf.
—Oh ! were it mine, with happy ſkill to look
Up to the ONE, the UNIVERSAL BOOK !
Open to all—to him, to me, to you,
—For NATURE's open to the general view—
Then would I ſcorn the ancients' vaunted ſtore,
And boaſt my theſts, where they but robb'd before.

Mean while with them, while Grecian ſounds impart
Th' eternal paſſions of the human heart,
Burſting the bonds of eaſe and lazy reſt,
I feel the flame mount active in my breaſt ;
Or when, with joy, I turn the Roman page,
I live, in fancy, in th' AUGUSTAN age !
Till ſome dull Bavius or a Mævius' name,
Damn'd by the MUSE to everlaſting fame,
Forbids the mind in foreign climes to roam,
And brings me back to our old fools at home.

SONGS IN THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

AIR I.

WHILE the cool and gentle breeze
Whiſpers fragrance through the trees,
Nature walking o'er the ſcene
Clad in robes of lively green,
From the ſweetneſs of the place
Labour wears a chearful face.

Sure I taſte of joys ſincere,
Faithful COLIN ever near ;
When with ceaſeleſs toil oppreſs'd,
Wearied nature ſinks to reſt.
All my labours to beguile,
Love ſhall wake me with a ſmile.

AIR II.

THOUGH my features I'm told
Are grown wrinkled and old,
Dull wiſdom I hate and deteſt,
Not a wrinkle is there
Which is furrow'd by care,
And my heart is as light as the beſt.

When I look on my boys
They renew all my joys,
Myſelf in my children I ſee;
While the comforts I find
In the kingdom my mind,
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young,
Oh! I caper'd and ſung,
The laſſes came flocking apace;
But now turn'd of three ſcore
I can do ſo no more,
—Why then let my boy take my place.

Of our pleaſures we crack,
For we ſtill love the ſmack,
And chuckle o'er what we have been;
Yet why ſhould we repine,
You've had yours, I've had mine,
And now let our children begin.

AIR III.

'TIS thus in thoſe toys
Invented for boys,
To ſhew how the weather will prove,
The woman and man
On a different plan
Are always directed to move.

One goes out to roam
While t' other keeps home,
Inſipid, and dull as a drone,
Tho' near to each other
As ſiſter and brother,
They both take their airings alone.

AIR IV.

WHEN the head of poor Tummas was broke
By Roger, who play'd at the wake.
And Kate was alarm'd at the ſtroke,
And wept for poor Tummas's ſake;
When his worſhip gave noggins of ale,
And the liquor was charming and ſtout,
O thoſe were the times to regale,
And we footed it rarely about.

Then our partners were buxom as does,
And we all were as happy as kings,
Each lad in his holyday cloaths,
And the laſſes in all their beſt things.
What merriment all the day long!
May the feaſt of our Collin prove ſuch,
Oh nooks, but I 'll join in the ſong
And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

AIR V.

WHEN vapours o'er the meadow die,
And morning ſtreaks the purple ſky,
I wake to love with jocund glee
To think on him, who doats on me.

When eve embrowns the verdant grove
And Philomel laments her love,
Each ſigh I breathe, my love reveals,
And tells the pangs my boſom feels.

With ſecret pleaſure I ſurvey
The frolic birds in amorous play,
While fondeſt cares my heart employ,
Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

AIR VI.

YES that's * a magazine of arms
To triumph over time;
Whence beauty borrows half her charms,
And always keeps her prime.

At that the prude, coquette, and ſaint,
Induſtrious ſets her face,
While powder, patch, and waſh, and paint,
Repair or give a grace.

To arch the brow there lies the bruſh,
The comb to tinge the hair,
The Spaniſh wool to give the bluſh,
The pearl to die them fair.

Hence riſe the wrinkled, old, and grey,
In freſheſt beauty ſtrong,
As Venus fair, as Flora gay,
As Hebe ever young.

AIR VII.

GO! ſeek ſome nymph of humbler lot,
To ſhare thy board, and deck thy cot,
With joy I fly the ſimple youth
Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.

Thy breaſt for love too wanton grown,
Shall mourn its peace and pleaſure flown,
Nor ſhall my faith reward a ſwain
Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

AIR VIII.

THUS laugh'd at, jilted, and betray'd,
I ſtamp, I tear, I rave;
Capricious, light, injurious maid,
I'll be no more thy ſlave.

I'll rend thy image from my heart,
Thy charms no more engage;
My ſoul ſhall take the juſter part,
And love ſhall yield to rage.

AIR IX.

THANK you, ladies, for your care,
But I pray you both forbear,
Sure I am all o'er ſcratches!

That

* The Toilette.

That your curious hands muſt place,
Such odd ſpots upon my face
With your pencils, paint, and patches.

How I totter in my gait,
From a dreſs of ſo much weight,
With my robe too dangling after;
Could my Colin now but ſee,
What a thing they 've made of me,
Oh, he'd ſplit his ſides with laughter.

AIR X.

THE flowers which grace their native beds;
A while put forth their bluſhing heads,
But e're the cloſe of parting day
They wither, ſhrink, and die away.
But theſe which mimic ſkill hath made,
Nor ſcorch'd by ſuns, nor kill'd by ſhade;
Shall bluſh with leſs inconſtant hue,
Which art at pleaſure can renew.

AIR XI.

WHEN late a ſimple ruſtic laſs,
I rov'd without conſtraint,
A ſtream was all my ſooking glaſs,
And health my only paint.

The charms I boaſt, (alas how few!)
I gave to nature's care,
As vice ne'er ſpoil'd their native hue,
They could not want repair.

AIR XII.

HOW ſtrange the mode which truth neglects,
And reſts all beauty in defects!
But we by homely nature taught,
Tho' rude in ſpeech are plain in thought.

AIR XIII.

FOR various purpoſe ſerves the fan,
As thus —— a decent blind,
Between the ſticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
Reſentment's in the ſnap,
A flirt expreſſes ſtrong diſdain,
Conſent a gentle tap.

All paſſions will the fan diſcloſe,
All modes of female art,
And to advantage ſweetly ſhews
The hand if not the heart.

'Tis folly's ſceptre firſt deſign'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

AIR XIV.

IF tyrant love with cruel dart
Tranſfix the maiden's tender heart,
Of eaſy faith and fond belief,
She hugs the dart and aids the thief.

Till left her helpleſs ſtate to mourn,
Neglected, loving, and forlorn;
She finds, while grief her boſom ſlings,
As well as darts the god has wings.

AIR XV.

ALONG your verdant lowly vale,
Calm Zephyr breathes a gentle gale,
But ruſtling thro' the loſty trees,
It ſwells beyond the peaceful breeze.

Thus free from envy's poiſon'd dart,
You boaſt a pure unruffled heart,
While jarring thoughts our peace deform
And ſwell our paſſions to a ſtorm.

AIR XVI.

THO' my dreſs, as my manners, is ſimple and plain,
A raſcal I hate, and a knave I diſdain;
My dealings are juſt, and my conſcience is clear,
And I'm richer than thoſe who have thouſands a-year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for ſporting uncouth,
I feel no remorſe from the follies of youth;
I ſti l tell my tale, and rejoice in my ſong,
And my boys think my life not a moment too long.

Let the courtiers, thoſe dealers in grip and grimace,
Creep under, dance over for title or place;
Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
That of honeſt I prize, and that title's my own.

AIR XVII.

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
O'er fields or gardens ranging,
Sips ſweets from each and flutters by,
And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects ſway,
By various charms delighted,
While ſhe who pleaſes moſt to-day,
To-morrow ſhall be ſlighted.

AIR XVIII.

WHEN far from fashion's gilded scene
I breath'd my native air,
My thoughts were calm, my mind serene,
No doubtings harbour'd there.

But now no more myself I find,
Distraction rends my breast;
Whilst hopes and fears disturb my mind,
And murder all my rest.

AIR XIX.

FLATTERING hopes the mind deceiving,
Easy faith too often cheat,
Woman, fond and all believing,
Loves and hugs the dear deceit.

Nofy shew of pomp and riches,
Cupid's trick to catch the fair,
Lowly maids too oft bewitches,
Flattery is the beauty's snare.

AIR XX.

WHAT's all the pomp of gaudy courts,
But vain delights, and gingling toys,
While pleasure crowns your rural sports
With calm content, and tranquil joys.

AIR XXI.

RETURN, sweet lass, to flocks and swains,
Where simple nature mildly reigns,
Where love is every shepherd's care,
And every nymph is kind as fair.

The court has only tinsel toys,
Insipid mirth and idle noise;
But rural joys are ever new,
While nymphs are kind, and shepherds true.

AIR XXII.

AGAIN in rustic weeds array'd,
A simple swain, a simple maid,
Our rural scenes with joy we'll rove,
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.

The birds shall strain their little throats,
And warble wide their merry notes;
Whilst we converse beneath the shade,
A happy swain, and happy maid.

Thy hands shall pluck, to grace my bow'r,
The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r,
Whilst joys shall bless, for ever new,
Thy Phœbe kind, my Colin true.

AIR XXIII.

WHY should I now, my love, complain,
That toil awaits thy chearful swain,
Since labour oft a sweet bestows
Which lazy splendor never knows.

Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's with, the poor man's wealth,
And spreads those blushes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.

The pride of dress, the pomp of shew,
Are trappings oft to cover woe;
But we, whose wishes never roam,
Shall taste of real joys at home.

AIR XXIV.

NO doubt but your foolscap has known
His highness obligingly kind,
—Odzooks I could knock the fool down,
Was e'er such a cuckoldy kind?

To be sure, like a good-natured spouse,
You've lent him a part of your bed;
He has fitted the horns to your brows,
And I see them spout out of your head.

To keep your wife virtuous and chaste,
The court is a wonderful school,
—My lord you've an excellent taste,
—And son, you're a cuckoldy fool.

If your lady should bring you an heir,
The blood will flow rich in his veins,
Many thanks to my lord for his care—
—You dog, I could knock out your brains.

YOUNG'S POEMS.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

NOW let the Atheiſt tremble; Thou alone
Canſt bid his conſcious heart the Godhead own.
Whom ſhalt thou not reform? O thou haſt ſeen,
How God deſcends to judge the ſouls of men.
Thou heard'ſt the ſentence how the guilty mourn,
Driven out from God, and never muſt return.

Yet more, behold ten thouſand thunders fall,
And ſudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball:
When nature ſunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou ſaw'ſt the boundleſs ruins of the world.

When guilty Sodom felt the burning rain,
And ſulphur fell on the devoted plain;
The patriarch thus, the fiery tempeſt paſt,
With pious horrour view'd the deſert waſte;
The reſtleſs ſmoke ſtill wav'd its curls around,
For ever riſing from the glowing ground.

But tell me, oh! what heavenly pleaſure tell,
To think ſo greatly, and deſcribe ſo well!
How waſt thou pleas'd the wondrous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could riſe ſo high?
Beyond this world the labour to purſue,
And open all ETERNITY to view?

But thou art beſt delighted to rehearſe
Heaven's holy dictates in exalted verſe:
O thou haſt power the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raiſe, to terrify to charm;
To fix the ſoul on God; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human-kind;
By ſtricture rules well-govern'd life to ſcan,
And practiſe o'er the angel in the man.

Madg. Coll. Oxon. T. WARTON.

TO A LADY, WITH THE LAST DAY.

MADAM,

HERE, ſacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
The proſpect of a future ſtate unfold:
The realms of night to mortal view diſplay,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author ſcorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthleſs praiſe.
Full of her glorious theme, his towering Muſe,
With gen'rous zeal, a nobler fame purſues:
Religion's cauſe her raviſh'd heart inſpires,
And with a thouſand bright ideas fires;
Tranſports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the ſtrait limits of mortality,
To boundleſs orbs, and bids her fearleſs ſoar,
Where only Milton gain'd renown before;
Where various ſcenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.
Thus did the Muſes ſing in early times,
Ere ſkill'd, to flatter vice and varniſh crimes:
Their lyres were tun'd to virtuous ſongs alone,
And the chaſte poet, and the prieſt, were one.
But now, forgetful of their infant ſtate,
They ſooth the wanton pleaſures of the great:
And from the preſs, and the licentious ſtage,
With luſcious poiſon taint the thoughtleſs age;
Deceitful charms attract our wondering eyes
And ſpecious ruin unſuſpected lies.
So the rich ſoil of India's blooming ſhores,
Adorn'd with laviſh nature's choiceſt ſtores,
Where ſerpents lurk, by flowers conceal'd from ſight,
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.
These purer thoughts from groſs alloys refin'd,
With heavenly raptures elevate the mind:
Not fram'd to raiſe a giddy ſhort-liv'd joy,
Whoſe falſe allurements, while they pleaſe, deſtroy;
But bliſs reſembling that of Saints above,
Sprung from the viſion of th' Almighty Love:
Firm, ſolid bliſs for ever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd, like you;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing ſweetneſs, unaffected wit,
And all the glories of your ſparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten every grace.
By theſe ſecur'd, you will with pleaſure read
"Of future judgment, and the riſing dead;
"Of time's grand period, heaven and earth o'erthrown;
"And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan."
Theſe, when the ſtars and ſun ſhall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form reſtore:
Then ſhall you ſhine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

T. TRISTAM.

TO THE AUTHOR,

ON HIS

LAST DAY,

AND

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

AND must it be as thou hast sung,
Celestial bard, seraphic Young?
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this spacious glorious round?
You lamps of light, must they decay?
On nature's self, destruction prey?
Then fame, the most immortal thing
E'n thou canst hope is on the wing.
Shall Newton's System be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd?
Shall souls be curious to explore
Who rul'd and orb'd that is no more?
Or shall they quote the pictur'd age,
From Pope's and Thy corrective page,
When vice and virtue lose their name
In deathless joy, or endless shame?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius shall be seen:
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For Homer, Horace, Pope, or Thee?
Through life we chase, with fond pursuit,
What mocks our hope, like Sodom's fruit:
And sure thy plan was well design'd,
To cure this madness of the mind;
First, beyond time our thoughts to raise;
Then lash our love of transient praise.
In both, we own thy doctrine just;
And fame's a breath, and men are dust.

1736. J. BANCKS.

A POEM ON THE LAST DAY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

"Venit summa dies." VIRG.

BOOK I.

"Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, coruscа
"Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
"Terra tremit: fugere feræ! et mortalia corda
"Per gentes humilis stravit pavor." VIRG.

WHILE others sing the fortune of the Great;
Empire and Arms, and all the pomp of State;
With Britain's Hero * set their souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire;

* Duke of Marlborough.

I draw a deeper scene: a scene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heaven o'erthrown,
And gasping nature's last tremendous groan:
Death's ancient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous judge, and man's eternal doom.

'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
And ask my anxious heart if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down
On all the splendors of the British crown.
This globe is for my verse a narrow bound:
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
Of every various order, place and kind,
Hear, and assist, a feeble mortal's lays;
'Tis our Eternal King I strive to praise.

But chiefly Thou, great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whose throne Arch angels prostrate fall;
If at thy nod from discord, and from night,
Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel;
To my great subject Thou my breast inspire,
And raise my labouring soul with equal fire.

Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every grace
In God's great-offspring, beauteous nature's face:
See spring's gay bloom; see golden autumn's store;
See how earth smiles, and hear old ocean roar.
Leviathans but heave their cumberous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies sail.
Here, forests rise, the mountain awful pride;
Here, rivers measure climes, and worlds divide;
There, vallies fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
Hold kings, and kindoms fortunes, in their beds:
There, to the skies, aspiring hills ascend,
And into distant lands their shades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride.
View the whole earth's vast landskip unconfin'd,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.
Then let the firmament thy wonder raise:
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
How far from east to west? The labouring eye
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry:
Wide theatre! where tempests play at large,
And God's right-hand can all its wrath discharge.
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the season, and the year controul:
They shine through time, with an unalter'd ray:
See This grand period rise, and That decay:
So *vast* this world's a grain; yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space;
So *bright*, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
'Twere sin in heathens not to have ador'd,
How great, how firm, how sacred all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all must drop, as autumn's sickliest grain,
And earth and firmament be sought in vain:

The

The tract forgot where conſtellations ſhone,
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:
Time ſhall be ſlain, all Nature be deſtroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.
Sooner, or later, in ſome future date,
(A dreadful ſecret in the book of fate!)
This hour, for aught all human wiſdom knows,
Or when ten thouſand harveſts more have roſe;
When ſcenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's ſin forbids not) other Annes;
While ſtill the buſy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thouſand years before,
Thoughleſs as thoſe who *now* life's mazes run,
Of earth diſſolv'd, or an extinguiſh'd ſun;
(Ye ſublunary worlds, awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nation, hear, and ſhake)
Thick clouds of darkneſs ſhall ariſe on day;
In ſudden night all earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the ſcatter'd foreſts rend;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted ſhore;
A ſanguine ſtain the ſilver moon o'erſpread;
Darkneſs the circle of the ſun invade;
From inmoſt heaven inceſſant thunders roll,
And the ſtrong echo bound from pole to pole,
When, lo, a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note: the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation ſhake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.
Oh powerful blaſt! to which no equal ſound
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Though rival clarions have been ſtrain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the ſky,
Though God's whole enginery diſcharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.
Have angels ſinn'd? and ſhall not man beware?
How ſhall a ſon of earth decline the ſnare?
Not folded arms, and ſlackneſs of the mind,
Can promiſe for the ſafety of mankind:
None are ſupinely good: through care and pain,
And various arts, the ſteep aſcent we gain.
This is the ſcene of combat, not the reſt,
Man's is laborious happineſs at beſt;
On this ſide death his dangers never ceaſe,
His joys are joys of conqueſt, not of peace.
If then, obſequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human ſtate,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty ſmiles, or grandeur ſpreads her charms,
The conſcious ſoul would *this* great ſcene diſplay,
Call down th' immortal hoſts in dread array,
The trumpet ſound, the Chriſtian banner ſpread,
And raiſe from ſilent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impreſſion would the picture make,
No power on earth her firm reſolve could ſhake;
Engag'd with angels ſhe would greatly ſtand,
And look regardleſs down on ſea and land;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could reſtrain,
And death might ſhake his threatening lance in vain!
Her certain conqueſt would endear the fight,
And danger ſerve but to exalt delight.
Inſtructed thus to ſhun the fatal ſpring,
Whence flows the terrors of that dy'l ſting;
More boldly we our labours may purſue,
And all the dreadful image ſet to view.
The ſparkling eye, the ſleek and painted breaſt,
The burniſh'd ſcale, curl'd train, and riſing creſt,
All that is lovely in the noxious ſnake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake:
The ſting once drawn, his guiltleſs beauties riſe
In pleaſing luſtre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And ſtrong averſion ſoftens into love.
Say then, my Muſe, whom diſmal ſcenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The laſt extremes of terror and deſpair;
Oh ſay, what change on earth, what heart in man
This blackeſt moment ſince the world began.
Ah mournful turn! the bliſsful earth, who late
At leiſure on her axle roll'd in ſtate;
While thouſand golden planets knew no reſt,
Still onward in their circling journey preſt;
A grateful change of ſeaſons ſome to bring,
And ſweet viciſſitude of fall and ſpring:
Some through vaſt oceans to conduct the keel,
And ſome thoſe watery worlds to ſink, or ſwell:
Around her ſome their ſplendors to diſplay,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world ſo great, of joy the bright abode,
Heaven's darling child, and favourite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkneſs and deſpair.
No ſun in radiant glory ſhines on high:
No light, but from the terrors of the ſky:
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers loſt,
And all into a ſecond chaos toſt:
One univerſal ruin ſpreads abroad:
Nothing is ſafe beneath the throne of God,
Such, earth, thy fate: what then canſt thou afford
To comfort and ſupport thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How muſt he bend his ſoul's ambition down?
Proſtrate, the reptile own, and diſavow
His boaſted ſtature, and aſſuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curſe his form,
That ſpeaks diſtinction from his ſiſter worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade
Lord, why doſt thou forſake whom thou haſt made?
Who can ſuſtain thy anger? Who can ſtand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought; oh ſave me, Power
Of powers ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou who beneath the frown of fate haſt ſtood,
And in thy dreadful agony ſweat blood:

Thee,

Thee, who for me, through every throbbing vein,
Hast felt the keeneſt edge of mortal pain;
Whom death led captive through the realms below,
And taught thoſe horrid myſteries of woe;
Defend me, O my God! Oh ſave me, Power
Of powers ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!
From eaſt to weſt they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring ſhelter from the wrath divine;
Big flames to wrap, or whelming ſeas to ſweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compaſſionately deep:
Sea caſt the monſter forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but priſon up for wrath to come.
So fares a traitor to an earthly crown;
While death ſits threatening in his prince's frown,
His heart's diſmay'd; and now his fears command,
To change his native for a diſtant land:
Swift orders fly, the king's ſevere decree
Stands in the channel and locks up the ſea;
The port he ſeeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted ſword.
But why this idle toil to paint *that* day?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the diſtreſs,
The height of eloquence would make it leſs;
Heavens! how the *good* man trembles!—
And is there a Laſt Day? and muſt there come
A fire, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
Ambition ſwell, and, thy proud ſails to ſhow,
Take all the winds that Vanity can blow:
Wealth on a golden mountain blazing ſtand,
And reach an India forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple cluſters, tempting *wine*,
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright *beauty*, ſhine;
Shine all; in all your charms together riſe;
Thee all, in all your charms, I may deſpiſe,
While I mount upward on a ſtrong deſire,
Borne, like Elijah, in a car on fire.
In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To ſmile at death! to long to be diſſolv'd!
Mean our decays a pleaſure to receive!
And kindle into tranſport at a grave!
What equals *this*? And ſhall the victor now
Bind the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! Oh thou cherub, heavenly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomleſs delight!
Thou, Thou art all; nor find thy in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own ſoul.
For ever then, my ſoul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praiſe him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And ſtuff my conſcious cheek with ſpreading ſhame?
They all for him purſue, or quit, their end;
The mounting flames their burning power ſuſpend,
The ſolid heaps th' unfrozen billows ſtand,
Reſt and ſilence aw'd by his command
Stay, the dire monſters that infeſt the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirſt for blood,
His will can calm, their ſavage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
When darkneſs round him all her horrors ſpread,
And the loud ocean bel ow'd o'er his head?
When now the thunder roars, the lightening flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous riſe;
When now the foaming ſurges, toſt on high,
Diſcloſe the ſands beneath, and touch the ſky;
When death draws near, the mariners aghaſt
Look back with terror on their actions paſt;
Their courage ſickens into deep diſmay,
Their hearts, through fear and anguiſh, melt away;
Nor tears, nor prayers, the tempeſt can appeaſe;
Now they devote their treaſure to the ſeas;
Unload their ſhater'd barque, though richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but oh, the ſtorm ſo high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.
The trembling prophet then, themſelves to ſave,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he deſcends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows cloſe; he's number'd with the dead.
(Hear, O ye juſt! attend, ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety purſue)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks ſmiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his ſervant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempeſtuous nature ſilent ſtand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a ſoft embrace:
He bridles-in the monſters of the deep:
The bridled monſters awful diſtance keep:
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltleſs gaze, and round the ſtranger play.
But ſtill new wonders! nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his powerful word,
And calls the great leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his ſtate;
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
Makes the ſea ſhake, and heav'n and earth reſound;
Blackens the waters with the riſing ſand,
And drives vaſt billows to the diſtant land.
As yawns an earthquake, when impriſon'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous ſize;
The prophet views the cavern with ſurprize:
Meaſures his monſtrous teeth, afar deſcry'd,
And rolls his wondering eyes from ſide to ſide;
Then takes poſſeſſion of the ſpacious ſeat,
And ſails ſecure within the dark retreat.
Now is he pleas'd the northern blaſt to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear;
Or ſails immers'd into the depths below;
Where the dead ſilent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the ſhelving mountain's dreadful ſhade:

Where

Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides serenely through the paths of death.
Two wonderous days and nights through coral groves,
Through labyrinths of rocks and sands, he roves:
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It sees the king of waters rise, and pour
His sacred guest un-injur'd on the shore:
A type of that great blessing, which the Muse
In her next labour ardently pursues.

The LAST DAY.

BOOK II.

"——— We hope, that the departed will rise
"again from the dust: after which, like
"the Gods, they will be immortal."
THUCYD.

NOW Man awakes, and from his silent bed,
Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head;
Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the rash, adventure cost,
In wide Eternity I dare be lost.
The Muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,
To *teach the swain*, or *celebrate the king*.
I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and sing to *human kind*:
I sing to men and angels: angels join,
While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.

Again the trumpet's intermitted sound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An universal concourse to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air:
In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
Drive cities, forests, mountains, to the deep,
To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race.
Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long-committed dust.
Now charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs, and all,
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The distant head; the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members and compleat the frame.
When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty sword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord.
Yet one day lost, this deity below
Became the scorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,
And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade,
No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell,
Bid, with due horror, his great soul farewell,
Obscure his fall! all weltering in his gore,
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore!
While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
Though realms now rise between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's sound each fragrant mote shall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the signal wafted in the wind,
And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

So swarming bees, that on a summer's day
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wanderings end,
And, gently circling, on a bough descend.

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
Which has perhaps been fluttering near the pole,
Or midst the burning planets wondering stray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid:
Or rather coasted on her final state,
And fear'd, or wish'd for, her appointed fate;
This soul, returning with a constant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
The springs maintain an everlasting round.

Thus a frail model of the work design'd
First takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the structive firm with lasting oak,
And marble bowels of the solid rock,
Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
And bear the lofty palace to the skies;
The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass.

That ancient, sacred, and illustrious * dome,
Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come,
From camps, or courts, though great, or wise, or just,
To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;
That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread
Now populous o'erflows; a numerous race
Of rising king fill all th' extended space:
A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
Awards the crown, and stiles the greater lord.
Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
Labours with man to this his second birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
And gilded theatres invade the skies,
Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
The most magnificent and costly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No spot on earth, but has supply'd a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.
All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn,
The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.
Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise:
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes;
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.

Others

* Westminster Abbey.

Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood.
Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown;
Such, in this day of horrors, shall be seen
To face the thunders with a god-like mien;
The planets drop, their thoughts are fixt above;
The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move:
As earth dissolving, and a heaven thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends on every side,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bless the dawn of everlasting day.

Here *greatness* prostrate falls; there, *strength* gives place;
Here, *terars* smile; there, beauty hides her face.
Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,
A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,
In mutual friendship their long slumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or, warm
With juster confidence, enjoy the storm,
Than those whose pious bounties, unconfin'd,
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illustrious rank, what shining light
With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight?
Bend down, my grateful Muse, that homage show,
Which to such worthies thou are proud to owe.
Wickham! Fox! Chichley! hail, illustrious * names,
Who to far distant times dispense your beams;
Beneath your shades, and near your crystal springs,
I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.
All hail, thrice honour'd! 'Twas your great renown
To bless a people, and oblige a crown.
And now you rise, eternally to shine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine
Indulgent God! Oh how shall mortal raise
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
For bounty so profuse to human kind,
Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less
Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,
Was Nothing; shall I live, when every fire
And every star shall languish and expire?
When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
And through the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
See new worlds rolling from His spacious hand,
Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael sung or fought;
And that his being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of *Love divine!*

But oh! before this blissful state, before
Th' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar,
The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.

This mighty scene I next presume to draw;
Attend, great Anna, with religious awe.
Expect not here the known successful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts:
Fiction, be far away; let no machine
Descending here, no fabled God, be seen;
Behold the God of *Gods* indeed descend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,
As heaven's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
And fenced around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And every age, and nation, pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng:
Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign
Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.
How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been spent,
To fix a hero's birth-day, or descent!
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of ancient days;
To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood!
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands.
Cæsar un-noted in your presence stands.
How vast the concourse! not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above:
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire, *Fall*; another *Stand*:
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rouz'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
(Another blow had broke the Fate's decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host,
They all are here, and here they All are lost:
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.
This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
"For judgment, judgment, sons of men prepare!"
Earth shakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
And hell through all her trembling realms resound,
Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest power of earth,
Blest with most equal planets at thy birth;
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord;

Who

* Founders of the New-College, Corpus Christi, and All-Souls, in Oxford, of which the latter was a Member.

Who, on the day of triumph, faidſt, Be thine
The ſkies, Jehovah, all this world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas! my Muſe,
How art thou loſt! what numbers canſt thou chuſe?
A ſudden bluſh inflames the waving ſky,
And now the crimſon curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heaven's great Sovereign reigns in worlds of light,
Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works ſurvey,
Creates, ſupports, confounds! Where *time* and *place*,
Matter, and *form*, and *fortune*, *life*, and *grace*,
Wait humbly at the footſtool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-ſuſpended ball
(Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence iſſuing I behold (but mortal ſight
Suſtains not ſuch a ruſhing ſea of light)
I ſee, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heaven's everlaſting SON;
Crown'd with that majeſty which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, *dominion*, *praiſe*, *omnipotence*,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light,
Night ſhades the ſolemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where-e'er ſerene he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradiſe:
But if reſentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, Knowledge ſhines in pureſt light;
On one, the ſword of Juſtice fiercely bright,
Now bend the knee in ſport, preſent the reed;
Now tell the ſcourg'd Impoſtor he ſhall bleed!

Thus glorious through the courts of heaven, the ſource
Of life and death eternal bends his courſe
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelic hoſt is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the ſtring, ſome ſtrike the ſounding ſhell,
And mingling voices in rich concert ſwell;
Voice ſeraphic; bleſt with ſuch a ſtrain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of GLORY! Soul of Bliſs!
What a ſtupendous turn of fate is this?
O! whither art thou rais'd above the ſcorn
And indigence of *him* in Bethlem born;
A needleſs, helpleſs, unaccounted gueſt,
And but a ſecond to the fodder's breaſt?
How chang'd from *him*, who meekly proſtrate laid,
Vouchſaf'd to waſh the feet himſelf had made?
From *him* who was betray'd, forſook, deny'd,
Wept, languiſh'd pray'd, bled, thirſted, groan'd and dy'd;
Hung pierc'd and bare, inſulted by the foe,
All heaven in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?

And was 't enough to bid the Sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I ſee, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vaniſh'd—I am wholly thine.

Miſtaken Caiaphas! Ah! which blaſphem'd;
Thou, or thy priſoner? which ſhall be condemn'd?
Well might'ſt thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'Tis wondrous all! Ev'n he
Thou gav'ſt to death, ſhame, torture, dy'd for Thee.

Now the deſcending triumph ſtops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raiſe
Diſtinct with orient veins and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in ſea, and round
Its ample foot the ſwelling billows ſound.
Theſe an immeaſurable arc ſupport,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the pureſt ſky,
Stream from the cryſtal arch, and round the columns fly.
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the baſis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.
Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the ſun burns beneath his awful feet.
Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his ſilver ſtaff of wondrous height,
Unfurls the Chriſtian flag which waving flies,
And ſhuts and opens more than half the ſkies:
The Croſs ſo ſtrong a red, it ſheds a ſtain,
Where-e'er it floats, on earth, in air, or main;
Fluſhes the hill, and ſets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.
Oh formidable GLORY! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty ſight.
Ah turn, unwary Muſe, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not (to make the *Sun* ſhrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wiſh it all a dream;
Wiſh, or their ſouls may with their limbs decay;
Or GOD be ſpoil'd of his eternal ſway.
But rather, if thou know'ſt the means, unfold
How they with tranſport might the ſcene behold.

Ah! how but by Repentance, by a mind
Quick, and ſevere its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceaſing care,
And all the pious violence of Prayer?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I caſt my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the ſkies ſurround,
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.
" O Thou! whoſe balance does the mountain weigh,
" Whoſe will the wild tumultuous ſeas obey,
" Whoſe breath can turn thoſe watery worlds to flame,
" That flame to tempeſt, and that tempeſt rain

" Earth's meaneſt ſon, all trembling, proſtrate falls,
" And on the boundleſs of thy goodneſs calls.
" Oh! give the winds all paſt offence to ſweep,
" To ſcatter wide, or bury in the deep.
" Thy power, my weakneſs, may I ever ſee,
" And wholly dedicate my ſoul to Thee:
" Reign o'er my will; my paſſions ebb and flow
" At thy command, nor human motive know!
" If anger boil, let anger be my praiſe,
" And ſin the graceful indignation raiſe.
" My love be warm to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
" And lift the burden from the ſoul oppreſs'd.
" Oh may my underſtanding ever read
" This glorious volume, which Thy wiſdom made!
" Who decks the maiden Spring with flowery pride?
" Who calls forth Summer, like a ſparkling bride?
" Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
" And bids old Winter lay her honours down?
" Not the Great Ottoman, or Greater Czar,
" Not Europe's arbitreſs of peace and war.
" May ſea and land, and earth and heaven be join'd,
" To bring th' eternal author to my mind!
" When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
" May thoughts of Thy dread vengeance ſhake my ſoul!
" When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly ſhine,
" Adore, my heart, the MAJESTY *Divine!*
" Through every ſcene of life, or peace, or war,
" Plenty, or want, Thy glory be my care!
" Shine we in arms? or ſing beneath our vine?
" Thine is the vintage, and the conqueſt Thine:
" Thy pleaſure points the ſhaft, and bends the bow;
" The cluſter blaſts, or bids it brightly glow:
" 'Tis thou that lead'ſt our powerful armies forth,
" And giv'ſt Great Anne *Thy* ſceptre o'er the north,
" Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
" Open with Prayer the conſecrated day;
" Tune Thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe,
" And with the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies:
" As that advances, let my zeal improve,
" And glow with ardour of conſummate love;
" Nor ceaſe at eve, but with the ſetting ſun,
" My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.
" And, oh! permit the gloom of ſolemn night
" To ſacred thought may fortibly invite,
" When this world's ſhut, and awful planets riſe,
" Call on our minds, and raiſe them to the ſkies;
" Compoſe our ſouls with a leſs dazzling ſight,
" And ſhew all nature in a milder light;
" How every boiſterous thought in calms ſubſides!
" How the ſmooth'd ſpirit into goodneſs glides!
" O how divine! to tread the milky way,
" To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
" His court admire, or for his favour ſue.
" Or leagues of friendſhip with His ſaints renew;
" Pleas'd to look down, and ſee the world aſleep,
" While I long vigils to its Founder keep!
" Canſt Thou not ſhake the centre? Oh controul,
" Subdue by force, the rebel in my ſoul:
" Thou, who canſt ſtill the raging of the flood,
" Reſtrain the various tumults of my blood;
" Teach me, with equal firmneſs, to ſuſtain
" Alluring pleaſure, and aſſaulting pain.
" O may I pant for Thee in each deſire!
" And with ſtrong faith foment the holy fire!
" Stretch out my ſoul in hope, and graſp the price,
" Which in eternity's deep boſom lies!
" At the Great day of recompence behold,
" Devoid of fear, the *fatal Book* unfold!
" Then wafted upward to the bliſsful ſeat,
" From age to age, my graceful ſong repeat;
" My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour ſee,
" And rival angels in the praiſe of THEE."

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

" Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur, affore tempus,
" Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
" Ardeat; & mundi moles operoſa laboret."
OVID MET.

THE book unfolding, the reſplendent ſeat
Of ſaints and angels; the tremendous fate
Of guilty ſouls; the gloomy realms of woe;
And all the horrors of the world below;
I next preſume to ſing: What yet remains
Demand my laſt, but moſt exalted ſtrains.
And let the Muſe or now affect the ſky,
Or in inglorious ſhades for ever lie.
She kindles, ſhe's inflam'd ſo near the goal:
She mounts, ſhe gains upon the ſtarry pole;
The world grows leſs as ſhe purſues her flight,
And the ſun darkens to her diſtant ſight.
Heaven opening, all its ſacred pomp diſplays,
And overwhelms her with the ruſhing blaze!
The triumph rings! archangels ſhout around;
And echoing nature lengthens out the ſound!
Ten thouſand trumpets *now* at once advance;
Now deepeſt ſilence lull the vaſt expanſe:
So deep the ſilence, and ſo ſtrong the blaſt,
As nature dy'd, when ſhe had groan'd her laſt.
Not man, nor angel, moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the ſky:
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view ſupporting ſeraphs raiſe;
In ſolemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The ſeal is broken, and a groan is heard.
And thou, my ſoul, (oh fall to ſudden prayer,
And let the thought ſink deep! ſhalt thou be there?

See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided ſtills on either hand;)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obſcene,
What more than death in every face and mien?
With what diſtreſs, and glarings of affright,
They ſhock the heart, and turn away the ſight?
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid ſecrets of the ſoul.
Each geſture mourns, each look is black with care,
And every groan is loaden with deſpair.
Reader, if guilty, ſpare the Muſe, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.
Shouldſt thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the ſoft companions of thy life,
Whoſe blended intereſts level'd at one aim,
Whoſe mix'd deſires ſent up one common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched Self alone
Caſt on the left, of all whom thou haſt known;
How would it wound? What millions wouldſt thou give
For One more trial? One more day to live?
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's ſpace,
To graſp with eagerneſs the means of Grace;
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, ſuſpend a ſtorm in air,
Arreſt the Sun; but ſtill of this deſpair.
Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's image freſh in every face!
What purple bloom my raviſh'd ſoul admires,
And their eyes ſparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that riſe above
This world, and in bleſt angels kindly love!
To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flaſh ſuſtain, againſt its terror riſe,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are theſe the forms that moulder'd in the duſt?
Oh the tranſcendent glory of the juſt!
Yet ſtill ſome thin remains of fear and doubt,
Th' infected brightneſs of their joy pollute.
Thus the chaſte bridegroom, when the prieſt draws nigh,
Beholds his bleſſing with a trembling eye,
Feels doubtful paſſions throb in every vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
Leſt ſtill ſome intervening chance ſhould riſe,
Leap forth at once, and ſnatch the golden prize;
Inflame his woe, by bringing it ſo late,
And ſtab him in the criſis of his fate.

Since Adam's family, from firſt to laſt,
Now into one diſtinct ſurvey is caſt;
Look round, vain-glorious Muſe, and you who-e'er
Devote yourſelves to fame, and think her fair;
Look round, and ſeek the lights of human race,
Whoſe ſhining acts Time's brighteſt annals grace;
Who founded ſects; crowns conquer'd or reſign'd;
Gave names to nations; or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vaſt fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madneſs of the roaring main:
All loſt? all undiſtinguiſh'd? no where found?
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace ſound?
That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right-hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continued, alter'd, threaten'd, or deſtroy'd;
Southern or eaſtern ſceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave north or weſt dominion o'er the world;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himſelf was ſpilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd—
Aloft, their ſeats of bliſs their pomp diſplay
Brighter than brightneſs, this diſtinguiſh'd day;
Leſs glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won:
Through heaven's high gates, when he triumphant rode,
And ſhouting angels hail'd the victor God.
Horrors, *beneath*, darkneſs in darkneſs, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
O'er-boiling with a mad ſulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, moſt dreadful to ſurvey,
And roars outrageous for the deſtin'd prey.
The ſons of light ſcarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer preſs heaven's everlaſting throne.
Such is the ſcene; and one ſhort moment's ſpace
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write;
The whole creation ſwims before my ſight:
I ſee, I ſee, the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not, 'tis diſtant; I behold it *now*;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My ſoul recoils at the ſtupendous woe;
That woe, thoſe pangs, which from the *guilty* breaſt,
In theſe, or words like theſe, ſhall be expreſt.
" Who burſt the barriers of my peaceful grave?
" Ah! cruel death, that would no longer ſave,
" But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
" And caſt me out into the wrath of God;
" Where ſhrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
" And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
" Our only ſong; black fire's malignant light,
" The ſole refreſhment of the blaſted ſight.
" Muſt all thoſe powers, heaven gave me to ſupply
" My ſoul with pleaſure, and bring in my joy,
" Riſe up in arms againſt me, join the foe,
" *Senſe*, *reaſon*, *memory*, increaſe my woe?
" And ſhall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
" Curſe, or blaſpheme, and blow the fires of hell?
" Oh! muſt I look with terror on my gain,
" And with *exiſtence* only meaſure *pain*?
" What! no reprieve, no leaſt indulgence given,
" No beam of hope, from any point of heaven!

" Ah

" Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?
" Is Love extinguish'd in the source of Love?
" Bold that I am, did heaven stoop down to hell?
" Th' expiring Lord of life my ransom seal?
" Have I not been industrious to provoke?
" From his embraces obstinately broke?
" Pursued, and panted for his mortal hate,
" Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate?
" And dare I on extinguish'd Love exclaim?
" Take, take full vengeance, rouze the slackening flame;
" Just is my lot—but oh! must it transcend
" The reach of time, despair a distant end?
" With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise,
" Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies!
" *NEVER!* where falls the soul at that dread sound?
" Down an abyss how dark, and how profound?
" Down, down, I still am falling, horrid pain!)
" Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain;
" My plunge but still begun—And this for sin!
" Could I offend, if I had never been,
" But still increas'd the senseless happy mass,
" Flow'd in the stream, or shiver'd in the grass?
" Father of mercies! why from silent earth
" Didst thou awake, and curse me into birth,
" Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
" And make a thankless present of thy light?
" Push into being a reverse of Thee,
" And animate a clod with misery?
" The beasts are happy; they come forth, and keep
" Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep.
" Pain is for man; and oh! how vast a pain
" For crimes, which made the God-head bleed in vain?
" Anneal'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
" And flung his agonies, and death, away?
" As our dire punishment for ever strong,
" Our constitution too for ever young.
" Curs'd with returns of vigour, still the same
" Powerful to bear, and satisfy the flame:
" Still to be caught and still to be pursued!
" To perish still, and still to be renew'd!
" And this, *My Help! My God!* at thy decree?
" Nature is chang'd, and *hell* should *succour* me.
" And canst Thou then look down from perfect bliss,
" And see me plunging in the dark abyss?
" Calling Thee Father in a sea of fire?
" Or pouring blasphemies at Thy desire?
" With mortals anguish wilt Thou raise *Thy* name,
" And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?
" Thou, who canst toss the planets to and fro,
" Contract not Thy great vengeance to my woe;
" Crush worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
" On me Almighty wrath is cast away.
" Call back Thy thunders, Lord, hold-in Thy rage,
" Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage:
" Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame;
" But lose me in the greatness of Thy name.
" Thou art all Love, all Mercy, all Divine,
" And shall I make those glories cease to shine?
" Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
" And from its course turn back Omnipotence?
" Forbid it! and oh! grant, great *God*, at least
" This one, this slender, almost *no* request;
" When I have wept a thousand lives away,
" When torment is grown weary of its prey,
" When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,
" Ten thousand thousand, let me then expire."

Deep anguish! but too late; the hopeless soul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loth, and ever loud blasphemingowns
He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain;
To talk to fiery tempests; to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er;
To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended GOD.

The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move,
To take possession of their thrones above;
Satan's accurs'd desertion to supply,
And fill the vacant stations of the sky;
Again to kindle long-extinguish'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heavenly blaze;
To crop the roses of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain head of sacred truth;
To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
And lift the voice to their Almighty KING;
To lose eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heaven's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,
And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain:
What boldly I begin, let others end;
My strength exhausted, fainting I descend,
And chuse a less but no ignoble theme,
Dissolving elements, and worlds, in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
And nature shrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
Heaven's terrors in array surround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conspire,
And, darted downward, set the world on fire;
Black rising clouds the thicken'd Æther cloak,
And spiry flames dart through the rolling smoke,
With keen vibrations cut the sullen night,
And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light;
From heaven's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous course,
Enrage the flame: It spreads, it soars on high,
Swells in the storm, and billows through the sky:
Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
Cities and deserts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes wafted, overwhelm
The spacious face of a far distant realm;
There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
The neighbouring vales the vast destruction fills.
Hear'st thou that dreadful crack? that sound which broke
Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook?

What

What wonders must that groan of nature tell!
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell;
Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand,
A towering monument of God's right hand;
Now dust and smoke, whose brow, so lately, spread
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.
Shew me that celebrated spot, where all
The various rulers of the sever'd ball
Have humbly sought wealth, honour, and redress,
That land which heaven seem'd diligent to bless,
Once call'd Britannia: Can her glories end?
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold surrounding seas!
Like oil their waters but augment the blaze.
Some angel say where ran proud Asia's bound?
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Where stretch'd waste Libya? Where did India's store
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.
And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies;
All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge and perish in the conquering flame.
This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aspire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heavens their prey;
The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away;
All, all is lost; no monument, no sign,
Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire;
The devastations of One dreadful hour
The Great Creator's Six days work devour.
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet One *soul*
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in superior excellence,
Casts down to nothing, such a vast expence.
Have you not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth dissolving, a descending God?
What strange surprizes through all nature ran?
For whom these revolutions, but for Man?
For him, Omnipotence new measures takes,
For him, through all eternity, awakes;
Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
Heaven's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.
Think deeply then O Man, how *great* thou art;
Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
And gaze, and wander there, a ravish'd guest;
Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
Wander through all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright!
Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promise of celestial worth!
Worth, which must ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter *Sun*, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, *Minor*, canst not guess thy vast estate.
What stores on foreign coasts thy landing wait:
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod;
Thus glad all heaven, and please that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
You radiant orb, proud regent of the sky:
That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And God shine forth in one *Eternal* Day.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION;
OR,
VANQUISHED LOVE.

A POEM, IN TWO BOOKS.

"Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus."
VIRG.

BOOK I.

"—— Ad cœlum ardentia lumina tollens,
"Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas."
VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that soar'd on high,
And open'd wondrous scenes above the sky,
My Muse descend: indulge my fond desire;
With softer thought my melting soul inspire,
And smooth my numbers to a female's praise:
A partial world will listen to my lays,
While Anna reigns, and sets a female name
Unrival'd in the glorious lists of fame.
Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command,
Virtue is Beauty; But when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When *youth* makes such bright objects still more bright,
And *fortune* sets them in the strongest light;
'Tis all of heaven that we below may view,
And all but Adoration, is your due.
Fam'd female virtue did this isle adorn,
Ere Ormond, or her glorious Queen, was born
When now Maria's powerful arms prevail'd
And haughty Dudley's bold ambition fail'd,
The beauteous daughter of great Suffolk's race,
In blooming youth adorn'd with every grace;
Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne;
Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state,
With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of fate.
But how will Guildford, her far dearer part,
With manly reason fortify his heart?
At once she longs, and is afraid to *know*:
Now swift she moves, and now advances slow;
To find her lord; and, finding, passes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye;
Lest that, unask'd, in speechless grief, disclose
The mournful secret of his inward woes.

Thus

Thus, after ſickneſs, doubtful of her face,
The melancholy virgin ſhuns the glaſs.
At length, with troubled thought, but look ſerene
And ſorrow ſoften'd by her heavenly mien,
She claſps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
While tender accents melt upon her tongue;
Gentle, and ſweet, as vernal Zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily, or the blooming roſe.
"Grieve not, my lord; a crown indeed is loſt;
"What far outſhines a crown, we ſtill may boaſt;
"A mind compos'd; a mind that can diſdain
"A fruitleſs ſorrow for a loſs ſo vain.
"Nothing is loſs that virtue can improve
"To wealth eternal; and return above;
"Above, where no diſtinction ſhall be known
"'Twixt him whom ſtorms have ſhaken from a throne,
"And him, who, baſking in the ſmiles of fate,
"Shone forth in all the ſplendour of the great:
"Nor can I find the difference here below;
"I lately was a Queen; I ſtill am ſo
"While Guildford's Wife; Thee rather I *obey*,
"Than o'er mankind extend imperial ſway.
"When we lie down in ſome obſcure retreat,
"Incens'd Maria may her rage forget;
"And I to death my duty will improve,
"And what you miſs in empire, add in love—
"Your God-like ſoul is open'd in your look,
"And I have faintly your great meaning ſpoke.
"For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
"To find with what content we lay it down.
"Heroes may win, but 'tis a heavenly race
"Can *quit* a throne with a becoming grace."
Thus ſpoke the faireſt of her ſex, and cheer'd
Her drooping lord; whoſe boding boſom fear'd
A darker cloud of ills would burſt, and ſhed
Severer vengeance on her guiltleſs head:
Too juſt, alas, the terrors which he felt!
For, lo! a guard!—Forgive him, if he melt—
How ſharp her pangs, when ſever'd from his ſide,
The moſt ſincerely lov'd, and loving bride,
In ſpace confin'd, the Muſe forbears to tell; 75
Deep was her anguiſh, but ſhe bore it well.
His pain was equal, but his virtue leſs;
He thought in grief there could be no exceſs,
Penſive he ſat, o'ercaſt with gloomy care,
And often fondly claſp'd his abſent fair; 80
Now, ſilent, wander'd through his rooms of ſtate,
And ſicken'd at their pomp, and tax'd his fate;
Which thus adorn'd, in all her ſhining ſtore,
A ſplendid wretch, magnificently poor.
Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were caſt, 85
And anguiſh fed on his enjoyments paſt;
Each recollected pleaſure made him ſmart,
And every tranſport ſtabb'd him to the heart.
That happy moon, which ſummon'd to delight,
That moon which ſhone on his dear nuptial night,
Which ſaw him fold her yet untaſted charms 91
(Decy'd to princes) in his longing arms;
Now ſees the tranſient bleſſing fleet away,
Empire and Love! the viſion of a day.
Thus, in the Britiſh clime, a ſummer-ſtorm
Will oft the frailing face of heaven deform; 96
The winds with violence at once deſcend,
Sweep flowers and fruits, and make the foreſt bend;
A ſudden winter, while the ſun is near,
O'ercomes the ſeaſon, and inverts the year. 100
But whither is the captive borne away,
The beauteous captive, from the chearful day?
The ſcene is chang'd indeed! before her eyes
Ill-boding looks and unknown horrors riſe:
For pomp and ſplendor, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown: 106
Black thoughts each morn invade the Lover's breaſt,
Each night, a ruffian locks the Queen to reſt.
Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds
But Suffolk's daughter its advantage finds. 110
Religion's force divine is beſt diſplay'd
In deep deſertion of all human aid:
To ſuccour in extremes, is her delight,
And chear the heart, when terror ſtrikes the ſight.
We, diſbelieving our own ſenſes, gaze, 115
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raiſe
To triumph o'er misfortunes, ſmile in grief,
And comfort thoſe who come to bring relief:
We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away. 120
Againſt her cares ſhe rais'd a dauntleſs mind,
And with an ardent heart, but moſt reſign'd,
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
Amid the ſilence of her dark retreat
Addreſs'd her God—"Almighty Power Divine! 125
"'Tis thine to raiſe, and to depreſs, is Thine;
"With honour to light up the name unknown,
"Or to put out the luſtre of a throne.
"In my ſhort ſpan both fortunes I have prov'd,
"And though with ill frail nature will be mov'd, 130
"I'll bear it well; (O ſtrengthen me to bear!)
"And if my piety may claim thy care;
"If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
"And tumult of a court, a Future State;
"O favour, when thy mercy I implore 135
"For *one* who never guilty ſceptre bore!
"'Twas I receiv'd the crown; my lord is free!
"If it muſt fall, let vengeance fall on me.
"Let him ſurvive, his country's name to raiſe,
"And in a guilty land to ſpeak Thy praiſe! 140
"O may th' indulgence of a *father's* love,
"Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above!
"If *theſe* are ſafe, I'll think my prayers ſucceed,
"And bleſs thy tender mercies, whilſt I bleed"
'Twas now the mournful eve before that day
In which the queen to her full wrath gave way;
Through rigid juſtice, ruſh'd into offence,
And drank in zeal the blood of innocence:
The ſun went down in clouds, and ſeem'd to mourn
The ſad neceſſity of his return; 150
The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
Or did, or was imagin'd to, complain:
The tapers caſt an inauſpicious light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

Swee

Sweet innocence in chains can take her reft;
Soft ſlumber gently creeping through her breaſt,
She ſinks; and in her ſleep is re-inthron'd,
Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.
She views her fleets and armies, ſeas and land,
And ſtretches wide her ſhadow of command:
With royal purple is her viſion hung;
By phantom hoſts are ſhouts of conqueſts rung;
How at her feet the ſuppliant rival lies:
Our priſoner mourns her fate, and bids her riſe.
Now level beams upon the waters play'd,
Glanc'd on the hills, and weſtward caſt the ſhade;
The buſy trades in cities had began
To ſound, and ſpeak the painful life of man.
In tyrants breaſts the thoughts of vengeance rouze,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his ſpouſe.
At this firſt birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our ſpouſeleſs bride, our widow'd wife, awakes;
Awakes, and ſmiles; nor night's impoſture blames;
Her *real* pomps were little more than dreams;
A ſhort-liv'd blaze, a lightning quickly o'er,
That dy'd in birth, that ſhone, and was no more:
She turns her ſide, and ſoon reſumes a ſtate
Of mind, well ſuited to her alter'd fate,
Serene, though ſerious; when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched Guilford!) of her inſtant doom.
Sun, hide thy beams in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve; be guiltleſs of the ſight;
Or haſte more ſwiftly to the weſtern main;
Nor let her blood the conſcious day-light ſtain!
Oh! how ſevere! to fall ſo new a bride,
Yet bluſhing from the prieſt, in youthful pride;
When time had juſt matur'd each perfect grace,
And open'd all the wonders of her face!
To leave her Guilford dead to all relief,
Fond of his woe, and obſtinate in grief.
Unhappy fair! whatever fancy drew,
(Vain promis'd bleſſings) vaniſh from her view;
No train of chearful days, endearing nights,
No ſweet domeſtic joys, and chaſte delights;
Pleaſures that bloſſom ev'n from doubts and fears;
And bliſs and rapture riſing out of *cares*:
No little Guilford, with paternal grace,
Lull'd on her knee, or ſmiling in her face;
Who, when her *deareſt father* ſhall return,
From pouring tears on her untimely urn,
Might comfort to his ſilver hairs impart,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart:
As where fruits fall, quick-riſing bloſſoms ſmile,
And the bleſt Indian of his care beguile.

In vain theſe various reaſons jointly preſs
To blacken death, and heighten her diſtreſs;
She through th' encircling terrors, darts her ſight
To the bleſs'd regions of eternal light,
And fills her ſoul with peace: To weeping friends
Her *father*, and her *lord*, ſhe recommends;
Unmov'd herſelf: Her foes her air ſurvey,
And rage to ſee their malice thrown away.
She ſoars; now nought on earth detains her care
But Guilford; who ſtill ſtruggles for his ſhare.
Still will his form importunately riſe,
Clog and retard her tranſport to the ſkies;
As trembling flames now takes a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light,
Thus her ſoul onward from the ſeats above
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love:
At length ſhe conquers in the doubtful field;
That Heaven ſhe ſeeks will be her Guilford's ſhield.
Now death is welcome: his approach is ſlow;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

Oh! mortals, ſhort of ſight, who think the paſt
O'erblown misfortune ſtill ſhall prove the laſt:
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and ſorrow meet one common end.

She thinks that ſhe has nought but death to fear,
And death is conquer'd. Worſe than death is near:
Her rigid trials are not yet complete;
The news arrives of her great father's fate.
She ſees his hoary head, all white with age,
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
How great the mercy, had ſhe breath'd her laſt,
Ere the dire ſentence on her father paſt!

A fonder parent nature never knew:
And as his age increas'd, his fondneſs grew.
A parent's love ne'er better was beſtow'd;
The pious daughter in her heart overflow'd.
And can ſhe from all weakneſs ſtill refrain?
And ſtill the firmneſs of her ſoul maintain?
Impoſſible! a ſigh will force its way;
One patient tear her *mortal* birth betray;
She ſighs and weeps! but ſo ſhe weeps and ſighs,
As ſilent dews deſcend, and vapours riſe.

Celeſtial Patience! how doſt thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate?
While Paſſion takes his part, betrays our peace;
To death and torture ſwells each ſlight diſgrace;
By not oppoſing, thou doſt ills deſtroy,
And wear thy conquer'd ſorrows into joy.
Now *ſhe* reſolves within her anxious mind,
What woe ſtill lingers in reſerve behind.
Griefs riſe on griefs, and ſhe can ſee no bound,
While nature laſts, and can receive a wound.
The ſword is drawn: The queen to rage inclin'd,
By mercy, nor by piety, confin'd.
What mercy can the Zealot's heart aſſuage,
Whoſe piety itſelf converts to rage?
She thought, and ſigh'd, and now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
New ſorrow dimm'd the luſtre of her eye,
And on her cheek the fading roſes die.
Alas! ſhould Guilford too — when now ſhe's brought
To that dire view, that *precipice* of thought,
While there ſhe trembling ſtands, nor dares look down,
Nor can recede, till heaven's decrees are known;
Cure of all ills, till now her lord appears—
But not to clear her heart and dry her tears!
Not flow, as uſual, like the riſing day,
To chaſe the ſhadows and the damp away:
But, like a gloomy ſtorm at once to ſweep
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold deſpair:

Slow,

Slow like a ghost, he mov'd with solemn pace;
A dying paleness sat upon his face.
Back she recoil'd, she smote her lovely breast,
Her eyes the anguish of her heart confess'd;
Struck to the soul, she stagger'd with the wound.
And sunk, a breathless image, to the ground.
Thus the fair lily, when the sky's o'ercast,
At first but shudders in the feeble blast;
But when the winds and weighty rains descend,
The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend;
Till broke at length, its snowy leaves are shed,
And strew with dying sweets their native bed.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION;

OR,

VANQUISHED LOVE.

BOOK II.

"Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in sceptra reponis?"
VIRG.

HER Guilford clasps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiss recalls her fleeting breath.
To open thus, which by a blast expire,
A lighted taper, touch'd, restores the fire:
She fear'd her swimming eye, and saw the light,
And Guilford too, or she had loath'd the sight:
Her father's death she bore, despis'd her *own*,
But now she must, she will, have leave to groan:
Ah! Guilford, she began, and would have spoke;
The sobs rush'd in, and every accent broke:
Reason itself, as guilt of passion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempest, and withdrew.

So the youth lost his *image* in the well,
When tears upon the yielding surface fell;
The scatter'd features fled into decay,
And spreading circles drove his face away.

To touch the soft affections, and controul
The manly temper of the bravest soul.
What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love distilling from the fair?
It melts us down; our pains delight bestow;
And we with fondness languish o'er our woe.

This Guilford prov'd: and, with excess of pain,
And pleasure too, did to his bosom strain
The weeping fair: sunk deep in soft desire,
He dy'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire:
Then tore himself away; and, standing wide,
Affearing a relapse of fondness, cry'd,
With ill-dissembled grief; "My life, forbear?
You wound your Guilford with each cruel tear;
Did you not chide my grief? Repress your own;
Nor want compassion for *yourself* alone:

"Have you beheld, how, from the distant main
"The thronging waves roll on, a numerous train,
"And foam, and bellow, till they reach the shore;
"There burst their noisy pride, and are no more;
"Thus the successive flows of human race,
"Chas'd by the coming, the preceding chase,
"They sound, and swell, their haughty heads they rear;
"Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear.
"Life is a forfeit we must shortly pay;
"And where's the mighty lustre of a day?
"Why should you mourn *my* fate? 'tis most unkind;
"Your *own* you bore with an unshaken mind:
"And which, can you imagine, was the dart
"That drank most blood, sunk deepest in my heart?
"I cannot live without you; and my doom
"I meet with joy, to share one common tomb.
"And are again your tears profusely spilt!
"Oh! then, my kindness blackens to my guilt;
"It foils itself, if it recall your pain;
"Life of my life, I beg you to refrain!
"The load which fate imposes, you increase;
"And help Maria to destroy my peace."
But, oh! against himself his labour turn'd;
The more He comforted, the more She mourn'd:
Compassion swells our grief; words soft and kind
But sooth our weakness, and dissolve the mind:
Her sorrow flow'd in streams; nor Her's alone,
While That he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
Where are the smiles she wore, when she, so late,
Hail'd him great partner of the regal state:
When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
And bending nations on the glory gaz'd?
'Tis now the queen's command, they both retreat,
To weep with dignity, and mourn in state:
She forms the *decent* misery with joy,
And loads with pomp the wretch she would destroy.
A spacious hall is hung with black; all light
Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night
From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
Like a dim crescent in a clouded sky:
It sheds a quivering melancholy gloom,
Which only shews the darkness of the room.
A shining ax is on the table laid:
A dreadful sight! and glitters through the shade
In this sad scene the lovers are confin'd;
A scene of terrors, to a guilty mind!
A scene, that would have damp'd with rising cares,
And quite extinguish'd, every love but theirs.
What can they do? They fix their mournful eyes,
Then Guilford, thus abruptly; "I despise
"An empire lost; I fling away the crown;
"Numbers have laid that bright delusion down;
"But where's the Charles, or Diocletian where,
"Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair!

" Oh! to dwell over on thy lip! to ſtand
" In full poſſeſſion of thy ſnowy hand!
" And, through th' unclouded cryſtal of thine eye,
" The heavenly treaſures of the mind to ſpy!
" Till rapture reaſon happily deſtroys.
" And my ſoul wanders through immortal joys!
" Give me the world, and aſk me, Where's my bliſs?
" I claſp thee to my breaſt, and anſwer, *This*.
" And ſhall the grave"—He groans, and can no more;
But all her charms in ſilence traces o'er;
Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;
And, wondering, ſees, in ſad *preſaging* thought,
From that fair neck, that world of beauty fall,
And roll along the duſt, a ghaſtly ball!
Oh! let thoſe *tremble*, who are greatly bleſs'd!
For who but Guilford, could be thus diſtreſs'd?
Come hither, all you Happy, all you Great,
From flowery meadows and from rooms of ſtate;
Nor think I call, your pleaſures to deſtroy,
But to refine, and to exalt your joy:
Weep not; but, ſmiling, fix your ardent care
On nobler titles than the Brave or Fair.
Was ever ſuch a mournful, moving ſight?
See, if you can, by that dull, trembling light:
Now they embrace; and, mix'd with bitter woe,
Like Iſis and her Thames, one ſtream they flow:
Now they ſtart wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
They ſtiffen into ſtatues of deſpair:
Now, tenderly ſevere, and fiercely kind,
They ruſh at once; they fling their cares behind,
And claſp, as if to death; new vows repeat;
And, quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.
A ſhort deluſion! for the raging pain
Returns; and their poor hearts muſt bleed again.
Mean time, the Queen new cruelty decreed;
But, ill content that they ſhould *only* bleed,
A prieſt is ſent; who, with inſidious art,
Inſtills his poiſon into Suffolk's heart;
And Guilford drank it: Hanging on the breaſt.
He from his childhood was with Rome poſſeſt.
When now the miniſters of death draw nigh,
And in her deareſt lord ſhe firſt muſt die,
The ſubtle prieſt, who long had watch'd to find
The moſt unguarded paſſes of her mind,
Beſpoke her thus: " Grieve not; 'tis in your power
" Your lord to reſcue from this fatal hour "
Her boſom pants; ſhe draws her breath with pain;
A ſudden horror thrills through every vein;
Life ſeems ſuſpended, on his words intent;
And her ſoul trembles for the great event.
The prieſt proceeds: " Embrace the faith of Rome,
" And ward your own, your lord's, and father's doom."
Ye bleſſed ſpirits! now your charge ſuſtain;
The paſt was eaſe; now *firſt* ſhe ſuffers pain.
Muſt ſhe pronounce her father's death? muſt ſhe
Bid Guilford bleed?—It muſt not, cannot, be.
It *cannot* be! But 'tis the Chriſtian's praiſe,
Above impoſſibilities to raiſe
The weakneſs of our nature; and deride
Of vain philoſophy the boaſted pride.
What though our feeble ſinews ſcarce impart
A moment's ſwiftneſs to the feather'd dart;
Though tainted youth our vigorous *youth* can break,
And a chill blaſt the hardy *warrior* ſhake,
Yet are we ſtrong: Hear the loud tempeſt roar
From eaſt to weſt, and call us weak no more;
The lightning's unreſiſted force proclaims
Our might, and thunders raiſe our humble names;
'Tis *our* Jehovah fills the heavens; as long
As He ſhall reign Almighty: We are ſtrong:
We, by devotion, *borrow* from his throne;
And almoſt make Omnipotence our own:
We force the gates of heaven, by fervent prayer;
And call forth triumph out of *man's* deſpair.

Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes
And bleeding heart, in ſilence, to the ſkies,
Devoutly ſad—Then, brightening, like the day,
When ſudden winds ſweep ſcatter'd clouds away,
Shining in majeſty; till now unknown;
And breathing life and ſpirit ſcarce her own;
She, riſing, ſpeaks; " If theſe the terms —"
Here, Guilford, cruel Guilford, (barbarous man!
Is this thy love?) as ſwift as lightning ran;
O'erwhelm'd her with tempeſtuous ſorrow fraught,
And ſtifled, in its birth, the mighty thought;
Then burſting freſh into a flood of tears,
Fierce, reſolute, delirious with his fears:
His fears for her *alone*; he beat his breaſt,
And thus the fervour of his ſoul expreſt:
" Oh! let thy thought o'er our paſt converſe rove,
" And ſhew one moment uninflam'd with love!
" Oh, if thy kindneſs can no longer laſt,
" In pity to thyſelf, forget the paſt!
" Elſe wilt thou never, void of ſhame and fear,
" Pronounce *his* doom, whom thou haſt held ſo dear:
" Thou who haſt took me to thy arms, and ſwore
" Empires were vile, and Fate could give no more;
" That to *continue*, was its utmoſt power,
" And make the future like the preſent hour.
" Now call a ruffian; bid his cruel ſword
" Lay wide the boſom of thy worthleſs Lord;
" Tranſfix his heart (ſince you its love diſclaim),
" And ſtain his honour with a *Traitor's* name.
" *This* might perhaps be borne without remorſe;
" But ſure a *father's* pangs will have their force!
" Shall his good age, ſo near its journey's end,
" Through cruel torment to the grave deſcend?
" His ſhallow blood all iſſue at a wound,
" Waſh a ſlave's feet, and ſmoke upon the ground?
" But

" Put he to you has ever been severe;
" Then take your vengeance"—Suffolk now drew near;
Bending beneath the burden of his care;
His robes neglected, and his head was bare;
Decrepit winter, in the yearly ring,
Thus slowly creeps, to meet the blooming spring.
Downward he cast a melancholy look;
Thrice turn'd, to hide his grief; then faintly spoke,
" Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
" That ax can only rob *me* of a day;
" For *thee*, my soul's desire! I can't refrain;
" And shall my tears, my *last* tears, flow in vain?
" When you shall know a mother's tender name,
" My heart's distress no longer will you blame."
At this, afar his bursting groans were heard;
The tears ran trickling down his silver beard:
He snatch'd her hand, which to his lips he prest,
And bid her plant a dagger in his breast;
Then, sinking, call'd her piety unjust,
And soil'd his hoary temples in the dust.

Hard-hearted men! will you no merit know?
Has the Queen brib'd you to distress her foe:
O weak deserters to misfortune's part,
By false affection thus to pierce her heart!
When she had soar'd, to let your arrows fly;
And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky!
And can her virtue, springing from the ground,
Her flight recover, and disdain the wound,
When cleaving love, and human interest, bind
The broken force of her aspiring mind,
As round the generous eagle, which in vain
Exerts her strength, the serpent wreaths his train,
Her struggling wings entangles, curling plies
His poisonous tail, and stings her as she flies!
While yet the blow's first dreadful weight she feels,
And with its force her resolution reels;
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful sound,
To view discover, weltering on the ground,
Three headless trunks, of those whose arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd;
The lifted ax assur'd her ready doom,
And silent mourners sadden'd all the room.
Shall I proceed; or here break off my tale?
Nor truths, to stagger human faith, prevail.
She met this utmost malice of her fate
With Christian dignity, and pious state:
The beating storms propitious rage she blest,
And all the *martyr* triumph'd in her breast:
Her *lord* and *father*, for a moment's space,
She fondly folded in her soft embrace!
Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high,
And sudden gladness smil'd along the sky:
" Your over-fondness has not mov'd my hate;
" I am well pleas'd you made my death so *great*;
" Joy! cannot save you; and have given
" Two lives, much *dearer* than my own to heaven,
" If so the Queen decrees *"—But I have cause
" To hope my blood will satisfy the laws;
" And there is mercy still, for you, in store:
" With me the bitterness of death is o'er.
" He shot his sting in *that* farewel-embrace;
" And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.
" Then let mistaken sorrow be suppress,
" Nor seem to envy my approaching rest."
Then, turning to the ministers of fate,
She, smiling, says, " my victory's complete:
" And tell your Queen, I thank her for the blow,
" And grieve my gratitude I cannot show:
" A poor return I leave in England's crown,
" For everlasting pleasure, and renown:
" Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;
" Her guilt—the *only* vengeance in her power."
Not Rome, untouch'd with sorrow, heard her fate;
And fierce Maria pity'd her too late.

* Here she embraces them.

LOVE OF FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

IN

SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL SATIRES.

" ——Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru
" Non minus ignotos generosis."

HOR.

SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE THE

DUKE OF DORSET.

" —— Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
" Virtutis."

Juv. Sat. x.

MY verse is Satire; Dorset, lend your ear,
And *patronize* a Muse you cannot *fear*.
To poets sacred is a Dorset's name:
Their wonted passport through the gates of fame:
It *bribes* the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays:
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to Blackmore or to me.
But you decline the *mistress* we pursue;
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.

Instructive Satire, true to virtue's cause!
Thou shining *supplement* of public *laws!*
When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age
Reproach her silence, and demand our rage;
When *purchas'd follies* from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;

When the *Law* shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;
When *Churchmen* Scripture for the Classics quit,
Polite apostates from God's *grace* to *Wit*;
When men grow *great* from their *revenue spent*,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *whore*;
To chase our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall Panegyrick reign, and Censure cease?
Shall Poesy, like Law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an Æth op white,
Set up each senseless wretch for nature's host,
On whom praise shines, as *trophies* on a *post*?
Shall funeral eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And *satirise* with nothing—but their *praise*?
Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester, are dead,
And guilt's chief woe, in Addison, is fled;
Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal, while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
Ye gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.
Doubly distrest, what author shall we find,
Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
The courtly * Roman's shining path to tread,
And sharply *smile* prevailing folly dead?
Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Though vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.
What will not men attempt for *sacred praise*?
The *Love of Praise*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in every heart:
The *proud*, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The *modest* shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells;
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in Senates, squeaks in Masquerades.
Here, to Steele's *humour* makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at Pultney's *eloquence*.
It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with *life*; but nods in sable *plumes*,
Adorns our *hearse*, and flatters on our *tombs*.
What is not *proud*? The *pimp* is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:
The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue and the marriage bed;
And the brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.
Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:

One way they *look*, another way they *steer*,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.
Others with wilful eyes on *glory* look,
When they have got their *picture* towards a book:
Or *pompous* title, like a gaudy sign,
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.
If at his title I —— had drop'd his quill,
T—— might have pass'd for a great genius still.
But T—— alas! (excuse him, if you can)
Is now a *scribler*, who was once a *man*.
Imperious some a classic *fame* demand,
For heaping up, with laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word.
While A's *deposed*, and B with pomp *restored*.
Some, for *renown*, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are apply'd;
Both strive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.
On *gloss* how witty is a noble peer!
Did ever diamond cost a man so *dear*?
Polite diseases make some ideots *vain*;
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery;
Whose praise defames, as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face, to make it clean.
Nor is 't enough all hearts are swoln with *pride*,
Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
What can she not perform? The Love of Fame
Made bold Alphonsus his creator blame:
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep:
And (stronger still!) made Alexander weep.
Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,
Though her lov'd lord has four half-months been dead.

This passion with a *pimple* have I seen
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen,
By *th's* inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to *spell*, and some to *knit*.
It makes Globose a speaker in the house;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.
It makes *dear self* on well-bred tongues prevail
And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.
Sick with the *Love of Fame*, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople *court*, and leave the *senate* thin?
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.

Aid me, great Homer! with thy *epic* rules,
To take a catalogue of British fools.
Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
A knave or fool should perish in each line;
Though for the first all Westminster should plead,
And for the last all Gresham intercede.
Begin. Who first the *catalogue* shall grace?
To *quality* belongs the highest place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril, give him room;

He

* Horace.

He stands for *fame* on his forefathers' feet.
By heraldry, prov'd *valiant* or *discreet*.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by *three descents* less wise!
If virtues at his noble hands you crave
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in fame's glorious chace;
Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of *honest* men, and *wise*;
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lyes*.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their *debt*, instead of their *discharge*.
Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine.

Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must own,
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone.
Mean sons of earth, who, on a South-sea tide
Of full success, swam into *wealth* and *pride*.
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.
Those governments which *curb* not evils, *cause*!
And a rich knave's a *libel* on our *laws*.

Belus with solid *glory* will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;
But *builds* himself a name; and, to be great,
Seeks in a quarry an immense estate!
In cost and grandeur, Chandos he'll out-do;
And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd; every toil is past;
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When, lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to *strangers* and to *dans*.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge, in full for an estate?
In smaller compass lies Pyglamion's fame;
Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame:
Nor Fountaine's self more Parian charms has known;
Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come (rude men prophanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.
"No, sirs, he cries; I'll sooner rot in jail:
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?"
Such *bonds* might make their very *busto's* laugh;
His daughter starves; but * Cleopatra's safe.
Men, overloaded with a large estate,
May spoil their treasure in a nice conceit:
The *club* may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad
To say you're *curious*, when we swear you're *mad*.

* A famous statue

By your revenue measure your expence;
And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *sense*.
No man is bless'd by *accident* or *guess*;
True *wisdom* is the price of *happiness*:
Yet few without long discipline are sage;
And our *youth* only lays up sighs for *age*.
But how, my Muse, canst thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the Courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme? The *court* affords
Much food for satire;—it abounds in lords
"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
One is just *out*, and one as lately *in*.
"How comes it then to pass we see preside
"On both their brows an equal share of *pride*?"
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns through all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in *high place*,
And frowns a haughty exile in *disgrace*.
Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight:
Some lords it bids *resign*; and turns their wands,
Like Moses', into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers, for renown; and boast,
With pride *inverted*, of their honours lost.
But against reason sure 'tis equal sin,
The boast of merely being *out*, or *in*.

What numbers *here*, through odd ambition, strive
To seem the most transported things alive?
As if by *joy*, *desert* was understood:
And all the fortunate were *wise* and *good*.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely drest by * Monteuil and grimace,
They take their *birth-day* suit and *public* face:
Their smiles are only part of what they *wear*.
Put off at night, with Lady B——'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.

What numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit, in the coxcomb's *dance*;
The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day;
That wheel of sops that saunter of the town!
Call it *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down.
Fools grin on fools, and, *stoic*-like support,
Without one sigh, the *pleasures* of a court.
Courts can give nothing, to the *wise* and *good*,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations *tumult*, but not *bliss*, create;
None think the Great unhappy, but the Great:
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.
I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.
Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur, *there*:
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest;
The *sense* is ravish'd, and the *soul* is blest;

* A famous taylor.

On

On every thorn delightful wiſdom grows;
In every rill a ſweet inſtruction flows.
But ſome, *untaught*, o'erhear the whiſpering rill,
In ſpite of ſacred leiſure, blockheads ſtill:
Nor ſhoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native ſoil, the *drawing-room*.

The *Squire* is *proud* to ſee his courſers ſtrain,
Or well-breath'd beagles ſweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hyppolitus (whoſe drink is ale,
Whoſe erudition is a Chriſt-mas tale,
Whoſe miſtreſs is ſaluted with a ſmack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy ſleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that *thy* praiſe? Let Ringwood's fame alone;
Juſt Ringwood leaves each animal his own;
Nor envies, when a gypſy *you* commit,
And ſhake the clumſy *bench* with country wit;
When you the dulleſt of dull things have ſaid,
And then aſk pardon for the *jeſt* you made.

Here breathe, my Muſe! and then thy taſk renew;
Ten thouſand fools unſung are ſtill in view.
Fewer lay-atheiſts made by church debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large eſtates;
Ladies, whoſe love is conſtant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind:
Fewer grave lords to Scrope diſcreetly bend;
And fewer *ſhocks* a ſtateſman gives his *friend*.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his ſtrain,
At Bath, in *ſummer*, chants the reigning laſs,
And ſweetly *whiſtles* as the *waters* paſs?
Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding-up?
Is there, whom his *tenth epic* mounts to fame?
Such, and ſuch only, might exhauſt my theme:
Nor would theſe heroes of the taſk be glad,
For who can *write* ſo faſt as men run *mad*?

SATIRE II.

MY Muſe, proceed, and reach the deſtin'd end;
Though *toils* and *danger* the bold taſk attend.
Heroes and *Gods* make other poems fine;
Plain Satire calls for *ſenſe* in every line:
Then, to what ſwarms thy faults I dare expoſe;
All friends to *vice* and *folly* are thy foes.
When *ſuch* the foe, a war eternal wage;
'Tis moſt ill-nature to *repreſs* thy rage:
And if theſe ſtrains ſome nobler Muſe excite,
I'll glory in the verſe I did *not* write.

So weak are human-kind by nature made,
Or to ſuch weakneſs by their vice betray'd.
Almighty *vanity*! to thee they owe
Their *beſt* of pleaſure, and their *balm* of woe.
Thou like the ſun, all *colours* doſt contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
For every ſoul finds reaſon to be proud,
Though hiſs'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in purſuit of foxes and renown,
* Hippolytus demands the *ſylvan* crown;
But Florio's fame, the product of a ſhower,
Grows in his garden, an illuſtrious flower!
Why teems the earth? Why melt the vernal ſkies?
Why ſhines the ſun? To make † Paul Diack riſe.
From morn to night has Florio gazing ſtood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be ſo good;
What ſhape! What hue! Was ever nymph ſo fair?
He doats! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
O ſolid bliſs! which nothing can deſtroy,
Except a cat, bird, ſnail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a moſt inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair ſiſters fate
O C—— and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are thoſe enemies I mention'd, all;
Beware, O Florio, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A Quaker ſerv'd him, Adam was his name;
To one lov'd tulip oft the maſter went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture ſpent;
But came, and miſs'd it one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What *dæmon* crept my flower?"
Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 'twas cruſh'd by me;
"Fall'n is the baal to which thou bowd'ſt thy knee."

But all men want *amuſement*; and what crime
In ſuch a paradiſe to fool their time?
None: but why proud of this? To fame they ſoar?
We grant *they're idle*, if they'll aſk no more.

We ſmile at Floriſts, we deſpiſe their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
But are thoſe wiſer whom we moſt admire,
Survey with envy, and purſue with fire?
What's he who ſighs for wealth, or fame, or power?
Another Florio doating on a flower!
A ſhort-liv'd flower; and which has often ſprung
From ſordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy ſmit?
The *flower* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.
Thy gaudy ſhelves with crimſon bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee, bound up in crimſon too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view!
Thy Books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
That ſcience ſhould be purchas'd by the yard;
And Tonſon, turn'd upholſterer, ſend home
The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.
If not to ſome peculiar end deſign'd,
Study's the ſpecious *trifling* of the mind;

* This refers to the firſt Satire.
† The name of a tulip.

Or

Or is at beſt a ſecondary aim,
A chace for *ſport* alone, and not for *game*.
If ſo, ſure they who the *mere volume* prize,
But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.

On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduced his rent;
His farms were flown; when lo! a ſale comes on,
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He ſells his *laſt*; for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his houſe; nay, wants whereon to lie:
So high the generous ardour of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
When terms were drawn, and brought him b the clerk,
Lorenzo ſign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
Unlearned men of books aſſume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' *liveries* alone
Is Codrus' erudite ambition ſhown:
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be *thought*;
And to this coſt another muſt ſucceed
To pay a ſage, who *ſays* that he can read;
Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has ſeen;
But leaves to Cheſterfield what lies between;
Of pompous books who ſhuns the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their *ſenſe*.

O Stanhope, whoſe accompliſhments make good
The *promiſe* of a long-illuſtrious blood,
In *arts* and *manners* eminently grac'd,
The ſtricteſt *honour*! and the fineſt *taſte*!
Accept this verſe if Satire can agree
With ſo conſummate an *humanity*.

By your example would Hilario mend;
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius ſmit,
Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit!
But time his ſervent petulence may cool;
For though he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*
Ere he'll learn to *uſe*, not *waſte* his ſenſe;
Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.
He ſpares nor friend nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like *Sam's-day*, all the faults of all mankind.

What though *wit* tickles? tickling is unſafe,
Who 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.
Who, for the poor renown of being *ſmart*,
Would leave a ſting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd;
Then draw your *wit* as ſeldom as your *ſword*;
And never on the *weak*; or you'll appear
Where no hero, no great genius *here*.
As in ſmooth oil the razor beſt is whet,
So wit is by *politeneſs* ſharpeſt ſet:
Their want of edge from their *offence* is ſeen;
Both pain us *leaſt* when exquiſitely keen.
The *ſame* men give is for the *joy* they find;
Pain is the *juſter*, when the joke's *unkind*.
Since Marcus, doubtleſs, thinks himſelf a wit,
To pay my compliment, what place ſo fit?
His moſt ſarcetious * letters came to hand,
Which my Firſt Satire ſweetly reprimand:

* Letters ſent to the Author, ſigned Marcus.

If that a *juſt* offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus, which art thou a *Fool*, or *knave*?
For all but ſuch with caution I forbore;
That thou waſt either, I ne'er knew before;
I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who*;
No maſk ſo good, but Marcus muſt ſhine through:
Falſe names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
Thy beſt concealment had been writing *well*:
But thou a brave neglect of *fame* haſt ſhown,
Of *others'* fame, great genius! and thy *own*.
Write on unheeded; and this maxim know,
The man who *pardons*, *diſappoints* his foe.

In malice to *proud wits*, ſome proudly lull
Their *peeviſh* reaſon; *vain* of being dull;
When ſome home joke has ſtung their *ſolemn* ſouls,
In vengeance they determine—to to be *fools*;
Through ſpleen, that little nature gave, make *leſs*,
Quite zealous in the ways of *heavineſs*;
To *lumps* inanimate a fondneſs take;
And diſinherit ſons that are *awake*
Theſe, when their utmoſt venom they would ſpit,
Moſt barbarouſly tell you—"*He's a wit*."
Poor *negroes*, thus, to ſhow their burning ſpite,
To cacodemons, ſay, there're *deviliſh white*.

Lampridius, from the bottom of his breaſt,
Sighs o'er one child; but triumphs in the reſt.
How juſt his *grief*! one carries in his head
A leſs proportion of the father's lead;
And is in danger; without ſpecial grace,
To riſe above a juſtice of the peace
The *dunghill-breed* of man a *diamond* ſcorn,
And feel a paſſion for a *grain of corn*;
Some ſtupid, plodding, money loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who with *much* pains, exerting *all* his ſenſe,
Can range aright his ſhillings, pounds, and pence.

The booby father craves a booby ſon,
And by Heaven's *bleſſing* thinks himſelf *undone*.

Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea;
One learns to *liſp*; another, *not* to ſee:
Miſs D——, tottering, catches at your hand:
Was ever thing ſo pretty born to ſtand?
Whilſt theſe, what nature gave, diſown, through pride,
Others affect what nature has deny'd;
What nature has deny'd, fools will purſue:
As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.

Craſſus, a *grateful* ſage, our awe and ſport!
Supports grave forms, for forms the ſage ſupport.
He hems; and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:"
Then quotes the Stagyrite to prove it true;
And adds, "The learn'd delight in ſomething *new*."
Is 't not enough the blockhead ſcarce can read,
But muſt he *wiſely* look, and *gravely* plead?

A

As far a *formaliſt* from *wiſdom* ſits,
In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.

Theſe ſubtle wights (ſo blind are mortal men,
Though Satire *couch* them with her keeneſt pen)
For ever will hang out a ſolemn face,
To put off *nonſenſe* with a better grace:
As pedlars with ſome hero's head make bold,
Illuſtrious mark! where *pins* are to be ſold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The *body's* wiſdom to conceal the mind.
A man of ſenſe can *artifice* diſdain;
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain*;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a *ſot*.
I find the *fool*, when I behold the *ſcreen*;
For 'tis the wiſe man's intereſt to be ſeen.

Hence, Cheſterfield, that openneſs of heart,
And juſt diſdain for that poor *mimic* art;
Hence (manly praiſe!) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With generous ſcorn how oft haſt thou ſurvey'd
Of *court* and *town* the noontide maſquerade;
Where ſwarms of *knaves* the vizor quite diſgrace,
And hide ſecure behind a *naked face*?
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;
Where generous hearts the greateſt hazard run,
And he who truſts a *brother* is undone?

Theſe all their care expend on outward ſhow
For wealth and fame; for fame alone, the *beau*.
Of late at White's was young Florello ſeen!
How blank his look! how diſcompos'd his mien!
So hard it proves in grief ſincere to feign!
Sunk were his ſpirits; for his coat was *plain*.

Next day his breaſt regain'd its wonted peace;
His health was mended with a *ſilver lace*.
A curious artiſt, long inur'd to toils
Of penſier ſort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by ſome God inſpir'd,
So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty ſoul was fir'd.
The well-ſwoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either ſhoulder has its ſhare of fame;
His ſumptuous *watch-caſe*, though conceal'd it lies,
Like a good *conſcience*, ſolid joy ſupplies.
He only thinks himſelf (ſo far from vain!)
Stanhope in wit, in breeding Deloraine.
Whene'er, by *ſeeming* chance, he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye,
With how ſublime a tranſport leaps his heart!
But fate ordains that deareſt friends muſt part.
In active meaſures, brought from France, he wheels,
And triumphs, conſcious of his learned *heels*.

So have I ſeen, on ſome bright ſummer's day,
A calf of genius, debonnair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inſpir'd by fame,
Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the ſtream.

Moroſe is ſunk with ſhame, whene'er ſurpriz'd
In linen clean, or peruke undiſguis'd.
No ſublunary chance his veſtments fear;
Valued, like leopards, as their *ſpots* appear.
A fam'd ſurtout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And his foot ſwims in a capacious ſhoe:
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim!)
Level'd her barbarous *needle* at his fame.
But open force was vain; by night ſhe went,
And, while he ſlept, ſurpriz'd the darling *rent*:
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt;
"And glory, at one entrance, quite ſhut out*."

He ſcorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the *filthy* creature, that the *prim*:
Thus, in each other, both theſe fools deſpiſe
Their own dear ſelves, with undiſcerning eyes:
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The *ſloven* and the *ſopling* are the ſame.

Ye whigs and tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you purſue;
Then both club-nonſenſe, and impetuous pride,
And *folly* joins whom *ſentiments* divide.
You vent your ſpleen, as monkeys, when they paſs,
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glaſs;
While both are *one*: and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both ſides ſhall ſtand for fools alone
"But who art Thou?" methinks Florello cries:
"Of all thy ſpecies art Thou only wiſe?"
Since ſmalleſt things can give our ſins a twitch,
As croſſing ſtraws retard a paſſing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor ſhalt be;
I'll *conjure* thus ſome profit out of *thee*.
O THOU myſelf! abroad our counſels roam,
And, like ill huſbands, take no care at home:
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wiſe means to gain it haſt thou choſe?

Know, *fame* and *fortune* both are made of proſe.
Is thy ambition ſweating for a *rhyme*,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment's paſt:
I'm nearer death in *this* verſe, than the *laſt*:
What then is to be done? Be wiſe with ſpeed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what ſo fooliſh as the chace of fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men who graſp at praiſe ſublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid ſtream of time,
That riſe, and fall, that ſwell, and are no more,
Born, and *forgot*, ten thouſand in an hour!

* Milton.

SATIRE

SATIRE III.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. MR. DODINGTON.

LONG, Dodington, in debt, I long have sought
To ease the burthen of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you see;
Grant him *two* favours and he'll ask for *three*:
For whose the present glory, or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthless strain.
You love and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame;
Though prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the *malice* of a *friend*;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But, more to raise my verse, *conceal* your own.
An ill-tim'd modesty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her *learning*, and her *genius* too, decays;
And *lord* and *lord* are her declining days;
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live *on alms* of ages past.
Men still are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the lions of cold despair;
Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such who *run in debt* for their disgrace;
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with *improvements* of their own.
We bring some new materials, and what's old
New cast with care, and in no *borrow'd* mould;
Last times the verse may read, if these refuse;
Read from four critics vindicate the Muse.
Your work is long: the critics cry. 'Tis true,
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you:
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame:
But, grow but wise, you rob me of my game;
As haunted *hags*, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.
Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the critic's rage,
And with the full *destroyer* feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame,
Than those who thunder in the critics name?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.
Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as *boding*, cries,
"Ten thousand worlds for the three unities!"
Ye doctors sage, who through Parnassus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.
One judges as the *weather* dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
Another judges by a surer gage,
The author's *principles*, or *parentage*;
Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
The poem doubtless must be written well.
Another judges by the writer's *look*;
Another judges, for he *bought the book*;
Some judge, their knack of *judging wrong* to keep;
Some judge, because it is too soon to *sleep*.
Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer, fame.
The very best *ambitiously* advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.

Critics on verse, as *squibs* on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, flink, and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verse can crown
Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown?
Not all on *books* their *criticism* waste:
The genius of a *dish* some justly taste,
And *eat* their way to *fame*; with anxious thought
The *salmon* is reviv'd, the *turbot* bought.
Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May;
Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is—*to dine*.
Half of their precious day they give the *feast*;
And to a kind *digestion* spare the rest.
Apicius, here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to settle their renown.
These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their *bills of fare*;
In those choice books their *panegyrics* read,
And scorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.
If man by *feeding well* commences *great*,
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and *Pilferers* of fame:
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thousand lords, *behind their backs*,
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And Harvey's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom he ne'er was seen.
Niger adopts stray libels; wisely prone,
To cover shame still greater than his own.
Bathylus, in the winter of threescore,
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Opulence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to *misplace*, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice *disorder* set,
And takes a memorandum to *forget*.
Thus vain, not knowing what adorns or blots
Men *forge the patents* that create them fools.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous through love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardor rise,
When those, who bring that incense we despise?
For such the vanity of great and small,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.
Nor can even Satire blame them; for 'tis true,
They have most ample cause for what they do.

O fruitful Britain! doubtleſs thou waſt meant
A nurſe of *fools*, to ſtock the continent.
Though Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly undermeath the ſcythe will grow.
The plenteous harveſt calls me forward ſtill,
'Till I ſurpaſs in length my Lawyer's bill;
A Welſh deſcent, which well-paid heralds damn;
Or, longer ſtill, a Dutchman's epigram
When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.

See Tityrus, with merriment poſſeſt,
Is burſt with laughter, ere he hears the jeſt:
What need he ſtay? for when the jeſt is o'er,
His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.
Is there of *thee*, ye fair! ſo great a dearth,
That you need purchaſe *monkeys* for your mirth!

Some, vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire;
Of *houſes* ſome; nay, houſes that they *hire*:
Some (perfect wiſdom!) of a beauteous *wife*;
And boaſt, like Cordeliers, a ſcourge for life.

Sometimes, through pride, the ſexes change their airs;
My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *ſwears*:
Then, ſtranger ſtill! on turning of the wind,
My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind*.

To ſhow the ſtrength, and infamy of *pride*,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.
What numbers are there, which at once purſue,
Praiſe, and the glory to contemn it, too?
Vincenna knows *ſelf-praiſe* betrays to *ſhame*,
And therefore lays a ſtratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in modeſty's diſguiſe,
To win applauſe; and takes it by ſurprize.
"To err," ſays he, "in ſmall thing, is my fate."
You know your anſwer, "he's exact in great."
"My *ſtyle*," ſays he, "is rude and full of faults."
"But oh! what ſenſe! what energy of thoughts!"
That he wants algebra, he muſt confeſs;
"But not a ſoul to give our arms ſucceſs."
"Ah! that's an hit indeed," Vincenna cries;
"But who in heat of blood was ever wiſe!
"I own 'twas wrong, when thouſands call'd me back
"To make that hopeleſs, ill-adviſ'd attack;
"All ſay, 'twas madneſs; nor dare I deny;
"ſure never fool ſo well deſerv'd to die."
Could *this* deceive in others to be free,
It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceive in *thee*!
Whoſe conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dulleſt cannot take thee wrong.
Thou on *one ſleeve* wilt thy *revenues* wear;
And haunt the court, without a *proſpect* there.
Are theſe expedients for renown? Confeſs
Thy *little ſelf*, that I may ſcorn thee leſs.

Be wiſe, Vincenna, and the court forſake;
Our fortunes there, nor *thou*, nor *I*, ſhall make.
Even *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,
In hardy ſervice make a long campaign;
Moſt manfully beſiege the patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the *great*
With painful art, and application warm,
And take, at laſt, ſome *little place* by ſtorm;
Enough to keep *two ſhoes* on ſunday clean,
And *ſtarve* upon diſcreetly, in Sheer-Lane.
Already *this* thy fortune can afford;
Then ſtarve without the *favour* of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes ſome great men confer:
But often, even in doing right, they err:
From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come:
They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom:
The man that's neareſt, *yawning*, they advance:
'Tis *inhumanity* to *bleſs* by chance.
If *merit* ſues, and greatneſs is ſo loth
To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.

I grant at court, Philander, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed,
Of every charm and virtue ſhe's poſſeſt:
Philander! thou art exquiſitely bleſt;
The public envy! now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found, who may be *juſtly* proud:
But, ſee! how fickly is ambition's taſte!
Ambition feeds on traſh, and loaths a feaſt;
For, lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In *ſecret* loves his wife, but *keeps her maid*.

Some nymphs ſell reputation; others buy;
And love a market where the rates run high;
Italian muſic's ſweet, becauſe 'tis dear;
Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear*:
Their taſtes would leſſen, if the prices fell,
And Shakeſpeare's wretched ſtuff do quite as well;
Away the diſinchanted fair would throng,
And *own*, that Engliſh is their mother tongue.

To ſhow how much our northern taſtes reſine,
Imported nymphs our peereſſes outſhine;
While *tradeſmen* ſtarve, theſe Philomels are gay;
For generous lords had rather *give* than *pay*.

Behold the maſquerade's fantaſtic ſcene!
The Legiſlature join'd with Drury-Lane!
When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And ſerve their *country*—if the *dance* is done.
"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtleſs; but firſt ſet your notions right.
Worth, of *politeneſs* is the needful ground;
Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.
Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel;
'Tis *ſolid* bodies only *poliſh* well.

Great, choſen prophet! for theſe latter days,
To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways!
Well, Heydegger, doſt thou thy *maſter* ſerve;
Well has he ſeen his *ſervant* ſhould not ſtarve,
Thou to his name haſt ſplendid temples rais'd;
In various forms of *worſhip* ſeen him prais'd,
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, ſhown,
And ſung ſweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.
Inferior offerings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in *fiddles*, *cards*, and *dice*;
Thy ſacrifice ſupreme, an *hundred maids!*
That ſolemn rite of midnight maſquerades!

If maids the quite exhauſted town denies,
An hundred head of *cuckolds* may ſuffice.
Thou ſmil'ſt, well pleas'd with the *converted* land,
To ſee the *fifty churches* at a ſtand.
And that thy miniſter may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted ſtill prevail,
Of *nine prophets* a ſucceſſion ſure
The propagation of thy zeal ſecure.

See commons, peers, and miniſters of ſtate,
In ſolemn council met, and deep debate!
What Godlike enterprize is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applauſe the council rings!
Fu'd is the fate of *whores* and *fiddle-ſtrings!*

Though bold theſe truths, thou, Muſe, with truths like theſe,
Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praiſe to pleaſe;
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like juſt *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common-ſenſe,
Tow'rds a *Satire*, which gave none *offence!*
And, ſince from *life* I take the draughts you ſee,
If men diſlike them, do they cenſure *me?*
The fool, and knave, 'tis glorious to offend,
And Godlike an attempt the world to mend,
The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honeſt men* pay all.
How hard for real worth to gain its price!
A man ſhall make his fortune in a trice,
Whoſe with pliant, though but ſlender, ſenſe,
Feign'd modeſty, and real impudence:
A ſupple knee, ſmooth tongue, an eaſy grace,
A curſe within, a ſmile upon his face;
A beauteous ſiſter, or convenient wife,
Are *prizes* in the lottery of life;
Genius and Virtue they will ſoon defeat,
And lodge you in the boſom of the *great*.
To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*
For mens' refuſing what you ought to gain.

May, Dodington, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my preſaging thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendſhip grac'd,
Still higher in your Prince's favour plac'd;
And lending, *here*, thoſe awful councils aid,
Which you, *abroad*, with ſuch ſucceſs obey'd!
Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendſhip dear;
What moſt we wiſh, with eaſe we fancy near.

SATIRE IV.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND ſome fair tree th' ambitious woodbine grows,
And breathes her ſweets on the ſupporting boughs:
So ſweet the *verſe*, th' ambitious verſe, ſhould be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes ſupport from thee;
Thee, Compton, born o'er ſenates to preſide,
Their *dignity* to raiſe, their *councils* guide;
Deep to diſcern, and widely to ſurvey,
And kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh;
Of diſtant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The Crown's aſſertor, and the People's friend;
Nor doſt thou ſcorn, amid ſublimer views,
To liſten to the labours of the Muſe;
Thy ſmiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire*,
And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inſpire*.
Vex'd at a public fame, ſo juſtly won,
The jealous Chremes is with ſpleen undone;
Chremes, for airy penſions of *renown*,
Devotes his ſervice to the State and Crown;
All ſchemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves,
Though Britain's thankleſs, ſtill *this patriot* loves:
But patriots differ; ſome may ſhed their blood,
He *drinks* his *coffee*, for the public good;
Conſults the ſacred ſteam, and there foreſees
What ſtorms, or ſun-ſhine, Providence decrees;
Knows, for each day, the *weather* of our fate;
A Quidnunc is an *almanack* of State.

You ſmile, and think *this* ſtateſman void of uſe?
Why may not time his ſecret worth produce?
Since *apes* can roaſt the choice Caſtanian *Nut*,
Since *fleas* of genius art expert at *Put*;
Since half the Senate "Not content" can ſay,
Geeſe nations ſave, and *puppies* plots betray.

What makes *him* model realms, and counſel kings?
An incapacity for ſmaller things:
Poor Chremes can't conduct his *own eſtate*,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.
Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' ſkill,
And boldly claims a province higher ſtill:
To raiſe a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
At once, a Bible and a *ſhoulder-knot*;
Deep in the ſecret, he looks through the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that *ſaves his ſoul*;
To talk with reverence you muſt take good heed,
Nor ſhock his *tender reaſon* with the Creed:
Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies
Obliging friends alone with *blaſphemies*.

Peerage is poiſon, good eſtates are bad
For this diſeaſe; poor rogues run ſeldom mad.
Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
And *falling ſtocks* quite cur'd an unbelief?
While the ſun ſhines, Blunt talks with wondrous force;
But thunder mars *ſmall beer*, and *weak diſcourſe*.
Such uſeful *inſtruments* the weather ſhow,
Juſt as their *mercury* is high or low:
Health chiefly keeps an Atheiſt in the dark;
A fever argues better than a Clarke:
Let but the logick in his *pulſe* decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C—— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
Th' apoſtate youth, who reaſon'd *once* ſo well.

C——,

C——, who makes merry with the Creed,
He almoſt thinks he diſbelieves *indeed*;
But only thinks ſo; to give both their due,
Satan, and *he*, believe, and tremble too.
Of ſome for *glory* ſuch the boundleſs rage,
That they're the blackeſt *ſcandal* of their age.

Narciſſus the Tartarian *club* diſclaims;
Nay, a Free-maſon, with ſome terror, names;
Omits no duty; nor can *envy* ſay,
He miſs'd, theſe many years, the Church, or Play:
He makes no noiſe in Parliament, 'tis true;
But pays his *debts*, and *viſits*, when 'tis due;
His *character* and *gloves* are ever clean,
And then, he can out-bow the *bowing dean*;
A ſmile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wiſe and worthleſs ſhares.
In gay fatigues, this moſt undaunted chief,
Patient of *idleneſs* beyond relief,
Moſt charitably lends the town his *face*,
For ornament, in every public place;
As ſure as *cards*, he to th' *aſſembly* comes,
And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms:
When Ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three:
Narciſſus is the glory of his race;
For who does *nothing* with a better grace?

To deck my liſt, by nature were deſign'd
Such ſhining *expletives* of human kind,
Who want, while through blank life they dream along,
Senſe to be right, and *paſſion* to be wrong.

To counterpoiſe this here of the *mode*,
Some for renown are *ſingular* and *odd*;
What other men diſlike, is ſure to pleaſe,
Of all mankind, theſe dear *antipodes*;
Through pride, not malice, they run counter ſtill,

And *birth-days* are their days of dreſſing *ill*.
Arbuthnot is a fool, and F—— a ſage,
S—ly will fright you, E—— engage;
By nature ſtreams run backward, flame deſcends
Stones mount, and Suſſex is the worſt of friends;

They take their reſt by *day*, and wake by *night*,
And bluſh if you ſurprize them in the *right*;
they by change blurt out, ere well aware,
A ſwan is white, or Queenſberry is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool *in* faſhion, but a fool that's *out*.
His paſſion for abſurdity's ſo ſtrong,
He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong;
Though wrong the mode, comply; more ſenſe is ſhewn
In wearing *others'* follies, than your *own*.
If what is out of faſhion moſt you prize,
Methinks you ſhould endeavour to be wiſe.
But what in oddneſs can be more ſublime
Than Sloane the foremoſt *toyman* of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich *ſhell* inhances,
And Aſhmole's baby-houſe is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!

How his eyes languiſh! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat, which Joſeph *never* wore!
He ſhews, on *holidays*, a facted pin,
That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd Queen Beſs's chin.

"Since that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore,
"Since that great *plague* that ſwept as many more,
"Was ever year unbleſt as *this*?" he'll cry,
"It has not brought us one new *butterfly*!"
In times that ſuffer ſuch learn'd men as *theſe*,
Unhappy I——y! how came *you* to pleaſe?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game;
But, in effect, his chace is much the ſame:
Warm in purſuit, he *levees* all the great,
Staunch to the foot of *title* and *eſtate*:
Where-e'er their *lordſhips* go, they never find
Or Lico, or their *ſhadows*, lag behind;
He *ſets* them ſure, where-e'er their *lordſhips* run,
Cloſe at their elbows, as a *morning dun*;
As if their grandeur, by contagion wrought,
And *fame* was like a *fever*, to be caught:
But after ſeven years dance, from place to place,
The * Dane is more familiar with his Grace.

Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer;
Or living *pendant* dangling at his ear,
For ever whiſpering ſecrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, through the town?
Who'd be a *gloſs*, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face;
Or happy *pin* to ſtick upon his ſleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchſafes it leave;
Or *cuſhion*, when his heavineſs ſhall pleaſe
To loll, or *thump* it, for his better eaſe;
Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night, beſpoke,
When the peer *raſhly* ſwears he'll club his joke?
Who'd ſhake with laughter, though he could not find
His lordſhip's jeſt; or, if his noſe broke wind,
For bleſſings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry, "Chimney ſweep," or drive a *plough*?
With terms like theſe, how mean the tribe that *cloſe*!
Scarce meaner they, who terms like theſe *impoſe*.

But what's the tribe moſt likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors lye;
The writing tribe, who ſhameleſs *auctions* hold
Of praiſe, by inch of candle to be ſold:
All men they flatter, but themſelves the moſt,
With deathleſs fame, their everlaſting boaſt:
For fame no cully makes ſo much her jeſt,
As her old conſtant ſpark, the bard profeſt.
"Boyle ſhines in council, Mordaunt in the fight,
"Pelham's magnificent, but I can write,

* A Daniſh dog of the Duke of Argyll.

And

"And what to my great soul like glory dear?"
Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
That *fame's* unwholesome taken without *meat*,
And life is best sustain'd by what is *eat*:
Grown *lean*, and *wise*, he curses what he writ,
And wishes all his wants were in his *wit*.

Ah! what avails it, when his *dinner's* lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a *post*?
Or that his shining page (provoking fate!)
Defends Sirloins, which sons of dulness *eat*?

What foe to verse without compassion hears,
What cruel *prest-man* can refrain from tears,
When the poor Muse, for less than half a crown,
A *prostitute* on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, though *not* in print,
Clubs *credit* for Geneva in the mint?

Ye bards! why will you sing, though uninspir'd?
Ye bards! why will you *starve*, to be *admir'd*?
Dejected by Phœbus' laws, beyond redress
Why will your *spectres* haunt the frighted press?
Bad metre, that *excrescence* of the head,
Like *hair*, will sprout although the poet's *dead*.

All other trades *demand*, verse-makers *beg*;
A dedication is a *wooden leg*;
A barren Lubeco, the true *mumper's* fashion,
Expoles *borrow'd brats* to move *compassion*.
Though such myself, vile bards I discommend;
Nay more, though gentle Damon is my *friend*,
"Is it then a crime to *write*?"—If talent rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to *forbear*:
For some, though few, there are large-minded men,
Who watch unseen the labours of the pen;
Who know the Muse's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;
Who serve, *unask'd*, the *least pretence* to wit;
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
Are'll true wit is studious to restore;
And Dorset smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before;
Pembroke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And Henrietta like a Muse inspires.

But, ah! not *inspiration* can obtain
That fame, which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim, who thirst for glory, strive
To grasp, what no man can possess *alive*!
Fame's *reflexion* in which men take place
(O late reversion!) at their own decease,
This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well,
He *serves* his authors, that their works may *sell*.

That *fame* is *wealth*, fantastic poets cry;
That *wealth* is *fame*, another clan reply;
Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in *rags*;
And *wealth* in just proportion to their *bags*.
Now only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Have glory nothing but the *beams of gold*;
The first young lord, which in the Mall you meet,
Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard-street.

From rescued candles' ends, who, rais'd a sum,
And starves, to join a *penny* to a *plumb*.
A *beardless* miser! 'Tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal *all* our own.

Of ardent lovers, the true modern hand,
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their *land*.
For love, young, noble, rich, Castalio dies;
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail—but *half a crown*.

He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made*:
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd.
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd:
He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain:
Nay, a *dull sheriff* for his *golden chain*.

"Who'd be a slave?" the gallant Colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes:
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right—
Just is his title—for he will not *fight*:
All soldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*,
All maids of honour *beauty*—by their *place*:
But, when indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain;
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet *revenge*, and *half abolishes* his sword.

Of *boasting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,
A *soldier* should be modest as a maid:
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy;
Who strive to grasp it, as they *touch*, *destroy*:
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.
Augustus' deeds! if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the Prince's worth, of whom I speak;
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

SATIRE V.

ON

WOMEN.

"O fairest of creation! last and best!
"Of all God's works! Creature in whom excell'd,
"Whatever can to sight, or thought, be form'd
"Holy, Divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
"How art thou lost!"—

MILTON.

NOR reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone;
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own:

But

But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things,
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings*:
Attend, and you discern it in the fair
Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair*;
Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye*;
Or, in full joy, elaborate a *sigh*.
The sex we honour, though their faults we blame;
Nay, thank their faults for such a *fruitful* theme:
A theme, fair ——! doubly kind to me,
Since satirizing *those* is praising *thee*;
Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grosser kind
Britannia's daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the fated sight:
As unreserv'd, and beauteous, as the sun,
Through every *sign* of vanity they run;
Assemblies, Parks, coarse feasts in City-halls,
Lectures, and Trials, Plays, Committees, Balls,
Wells, Bedlams, Executions, Smithfield scenes,
And Fortune-tellers Caves, and Lions Dens,
Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, Drawing-rooms,
Installments, Pillories, Coronations, Tombs,
Tumblers, and Funerals, Puppet-shows, Reviews,
Sales, Races, Rabbets, (and, still stranger!) Pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for Fame;
And Love lies vanquish'd in a *nobler* flame:
Warm gleams of hope she, *now*, dispenses; *then*,
Like April suns, dives into clouds again:
With all her lustre, *now*, her lover warms:
Then, out of *ostentation* hides her charms:
'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;
Then, she starts up, all ecstasy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this:
O how she rolls her charming eyes in *spight!*
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.
Zara resembles Ætna crown'd with snows;
Without she freezes, and within she glows:
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
She reads the *psalms* and *chapters* for the day,
In—Cleopatra, or the last new play.
Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her *face*.

Nor far beneath her in *renown*, is she,
Who through good-breeding is ill company;
Whose *manners* will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when at *peace*;
To find you *news*, who racks her subtle head,
And vows—"that her great-grandfather is dead."
A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear;
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—*to hear*:
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That *shews*, or *makes*, you both polite and wise.

Xantippe cries, "Let nymphs who nought can say
"Be lost in silence, and resign the day;
"And let the guilty wife her guilt confess,
"By tame behaviour, and a soft address!"
Through *virtue*, *she* refuses to comply
With all the dictates of *humanity*;
Through wisdom, *she* refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*;
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain:
But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
Just *intimates* the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;
But keen Xantippe, scorning *borrow'd* flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling *gruel* and composing *tea*:
Nor rests by night, but, more sincere than nice,
She *shakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice:
Doubly, like echo, *sound* is her delight,
And the *last word* is her eternal right.
Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rise
To Jash our crimes, but must our wives be *wise*?

Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong:
What *black*, what *ceaseless* cares besiege our state!
What strokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate!*
If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow;
We *make* misfortune; *suicides* in woe.
Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!
Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill?
How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight*, bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,
On *Folly's* errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home?
Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends *alive*, as *dead*.
Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chace
We press coy Fortune with unslacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the *toys* we seek,
Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week:
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between *satiety* and *fierce desire*.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But *one*; a female friend's endearing smile;
A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,
And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;
Victorious tenderness, it all o'ercame,
Husbands look mild, and *savages* grow tame.

The *Sylvan* race our active nymphs pursue;
Man is not all the game they have in view;
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There *Master* Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair *Miss* Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barbarous fun and wind.

Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And vault from *hunters* to the *managed steed*;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Fobert has the forming of the *Fair*.

More than *one* steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*:
And as she guides it through th' admiring throng,
With what an air she smacks the *silken* thong!
Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her *diuretic* strains:
Sefostris like, such charioteers as *those*
May drive six harness'd *monarchs*, if they please:
They *drive*, *row*, *run*, with love of glory smit,
Leap, *swim*, *shoot flying*, and pronounce on *wit*.

O'er the Belle lettres lovely Daphne reigns:
Again the god Apollo wears her chains:
With legs tost'd high, on her sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:
Of each performance she's the final test;
One act read o'er, she propheſies the reſt;
And then, pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town—*she's fair*.
Had lovely Daphne Hecate's sa's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease!
Some ladies' *judgment* in their *features* lies,
And all their *genius* sparkles from their *eyes*.
But hold, she cries, lampooner! have a care;
Must I want common sense, because I'm fair?
O no: see Stella; her *eyes* shine as bright,
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire:
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to *sense*,
Nor is't a sanction for *impertinence*.

Sempronia lik'd her man; and well she might;
The youth in person, and in parts, was bright;
Possess'd of every virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female heart:
He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
And, in full rage of youthful ardour, burn'd:
Large his possessions, and beyond her own;
Their bliss the theme and envy of the town:
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
In strepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd, *three-score*,
The fatal sequel I, through shame, forbear.
Of pride and *avarice* who can cure the fair?

Man's rich with little, were this judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere delights;
But fools create themselves new appetites:
Fancy and pride seek things at vast expence,
Which relish not to *reason*, nor to *sense*.
When *forfeit*, or *unthankfulness*, destroys,
In *nature's* narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In *fancy's* airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow;
Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.
Lemira's sick; make haste: the doctor call:
He comes; but where's his patient? At the ball.
The doctor stares; her woman curt'sies low,
And cries, "My Lady, Sir, is always so:
"Diversions put her maladies to flight;
"True, she can't *stand*, but she can *dance* all night:
"I've known my Lady (for she loves a tune)
"For *fevers* take an opera in June:
"And, though perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
"A midnight park is sovereign for a *cold*:
"With *colics*, breakfasts of green fruit agree;
"With *indigestions*, supper just at three."
A strange alternative, replies Sir Hans,
Must women have a *doctor*, or a *dance*?
Though sick to death, *abroad* they safely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home*:
For want—but not of health, are ladies ill;
And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's bill*.
Alas, my heart! how languishingly fair
Yon lady lolls! With what a tender air!
Pale as a young dramatic author, when,
O'er darling lines, fell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has * Veny chid?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
"Late sitting-up has turn'd her roses white."
Why went she not to bed? 'Because 'twas *night*."
Did she then dance, or play? "Nor this, nor that."
Well night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
"No, all alone, her *prayers* she rather chose;
"Than be that *wretch* to sleep till morning rose."
Then Lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
Goes, with the *fashionable* owls, to bed;
This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;
Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.
Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.
You, in the morning, a *fair* nymph invite;
To keep her word, a *brown* one comes at night:
Next day she shines in glossy *black*; and then
Revolves into her native *red* again:
Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.
But *one* admirer has the painted lass;
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass:
Yet Laura's beautiful to such excess,
That all her *art* scarce makes her please us *less*.
To deck the female cheek, HE only knows,
Who paints less fair the *lily* and the *rose*.
How gay they smile! Such blessings *nature* pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flowers, and spreads her velvet green;

* Lap-dog.

Pure

Pure gurgling rills the lone'y deſert trace,
And *waſte* their muſic on the ſavage race.
Is *nature* then a niggard of her bliſs?
Repine we *guiltleſs* in a world like this?
But our lewd taſtes her lawful charms refuſe,
And painted *art's* deprav'd allurements chuſe,
Such Fulvia's paſſion for the town; freſh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and ſhady groves, and cryſtal ſprings,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
But ſmoke, and duſt, and noiſe, and crowds, delight
And to be preſs'd to death, tranſports her quite:
Where ſilver rivulets play through flowery meads,
And *woodbines* give their ſweets, and *limes* their ſhades,
Black kennels' abſent *odours* ſhe regrets,
And ſtops her noſe at beds of violets.

Is ſtormy life preferr'd to the ſerene?
Or is the public to the private ſcene?
Retir'd, we tread a ſmooth and open way;
Through briars and brambles in the *world* we ſtray;
Stiff oppoſition, and *perplex'd* debate,
And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *ſtinging* hate,
Which choak our paſſage, our career controul,
And wound the firmeſt temper of our ſoul.
O ſacred ſolitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great!
By thy pure ſtream, or in thy waving ſhade,
We court fair Wiſdom, that celeſtial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace*:
There, from the ways of men laid ſafe aſhore,
We ſmile to hear the diſtant tempeſt roar;
There, bleſs'd with health, with buſineſs unperplex'd,
This life we reliſh, and enſure the *next*;
There too the Muſes ſport; theſe numbers free,
Pierian Faſtbury! I owe to thee.

There ſport the Muſes; but not there alone:
Their ſacred force Amelia feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herſelf, Amelia weds a wit:
Both wits! though miracles are ſaid to ceaſe,
Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth ſun a warm diſpute aroſe,
On Durfey's poeſy, and Bunyan's proſe:
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phœbe, though ſhe poſſeſſes nothing leſs,
Is proud of being rich in happineſs:
Laboriouſly purſues deluſive toys,
Content with pains, ſince they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted tranſport will ſhe ſay,
"Well ſure, we were ſo happy yeſterday!
"And then that charming party for to-morrow!"
Though, well ſhe knows, 'twill languiſh into ſorrow:
But ſhe dares never boaſt the *preſent* hour;
So groſs that cheat, it is beyond her power:
For ſuch is or our weakneſs, or our curſe,
Or rather ſuch our crime which ſtill is worſe,
The preſent moment, like a wife, we ſhun,
And ne'er enjoy, becauſe it is *our own*.

Pleaſures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleaſure like *quickſilver* is *bright*, and *coy*;
We ſtrive to graſp it with our utmoſt ſkill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters ſtill:
If ſeiz'd at laſt, compute your mighty gains;
What it is, but rank poiſon in your veins?

As Flavia in her glaſs an angel ſpies,
Pride whiſpers in her ear pernicious lyes;
Tells her, while ſhe ſurveys a face ſo fine,
There's no ſatiety of charms divine:
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her tempeſt, and ſhe melts (ſweet ſoul!) in tears:
She, fond and young, laſt week, her wiſh enjoy'd,
In ſoft amuſement all the night employ'd;
The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found
(Surprizing ſight!) his bride in ſorrow drown'd.
"What miracle, ſays Strephon, makes thee weep?
"Ah, barbarous man", ſhe cries, "how could you—"*ſleep?*"

Men love a *miſtreſs*, as they love a *feaſt*;
How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taſte!*
Yet ſure there is a certain time of day,
We wiſh our miſtreſs, and our meat, away:
But ſoon the ſated appetites return,
Again our ſtomachs crave, our boſoms burn:
Eternal Love let man, then, never ſwear;
Let women never *triumph*, nor *deſpair*;
Nor praiſe, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill;
Hunger and Love, are foreign to the *will*.
There is indeed a paſſion more refin'd,
For thoſe few nymphs whoſe charms are of the mind:
But not of that unfaſhionable ſet
Is Phyllis; Phyllis and her Damon met.
Eternal Love exactly hits her taſte;
Phyllis demands eternal love at *leaſt*
Embracing Phyllis with ſoft-ſmiling eyes,
Eternal Love! vow, the ſwain replies:
But ſay, my *All*, my *Miſtreſs*, and my *Friend!*
What day next week th' *eternity* ſhall *end?*
Some nymphs prefer *aſtronomy* to *love*;
Elope from mortal man, and range above.
The fair philoſopher to Rowley flies,
Where, in a *box*, the whole creation lies:
She ſees the planets in their turns advance,
And ſcorns, Poitier, thy ſublunary dance:
Of Deſaguliers ſhe beſpeaks freſh air;
And Whiſton has *engagements* with the fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay Colonel dies.
But though to-day this rage of ſcience reigns,
(O fickle ſex!) ſoon end her learned pains.
Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the ſtars, and Newton is a ſot.

To —— turn; she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right.
She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled Learning blunders far behind,
Grace ul to sight, and elegant to thought,
The *great* are vanquish'd, and the *wise* are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,
When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;
In glittering scenes, o'er her own heart, severe;
In crouds, collected; and in courts, sincere;
Sincere, and warm, with zeal well-understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet, not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears;
Of *silks* and *chinа* she's the last appeal;
In these great points she *leads* the commonweal;
And if disputes of *empire* rise between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
Assumes *her* nod, to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their *dress*?
But oh! the nymph that mounts above the *skies*,
And, *gratis*, clears religious mysteries,
Resolv'd the *church's* welfare to ensure,
And make her family a *free-care*;
The theme divine at *cards* she'll not forget,
But takes in texts of Scripture at *picquet*;
In these licentious meetings act the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her *cards* are good.
What angels would these be, who thus excel
In theologics, could they *deal* as well!
Yet why should not the fair her text pursue? 375
Can she more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but *that*
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.
Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
Whom he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
A beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the *fair*.
How his pious soul exults to find
Such love for *holy* men in woman-kind!
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Sings on her *bloom*, like an industrious *bee*: 386
Buzz round about her, and with all his power
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a *flower*!
The *young* and *gay* declining, Appia flies
The nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wise*:
By nature more an *eagle* than a *dove*,
The impinous prefers the *world* to *love*.
Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whate'er fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it says;
Like any lord, it *promises*—and *pays*.
How will the miser startle, to be told
Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold! 400
What nature *wants* has an intrinsic weight;
All *more* is but the fashion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view;
It charms us *now*; *anon* we cast anew;
To some fresh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd: 405
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers who make *worth* their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair;
The *fair* 'tis true, by *genius* should be won,
As *flowers* unfold their beauties to the *sun*; 410
And yet in female scales a sop out-weighs,
And wit must wear the *willow* and the *bays*.
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms;
And amply gives (though treated long amiss)
The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*. 420
If you resent, and wish a *woman* ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.

The *languid* lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, and staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid. 426
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She, by just stages, *journeys* round the room:
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the *stairs*. 430
My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her *laconic* stile;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather *sees*, than *hears* the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye, 435
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help! oh help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head. 440
If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust and the gigantic *carve*,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather *starve*:
But chew she must herself; ah cruel fate
That Rosalinda can't by *proxy* eat.

An *antidote* in female caprice lies
(Kind heaven!) against the *poison* of their eyes.
Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene. 450
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What nature dares to *give*, she dares to *name*.
This *honest fellow* is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd, 455
If wanton language shews a *naked* mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighbouring echoes how to swear.
By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain;
She, on the Christian System, is prophane.
But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her *dress*, she's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deputes a lady in his stead? 466
A *lady*? pardon my mistaken pen,
A shameless woman is the worst of *men*.

Few to good-breeding make a juſt pretence;
Good-breeding is the beſt ſyſtem of good-ſenſe;
The laſt reſult of an accompliſh'd mind,
With outward grace, the *body's virtue*, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns;
And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.
With Chineſe painters modern *toaſts* agree,
The point they aim at is *deformity*:
They *throw* their perſons with a hoyden air
Acroſs the room, and *toſs* into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.
The modeſt look, the caſtigated grace,
The gentle movement, and ſlow-meaſur'd pace,
For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pay'd*,
Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.
Stiff forms are bad, but let not worſe intrude,
Nor conquer *art* and *nature*, to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D——'s ſelf will be polite.

Ye riſing fair! ye bloom of Britain's iſle!
When high-born Anna, with a ſoften'd ſmile,
Leads on your train, and ſparkles at your head,
What ſeems moſt hard, is, not to be well-bred.
Her bright example with ſucceſs purſue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.

But adoration! give me ſomething *more*,
Cries Lycé, on the borders of *threeſcore*:
Nought treads ſo ſilent as the foot of *time*;
Hence we miſtake our autumn for our prime;
'Tis greatly wiſe to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news, that we *grow old*.
Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O how your beating breaſt a miſtreſs warms,
Who looks through ſpectacles to ſee your charms!
While rival *undertakers* hover round,
And with his ſpade the *ſexton* marks the ground,
Intent not her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conqueſts, and *defrauds* the tomb.
In vain the cock has ſummon'd *ſprites* away
She walks at noon, and blaſts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow ſilks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lycé but *herſelf* is old.
Her grizz'ed locks aſſume a *ſmirking* grace,
And art has *level'd* her deep furrow'd face.
Her ſtrange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll aſk her *bleſſing*, but can't aſk her *love*.
She grants, indeed, a lady, *may* decline
(All ladies *but* herſelf) at *ninety-nine*.

O how unlike her was the ſacred age
Of prudent Portia! *Her* grey hairs *engage*;
Whoſe thoughts are ſuited to her life's decline:
Virtue's the paint that can with *wrinkles* ſhine.
That, and that *only*, can old age ſuſtain;
Which yet all wiſh, nor know they wiſh for *pain*.
Not numerous are our joys, when life is new;
And yearly ſome are falling of the *few*;
But when we conquer life's meridian ſtage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop *apace*; by *nature* ſome decay,
And ſome the blaſts of *fortune* ſweep away;
Till, naked quite of happineſs, aloud
We call for death, and *ſhelter* in a ſhroud.
Where's Portia now?—But Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view,
Like bluſhing roſe-buds dipp'd in *morning* dew?
Who into ſhelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to flee from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and *paſſion* toſs it to and fro;
A while torment, and then quite *ſink* in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans, ſince in ſilent duſt
Your beſt *example* lies, my *precepts* truſt.
Life ſwarms with ills; the *boldeſt* are afraid;
Where then is ſafety for a *tender maid*?
Unfit for conflict, round beſet with woes,
And *man*, whom leaſt ſhe fears, her worſt of foes!
When kind, moſt cruel; when oblig'd the moſt,
The leaſt obliging; and by favours loſt.
Cruel by nature, they for kindneſs hate;
And ſcorn you for thoſe ills *themſelves* create.
If on your ſame *our* ſex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever ſtick, through malice of your *own*.
Moſt hard! in pleaſing your chief *glory* lies;
And yet from pleaſing your chief *dangers* riſe;
Then pleaſe the *Beſt*; and know, for men of ſenſe
Your ſtrongeſt charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.
In *ſimple* manners all the ſecret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be bleſt and wiſe.
Vain *ſhew* and *noiſe* intoxicate the brain,
Begin with *giddineſs*, and end in *pain*.
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praiſe,
Which, all thoſe wretches I deſcribe, betrays.
Your ſex's glory 'tis, to ſhine *unknown*:
Of all applauſe, be fondeſt of *your own*.
Beware the fever of the *mind*! that thirſt
With which the age is eminently curſt:
To drink of *pleaſure*, but inflames deſire;
And abſtinence alone can quench the fire;
Take *up in* from life, and *terror* from the tomb;
Give peace *in hand*; and promiſe bliſs *to come*.

SATIRE VI.

ON

W O M E N.

INSCRIBED TO

THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

"Interdum tamen & tollit comœdia vocem."

HOR.

I SOUGHT a patroneſs, but ſought in vain.
Apollo whiſper'd in my ear—"Germain."
I know her not.—"Your reaſon's ſomewhat odd;
"Who knows his patron, now?" reply'd the god.

" Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown;
" Then steal great names, to shield them from the town:
" Detected *worth*, like *beauty* disarray'd,
" To covert flies of *praise* itself afraid:
" Should *she* refuse to patronize your lays,
" In vengeance write a volume in *her praise*.
" Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
" When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."

Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength;
You, *here*, in miniature your picture see,
Nor hope from Zinck more justice than from me.
My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *side*;
His portraits will *last some*, mine *quench*, your pride:
He's *dear*, you *frugal*; choose my *cheaper* lay;
And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.

Lavinia is *polite*, but not *prophane*;
To church as constant as to Drury-lane.
She decently, *in form*, pays heaven its due;
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which *passes* for a *prayer*:
Curtsies to curt'sies, then, with grace, succeed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the creed.
Or if she joins the Service, 'tis to *speak*;
Through dreadful *silence* the pent heart might break;
Distraught to bear it, women *talk* away
To God himself, and fondly think they *pray*.
But *tunes* their accent, and their air *refin'd*,
For they're before their Maker—and *mankind*:
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,
Trusa receives her visitants in bed;
Nor, chaste as ice, this Vesta, to defy
The very blackest tongue of calumny,
When from the sheets her lovely form she lifts,
She begs you *just* would *turn you*, while she *shifts*.

Those charms are greatest which decline the sight,
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
There is no *woman*, *where* there's no *reserve*;
And 'tis on *plenty* your poor lovers *starve*.
But with a modern fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing they call a *nymph of spirit*.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye;
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
Or if you take a lion by the beard *,
" Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
" Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,"
Still *make your will*, and then *converse* with her.
This lady glories in profuse expence;
And thinks *distraction* is *magnificence*.
To beggar her gallant, is *some* delight:
To be more fatal still, is *exquisite*;
Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
As *death* fell two lovers; one run *mad*.
Her *foes* their honest execrations pour;
Her *lovers* only should *detest* her more.

* Shakespeare.

Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
And generously supports him in his want,
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
A hell, no lady so polite can bear.
She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains
Her angel-brood of *bastards* she maintains.
Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*.

Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint;
Whate'er she *is*, she'll not *appear* a saint.
Her sou superior flies formality;
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not *over-good*—
Nor would they be mistaken, if they should.

Unmarried Abra puts on formal airs;
Her cushion's thread-bare with her constant prayers.
Her only grief is, that she cannot be
At once engag'd in *prayer* and *charity*.
And *this*, to do her justice, must be said,
" Who would not think that Abra was a maid?"

Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed;
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore.
Then she submits to venture in the dark;
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an *idiot*, but she eats in *plate*.

The goods of fortune, which her soul possess,
Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happiness;
The rude *material*: *wisdom* add to *this*,
Wisdom, the sole *artificer* of bliss;
She from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of *thin content* can draw the subtle thread;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in *gold*, 'tis better still.

If Tullia had been blest with *half* her sense,
None could too much admire her excellence:
But since she can make *terror* shine so bright,
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.
With understanding she is quite o'er-run;
And by too great accomplishments undone:
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most *divinely* in the *wrong*.

Naked in nothing should a woman be;
But veil her very *wit* with *modesty*:
Let man *discover*, let not her *display*,
But yield her *charms of mind* with sweet delay.

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves *important*, men must *grieve*.
Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends, the fop she laughs at, is ador'd.
In vain she's *proud* of secret innocence;
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

Mira, endow'd with every charm to bless,
Has no design, but on her husband's *peace*:
He lov'd her much; and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.

"How charming this!"—The pleasure lasted long;
Now every day the fits come thick and strong;
At last he found the charmer only *feign'd*;
And was diverted when he *should* be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in store?
How tedious life, now she can *plague* no more!
She tries a thousand arts; but none succeed;
She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed*:
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous loving *wife*.
Her husband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.

Anxious Melania rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majesty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges querulously shrill.
"You went last night with Celia to the ball"
You prove it false. "Not go! that's worst of all."
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant *contradictions* are the *game*.
Her lover must be *sad*, to please her spleen;
His *mirth* is an inexpiable sin:
For of all *rivals* that can pain her breast,
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the rest;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf
Is if her lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she's exquisitely fair:
Should I dispute her beauty how she'd stare?
How would Melania be surprised to hear
She's quite deform'd? And yet the case is clear:
What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms* because the soul is *seen*.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can *bear*;
Some, none *resist* though not exceeding fair.

Arpasia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read;
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be *trans'd* by her own excellence.
"Folks are so awkward! things so unpolite!"
She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's shock'd where-e'er she goes;
Each *creature's imperfections* are her *woes*.
Heaven by its favour has the fair distrest,
And pour'd such blessings—that she *can't* be blest.

Ah! why so vain, though blooming in thy spring?
Thou *shining*, *frail*, *ador'd*, and *wretched* thing;
Old-age *will* come; disease *may* come before; 171
Fifteen is full as mortal as *threescore*.
Thy fortune, and thy charms, may soon decay;
But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes; 175
Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks;
Then *wrought* into the soul let virtues shine;
The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.

Julia's a manager; she's born for rule;
And knows her *wiser* husband is a *fool*; 180
Assembles holds and spins the *subtle thread*
That guides the lover to his fair-one's bed:
For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters *dictate*, or *convey*.
But, if depriv'd of such important cares, 185
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs
For, her *own* breakfast she'll *project a scheme*,
Nor *take* her *tea* without a *stratagem*;
Presides o'er *trifles* with a *serious* face;
Important, by the virtue of *grimace*. 190
Ladies supreme among amusement reign;
By nature born to *sooth*, and *entertain*.
Their *prudence* in a share of folly lies:
Why will they be so *weak*, as to be *wise*?

Syrena is for ever in extremes, 195
And *with a vengeance* she commends, or blames.
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her *judgment* just, her *sentence* is too strong;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong. 200

Brunetta's wise in actions, great, and rare:
But scorns on *trifles* to bestow her care.
Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a *trifle*, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfast with Alicia, there you'll see,
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree: 210
Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what she has of head-dress, is aside.
She draws her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd she loves; 215
And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.
Gloves by Queen Bess's maidens might be mist;
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female *fist*.
Lovers, beware! to *wound* how can she fail
With scarlet finger and long jetty nail? 220
For Harvey, the first *wit* she cannot be,
Nor cruel Richmond, the first *toast* for thee.
Since full each other station of *renown*,
Who would not be the greatest *trapes* in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight; 225
A *female sloven* is an odious sight.

Fair Isabella is so fond of *fame*,
That her *dear self*, is her eternal theme;
Through hopes of contradiction, oft she'll say,
"Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day:" 230
When most the world applauds you, most beware;
'Tis often less a *blessing* than a *snare*
Distrust *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer:
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
The breath of *others* raises our renown; 235
Our *own* as surely blows the pageant down.
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Lest soon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.

But own I muſt, in this perverted age,
Who moſt *deſerve*, can't always moſt *engage*.
So far is worth from making glory ſure,
It often hinders what it *ſhould* procure
Whom praiſe we *moſt*? The virtuous, brave, and wiſe?
No: wretches, whom, in ſecret, we deſpiſe.
And who ſo blind, as not to ſee the cauſe?
Rivals rais'd by ſuch *diſcreet* applauſe;
And yet, of credit it lays in a ſtore,
By which our ſpleen may wound *true* worth the more.

Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all*:
Can woman, then, no way but *backward* fall?
So ſweet is *that one* crime they don't purſue,
To pay its loſs, they think *all* others *few*.
Who hold *that* crime ſo dear, muſt never claim
Of *injur'd modeſty* the ſacred name.

But Clio thus: "What! railing without end?
"Mean taſk! how much more generous to commend!"
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind *inſtructor*, and *example* too.
"Daphnis," ſays Clio, "has a charming eye:
"What pity 'tis her ſhoulder is awry!
"Aſpaſia's ſhape indeed—But then her air—
"The man has parts who finds deſtruction there.
"Almeria's wit has ſomething that's divine;
"And wit's enough—how few in all things ſhine!
"Selina ſerves her friends, relieves the poor—
"Who was it ſaid Selina's near threeſcore?
"At Lucia's match I from my ſoul rejoice;
"The world congratulates ſo wiſe a choice;
"His lordſhip's rent-roll is exceeding great—
"But mortgages will ſap the beſt eſtate.
"In Shirley's form might cherubims appear;
"But then—ſhe has a *freckle* on her *ear*."
Without a *but* Hortenſia ſhe commends,
The firſt of women, and the beſt of friends;
Owns her in perſon, wit, fame, virtue, brigh't:
But how comes this to paſs?—She died laſt night,

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at ſatire rail:
Indeed *that's* needleſs, if *ſuch praiſe* prevail.
And whence ſuch praiſe? Our virulence is thrown
On *others'* fame, through fondneſs for our *own*.

Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns;
For are not *coronets* of-kin to *crowns*?
Her greedy eye, and her ſublime adreſs,
The height of *avarice* and *pride* confeſs.
You ſeek perfections worthy of her rank;
Go ſeek for her perfections at the Bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reaſon uncontrol'd,
For ever burns her ſacred thirſt of gold.
As fond of five-pence, as the vrieſt *cit*;
And quite as much deteſted as a *wit*.

Can gold calm *paſſion*, or make *reaſon* ſhine?
Can we dig *peace*, or *wiſdom*, from the mine?
Wiſdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much leſs
To make our *fortune*, than our *happineſs*.
That happineſs which great-ones often ſee,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree;
Themſelves unbleſt. The poor are *only* poor;
But what are they who *droop* amid their ſtore?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch *of ſtate*;
The *happy* only are the truly *great*.
Peaſants enjoy like appetites with kings;
And thoſe beſt ſatisfied with cheapeſt things.
Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *ſenſe*,
Our envy would be due to large expence.
Since not, thoſe pomps which to the great belong.
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of flattery!
They languiſh! oh ſupport them with a *lye*!
A *decent competence*; we fully taſte:
It ſtrikes our *ſenſe*, and gives a conſtant feaſt:
More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone;
The rich muſt *labour* to poſſeſs *their own*.
To feel their great abundance; and requeſt
Their humble friends to *help* them to be bleſt;
To *ſee* their treaſures, *hear* their glory told,
And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.

But ſome, great ſouls! and touch'd with warmth divine,
Give *gold a price*, and teach its *beams* to *ſhine*.
All *hoarded* treaſures they repute a load;
Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well beſtow'd.
Grand *reſervoirs* of public happineſs,
Through *ſecret* ſtreams diffuſively they bleſs;
And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,
Relieve our *wants*, and *ſpare* our *bluſhes* too.
But Satire is my taſk; and theſe deſtroy
Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
Help me, ye mſers! help me to complain,
And blaſt our common enemy, Germain;
But our *inveterate* muſt deſpair ſucceſs;
For, next to *praiſe*, ſhe values nothing leſs.

What picture's yonder, looſen'd from its frame?
Or is 't Aſturia, that affected dame?
The brighteſt forms, through *affectation*, fade
To ſtrange *new* things, which *nature* never made.
Frown not, ye fair! ſo much your ſex we priſe,
We hate thoſe *arts* that take you from our eyes.
In Alaucinda's native grace is ſeen
What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with eaſe,
Retain your gentle ſelves, and you *muſt* pleaſe.
Here might I ſing of Memmia's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the ſoft machine;
How two red lips affected Zephyrs blow,
To cool the Bohea, and inflame the Beau:
While one white *finger* and a *thumb* conſpire
To lift the *cup*, and make the world admire.

Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal ſtream!
As Lethe, dreadful to the *Love of Fame*.
What devaſtations on thy banks are ſeen!
What *ſhades* of mighty names which *once* have been!
An *hecatomb* of character ſupplies
Thy painted altars daily ſacrifice.
H——, P——, B——, aſpers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of fineſt ſugar melt away,
And recommend the more to mortal taſte;
Scandal's the ſweetner of a *female* feaſt.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
And thy revolting Naiads call for *wine;*
Spirits no longer shall serve *under* thee;
But reign in thy own cup, *exploded tea!*
Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh,
And who dares give Citronia's nose the lye!

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd;
At length, to rescue man, the generous lass
Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.
As glorious as the British queen renown'd,
Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.

Nor to the *glass* alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.

O Juvenal! for thy severer rage!
To lash the ranker follies of our age.

Are there, among the females of our isle,
Such faults, at which it is a fault to *smile?*
There are. Vice, once by *modest nature* chain'd
And *legal ties*, expatiates unrestrain'd;
Without thin *decency* held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er Law and Gospel too.
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
Men sigh in vain for *none* but for their *wives;*
Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a score.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.
What foul eruptions, from a look most meek!
What thunders bursting, from a dimpled cheek!
Their *passions* bear it with a lofty hand!
But then, their *reason* is at due command.
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask, what kindred is a *spouse* to them?
What swarms of amorous *grandmothers* I see!
And misses, *ancient* in iniquity!
What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming!
What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming!
Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence;
Such griping avarice, such profuse expence;
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes;
Such licens'd ill such masquerading times;
Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause;
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws;

Such dissolution through the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dress'd *belle*
Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of *hell;*
And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,
Who listens less to Collins than St. Paul.
Atheists have been but rare; since nature's birth,
Till now, She-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs
This daring character, in timorous things?
Who start at *feathers*, from an *insect* fly,
A match for nothing—but the *Deity*.
But, not to wrong the fair, the Muse must own
In this pursuit they court not fame alone;
But join to that a more substantial view,
"From thinking free, to be free agents too."

They strive with their own hearts, and keep them down,
In complaisance to all the fools in town.
O how they tremble at the name of *prude!*
And die with shame at thought of being *good!*
For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say?
They heaven defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave;
Through cowardice, most execrably brave.
With our own judgments durst we to comply,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.
Rise then, my Muse, in honest fury rise;
They dread a Satire, who defy the skies.

Atheists are few: most nymphs a Godhead own;
And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.
From atheists far, they stedfastly believe
God is, and is Almighty—to *forgive*.
His other excellence they'll not dispute;
But *mercy*, sure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A *lady's* soul in everlasting pain?
Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,
For now and then a *sip* of transient joy?
No, he's for ever in a smiling mood;
He's like themselves; or how could he be good?
And they blaspheme, who blacker schemes suppose.—
Devoutly, thus, Jehovah they depose,
The *pure!* the *just!* and set up, in his stead,
A deity, that's perfectly *well bred*.

"Dear Tillotson! be sure the best of men;
"Nor thought he more, than thought great Origen.
"Though once upon a time he misbehav'd;
"Poor Satan! doubtless, he'll at length be sav'd.
"Let priests do something for their One in Ten;
"It is their *trade;* so far they're honest men.
"Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
"And dress their notions, like themselves, in *black;*
"Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*.
"From joys of this, to keep them all their *own*.
"Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
"But then they leave our *untith'd virtue* free.
"*Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show:*
"Did ever mortal write like Rochefoucault."
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,
And, pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the *beauteous* and *profane*.
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face?*
Virtue made *visible* in outward grace?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she *charms*, the more she *shocks* mankind.

But charms decline: the Fair long vigils keep:
They sleep no more! Quadrille has * murder'd sleep.

* Shakespeare.

"Poor K—p! cries Livia; I have not been there
"These two nights; the poor creature will despair.
"I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—
"And people of condition should bestow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons run;
Now *set* a daughter, and now *stake* a son;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
And beggar half their race—through *charity*.
Immortal were we, or else mortal *quite*,
Less should blame this criminal delight:
But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to some tomb,
Methinks, we need not our *short* being shun,
And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.
We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,
And give *eternity* to murder *time*.
The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;
Invrighs at heaven, neglects the ties of blood;
Destroys the power and will of doing good; 490
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
And, what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.
See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The *scandal* and the *ruin* of our isle!
And see, (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her snowy hand; 496
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
Whith, loud as thunder, on the board the knocks.
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,
From Æolus's cave impetuous broke, 500
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies.
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies!
For men, I mean—the fair discharges none;
She (guiltless creature!) swears to heaven alone.
See her eyes start! checks glow! and muscles swell! 505
Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell.
Thus that divine one her *soft* nights employs!
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aking head, 510
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The *die* spirts lovely, or the *cards* go round;
Imaginery ruin charms her still;
Her happy lord is cuckol'd by *spadille*;
And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one, 515
He marks the forehead of her darling son.
O scene of horror, and of wild despair,
Why is the rich Atrides' splendid heir
Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat? 520
Why that drawn sword? and whence the dismal cry?
Why pale distraction through the family?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
Why that gay *son* to distant regions sent? 525
What fiends the *daughter's* destin'd match prevent?
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?
O nothing, but last night—my lady *play'd*.

But wanders not my Satire from her theme?
Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame*? 530
Thou h now your hearts on *lucre* are bestow'd,
'Twas first a *vain-devotion* to the *mode*;
Nor cease we *here*, since 'tis a vice so strong;
The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
This may be said, in honour of our times, 535
That none now stand *distinguish'd* by their crimes.
If sin you must, take nature for your guide:
Love has some soft excuse to sooth your pride:
Ye fair apostates from love's antient power!
Can nothing *ravish*, but a *golden shower*? 540
Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize;
Must Cupid learn to *punt*, e'er he can *please*?
When you're enamour'd of a *lift* or *cast*,
What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chaste*?
Why must strong youths *unmarry'd* pine away?
They find no woman disengag'd—from play. 546
Why pine the *marry'd*?—O severer fate!
They find from play no disengag'd—*estate*.
Flavia, at lovers false, *untouch'd*, and *hard*,
Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card. 550
Nor Arria's Bib e can secure her age;
Her threescore years are shuffling with her page.
While *death* stands by, but till the game is done,
To sweep *that flake*, in justice, long his *own*;
Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire; 556
Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.
Ye gods! with *new* delights inspire the Fair;
Or give us *sons*, and save us from despair.
Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradesmen*, close
In my complaint, and brand your sins in *prose*:
Yet I believe, as firmly as my Creed, 561
In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed:
Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
Advice to *right* confirms us in the *wrong*.
I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd" 565
When *you* chastise, who would not kiss the rod?
But I've a charm your anger shall controul,
And turn your eyes with coldness on the *vole*.
The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,
That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight.
What guardian power o'erwhelms your souls with awe? 571
Her deeds are precepts, her example law;
'Midst empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
Glows with the love of virtue, and of art!
Her favour is diffus'd to that degree, 575
Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me:
When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
Or godlike deeds were shown, or generous thoughts,
She smil'd, industrious to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the borrow'd lustre drew.
Thus * the majestic mother of mankind,
To her own charms most amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently stood,
And gaz d indulgent on the crystal flood;
Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave, 585
And, smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

* Milton.

SATIRE VII.

To the Right Hon. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

"Carmina tum mellus, cum venerit Ipse, canemus." VIRG.

ON this laſt labour, this my cloſing ſtrain,
Smile, Walpole, or the Nine inſpire in vain:
To *thee*, 'tis due; that verſe how juſtly thine,
Where Brunſwick's glory crowns the whole deſign?
That glory, which thy counſels make ſo bright;
That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
Illuſtrious commerce, and but rarely known;
To *give*, and *take*, a luſtre from the throne.
Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The *fountain* is not foreign to the *ſtream*.
How all mankind will be ſurpriz'd to ſee
This flood of Britiſh fully charg'd on thee!
Say, Britain! whence this caprice of thy ſons,
Which through their various ranks with fury runs?
The cauſe is plain, a cauſe which we muſt bleſs;
For caprice is the daughter of *ſucceſs*,
(A bad effect, but from a pleaſing cauſe!)
And gives our rulers undeſign'd applauſe;
Tellshow their conduct bids our *wealth* increaſe,
And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.
While I ſurvey the bleſſings of our iſle,
Her arts triumphant in the royal ſmile,
Her public *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,
Her *commerce* ſpreading ſails in every ſky,
The pleaſing ſcene recalls my theme again,
And ſhews the madneſs of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodſhed, draw the murdering ſword,
And burn to give mankind a ſingle lord.
The follies paſt are of a private kind;
Their ſphere is ſmall; their miſchief is confin'd:
But daring men there are (Awake, my Muſe,
And raiſe thy verſe!) who bolder phrenzy chuſe;
Who, flung by glory, rave, and bound away;
The world their field, and *humankind* their prey.
The Grecian chief, th' enthuſiaſt of his pride,
With rage and terror ſtalking by his ſide,
Raves round the globe; he ſoars into a God!
Stand faſt, Olympus! and ſuſtain his nod.
The peſt divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miſeries and pains.
What ſlaughter'd *hoſts!* what *cities* in a blaze!
What waſted countries! and what crimſon ſeas!
With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repoſe.
And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraiſe
The boiſterous boy, and blaſt his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the ſtorm,
Or *famine* or *volcano*? They perform
Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can ſlay,
And ſpread their ample deſarts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With dearth, and peſtilence, to ſhare the crown.
When men extol a wild deſtroyer's name.
Earth's Builder and Preſerver they blaſpheme.
One to deſtroy, is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder *thouſands*, takes a ſpecious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
When, after battle, I the field have ſeen
Spread o'er with ghaſtly ſhapes, which once were men;
A nation cruſh'd, a nation of the brave!
A realm of death! and on this ſide the grave!
Are there, ſaid I, who from this ſad ſurvey,
This *hum'an chaos*, carry ſmiles away?
How did my heart with indignation riſe!
How honeſt nature ſwell'd into my eyes!
How was I ſhock'd to think the hero's trade
Of ſuch materials, fame and triumph, made!
How guilty theſe! Yet not leſs guilty they,
Who reach falſe glory by a ſmoother way:
Who wrap deſtruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and ſmiles, more fatal than their ſwords;
Who ſtifle nature, and ſubſiſt on art;
Who coin the face, and petrify the heart;
All real kindneſs for the ſhew diſcard,
As marble poliſh'd, and as marble hard;
Who do for gold what Chriſtians do through grace,
"With open arms their enemies embrace;"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
"The thinneſt food on which a wretch can dine:"
Or, if they ſerve you, ſerve you diſinclin'd,
And, in their height of kindneſs, are unkind.
Such courtiers were, and ſuch again may be,
Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.
Here ceaſe my Muſe! the *catalogue* is writ;
Nor one more candidate for *fame* admit,
Though diſappointed thouſands juſtly blame
Thy partial pen, and boaſt an equal claim:
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furniſh laughter for another year.
Then let Criſpino, who was ne'er refus'd
The *juſtice* yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait; and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in ſome future ſtrain.
Some future ſtrain, in which the Muſe ſhall tell
How *ſcience* dwindles, and how *volumes* ſwell.
How commentators each dark paſſage ſhun,
And hold their farthing candle to the ſun.
How tortur'd texts to ſpeak our ſenſe are made,
And every vice is to the Scripture laid.
How miſers ſqueeze a young voluptuous peer;
His ſins to Lucifer not half ſo dear.
How Verſus is leſs qualify'd to ſteal
With ſword and piſtol, than with wax and ſeal.
How lawyers fees to ſuch exceſs are run,
That clients are redreſs'd till they're undone.
How one man's anguiſh is another's ſport;
And ev'n denials coſt us dear at court.
How man eternally falſe judgments makes,
And all his joys and ſorrows are *miſtakes*.
This ſwarm of themes that ſettles on my pen,
Which I, like ſummer flies, ſhake off again,
Let others ſing; to whom my weak eſſay
But ſounds a prelude, and points out their prey:
That duty done, I haſten to complete
My own deſign; for Tonſon's at the gate.
The love of fame in its *effects* ſurvey'd,
The Muſe has ſung! be now the cauſe diſplay'd:
Since ſo diffuſive, and ſo wide its ſway,
What is this power, whom all mankind obey?

Shot from above, by heaven's indulgence, came
This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify, mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wise laws were fram'd, and sacred arts were found;
Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest;
And rais'd a bulwark of the warrior's breast;
It bids Argyll in fields and senate shine.
What more can prove its origin divine?

For, oh! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of virtue meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots and beauties, an alternate source;
Hence Gilden rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcases of wit;
And in art-loving Scarborough is seen
How kind a pattern Pollio might have been.
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into exercise burnishes our fools;
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height:
That key of nature by whose wit she clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what degrees, pride sways the soul?
For, though in all not equally, she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
Astrue, as if 'twere writ in dullest prose;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, "'Tis right,"
And imprimatur usher'd it to light.

Ambition, in the truly noble mind,
Like Sister-virtue is for ever join'd;
Is fam'd Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
From guilt and shame, by her last conduct, fled:
But crime long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her Love of Fame obey'd.
In meaner minds ambition works alone;
But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,
That not more like in feature and in thien,
The God and mortal in the comic scene, *
Than Julius, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.
No mask in basest minds ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears:
All I have sung are instances of this,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.
Ye vain! desist from your erroneous strife;
Be wise, and quit the false sublime of life.
True ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward state;
Our purpose good, as our atchievement great;
Where public blessings public praise attend;
Where glory is our motive, not our end.

Would'st thou be fam'd? Have those high deeds in view
Brave men would act, though scandal should ensue.

Behold a Prince! whom no swoln thoughts inflame;
No pride of thrones, no fever after Fame.
But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conquests then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs sparkle in his sight;
Tumult and noise are dear, which with them bring
His people's blessings to their ardent king:
But when those great heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A sudden foe to splendor and applause;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly shout his name.
O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;
O blest ambition! which can ne'er be vain.

From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the sky,
In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po; there shine,
In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine;
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In Brunswick such a source the Muse adores,
Which public blessings through half Europe pours.
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the fame;
George, who in foes can foil affections raise,
And charm envenom'd Satire into praise

Nor human rage alone his power perceives,
But the mad winds, and the tumultuous waves *.
E'en storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And in their own wild empire, learn to spare.
Thus, nature's self, supporting man's decree,
Stiles Britain's sovereign sovereign of the sea.

While sea and air, great Brunswick! shook our state,
And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and prest by fear
Of ever losing what she held most dear,
How did Britannia, like Achilles, weep,
And tell her sorrows to the kindred deep!
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive, for Thee, with the surge, and fight the storm!

What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm!
Our Palinurus slept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd; long since enur'd to wake,
And out-watch every star for Brunswick's sake:
By thwarting passions toss'd, by cares oppress,
He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast:
But, now, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No powers of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which nature and the graces form,
At will, to raise, or hush, the civil storm,

* Amphitryon.

* The king in danger by sea.

OCEAN;

AN ODE.

OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT OF

THE SEA SERVICE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN ODE TO THE KING.

TO THE KING.

I.

OLD Ocean's praiſe
Demands my lays;
A truly Britiſh theme I ſing;
A theme ſo great,
I dare compleat,
And join with Ocean, Ocean's King.

II.

To Gods and Kings,
The poet ſings;
To kings and Gods the Muſe is dear;
The Muſe inſpires
With all her fires;
Begin, my ſoul! thy bold career.

III.

From awful ſtate,
From high debate,
From morning-ſplendors of a crown,
From homage pay'd,
From empires weigh'd
From plans of bleſſings and renown;

IV.

Great Monarch! bow
Thy beaming brow;
To Thee I ſtrike the ſounding lyre,
With proud deſign
In verſe to ſhine;
To rival Greek and Roman fire.

V.

The Roman Ode
Majeſtic flow'd;
Its ſtream divinely clear and ſtrong;
In ſenſe and ſound,
Thebes roll'd profound;
The torrent roar'd, and foam'd along.

VI.

Let Thebes, nor Rome,
So fam'd, preſume
To triumph o'er a Northern iſle;
Late time ſhall know
The North can glow,
If dread Auguſtus deign to ſmile.

VII.

The work is done!
The diſtant ſun
His ſmile ſupplies! exalts my voice!
Through Earth's wide bound
Shall George reſound,
My theme, by duty, and by choice.

VIII.

The Naval crown
Is all his own!
Our Fleet, if war or commerce call,
His will performs
Through waves and ſtorms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

IX.

Since then the main
Sublimes my ſtrain,
To whom ſhould I addreſs my ſong?
To whom but Thee?
The boundleſs *Sea*,
And grateful Muſe, to George belong.

X.

Hail, mighty theme!
Rich mine of fame!
If Gods invok'd extend their aid;
Hail ſubject new!
As Britain's due
Reſerv'd by the Pierian maid.

XI.

Durſt Homer's Muſe,
Or Pindar's, chuſe
To pour the billows on the ſtring?
No, both defraud
The tuneful God;
Scarce more ſublime, when Jove they ſing.

XII.

No former race,
With ſtrong embrace,
This theme to raviſh durſt aſpire;
With virgin charms
My ſoul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

XIII.

Now low, now high,
My fingers fly,
Now pauſe, and now freſh muſic ſpring;
Now dance, now creep,
Now dive, now ſweep,
And fetch the ſound from every ſtring.

XIV.

Now numbers riſe,
Like virgin's ſighs;
The ſoft Favonians melt away;
As from the North
Now ruſhes forth
A blaſt, that thunders in my lay.

XV. My

XV.

My lays I file
With curious toil;
Ye Graces! turn the glowing lines;
On anvils neat
Your ſtrokes repeat;
At every ſtroke the work refines!

XVI.

How muſic charms!
How metre warms!
Parent of actions good and brave!
How vice it tames!
And worth inflames!
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

XVII.

Jove mark'd for man
A ſcanty ſpan,
But lent him wings to fly his doom;
Wit ſcorns the grave;
To wit he gave
The life of Gods! immortal bloom!

XVIII.

Since years will fly,
And pleaſures die,
Day after day, as years advance;
Since, while life laſts,
Joy ſuffers blaſts
From frowning fate, and fickle chance;

XIX.

Nor life is long;
But ſoon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, death's pallid ſhore;
We make, at leaſt,
Of *bad* the *beſt*,
If in life's phantom, Fame, we ſoar.

XX.

Our ſtrains divide
The laurel's pride;
With thoſe we lift to life, we live;
By fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And ſhare the bleſſings which we give.

XXI.

What hero's praiſe
Can fire my lays,
Like his, with whom my lay begun?
" Juſtice ſincere,
" And courage clear,
" Riſe the two columns of his throne.

XXII.

" How form'd for ſway!
" Who look, obey;
" They read the Monarch in his port.
" Their love and awe
" Supply the law;
" And his own luſtre makes the court;

XXIII.

" But ſhines ſupreme,
" Where heroes flame;
" In war's high-hearted pomp he prides!
" By godlike arts
" Enthron'd in hearts,
" Our boſom-lord o'er wills preſides."

XXIV.

Our factions end!
The nations bend!
For when Britannia's ſons, combin'd
In fair array,
All march one way;
They march the terror of mankind.

XXV.

If equal all
Who tread the ball,
Our bounded proſpect, *here*, would end;
But heroes prove
As ſteps to Jove,
By which our thoughts, with eaſe, aſcend.

XXVI.

From what we view
We take the clue,
Which leads from great, to greater things;
Men doubt no more,
But Gods adore,
When ſuch reſemblance ſhines in Kings.

XXVII.

On yonder height,
What golden light
Triumphant ſhines, and ſhines *alone*?
Unrivall'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the ſun, 'tis Britain's throne.

XXVIII.

Our Monarch, there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempeſts riſe, diſdains to bend;
Like Britiſh oak,
Derides the ſtroke;
His blooming honours far extend!

XXIX.

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an amorous maid;
While intereſt wings
Bold foreign Kings
To fly, like eagles, to his ſhade.

XXX.

At his proud foot
The Sea pour'd out,
Immortal nouriſhment ſupplies;
Thence wealth, and ſtate,
And power, and—Fate,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

OCEAN;

AN ODE.

CONCLUDING WITH A WISH.

"Let the ſea make a noiſe, let the floods clap "their hands."

PSAL. xcviii.

I.

SWEET rural ſcene!
Of flocks and green!
At careleſs eaſe my limbs are ſpread;
All nature ſtill,
But yonder rill;
And liſtening pines nod o'er my head:

II.

In proſpect wide,
The boundleſs tide!
Waves ceaſe to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze,
The curling ſeas
Dance on, in meaſure, to the ſhore.

III.

Who ſings the ſource
Of wealth and force?
Vaſt field of commerce and big war:
Where wonders dwell,
Where terrors ſwell!
And Neptune thunders from his car?

IV.

Where? where are they,
Whom Pæan's ray
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?
What, none aſpire?
I ſnatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

V.

The wave reſounds!
The rock rebounds!
The Nereids to my ſong reply!
I lead the choir,
And they conſpire
With voice and ſhell to lift it high;

VI.

They ſpread in air
Their boſoms fair;
Their verdant treſſes pour behind.
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant ſwell the wind.

VII.

Who love the ſhore,
Let thoſe adore
The God Apollo, and his Nine,
Parnaſſus' hill,
And Orpheus' ſkill;
But let Arion's harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
Is Britain's reign;
Her ſtrength, her glory, is her fleet;
The main! the main!
Be Briton's ſtrain;
As Triton's ſtrong, as Syren's ſweet.

IX.

Through nature wide,
Is nought deſery'd
So rich in pleaſure, or ſurprize;
When all-ſerene,
How ſweet the ſcene!
How dreadful, when the billows riſe.

X.

And ſtorms deface
The fluid glaſs,
In which ere-while Britannia fair
Look'd down with pride,
Like Ocean's bride,
Adjuſting her majeſtic air.

XI.

When tempeſts ceaſe,
And huſh'd in peace
The flatten'd ſurges ſmoothly ſpread
Deep ſilence keep,
And ſeem to ſleep
Recumbent on their cozy bed;

XII.

With what a trance
The level glance,
Unbroken, ſhoots along the ſea!
Which tempt from ſhore
The painted oar;
And every canvas courts the breeze!

XIII.

When ruſhes forth
The frowning North
On blackening billows, with what dread
My ſhuddering ſoul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head!

XIV.

With terror mark
Yon flying bark!
Now, center-deep deſcend the brave;
Now, toſs'd on high
It takes the ſky,
A feather on the towering wave!

XV.

Now, ſpins around
In whirls profound;
Now, whelm'd; now, pendant near the clouds;
Now, ſtunn'd, it reels
Midſt thunder's peals;
And, now, fierce lightning fires the ſhrouds,

XVI. All

XVI.

All æther burns!
Chaos returns!
And blends once more the ſeas and ſkies;
No ſpace between
Thy boſom green,
O Deep! and the blue concave, lies.

XVII.

The northern blaſt,
The ſhatter'd maſt,
The ſyrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking ſpout,
The ſtars gone out,
The boiling ſtreight, the monſters ſhock,

XVIII.

Let others fear;
To Britain dear
Whate'er promotes her daring claim;
Thoſe terrors charm,
Which keep her warm
In chace of honeſt gain or fame.

XIX.

The ſtars are bright
To cheer the night,
And ſhed, through ſhadows temper'd fire;
And Phœbus flames
With burniſh'd beams,
Which ſome adore, and all admire.

XX.

Are then the ſeas
Outſhone by theſe?
Bright Thetys! thou art not outſhone:
With kinder beams,
And ſofter gleams,
Thy boſom wears them as thy own.

XXI.

There ſet in green,
Gold-ſtars are ſeen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the ſun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

XXII.

Thoſe clouds, whoſe dyes
Adorn the ſkies,
That ſilver ſnow, that pearly rain;
Has Phœbus ſtole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main!

XXIII.

The gaudy bow,
Whoſe colours glow,
Whoſe arch with ſo much ſkill is bent,
To Phœbus' ray,
Which paints ſo gay,
By thee the watery woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
Where waters ſleep,
What unknown treaſures pave the floor!
The pearl in rows
Pale luſtre throws;
The wealth immenſe, which ſtorms devour.

XXV.

From Indian mines,
With proud deſigns,
The merchant, ſwoln, digs golden ore.
The tempeſts riſe.
And ſeize the prize,
And toſs him breathleſs on the ſhore.

XXVI.

His ſon complains
In pious ſtrains
"Ah! cruel thirſt of gold!" he cries;
Then ploughs the main,
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet ſwelling in his eyes.

XXVII.

Thou watery vaſt
What mounds are caſt
To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er?
Thy proudeſt foam
Muſt know its home:
But rage of gold diſdains a ſhore.

XXVIII.

Gold pleaſure buys;
But pleaſure dies,
Too ſoon the groſs fruition cloys:
Though raptures court,
The ſenſe is ſhort;
But virtue kindles living joys:

XXIX.

Joys felt alone!
Joys aſk'd of none!
Which Time's and Fortune's arrows miſs;
Joys that ſubſiſt,
Though fates reſiſt,
And unprecarious endleſs bliſs!

XXX.

The ſoul refin'd
Is moſt inclin'd
To every moral excellence;
All Vice is dull,
A knave's a fool;
And Virtue is the child of Senſe.

XXXI.

The virtuous mind
Nor wave, nor wind,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,
The ſhaken ball,
Nor planets fall,
From its firm baſis can dethrone,

XXXII.

This Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With generous paſſions and expends
Her wealth and zeal
On public weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends

XXXIII.

What end ſo great
As that which late
Awoke the Genius of the *main*.
Which towering roſe
With George to cloſe,
And rival great Eliza's reign?

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
From Britain's throne
To reinflame a grand deſign;
That voice ſhall rear
Yon * *fabrick fair*,
As Nature's roſe at the *divine*.

XXXV.

When nature ſprung,
Bleſt angels ſung,
And ſhouted o'er the riſing ball;
For ſtrains as high
As man's can fly,
Theſe ſea-devoted honours call.

XXXVI.

From boiſterous ſeas,
The lap of eaſe
Receives our wounded and our old;
High domes aſcend!
Stretch'd arches bend!
Proud columns ſwell! wide gates unfold!

XXXVII.

So ſleeps the grain,
In foſtering rain,
And vital beams, till Jove deſcend;
Then burſts the root!
The verdures ſhoot!
And earth enrich, adorn, defend!

XXXVIII.

Here, ſoft-reclin'd
From wave, from wind,
And fortune's tempeſt ſafe aſhore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleaſing ſhadows o'er.

XXXIX.

In lengthen'd tales,
Our fleet prevails;
In tales the lenitives of age!
And, o'er the bowl,
They fire the ſoul
Of liſtening youth, to martial rage.

* Greenwich.

XL.

The ſtory dane,
Their ſetting ſun,
Serenely ſmiling down the Weſt
In ſoft decay,
They drop away;
And Honour leads them to their reſt.

XLI.

Unhappy they!
And falſely they!
Who baſk for ever in ſucceſs;
A conſtant feaſt
Quite palls the taſte,
And long enjoyment is diſtreſs.

XLII.

What charms us moſt,
Our joy, our boaſt,
Familiar, loſes all its gloſs;
And gold refin'd
The fated mind
Faſtidious turns to perfect droſs.

XLIII.

When, after toil,
His native ſoil
The panting mariner regains,
What tranſport flows
From bare repoſe!
We reap our pleaſure from our pains.

XLIV.

Ye warlike ſlain!
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a watery winding ſheet;
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's full-blown glory greet.

XLV.

What powerful charm
Can death diſarm?
Your long, your iron ſlumbers break?
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name,
Awake! awake! awake!

XLVI.

Our joy ſo proud,
Our ſhout ſo loud,
Without a charm the dead might heed:
And ſee, they rouze!
Their awful brows,
Deep-ſcar'd, from oozy pillows rear!

XLVII.

With ſpiral ſhell,
Full-blaſted, tell
That all your watery realms ſhould ring;
Your pearl-alcoves,
Your coral-groves,
Should echo theirs, and Britain's king.

XLVIII. As

XLVIII.

As long as ſtars
Guide mariners,
As Carolina's virtues pleaſe,
Or ſuns invite
The raviſh'd ſight,
The Britiſh flag ſhall ſweep the ſeas.

XLIX.

Peculiar both!
Our ſoil's ſtrong growth,
And our bold natives hardy mind;
Sure Heaven beſpoke
Our hearts, and oak,
To give a maſter to mankind.

L.

That nobleſt birth
Of teeming earth,
Of foreſts fair that daughter proud,
To foreign coaſts
Or grandeur boaſts,
And Britain's pleaſure ſpeaks aloud.

LI.

Now big with war
Sends Fate from far,
If rebel realms their Fate demand;
Now, ſumptuous ſpoils
Of foreign ſoils
Pours in the boſom of our land.

LII.

Hence, Britain lays
In ſcales, and weighs
The fates of kingdoms and of kings;
And as ſhe frowns,
Or ſmiles, on crowns
A night or day of glory ſprings.

LIII.

Thus Ocean ſwells
The ſtreams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high;
Or elſe withdraws
The mighty cauſe,
And leaves their famiſh'd channels dry.

LIV.

How mixt, how frail,
How ſure to fail,
Is every pleaſure of mankind!
A damp deſtroys
My blooming joys,
While Britain's glory fires my mind.

LV.

For who can gaze
On reſtleſs ſeas,
Unſtruck with life's mere reſtleſs ſtate?
Where all are toſs'd,
And moſt are loſt
By tides of paſſion, blaſts of fate?

LVI.

The world's the main,
How vext! how vain!
Ambition ſwells, and Anger foams;
May good men find,
Beneath the wind,
A noiſeleſs ſhore, unruffled homes!

LVII.

The public ſcene
Of harden'd men
Teach me, O teach me deſpiſe!
The world few know
But to their woe,
Our crimes with our experience riſe;

LVIII.

All tender ſenſe
Is baniſh'd thence,
All maiden nature's firſt alarms
What ſhock'd before
Diſguſts no more,
And what diſguſted has its charms.

LIX.

In landſkips green
True bliſs is ſeen,
With Innocence, in ſhades, ſhe ſports;
In wealthy towns,
Proud Labour frowns,
And painted Sorrow ſmiles in courts.

LX.

Theſe ſcenes untry'd
Seduc'd my pride,
To Fortune's arrows bar'd my breaſt
Till Wiſdom came,
A hoary dame!
And told me pleaſure was in reſt.

LXI.

"O may I ſteal
"Along the vale
"Of humble life, ſecure from foes!
"My friend ſincere!
"My judgment clear!
"And gentle buſineſs my repoſe!

LXII.

"My mind be ſtrong
"To combat wrong!
"Grateful, O King! for favours ſhown!
"Soft to complain
"For others' pain!
"And bold to triumph o'er my own!

LXIII.

"(When Fortune's kind)
"Acute to find,
"And warm to reliſh every boon!
"And wiſe to ſtill
"Fantaſtic ill,
"Whoſe frightful ſpectres ſtalk at noon!

LXIV. "No

LXIV.

" No fruitleſs toils!
" No brainleſs broils!
" Each moment level'd at the mark!
" Our day ſo ſhort
" Invites no ſport;
" Be ſad and ſolemn when 'tis dark.

LXV.

" Yet Prudence ſtill
" Rein thou my will!
" What's moſt important, make moſt dear!
" For 'tis in this,
" Reſides true bliſs;
" True bliſs, a deity ſevere!

LXVI

" When temper leans
" To gayer ſcenes,
" And ſerious life void moments ſpares,
" The ſylvan chace
" My ſinews brace!
" Or ſong unbend my mind from cares!

LXVII.

" Nor ſhun, my ſoul!
" The genial bowl,
" Where mirth, good-nature, ſpirit, flow!
" Ingredients theſe,
" Above, to pleaſe
" The laughing gods, the wiſe, below.

LXVIII.

" Though rich the vine,
" More wit, than wine,
" More ſenſe, that wit, good-will than art,
" May I provide!
" Fair Truth, my pride!
" My joy, the converſe of my heart!

LXIX.

" The gloomy brow,
" The broken vow,
" To diſtant climes, ye gods! remove!
" The nobly-ſoul'd
" Their commerce hold
" With words of truth, and looks of love!

LXX.

" O glorious aim!
" O wealth ſupreme!
" Divine benevolence of ſoul!
" That greatly glows,
" And freely flows,
" And in one bleſſing graſps the whole!

LXXI.

" Prophetic ſchemes,
" And golden dreams;
" May I, unſanguine, caſt away!
" Have, what I have!
" And live, not leave,
" Enamour'd of the preſent day!

LXXII.

" My hours my own!
" My faults unknown!
" My chief revenue in content!
" Then, leave one beam
" Of honeſt fame!
" And ſcorn the labour'd monument!

LXXIII.

" Unhurt my urn!
" Till that great turn
" When mighty Nature's ſelf ſhall die.
" Time ceaſe to glide,
" With human pride,
" Sunk in the Ocean of Eternity."

A

PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF

THE BOOK OF JOB.

THRICE happy Job long liv'd in Regal State,
Nor ſaw the ſumptuous Eaſt a prince ſo great;
Whoſe worldly ſtores in ſuch abundance flow'd,
Whoſe heart with ſuch exalted virtue glow'd.
At length mis'fortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills ſucceed; a dreadful train!
What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The ſword wide-waſting, the reproachful tongue.
And ſpotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
So thick with pains, they wanted room for more?

A change ſo ſad what mortal here could bear?
Exhauſted woe had left him nought to fear;
But gave him all to grief. Low earth he preſt,
Wept in the duſt, and ſorely ſmote his breaſt,
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
In anguiſh of their hearts their mantles rent,
And ſeven long days in ſolemn ſilence ſpent;
A debt of reverence to diſtreſs ſo great!
Then Job contain'd no more; but curs'd his fate.

His day of birth, its inauſpicious light,
He wiſhes ſunk in ſhades of endleſs night,
And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
Death, inſtant death; impatient for the grave,
That ſeat of peace, that manſion of repoſe,
Where reſt and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counſellors are huſh'd, and mighty kings,
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.

His words were daring, and diſpleas'd his friends;
His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And ſentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
Fix'd in opinion, both refuſed to yield,
And ſummon all their reaſon to the field:

So

So high at length their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the laſt extent of human thought:
A pauſe enſued.—When, lo! heaven interpos'd,
And awfully the long contention cloſ'd.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible ſurprize,
A ſudden whirlwind blacken'd all the ſkies:
(They ſaw, and trembled!) from the darkneſs broke
A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty ſpoke:
Who gives his tongue a looſe ſo bold and vain,
Cenſures my conduct, and reproves my reign;
Lifts up his thought againſt me from the duſt,
And tells the World's Creator what is juſt?
Of late ſo brave, now life a dauntleſs eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply:
Where didſt Thou dwell at nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the ſpacious *earth*?
Who on its ſurface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
Who fix'd the corner-ſtone? What hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and faſten'd it on air;
When the bright morning ſtars in concert ſung,
When heaven's high arch with loud hoſannahs rung,
When ſhouting ſons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the ſound?
Earth's numerous *kingdoms*, haſt Thou view'd them all?
And can thy ſpan of knowledge graſp the ball?
Who heav'd the *mountains*, which ſublimely ſtands,
And caſts its ſhadow into diſtant lands?
Who, ſtretching forth his ſceptre o'er the *deep*,
Can that wide world in due ſubjection keep?
Broke the globe, I ſcoop'd its hollow ſide,
And did a baſon for the floods provide;
Chain'd them with my word; the boiling ſea,
Work'd up in tempeſts hears my great decree:
"Thus far, thy floating tide ſhall be convey'd;
"And here, O main, be thy proud billows ſtay'd."
Haſt thou explor'd the *ſecrets* of the deep,
Where, ſhut from uſe, unnumber'd treaſures ſleep?
Where down a thouſand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain mother of the ſea?
Thoſe gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whoſe worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?
Hath the cleft *centre* open'd wide to Thee?
Death's inmoſt chambers didſt Thou ever ſee?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal through th' incumbent ſhade?
Deep are thoſe ſhades; but ſhades ſtill deeper hide
My counſels from the ken of human pride.
Where dwells the *light*? in what refulgent dome?
And where has *darkneſs* made her diſmal home?
Thou know'ſt, no doubt, ſince thy large heart is fraught
With ſpen'd wiſdom, through long ages brought;
Since nature was call'd forth when Thou waſt by
And into being roſe beneath thine eye!

Are miſts begotten? Who their father knew?
From whom deſcend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the ſtream by night, what hand can boaſt,
Or whiten morning with the hoary *froſt*?
Whoſe powerful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the ſea, and turns it into ſtone?
A ſudden deſart ſpreads o'er realms deſac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waſte?
Thou know'ſt Me not; thy blindneſs cannot ſee
How vaſt a diſtance parts thy God from Thee.
Canſt thou in *whirlwinds* mount aloft? Canſt Thou
In clouds and darkneſs wrap thy awful brow;
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and ſhade the world with night?
Who launch'd the *clouds* in air, and bid them roll
Suſpended ſtraight aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refreſh the burning ſandy plain
And quench the ſummer with a waſte of rain?
Who, in rough deſarts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and deſolation ſmile?
There blooms the roſe, where human face ne'er ſhone,
And ſpreads its beauties to the ſun alone.
To check the ſhower, who lifts his hand on high,
And ſhut the ſluices of th' exhauſted ſky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains and her ruſſet plains;
But, new in life, a chearful proſpect yields
Of ſhining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and foreſts laviſh all their bloom,
And earth & heaven are fill'd with rich perfume?
Haſt Thou e'er ſeal'd my wintry ſkies, and ſeen
Of *hail* and *ſnows* my northern magazine?
Theſe the dread treaſures of mine anger are,
My funds of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and ſtorms at my command
Rage through the world, or waſte a guilty land.
Who taught the rapid *winds* to fly ſo faſt,
Or ſhakes the centre with his eaſtern blaſt?
Who from the ſkies can a whole deluge pour?
Who ſtrikes through nature with the ſolemn roar
Of dreadful *thunder*, points it where to fall,
And in fierce *lightning* wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the ſound, and in the flaſh expires.
Who drew the *Comet* out to ſuch a ſize,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the ſkies?
Did thy reſentment hang him out? Does he
Glare on the nation, and denounce, from Thee?
Who on low earth can moderate the rein,
That guides the *ſtars* along th' ethereal plain?
Appoint their ſeaſons, and direct their courſe,
Their luſtre brighten, and ſupple their force?
Canſt Thou the ſkies benevolence reſtrain,
And cauſe the Pleiades to ſhine in vain;

Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere,
Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year;
Bid Mazzaroth his destin'd station know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
Mine is the *night*, with all her stars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.
Dost Thou pronounce where day-light shall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the morn;
Awake the *sun*, and bid him come away,
And glad *thy* world with his obsequious ray?
Hast Thou, inthron'd in flaming glory, driven
Triumphant round the spacious ring of heaven?
That pomp of light, what hand so far displays,
That distant earth lies basking in the blaze?
Who did the *soul* with her rich powers invest,
And light up reason in the human breast?
To shine, with fresh increase of lustre bright,
When stars and sun are set in endless night?
To these my various questions make reply.
Th' Almighty spoke; and, speaking, shook the sky.
What then, Chaldæan Sire, thy surprize!
Thus Thou, with trembling heart and down-cast eyes:
"Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
"My tongue has err'd; but shall presume no more.
"My voice is in eternal silence bound,
"And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground."
He ceas'd: When, lo! again th' Almighty spoke;
The same dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.
Can that arm measure with an arm divine?
And canst Thou thunder with a voice like Mine;
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
When, mad with tempests, all the billows rise
In all their rage, and dash the distant skies?
Come forth, in beauty's excellence array'd;
And be the grandeur of thy power display'd;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The spacious round of the creation shake;
Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to dust. When this is done,
I grant thy safety lodg'd in Thee alone;
Of Thee Thou art, and mayst undaunted stand,
Behind the buckler of thine own right-hand.
Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
What worlds hast thou produ'd, what creatures fram'd:
What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd?
When pain'd with hunger, the wild Raven's brood
Loud calls on God, importunate for food:
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,
And stills the clamour of the craving nest?
Who in the stupid Ostrich has subdued
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?
While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the sandy ground;
Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent sky:
Adopted by the sun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray.
Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread
May crush her young in their neglected bed.
What time she skims along the field with speed,
She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed.
How rich the Peacock! what bright glories run
From plume to plume and vary in the sun!
He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day:
With conscious state the spacious round displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.
Who taught the Hawk to find, in seasons wise,
Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?
When clouds deform the year she mounts the wind,
Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind;
The sun returning, she returns again,
Lives in his beams and leaves ill days to men.
Though strong the Hawk, though practis'd well to fly,
An Eagle drops her in a lower sky;
An Eagle, when, deserting human sight,
She seeks the sun in her unweary'd flight:
Did thy command her yellow pinion lift,
So high in air, and set her on the cliff,
Where far above *thy* world she dwells alone,
And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own;
Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,
And with a glance predestinates her prey?
She feasts her young with blood; and, hovering o'er
Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the *promis'd* gore.
Know'st Thou how many moons, by Me assign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain Goat, and forest Hind,
While pregnant they a mother's load sustain?
They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed;
Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;
They live at once; forsake the dam's warm side;
Take the wide world, with nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade;
And find a home in each delightful shade.
Will th' tall Reem, which knows no Lord but Me,
Low at the crib, and ask an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke?
Since great his strength, go trust him, void of care;
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;
Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
And cast his load among thy gather'd stores.
Didst thou from service the Wild-Ass discharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,
Through the wide waste, his ample mansion, roam,
And lose himself in his unbounded home?
By nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains spread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,

He ſees in diſtant ſmoke the city throng:
Conſcious of freedom, ſcorns the ſmother'd train,
The threatening driver, and the ſervile rein.
Survey the warlike Horſe! didſt Thou inveſt
With thunder his robuſt diſtended cheſt?
No ſenſe of fear his dauntleſs ſoul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his noſtrils blaze;
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumph in the ſulneſs of his might;
High-rais'd he ſnuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a ſtorm of fury ſhakes the ground.
How does his firm, his riſing heart advance
Full on the brandiſh'd ſword, and ſhaken lance;
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling ſhield,
Gore, and return the lightning of the field!
He ſinks the ſenſe of pain in generous pride,
Nor feels the ſhaft that trembles in his ſide;
But neighs to the ſhrill trumpet's dreadful blaſt
'Till death; and when he groans, he groans his laſt.
But, fiercer ſtill, the lordly Lion ſtalks,
Grimly majeſtic in his lonely walks;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
He clears the deſart with his rolling eye.
Say, mortal, does he rouſe at thy command,
And roar to Thee, and live upon thy hand?
Doſt thou for him in foreſts bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morſel throw.
Where bent on death he hid his tawny brood
And couch'd in dreadful ambuſh, pant for blood;
Or, ſtretch'd on broken limbs, conſume the day,
In darkneſs wrapt, and ſlumber o'er their prey?
By the pale moon they take their deſtin'd round,
And laſh their ſides, and furious tear the ground.
Now ſhrieks and dying groans the deſart fill;
They rage, they rend; their ravenous jaws diſtil
With crimſon foam; and, when the banquet's o'er,
They ſtride away, and paint their ſteps with gore;
In ſight alone the ſhepherd puts his truſt,
And ſhudders at the talon in the duſt.
Mild is my Behemoth, though large his frame;
Smooth is his temper, and repreſt his flame,
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Eaſes his broad foot, and puts aſhore for food;
Earth ſinks beneath him, as he moves along
To ſeek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
See with what ſtrength his harden'd loins are bound,
All over proof and ſhut againſt a wound.
How like a mountain cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated ſinews fail.
Built high and wide, his ſolid bones ſurpaſs
The bars of ſteel; his ribs are ribs of braſs;
His port majeſtic and his armed jaw
Awe the wide foreſt, and the mountain, law.
The mountains feed him; there the beaſts admire
The mighty ſtranger, and in dread retire,
At length his greatneſs nearer they ſurvey,
Secure in his ſhadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marſhes are his cool retreat,
His noontide ſhelter from the burning heat;
Their ſedgy boſoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their ſhade.
His eye drinks Jordan up, when fir'd with drought,
He truſts to turn its current down his throat;
In leſſen'd waves it creeps along the plain:
He ſinks a river, and he thirſts again.
Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful ſide,
Caſt forth thy line into the ſwelling tide:
With ſlender hair Leviathan command,
And ſtretch his vaſtneſs on the loaded ſtrand.
Will he become Thy ſervant? Will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at Thy frown?
Or with his ſport amuſe thy leiſure day,
And, bound in ſilk, with thy ſoft maidens play?
Shall pompous banquets ſwell with ſuch a prize?
And the bowl journey round his ample ſize?
Or the debating merchants ſhare the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?
Through his firm ſkull what ſteel its way can win?
What forceful engine can ſubdue his ſkin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchleſs might:
The braveſt ſhrink to cowards in his ſight;
The raſheſt dare not rouſe him up: Who then
Shall turn on Me, among the ſons of men?
Am I a debtor? Haſt thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts that are on Me conferr'd?
My laviſh fruit a thouſand valleys fills,
And Mine the herds that graze a thouſand hills;
Earth, ſea, and air, all nature is my own;
And ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath my throne.
And dar'ſt Thou with the World's great Father vye,
Thou, who doſt tremble at my creature's eye?
At full my large Leviathan ſhall riſe,
Boaſt all his ſtrength, and ſpread his wondrous, ſize.
Who, great in arms, e'er ſtripp'd his ſhining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a ſingle ſcale?
Whoſe heart ſuſtains him to draw near? Behold,
Deſtruction yawns; his ſpacious jaws unfold,
And, marſhal'd round the wide expanſe, diſcloſe
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:
What hideous fangs on either ſide ariſe!
And what a deep abyſs between them lies!
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet ſound,
The one how long, the other how profound
His bulk is charg'd with ſuch a furious ſoul,
That clouds of ſmoke from his ſpread noſtrils roll,
As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
Fate iſſues from his jaws in ſtreams of fire.
The rage of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas,
Thy terror, this thy great Superior pleaſe;
Strength on his ample ſhoulder ſits in ſtate;
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
His flakes of ſolid fleſh are ſlow to part;
As ſteel his nerves, as adamant his heart.
When, late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
And, ſtretching forth his ſtature to the clouds,

Writhes in the ſun aloft the ſcaly height,
And ſtrikes the diſtant hills with tranſient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror ſpread
The Mighty fear, nor bluſh to own their dread.
Large is his front; and, when his burniſh'd eyes
Liſt their broad lids, the morning ſeems to riſe.
In vain may death in various ſhapes invade,
The ſwift-wing'd arrow, the deſcending blade;
His naked breaſt their impotence defies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle ſauchion flies.
Shut in himſelf, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempeſt of their rattling ſpears;
The cumber'd ſtrand their waſted vollies ſtrow;
His ſport, the rage and labour of the foe.
His paſtimes like a cauldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the riſing mud;
The billows feel him, as he works his way;
His hoary footſteps ſhine along the ſea;
The foam high-wrought with white divides the green,
And diſtant ſailors point where death has been.
His *like* earth bears not on her ſpacious face;
Alone in nature ſtands his dauntleſs race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd,
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around:
Makes every ſwoln, diſdainful heart ſubſide,
And holds dominion o'er the ſons of pride.
Then the Chaldæan eas'd his labouring breaſt,
With full conviction of his crime oppreſt.
"Thou canſt accompliſh All things, Lord of Might:
"And every thought is naked to Thy ſight.
"But, oh! Thy ways are wonderful, and lie
"Beyond the deepeſt reach of mortal eye.
"Oft have I heard of Thine Almighty Power;
"But never ſaw Thee till this dreadful hour.
"O'erwhelm'd with ſhame, the Lord of life I ſee,
"Abhor myſelf, and give my ſoul to Thee.
"Nor ſhall my weakneſs tempt Thine anger more:
"Man is not made to *queſtion*, but *adore*."

MISCELLANIES.

On MICHAEL ANGELO's famous Piece of the CRUCIFIXION;

Who is ſaid to have ſtabbed a perſon that he might draw it more naturally.

WHILST his Redeemer on his canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother weltering lies:
The daring Artiſt, cruelly ſerene,
Views the pale cheek and the diſtorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and deaf to cries,
Examines every ſpirit as it flies:
He ſtudies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouze up every pang repeats his blow;
Each riſing agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm tranſplanting to his Saviour's face.
Oh glorious theft! oh nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught:
Such wondrous force the magic colours boaſt,
From his own ſkill he ſtarts in horror loſt.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON

THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT do we ſee! is Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil, wrote before?
How will poſterity this truth explain?
"Cato begins to live in Anna's reign."
The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Riſe in your lines with more exalted charms;
Illuſtrious deeds in diſtant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed heroes taught,
Raiſe in your ſoul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and conſecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you ſubdue,
And Cæſar fought, and Cato bled for you.

HISTORICAL EPILOGUE

TO THE BROTHERS.

A TRAGEDY.

AN *Epilogue*, through cuſtom, is your right,
But ne'er perhaps was *neceſſary* till this night:
To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies,
Guilt's dreadful cloſe our narrow ſcene denies.
In hiſtory's authentic record read
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' ſhade;
Vengeance ſo great, that when his tale is told,
With pity ſome ev'n Perſeus may behold.
Perſeus ſurviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,
But ceaſeleſs cares in conqueſt made him groan:
Nor reign'd he long; from Rome ſwift thunder flew.
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw:
Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
For *this* night's deed his perjur'd boſom bled:
His brother's ghoſt each moment made him ſtart,
And all his father's anguiſh rent his heart.
When, rob'd in black, his children round him hung,
And their rais'd arms in early ſorrow wrung;
The younger ſmil'd, unconſcious of their woe;
At which thy tears, O Rome! began to flow;
So ſad the ſcene! What then muſt Perſeus feel,
To ſee Jove's race attend the victor's wheels,
To ſee the ſlaves of his worſt foes increaſe,
From ſuch a ſource!—An emperors embrace!
He ſicken'd ſoon to death; and what is worſe,
He well *deſerv'd*, and *felt*, the coward's curſe;

Unpity'd, scorn'd, insulted his last hour,
Far, far from home, and in a vassal's power:
His pale cheek reeked on his shameful chain,
No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign;
No fruit retards, no comfort soothes his doom,
And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
Nor ends it thus—dire vengeance to complete,
His ancient empire sulking shares his fate.
His throne forgot! his weeping country chain'd!
And nations ask—where Alexander reign'd.
As public woes a prince's crime pursue,
So public blessings are his virtue's due.
Shout, Britons, shout—auspicious fortune bless!
And cry, Long live—*Our title to success!*

A LETTER TO MR. TICKELL.

OCCASIONED

BY THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq. 1719.

"—Tu nunc eris alter ab illo." VIRG.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
In social arts and sacred friendship join'd;
Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,
Left from her side, but fortunately lost;
Thy wonted aid, my dear companion! bring,
And teach me thy departed friend to sing:
A darling theme! once powerful to inspire,
And now to melt, the Muses mournful choir:
Now, and now first we freely dare commend
His modest worth, nor shall our praise offend.
Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
And ravish'd Isis listen'd to his strain.
See, see, she cry'd, old Maro's Muse appears,
Wak'd from her slumber of two thousand years:
Her finish'd charms to Addison she brings,
Thinks in his thought, and in his number sings.
All read transported his pure classic page;
Read, and forget their climate and their age.
The State, when now his rising fame was known,
Th' unrival'd genius challeng'd for her own,
Nor would that one, for scenes of action strong,
Should let a life evaporate in song.
As health and strength the brightest charms dispense,
Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense:
Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inspir'd,
With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
In conscious pride their own importance find,
Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind!
Wit they esteem a gay but worthless power,
The slight amusement of a leisure hour;
Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
Majestic Wisdom wears the bright disguise.
Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,
Dread Cupid, lurking in the Trojan boy;
Lightly she toy'd and trifled with his charms,
And knew not that a god was in her arms.
Who greatest excellence of thought could boast,
In action, too, have been distinguish'd most:
This Sommers knew, and Addison sent forth
From the malignant regions of the North,
To be matur'd in more indulgent skies,
Where all the vigour of the soul can rise;
Through warmer veins where sprightlier spirits run,
And sense enliven'd sparkles in the sun.
With secret pain the prudent patriot gave,
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
Anxious, the charge to all the stars resign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in sea and wind.
Ausonia soon receiv'd her wondering guest,
And equal wonder in her turn confess'd,
To see her fervours rival'd by the pole,
Her lustre beaming from a northern soul:
In like surprize was her Æneas lost,
To find his picture grace a foreign coast.
Now the wide field of Europe he surveys,
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,
In ripen'd judgment and consummate thought:
Great work! by Nassau's favour cheaply bought.
He now returns to Britain a support,
Wise in her senate, graceful in her court;
And, when the public welfare would permit,
The source of learning, and the soul of wit.
O Warwick! (whom the Muse is fond to name,
And kindles conscious of her future theme)
O Warwick! by divine contagion bright!
How early didst thou catch his radiant light!
By him inspir'd, how shine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime!
On some warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
A rose-bud opens to a summer's morn,
Full-blown ere noon her fragrant pride displays,
And shews th' abundance of her purple rays.
Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree;
We now, surpriz'd, her fruitful branches see;
Or, orange-like, till his auspicious time
It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime:
He first the plant to richer gardens led,
And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed:
The nation, pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,
And gathers from her ornament her use.
When loose from public cares the grove he sought,
And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,
The various labours of his easy page,
A chance amusement polish'd half an age
Beyond this truth old Bards could scarce invent,
Who durst to frame a world by accident.
What he has sung, how early, and how well,
The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tiber tell.
A glory more sublime remains in store,
Since such his talents, that he sung no more.

No fuller proof of power th' Almighty gave,
Making the sea, than curbing her proud wave.

Nought can the genius of his works transcend,
But their fair purpose and important end;
To rouze the war for injur'd Europe's laws,
To steer the patriot in great Brunswick's cause;
With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,
Or paint th' eternal bowers of bliss above,
Where hadst thou room, great Author! where to roll
The mighty theme of an immortal soul?

Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were brought
Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought?
One let me join, all other may excel,
"How could a mortal essence think so well?"
But why so large in the Great Writer's praise?
More lofty subjects should my numbers raise;
In him (illustrious rivalry!) contend
The statesman, patriot, christian, and the friend!
His glory such, it borders on disgrace
To say he sung the best of human race.
In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
Tickell! accept this verse, thy mournful due;
Thou farther shalt the sacred theme pursue;
And, as thy strain describes the matchless man,
Thy life shall second what thy Muse began.
Though sweet the numbers, though a fire divine
Dart through the whole, and burn in every line,
Who strives not for that excellence he draws,
Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause.
But haste to thy illustrious task; prepare
The noble work well trusted to thy care,
The gift bequeath'd by Addison's command,
To Craggs made sacred by his dying hand.
Collect the labours, join the various rays,
The scatter'd light in one united blaze;
Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,
In life distinguish'd, and in death approv'd,
Th' immortal legacy. He hangs a-while
In generous anguish o'er the glorious pile;
With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
What though thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,
Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend?
Think not, O Patriot! while thy eyes o'erflow,
Those cares suspended for a private woe;
Thy love to him is to thy country shown,
He mourns for her, who mourns for Addison.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE PUBLIC SITUATION OF THE KINGDOM.

INSCRIBED TO

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

HOLLIS! immortal in far more than fame!
Be thou illustrious in far more than power.
Great things are small when greater rise to view.
Though station'd high, and press'd with public cares,
Disdain not to peruse my serious song,
Which peradventure may push by the world:
Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal,
And leave Europa's counsels less mature!
For thou art noble, and the theme is great.
Nor shall or Europe or Britannia blame
Thine absent ear, but gain by the delay.
Long vers'd in senates and in cabinets,
States' intricate demands and high debates!
As thou of use to those, so this to thee;
And in a point that empire far outweighs,
That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one.
Let greatness prove its title to be great.
'Tis power's supreme perogative to stamp
On others' minds an image of its own.
Bend the strong influence of high place, to stem
The stream that sweeps away the country's weal;
The Stygian stream, the torrent of our guilt.
Far as thou may'st give life to virtue's cause;
Let not the ties of personal regard
Betray the nation's trust to feeble hands:
Let not fomented flames of private pique
Prey on the vitals of the public good:
Let not our streets with blasphemies resound,
Nor lewdness whisper where the laws can reach:
Let not best laws, the wisdom of our sires,
Turn satires on their sunk degenerate sons,
The bastards of their blood! and serve no point
But, with more emphasis to call them fools:
Let not our rank enormities unhinge
Britania's welfare from divine support.
Such deeds the minister, the prince, adorn;
No power is shown but in such deeds as these:
All, all is impotence but acting right;
And where's the statesman but would shew his power?
To prince and people thou, of equal zeal!
Be it henceforward but thy second care
To grace thy country, and support the throne;
Though this supported, that adorn'd so well,
A throne superior our first homage claims;
To Cæsar's Cæsar our first tribute due:
A tribute which, unpaid, makes specious wrong
And splendid sacrilege of all beside:
Illustrious followers; we must first be just;
And what so just as awe for the Supreme?
Less fear we rugged ruffians of the north,
Than Virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home;
Less Loyola's disguis'd, all-aping sons,
Than traitors lurking in our appetites;
Less all the legions Seine and Tagus send,
Than unrein'd passions rushing on our peace:
Yon' savage mountaineers are tame to these.
Against those rioters send forth the laws,
And break to reason's yoke their wild careers.
Prudence for all things points the proper hour,
Though some seem more importunate and great.
Though Britain's generous views and interests spread
Beyond the narrow circle of her shores,
And their grand entries make on distant lands;
Though Britain's genius the wide wave bestrides,
And, like a vast Colossus, towering stands
With one foot planted on the continent;
Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares,
Though such high cares should call as call'd of late;
The cause of kings and emperors adjourn,
And Europe's little balance drop a while;
For greater drop it: ponder and adjust
The rival interests and contending claims
Of life and death, of now and of for-ever;
Sublimest theme; and needful as sublime,
Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd,
Thus Walsingham and Raleigh (Britain's boasts!)
Thus every statesman thought that ever—sty'd

There's inspiration in a sable hour,
And death's approach makes politicians wise.
When, thunderstruck, that eagle Wolsey fell;
When royal favour, as an ebbing sea,
Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
His gasping grandeur! naked on the strand,
Naked of human, doubtful of divine,
Assistance; no more wallowing in his wealth,
Spouting proud foams of insolence no more,
On what, then, smote his heart, uncardinal'd,
And sunk beneath the level of a man?
On the grand article, the sum of things!
The point of the first magnitude! that point
Tubes mounted in a court, but rarely reach;
Some pointed cloud still intercepts their sight.
First right to judge; then chuse; then persevere,
Stedfast, as if a crown or mistress call'd.—
There, these are politics will stand the test,
When finer politics their masters sting,
And statesmen fain would shrink to common men.
These, these are politics will answer now,
(When common men would fain to statesmen swell)
Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's scheme.
All safety rests on honest counsels: these
Immortalize the statesman, bless the state,
Make the prince triumph, and the people smile;
In peace rever'd, or terrible in arms,
Close-leagued with an invincible ally,
Which honest counsels never fail to fix
In favour of an unabandon'd land;
A land—hat starts at such a land as this,
A parliament, so principled, will sink
All ancient schools of empire in disgrace,
And Britain's glory, rising from the dead,
Will fill the world, loud Fame's superior song.
Britain!—that word pronounc'd is an alarm;
It warms the blood though frozen in our veins;
Awakes the soul, and sends her to the field,
Enamour'd of the glorious face of death.
Britain!—there's noble magic in the sound.
O what illustrious images arise!
Embattled, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
By sea, by land, at home, in foreign climes,
What full-blown laurels on our fathers' brows!
Ye radiant trophies! and imperial spoils!
Ye scenes!—astonishing to modern sight!
Let me, at least, enjoy you in a dream.
Why vanish? Stay, ye godlike strangers! stay.
Strangers!—I wrong my countrymen: they wake;
High beats the pulse: the noble pulse of war
Beats to that ancient measure, that grand march
Which then prevail'd, when Britain highest soar'd,
And every battle paid for heroes slain.
No more our great fore-fathers stain our cheeks
With blushes: their renown our shame no more
In military garb, and sudden arms,
Up starts Old Britain; crosiers are laid by;
Trade wields the sword, and griculture leaves
Her half-turn'd furrow: other harvest fire
A noble avarice, avarice of renown!
And laurels are the growth of every field,
In distant courts is our commotion felt;
And less like gods sit monarchs on their thrones.
What arm can want or sinews or success,
Which, lifted from an honest, heart, descends,
With all the weight of British wrath, to cleave
The papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,
At every stroke, and save a sinking land?
Or death or victory must be resolv'd;
To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
Where, o'er black deeds the crucifix display'd
Fools think heaven purchas'd by the blood they shed;
By giving, not supporting, pains and death!
Nor simple death! where they the greatest faints
Who most subdue all tenderness of heart;
Students in torture! where, in zeal to him,
Whose darling title is The Prince of Peace,
The best turn ruthless butchers for our sakes;
To save us in a world they recommend,
And yet forbear, themselves with earth content:
What modesty!—such virtues Rome adorn!
And chiefly those who Rome's first honours wear,
Whose name from Jesus, and whose hearts from hell!
And shall a Pope-bred princeling crawl ashore,
Replete with venom, guiltless of a sting,
And whistle cut-throats, with those swords that scrap'd
Their barren rocks for wretched sustenance,
To cut his passage to the British throne?
One that has suck'd-in malice with his milk,
Malice to Britain, Liberty and Truth?
Less savage was his brother-robber's nurse,
The howling nurse of plundering Romulus,
Ere yet far worse than Pagan harbour'd there.
Hail to the brave! be Britain Britain still:
Britain! high favour'd of indulgent heaven!
Nature's anointed empress of the deep!
The nurse of merchants, who can purchase crowns!
Supreme in commerce! that exuberant source
Of wealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the blood,
The circling current in a nation's veins,
To set high bloom on the fair face of peace!
This once so celebrated seat of power,
From which escap'd the mighty Cæsar triumph'd!
Of Gallic lilies this eternal blast!
This terror of armadas! this true bolt
Ethereal-temper'd, to repress the vain
Salmonean thunders from the papal chair!
This small isle wide-realm'd monarchs eye with awe!
Which says to their ambition's foaming waves,
"Thus far, nor farther!"—Let her hold, in life,
Nought dear disjoin'd from freedom and renown;
Renown, our ancestors' great legacy,
To be transmitted to their latest sons.
By thoughts inglorious, and un-British deeds,
Their cancel'd will is impiously profan'd,
Inhumanly disturb'd their sacred dust.
Their sacred dust with recent laurels crown,
By your own valour won. This sacred isle,
Cut from the continent, that world of slaves,
This temple built by heaven's peculiar care,
In a recess from the contagious world,

With ocean pour'd around it for its guard.
And dedicated, long, to liberty,
That health, that ſtrength, that bloom, of civil life!
This temple of ſtill more divine; of faith
Sifted from errors, purify'd by flames.
Like gold, to take anew truth's heavenly ſtamp,
And riſing both in luſtre and in weight)
With her bleſs'd Maſter's unmaim'd image ſhine;
Why ſhould ſhe longer droop? why longer act
As an accomplice with the plots of Rome?
Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's ſword,
And give him leave, among his daſtard troops,
To muſter that ſtrong ſuccour, Albion's crimes?
Send his ſelf-impotent ambition aid,
And crown the conqueſt of her fierceſt foes?
Where are her foes moſt fatal? Bluſhing Truth,
"In her friends' vices,"—with a ſigh replies.
Empire on virtue's rock unſhaken ſtands;
Flux as the billows, when in vice diſſolv'd.
If heaven reclaims us by the ſcourge of war,
What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid?
Would they a revolution?—Aid their aim,
But be the revolution—in our hearts!
Would'ſt thou (whoſe hand is at the helm) the bark;
The ſhaken bark of Britain, ſhould out-ride
The preſent blaſt, and every future ſtorm?
Give it that baliaſt which alone has weight
With Him whom wind, and waves, and war, obey.
Perſiſt. Are others ſubtle? thou be wiſe:
Above the Florentine's court-ſcience raiſe;
Stand forth a patriot of the moral world;
The pattern, and the patron, of the juſt:
Thus ſtrengthen Britain's military ſtrength:
Give its own terror to the ſword ſhe draws.
Aſk you, "What mean I?"—The moſt obvious truth;
Armies, and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
When our proud arms are once diſarm'd, diſarm'd
Of aid from Him by whom the mighty fall;
Of aid from Him by whom the feeble ſtand;
Who takes away the keeneſt edge of battle,
Or gives the ſword commiſſion to deſtroy;
Who blaſts, or bids the martial laurel bloom—
Emaſculated, then, moſt manly might;
Or, though the might remains, it nought avails:
Then wither'd weakneſs foils the ſinewy arm
Of man's meridian and high-hearted power:
Our naval thunders, and our tented fields
With travel'd banners fanning ſouthern climes,
What do they? This; and more what can they do?
When heap'd the meaſure of a kingdom's crimes,
The prince moſt dauntleſs, the firſt plume of war,
By ſuch bold inroads into foreign lands,
Such elongation of our armaments,
But ſtretches out the guilty nation's neck,
While heaven commands her executioner,
Some leſs abandon'd nation, to diſcharge
Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow,
And tell the world, "Not ſtrong is human ſtrength;
"And that the proudeſt empire holds of heaven."
O Britain! often reſcued, often crown'd,
Beyond thy merit and moſt ſanguine hopes,
With all that's great in war, or ſweet in peace!
Know from what ſource thy ſignal bleſſings flow,
Though bleſs'd with ſpirits ardent in the field,
Though cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
Though fenc'd with rocks, and moated by the main,
Thy truſt repoſe in a far ſtronger guard;
In Him, who thee, though naked, could defend;
Though weak, could ſtrenghten; ruin'd, could reſtore.
How oft to tell what arm defends thine iſle,
To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
Have the winds ſnatch'd the victory from war?
Or, rather, won the day, when war deſpair'd?
How oft has providential ſuccour aw'd,
Aw'd while it bleſs'd us, conſcious of our guilt;
Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too!
Well may we tremble now, what manners reign?
But wherefore aſk we, when a true reply
Would ſhock too much? Kind heaven! avert events
Whoſe fatal nature might reply too plain!
Heaven's half-bar'd arm of vengeance has been wav'd
In northern ſkies, and pointed to the ſouth.
Vengeance delay'd but gathers and ferments
More formidably blackens in the wind;
Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
And higher charges the ſuſpended ſtorm.
"That public vice portends a public fall"—
Is this conjecture of adventurous thought!
Or pious coward's pulpit-cuſhion'd dream;
Far from it. This is certain; this is fate.
What ſays Experience, in her awful chair
Of ages, her authentic annals ſpread
Around her? What ſays Reaſon eagle-eyed?
Nay what ſays Common Senſe, with common care
Weighing events, and cauſes, in her ſcale?
All give one verdict, one deciſive ſign;
And this the ſentence Delphos could not mend:
"Whatever ſecondary props may riſe
"From politics, to build the public peace,
"The baſis is the manners of the land.
"When rotten theſe, the politician's wiles
"But ſtruggle with deſtruction, as a child
"With giants huge, or giants with a Jove.
"The ſtateſman's arts to conjure up a peace,
"Or military phantoms void of force,
"But ſcare away the vultures for an hour;
"The ſcent cadaverous (for oh! how rank
"The ſtench of profligates!) ſoon lures them back;
"On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
"Soon they return; ſoon make their full deſcent;
"Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin;
"Their idols grac'd and gorgeous with our ſpoils,
"Of univerſal empire ſure preſage!
"Till now repell'd by ſeas of Britiſh blood."
And whence the manners of the multitude?
The colours of their manners, black or fair,
Falls from above; from the complexion falls
Of ſtate Othellos, or white men in power:
And from the greater height example falls,

Greater the weight, and deeper its impreſs
In tanks inferior, paſſive to the ſtroke:
From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin,
The pupil preſſes, but the pattern drives.
What bonds then, bonds how manifold, and ſtrong
To duty, double duty, are the great!
And are there ſamſons that can burſt them all?
Yes; and great minds that ſtand in need of none,
Whoſe pulſe beats virtue, and whoſe generous blood
Aids mental motives to puſh on renown,
In emulation of their glorious ſires,
From whom roſſs down the conſecrated ſtream
Some ſow good ſeeds in the glad people's hearts,
Some curſed tares, like Satan in the text;
This makes a foe moſt fatal to the ſtate;
A foe who (like a wizard in his cell)
In his dark cabinet of crooked ſchemes,
Reſembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
Of boaſted oracles, and real lies,
(Aided, perhaps, by ſecond-ſighted Scots,
French Magi relics riding poſt from Rome,
A Gothic hero riſing from the dead,
And changing for ſpruce plaid his dirty ſhroud,
With ſurcour ſuitable from lower ſtill,
A foe who, theſe concurring to the charm,
Excites thoſe ſtorms that ſhall o'erturn the ſtate,
Rend up her ancient honours by the root,
And ſay the boaſt of ages, the rever'd
Of nations, the dear-bought with ſumleſs wealth
And blood illuſtrious, a ſpite of her La Hogues,
Her Creſſeys, and her Blenheims) in the duſt.
How muſt this ſtrike a horror through the breaſt,
Through every generous breaſt where honour reigns,
Through every breaſt where honour claims a ſhare!
Yes, and through every breaſt of honour void!
This thought might animate the dregs of men;
Ferment them into ſpirit; give them fire
To fight the cauſe, the black opprobrious cauſe,
Foul ſore of all! corruption at our hearts.
What wreck of empire has the ſtream of time
Swept with her vices, from the mountain height
Of grandeur, deifyd by half mankind,
To dark oblivion's melancholy lake,
Or flagrant infamy's eternal brand!
Thoſe names, at which ſurrounding nations ſhook,
Thoſe names ador'd, a nuiſance! or forgot!
Not this the caprice of a doubtful die,
But nature's courſe; no ſingle chance againſt it.
For know, my Lord! 'tis writ in adamant,
'Tis fix, as is the baſis of the world,
Whoſe kingdoms ſtand or fall by the decree.
When ſaw theſe eyes, ſurpriz'd?—Yet why ſurpriz'd?—
For aid divine the criſis ſeem'd to call,
And how divine was the monition given!
As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
My peace diſturb'd by rumours from the North,
Whoſe thunder o'er my head, portentous, roll'd,
As giving ſignal of ſome ſtrange event,
And ocean groan'd beneath for her he lov'd,
Albion the fair ſo long his empire's queen,
Whoſe reign is, now, conteſted by her foes.
On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright,
Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray)
By fate's own iron pen I ſaw it writ,
And thus the title ran:

THE STATESMAN'S CREED.

"Ye ſtates! and empires! nor of empires leaſt
"Though leaſt in ſize; hear, Britain! thou whoſe lot,
"Whoſe final lot, is in the balance laid,
"Irreſolutely play the doubtful ſcales,
"Nor know'ſt thou which will win.—Know then from me,
"As govern'd well or ill, ſtates ſink or riſe:
"State-miniſters, as upright or corrupt,
"Are balm or poiſon in a nation's veins;
"Health or diſtemper; haſten or retard
"The period of her pride, her day of doom:
"And though, for reaſons obvious to the wiſe,
"Juſt Providence deals otherwiſe with men,
"Yet believe, Britons! nor too late believe,
"'Tis fix'd! by Fate irrevocably fix'd!
"Virtue and Vice are empire's life and death."
Thus it is written—Heard you not a groan?
Is Britain on her death-bed?—No, that groan
Was utter'd by her foes—But ſoon the ſcale,
If this divine monition is deſpis'd,
May turn againſt us. Read it, ye who rule!
With reverence read; with ſtedfaſtneſs believe;
With courage act as ſuch belief inſpires;
Then ſhall your glory ſtand like Fate's decree;
Then ſhall your name in adamant be writ,
In records that defy the tooth of time,
By nations ſav'd, reſounding your applauſe.
While deep beyond your monument's proud baſe,
In black Oblivion's kennel, ſhall be trod
Their execrable names, who, high in power,
And deep in guilt, moſt ominouſly ſhine,
(The meteors of the ſtate!) give Vice her head,
To licenſe lewd let looſe the public rein;
Quench every ſpark of conſcience in the land,
And triumph in the profligate's applauſe:
Or who to the firſt bidder ſell their ſouls,
Their country ſell, ſell all their fathers bought
With funds exhauſted and exhauſted veins,
To demons, by his Holineſs ordain'd
To propagate the goſpel—penn'd at Rome;
Hawk'd through the world by conſecrated bulls;
And how illuſtrated?—by Smithfield flames:
Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf,
Down narrow-minded ſelf's voracious gulf,
Which gapes and ſwallows all they ſwore to ſave:
Hate all that lifted heroes into gods
And hug the horrors of a victor's chain:
Of bodies politic that deſtin'd hell,
Inflicted here, ſince here their beings end;
And fall from foes deteſted and deſpiſ'd,
On diſbelievers—of the ſtateſman's Creed.
Note, here, my Lord (unnoted yet it lies
By moſt, or all) theſe truths political

Serve more than public ends: this Creed of States
Seconds, and irresistibly supports,
The Christian creed. Are you surpriz'd?—Attend;
And on the statesman's build a nobler name.
This punctual justice exercis'd on states,
With which authentic chronicles abounds,
As all men know, and therefore must believe;
This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
Pour'd on them here, where only they exist,
What is it but an argument of sense,
Or rather demonstration, to support
Our feeble faith—"That they who states compose,
"That men who stand not bounded by the grave,
"Shall meet like measure at their proper hour?"
For God is equal, similarly deals
With states and persons, or he were not God;
What means a rectitude immutable?
A pattern here of universal right.
What, then, shall rescue an abandon'd man?
Nothing, it is reply'd. Reply'd, by whom?
Reply'd by politicians well as priests:
Writ sacred set aside, mankind's own writ,
The whole world's annals; these pronounce his doom.
Thus (what might seem a daring paradox)
Ev'n politics advance divinity:
True masters there are better scholars here,
Who travel history in quest of schemes
To govern nations, or perhaps oppress,
May there start truths that other aims inspire,
And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,
By Providence turn Christians on their road:
Digging for silver, they may strike on gold;
May be surpriz'd with better than they sought,
And entertain an angel unawares
Nor is Divinity ungrateful found.
As politics advance divinity,
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politics, and crowns the stateman's praise.
All wisdoms are but branches of the chief,
And statesmen sound but shoots of honest men.
Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded in excuse
For deviations in our moral line?
This, and the next world, view'd with such an eye
As suits a statesman, such as keeps in view
His own exalted science, both conspire
To recommend and fix us in the right.
If we reward the politics of heaven,
The grand administration of the whole,
What's the next world? A supplement of this:
Without it, Justice is defective here;
Just as to states, defective as to men:
If so, what is this world? as sure as Right
Sits in heaven's throne, a prophet of the next.
Prize you the prophet? then believe him too:
His prophecy more precious than his smile.
How comes it then to pass, with most on earth,
That this should charm us, that should discompose?
Long as the statesman finds this case his own,
So long his politics are uncomplete;
In danger he; nor is the nation safe,
But soon must rue his inauspicious power.

What hence results? a truth that should resound
For ever awful in Britannia's ear:
"Religion crowns the statesman and the man,
"Sole source of public and of private peace."
This truth all men must own, and therefore will,
And praise and preach it too:—and when that's done,
Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.
What highland pole-axe half so deep can wound?
But how dare I, so mean, presume so far?
Assume my seat in the Dictator's chair?
Pronounce, predict (as if indeed inspir'd),
Promulge my censures, lay out all my throat,
Till hoarse in clamour on enormous crimes?
Two mighty columns rise in my support;
In their more awful and authentic voice,
Record profane and sacred, drown the Muse,
Though loud and far out-threat her threatening song.
Still farther, Holles! suffer me to plead
That I speak freely as I speak to thee.
Guilt only startles at the name of guilt;
And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wise.
Thus what seem'd my presumption is thy praise.
Praise, and immortal praise, is Virtue's claim;
And Virtue's sphere is action: yet we grant
Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,
Whose clangor kindles cowards into men.
Nor shall the verse, perhaps be quite forgot,
Which talks of immortality, and bids,
In every British breast true glory rise,
As now the warbling lark awakes the morn.
To close, my Lord! with that which all should close
And all begin, and strike us every hour,
Though no war wak'd us, no black tempest frown'd.—
The morning rises gay; yet gayest morn
Less glorious after night's incumbent shades;
Less glorious for bright Nature, rich array'd
With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,
Than the first feeble dawn of Moral day?
Sole day, (let those whom statesmen serve attend)
Though the sun ripens diamonds for their crowns;
Sole day worth his regard whom heaven ordains,
Undarken'd, to behold noon dark, and date,
From the sun's death, and every planet's fall,
His all-illustrious and eternal year;
There statesmen and their monarchs, (names of awe
And distance here) shall rank with common men,
Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.

ON DR. YOUNG'S TRANSLATION OF PART OF JOB.

BY DR. COBDEN.

THE Poem, which, originally great,
Had long ſuſtain'd poor Job's unhappy fate,
Fallen from its grandeur, clad in mean array,
And in the duſt of proſe inglorious lay;
Like him now ſhines, with former greatneſs bleſt,
And in its native majeſty confeſs'd.

EPITAPH

ON LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1740.

WHILST Britain boaſts her empire o'er the deep,
This marble ſhall compel the brave to weep:
As men, as Britons, and as ſoldiers, mourn;
'Tis dauntleſs loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.
Sweet were his manners, as his ſoul was great,
And ripe his worth though immature his fate;
Each tender grace that joy and love inſpires,
Living, he mingled with his martial fires:
Dying, he bid Britannia's thunders roar;
And Spain ſtill felt him, when he breath'd no more.

EPITAPH

AT WELWYN, HERTFORDSHIRE.

IF fond of what is rare, attend!
Here lies an *honeſt man*,
Of perfect piety,
Of lamblike patience,
My friend, James Barker;
To whom I pay this mean memorial,
For what deſerves the greateſt.
An example
Which ſhone through all the clouds of fortune,
Induſtrious in low eſtate,
The leſſon and reproach of thoſe above him.
To lay this little ſtone
Is my ambition;
While others rear
The poliſh'd marbles of the great!
Vain pomp!
A turf o'er virtue charms us more.
E. Y. 1749.

THE COMPLAINT:

OR,

NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

PREFACE.

AS the occaſion of this Poem was real, not fictitious; ſo the method purſued in it, was rather impoſed, by what ſpontaneouſly aroſe in the author's mind on that occaſion, than meditated or deſigned. Which will appear very probable from the nature of it. For it differs from the common mode of Poetry, which is from long narrations to draw ſhort morals. Here, on the contrary, the narrative is ſhort, and the morality ariſing from it makes the bulk of the Poem. The reaſon of it is, That the facts mentioned did naturally pour theſe moral reflections on the thought of the writer.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

ON

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

TO

THE RIGHT. HON. ARTHUR ONSLOW,

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

TIR'D Nature's ſweet reſtorer, balmy *Sleep*,
He, like the world, his ready viſit pays
Where Fortune ſmiles; the wretched he forſakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unſullied with a tear.
From ſhort (as uſual) and diſturb'd repoſe,
I wake: How happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infeſt the grave.
I wake, emerging from a ſea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd deſponding thought,
From wave to wave of *fancied* miſery,
At random drove, her helm of reaſon loſt.
Though now reſtor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) ſeverer for ſevere.
The *Day* too ſhort for my diſtreſs; and *Night*,
Ev'n in the *zenith* of her dark domain,
Is ſunſhine to the colour of my fate.
Night, ſable goddeſs! from her ebon throne,
In rayleſs majeſty, now ſtretches forth
Her leaden ſceptre o'er a ſlumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkneſs, how profound!
Nor eye, nor liſtening ear, an object finds;
Creation ſleeps. 'Tis as the general pulſe
Of life ſtood ſtill, and nature made a pauſe;
An awful pauſe! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be ſoon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can loſe no more.
Silence and darkneſs! ſolemn ſiſters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurſe the tender thought!
To Reaſon, and on Reaſon build Reſolve,
(That column of true majeſty in man)
Aſſiſt me: I will thank you in the grave;

The grave, your kingdom: There this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?—
Thou, who didst put to flight
Primæval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of Nature, and of Soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it through various scenes of Life and Death;
And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my Conduct, than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason, my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes *One*. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathom esa abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely *mine!*
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in Being's endless chain!
Midway from Nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sully'd, and absorpt!
Though sully'd and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd, aghast,
And wondering at her own: How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't preserve me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis past conjecture; all rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods: or, down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aerial, towering, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companions fall.
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel distress? Are Angels there?
Slumbers rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd: and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desart, this the solitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth, is Shadow, all beyond
Is Substance; the reverse is folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryo's of existence free,
From real life, but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo slumbering in his fire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow,
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,

Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself;
How was my heart incrusted by the world!
O how self-fetter'd was my groveling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile Fancy spun,
Till darken'd Reason lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

Night-visions may befriend (as sung above);
Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of things impossible! Could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tolling wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective
Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
Where now my phrenzy's pompous furniture?
The cobweb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is royalty to me!
The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.

O perfect scenes of permanent delight!
Full, above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Hail are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres;
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here storms with revolutions every hour;
And rarely for the better; or the best,
More mortal than the common births of fate.
Each moment has its sickle emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Subdues empires from the root; each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of heaven!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!

Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?
Why thy peculiar rancour wreak'd on me?
Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn
O Cynthia! why so pale? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my borrow'd bliss! from fortune's smile,
Precarious courtesy! not virtue's sure,
Self-given, solar-ray of sound delight.

In every vary'd posture, place, and hour,
How wi ow'd every thought of every joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!
Through the dark postern of time long elaps'd,
Lea softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves!)
Strays wretched rover! o'er the pleasing past;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;
And finds all desart now; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys; a numerous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
And every pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why complain? or why complain for one?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The single man? Are angels all beside?
I mourn for millions: 'tis the common lot;
In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs, of pain.

War, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,
Intestine broils, Oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image disinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines forgets a sun was made.
There, beings deathlier as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;
And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour sav'd,
If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom.
Want, and incurable disease, (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once; and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning hospitals eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
Ye silken sons of pleasure! since in pains
You rue more modish visits, visit here,
And breathe from your debauch: give and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you: but so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is right.

Happy! did sorrow seize on such alone.
Not prudence can defend, or virtue save;
Disease invades the chastest temperance;
And punishment the guiltless; and alarm,

Through thickeſt ſhades, purſues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns;
And his guard, falling, cruſhes him to death.
Not happineſs itſelf makes good her name;
Our very wiſhes give us not our wiſh.
How diſtant oft the thing we doat on moſt,
From that for which we doat, felicity!
The ſmoothеſt courſe of nature has its pains;
And trueſt friends, through error, wound our reſt.
Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hoſtilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the beſt on earth.
But endleſs is the liſt of human ills,
And ſighs might ſooner fail, than cauſe to ſigh.

A part how ſmall of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the reſt a waſte,
Rocks, deſarts, frozen ſeas, and burning ſands:
Wild haunts of monſters, poiſons, ſtings, and death.
Such is earth's melancholy map! but, far
More ſad! this earth is a true map of man.
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To woe's wide empire; where deep troubles toſs,
Loud ſorrow's howl, invenom'd paſſions bite,
Ravenous calamities our vitals ſeize,
And threatening fate wide opens to devour.

What then am I, who ſorrow for myſelf!
In age, in infancy, from other's aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be kind.
That, nature's firſt, laſt leſſon to mankind;
The ſelfiſh heart deſerves the pain it feels.
More generous ſorrow, while it ſinks, exalts;
And conſcious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give
Swoln thought a ſecond channel; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
Take then, O World! thy much indebted tear:
How ſad a ſight is human happineſs,
To thoſe whoſe thought can pierce beyond an hour!

O thou! whate'er thou art, whoſe heart exults!
Wouldſt thou I ſhould congratulate thy fate?
I know thou wouldſt; thy pride demands it from me.
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
The ſalutary cenſure of a friend.
Thou happy wretch! by blindneſs thou art bleſt;
By dotage dandled to perpetual ſmiles.
Know, ſmiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd;
Thy pleaſure is the promiſe of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor ſevere,
But riſes in demand for her delay;
She makes a ſcourge of paſt proſperity,
To ſting thee more, and double thy diſtreſs.

Lorenzo, fortune makes her court to thee,
Thy fond heart dances, while the Syren ſings.
Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
I would not dupe, but to ſecure thy joys.
Think not that fear is ſacred to the ſtorm:
Stand on thy guard againſt the ſmiles of fate.
Is heaven tremendous in its frowns? Moſt ſure;
And in its favours formidable too;
Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not diſcharge from care;
And ſhould alarm us, full as much as woes;
Awake us to their cauſe and conſequence;
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our deſert;
Awe nature's tumult, and chaſtiſe her joys,
Leſt, while we claſp, we kill them; nay, invert
To worſe than ſimple miſery, their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like boſom friendſhips to reſentment four'd,
With rage envenom'd riſe againſt our peace.
Beware what earth calls happineſs; beware
All joys but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on leſs than on immortal baſe,
Fond as he ſeems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine dy'd with thee, Philander! thy laſt ſigh
Diſſolv'd the charm; the diſenchanted earth
Loſt all her luſtre. Where her glittering towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waſte; a dreary vale of tears;
The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
Of out-caſt earth, in darkneſs! what a change
From yeſterday! Thy darling hope ſo near,
(Long-labour'd prize) O how ambition ſtruck'd
Thy glowing cheek! Ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praiſe. Death's ſubtle ſeed within
(Sly, treacherous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted ſcheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that roſe ſo red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!

Man's foreſight is conditionally wiſe!
Lorenzo! wiſdom into folly turns
Oft, the firſt inſtant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The preſent moment terminates our ſight;
Clouds, thick as thoſe on doomſday, drown the next;
We penetrate, we prophecy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles; and each
Ere mingled with the ſtreaming ſands of life,
By Fate's inviolable oath is ſworn
Deep ſilence, "Where eternity begins"

By nature's law, what may be, may be now;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can riſe,
Than man's preſumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverſe
Is ſure to none; and yet on this perhaps,
This peradventure, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes; ſpin out eternal ſchemes,
As we the fatal ſiſters could out-ſpin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not ev'n Philander had beſpoke his ſhroud:
Nor had he cauſe; a warning was deny'd:
How many fall as ſudden, not as ſafe!
As ſudden, though for years admoniſh'd home.
Of human ills the laſt extreme beware,

Beware, Lorenzo! a slow sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprize!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time:
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not This be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, *This* is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their *future* selves applaud;
How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead!
Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *folly's* vails;
That lodg'd in *fates*, to *wisdom* they consign;
The thing they can't but *purpose*, they *postpone*;
'Tis not in *folly*, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human *wisdom*, to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young, indeed,
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
Unanxious for *ourselves*; and only wish,
As careless sons, our *fathers* were more wise.
At thirty man *suspects* himself a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve*;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves: then dies the same.
And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Flow close; where, past the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the *wing*, no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the *keel*;
So dies in human hearts the thoughts of death,
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? That were strange!
O my full heart —But should I give it vent,
The longest night, though longer far, would fail,
And the *lark* listen to my *midnight* song.
The sprightly *lark's* shrill mattin wakes the morn;
Gives it sharper thorn hard pressing on my breast,
Heaven, with wakeful melody, to cheer
The fallen gloom, sweet Philomel! like Thee,
And call the stars to listen: every star
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excel,
And charm through distant ages: wrapt in shade,
Prisoner of darkness! to the silent *hours*,
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To sooth my griefs, and steal my heart from woe!
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, though not blind, like thee, Mæonides!
Or Milton! thee; ah, could I reach your strain;
Or *His*, who made Mæonides our *Own*.
Man too He sung: *immortal* man I sing;
Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life;
What *now*, but immortality can please?
O had *He* press'd his theme, pursued the track,
Which opens out of darkness into day!
O had he mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd where I sink, and sung *immortal* man!
How had it blest mankind, and rescued me!

NIGHT THE SECOND.

ON

TIME, DEATH, AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF WILMINGTON.

"WHEN the Cock crew, he wept"—smote by that eye
Which looks on me, on all: That power, who bids
This midnight sentinel, with clarion shrill,
Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,
Rouse souls from slumber, into thoughts of *heaven*.
Shall I too weep? Where then is fortitude?
And fortitude abandon'd, where is man?
I know the terms on which he sees the light;
He that is born, is listed; life is war;
Eternal war with woe. Who bears it best,
Deserves is least —On *other* themes I'll dwell.
Lorenzo! let me turn *my* thoughts on thee,
And *thine*, on themes may profit; profit there,
Where most the need. Themes, too, the genuine growth
Of dear Philander's dust. He *thus*, though dead,
May still befriend—What themes? *Time's wondrous price*,
Death, *Friendship*, and Philander's *final scene*.
So could I touch these themes, as might obtain
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengag'd,
The good deed would delight me; half impress
On my dark cloud an Iris; and from grief
Call glory—Dost thou mourn Philander's fate?
I know thou say'st it: Says thy *life* the same?
He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
Where is that thirst, that avarice of Time,
(O glorious avarice!) thought of death inspires,
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?
O *Time!* than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools; and fools *reputed* wise.
What *moment* granted men without account?
What *years* are squander'd, *wisdom's* debt unpaid
Our wealth in days, all due to *that* discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Insidious *Death!* should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear.
How late I shudder'd on the brink! how late
Life call'd for her last refuge in despair!
That *Time* is mine, O Mead! to thee I owe

Fain would I pay thee with *eternity*.
But ill my genius anſwers my deſire;
My ſickly ſong is mortal, paſt thy cure.
Accept the will;—*that* dies not with my ſtrain.
For what call *thy* diſeaſe, Lerenzo? not
For *Eſculapian*, but for *moral* aid.
Thou think'ſt it folly to be wiſe too ſoon.
Youth is not rich in *Time*, it may be poor:
Part with it as with money, ſparing; pay
No moment, but in purchaſe of its worth;
And what its worth, aſk death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant, big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aim'd, ſtill nearer the great *mark*
Of men and angels; virtue more divine.
Is this our *duty*, *wiſdom*, *glory*, *gain*?
(*Theſe* heaven benign in vital union binds)
And ſport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal ſuns inſpire? *Amuſement* reigns
Man's great demand: To trifle, is to live:
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?
Thou ſay'ſt I *preach*, Lorenzo, 'tis confeſt.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite *awake*?
Who wants *amuſement* in the flame of battle?
Is it not treaſon, to the ſoul *immortal*
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuſe, when medicines cannot cure?
When ſpirits ebb, when life's enchanting ſcenes
Their luſtre loſe, and leſſen in our ſight,
As lands, and cities with their glittering ſpires,
To the poor ſhatter'd bark, by ſudden ſtorm
Thrown off to ſea, and ſoon to periſh there?
Will toys amuſe? No: thrones will then be toys,
And earth and ſkies ſeem duſt upon the ſcale.
Redeem we time?—its loſs we dearly buy.
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd ſports?
He pleads *Time's* numerous *blanks*; he loudly pleads
The ſtraw-like *trifles* on life's common ſtream.
From whom thoſe *blanks* and *trifles*, but from *thee*?
No *blank*, no *trifle*, nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or *propos'd* virtue, ſtill be thine;
This cancels thy complaint at once. *This* leaves
In *act* no *trifle*, and no *blank* in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all;
This, the beſt art of turning all to gold;
This the *good* heart's prerogative to raiſe
A royal tribute from the pooreſt hours;
Immenſe revenue! every moment *pays*,
If nothing more than *purpoſe* in thy power;
Thy purpoſe firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the beſt his circumſtance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Our *outward* act indeed admits reſtraint;
'Tis not in things o'er *thought* to domineer;
Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in heaven.
On all important *Time*, through every age,
Though much, and warm, the wiſe have urg'd; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
"*I've liſt a day*"—the prince who nobly cry'd
Had been an emperor without his crown; 100
Of *Rome*, ſay, rather, lord of human race:
He ſpoke, as if deputed by mankind,
So ſhould all ſpeak: So *reaſon* ſpeaks in all:
From the ſoft whiſpers of that god in man,
Why fly to folly, why to phrenzy fly,
For reſcue from the *bleſſing* we poſſeſs?
Time the ſupreme!—Time is Eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all, that makes archangels ſmile.
Who murders time, he cruſhes in the birth
A power ethereal, only *not* ador'd.
Ah! how unjuſt to nature and himſelf,
Is thoughtleſs thankleſs, inconſiſtent man!
Like children babbling nonſenſe in their ſports
We cenſure nature for a ſpan too ſhort;
That ſpan too ſhort, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To laſh the lingering moments into ſpeed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourſelves.
Art, brainleſs *Art!* our furious charioteer,
(For *Nature's* voice unſtifled would recall)
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;
Death, moſt our dread; death *thus* more dreadful made:
O what a riddle of abſurdity!
Leiſure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Bleſt leiſure is our curſe; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amuſement;
The next amuſement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience! priſons hardly frown,
From hateful *Time* if priſons ſet us free.
Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments ſhrink,
Ages to years. The teleſcope is turn'd.
To man's falſe optics from his folly falſe)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And ſeems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when paſt by; what then is ſeen,
But his broad pinions ſwifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction ſtrong,
Rueful, aghaſt! cry out on his career
Leave to thy foes theſe errors, and theſe ills;
To nature juſt, their *Cauſe* and *Cure* explore.
Not ſhort heaven's bounty, boundleſs our expence;
No niggard, nature; men are prodigals
We *waſte*, not *uſe* our time; we breathe, not live.
Time *waſted* is exiſtence, *uſed* is life,
And *bare exiſtence*, man, to *live* ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppreſſes with enormous weight.
And why? ſince *Time* was given for uſe, not waſte,
Injoin'd to fly; with tempeſt, tide, and ſtars,
To keep his ſpeed, nor ever wait for man:
Time's uſe was doom'd a pleaſure: waſte a pain;
That man might *feel* his error, if unſeen:
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not, blundering, ſplit on idleneſs for eaſe.
Life's cares are comforts; ſuch by heaven deſign'd;
He that has none, muſt make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments, and without employ
The ſoul is on a rack; the rack of *reſt*,
To ſouls moſt adverſe; action all their joy.

Here then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;
Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wreſtle, with *Great Nature's Plan*;
We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, ſhall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourſelves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our boſom-broil;
We puſh *Time* from us, and we wiſh him back:
Laviſh of luſtrums, and yet fond of life;
Life we think long, and ſhort; *Death* ſeek, and ſhun:
Body and ſoul, like peeviſh man and wife,
Unit'd jar, and yet are loth to part
Oh the dark days of vanity, while here,
How taſteleſs! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when paſt, they haunt us ſtill;
The ſpirit walks of every day deceas'd;
And ſmiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
For death, our life delight us. If time *paſt*,
And time *poſſeſt*, both pain us, what can pleaſe?
That which the Deity to pleaſe ordain'd,
Time *us'd*. The man who conſecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honeſt aim,
At once he draws the ſting of life and death;
He *walks with Nature*; and her paths are peace.
Our error's cauſe and cure are ſeen: See next
Time's *Nature*, *Origin*, *Importance*, *Speed*;
And thy great *Gain* from urging his career. —
Ah ſenſual man, becauſe untouch'd, unſeen,
He looks on *Time* as nothing. Nothing elſe
Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's—Time's a god
Haſt *thou* ne'er heard of *Time's* omnipotence;
For, or *againſt*, what wonders he can do!
And *will*: To ſtand blank *neuter* he diſdains.
Not on *thoſe terms* was *Time* (heaven's ſtranger!) ſent
On his important embaſſy to man.
Lorenzo! no: on the long-deſtin'd hour,
From everlaſting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wondrous birth.
When the Dread Sire, on emanation bent,
And big with nature, riſing in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then *Time* was born,)
By Godhead ſtreaming through a thouſand worlds;
Not on *thoſe terms*, from the great days of heaven,
From old eternity's myſterious orb,
Was *Time* cut off, and caſt beneath the ſkies;
The ſkies, which watch him in his new aboade,
Meaſuring his motions by revolving ſpheres;
That horologe machinery divine.
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children, play,
Like numerous wings around him, as he flies:
Or, rather, as unequal plumes, they ſhape
His ample pinions, ſwift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient reſt,
And join anew *Eternity* his ſire;
In his *immutability* to reſt,
When worlds, that count his circles *now*, unhing'd
(Fate the loud ſignal ſounding) headlongruſh
To *timeleſs* night and chaos, whence they roſe.
Why ſpur the ſpeedy? Why with levities
New wing thy ſhort, ſhort day's too rapid flight?
Know'ſt thou, or what thou doſt, or what is done?
Man flies from *Time*, and *Time* from man; too ſoon
In ſad divorce this double flight muſt end;
And then, where are we? where, Lorenzo! then
Thy ſports? thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a ſtate
Not unambitious; in the *ruffled* ſhroud,
Thy Parian tomb's *triumphant arch* beneath.
Has *Death* his fopperies? Then well may *Life*
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow ſhine.
Ye *well-array'd!* ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies *male!* who neither toil, nor ſpin,
(As ſiſter lilies *might*) if not ſo wiſe
As Solomon, more ſumptuous to the ſight!
Ye *delicate!* who nothing can ſupport,
Yourſelves moſt inſupportable! for whom
The winter roſe muſt blow, the ſun put on
A brighter beam in Leo; ſilky-ſoft
Favonius breathe ſtill ſofter, or be chid;
And other worlds ſend odours, ſauce, and ſong,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye Lorenzos of our age! who deem
One moment unamus'd, a miſery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For every bawble drivel'd o'er by ſenſe;
For rattles, and conceits of every caſt,
For change of follies, and relays of joy,
To drag your patient through the tedious length
Of a ſhort winter's *day*—ſay, ſages! ſay,
Wit's oracles! ſay, dreamers of gay dreams!
How will you weather an *eternal night*,
Where ſuch expedients fail? O treacherous *Conſcience!* while ſhe ſeems to ſleep
On *roſe* and *myrtle*, lull'd with ſyren ſong;
While ſhe ſeems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong *Appetite* the ſlacken'd rein,
And give us up to *licence*, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd;—ſee, from behind her ſecret ſtand,
The ſly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the groſs *Act* alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres *Fancy's* airy band,
A watchful foe! the formidable ſpy,
Liſtening, o'erhears the whiſpers of our camp:
Our dawning purpoſes of heart explores,
And ſteals our embryos of iniquity.
As all rapacious uſurers conceal
Their doomſday-book from all-conſuming heirs;
Thus, with indulgence moſt ſevere, ſhe treats
Us ſpendthrifts of inеſtimable *Time*;
Unnoted, notes each moment miſapply'd;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass
Writes our whole hiſtory; which *Death* ſhall read
In every pale delinquent's private ear;
And *Judgment* publiſh; publiſh to more worlds
Than this; and endleſs age in groans reſound.
Lorenzo, *ſuch* that *Sleeper* in thy breaſt!
Such is her ſlumber; and her vengeance *ſuch*
For ſlighted counſel; *ſuch* thy future peace
And think'ſt thou ſtill thou canſt be wiſe *too ſoon?*

But why on *Time* so lavish is my song?
On this great *theme* kind *Nature* keeps a school,
To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew: Each day, a life!
And shall we kill each day? If *Trifling* kills:
Sure *Vice* must butcher. O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! *Time* destroy'd
Is *Suicide*, where more than *Blood* is spilt.
Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens: All exerts; in effort, all;
More than creation labours! labours *more?*
And is there in creation what, amidst
This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
And ardent energy, supinely yawns?
Man sleeps; and *Man* alone; and *Man*, whose fate,
Fate irreversible, intire, extreme,
Endless, hair hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulph
A moment trembles; drops! and *Man*, for whom
All else is in alarm! *Man*, the sole cause
Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,
As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw *Years* away?
Throw *Empires*, and be blameless. Moments seize;
Heaven's on their wing: A moment we may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *Day* stand still,
Bid him delve back his ear, and reimport
The period past, re-give the given hour.
Lorenzo, *more* than miracles we want;
Lorenzo—O for yesterdays to come!
Such is the language of the man *awake*;
His ardour such, for what oppresses thee.
And is his ardour vain, Lorenzo? No;
That *more* than miracle the gods indulge;
To-day is *Yesterday* return'd; return'd
Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the Rock of peace.
Let it not share its predecessor's fate;
Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.
Shall it evaporate in fume? fly off
Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still?
Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
More wretched for the clemencies of heaven?
Where shall I find *Him?* Angels! tell me where.
You know him: He is near you: Point him out:
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers?
Your golden wings, *now* hovering o'er him, shed
Protection; now, are waving in applause
To that blest son of foresight! lord of fate!
That awful independent on *To-morrow!*
Whose *work is done*; who triumphs in the *Past*;
Whose *Yesterdays* look backwards with a smile;
Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly;
That common, but opprobious lot! past hours,
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our prospect by the grave,
All feeling of futurity benumb'd;
All god-like passion for eternals quench't;
All relish of realties expir'd;
Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies;
Our freedom chain'd; quite wingless our desire;
In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar;
Prone to the centre, crawling in the dust;
Dismounted every great and glorious aim
Embruted every faculty divine;
Heart-bury'd in the rubbish of the world.
The world, that gulph of souls, immortal souls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters chang'd;
Though we from *Earth*; *Ethereal*, they that fell.
Such veneration due, O man, to man.
Who venerate themselves, the world despise.
For what, gay friend! is this *effectchean'd* world,
Which hangs out Death in one eternal night;
A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud?
Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: We gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink; and *are* what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!
Is death at distance? No: He has been on that,
And given sure earnest of his final blow.
Those hours that lately smil'd, where are they now?
Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep, which nothing disembogues!
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing: how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up *to thee*;
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.
'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them, what report they bore to heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men *Experience* call;
If *Wisdom*'s friend, her best; if not, worst foe.
O reconcile them! Kind *Experience* cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
"The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
"And by success are tutor'd to despair."
Nor *is* it only thus, but *must* be so.
Who knows not this, though grey, is still a child.
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.
Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes?
Since by *Life*'s passing breath, blown up from earth,
Light as the summer's dust, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;
Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
And sleep, till earth herself shall be no more;
Since *then* (as emmets, their small world o'erthrown)
We, sore amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl.
And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,
As man's own choice (controuler of the skies!)
As man's despotic will, perhaps *one* hour,
(O how omnipotent is time!) decrees;
Should not each *warning* give a strong alarm?
Warning, far less than that of bosom torn

From boſom, bleeding o'er the ſacred dead!
Should not each *dial* ſtrike us as we paſs,
Portentous, as the *written wall*, which ſtruck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Aſſyrian pale,
Ere-while high-flufht with inſolence and wine?
Like *that*, the dial ſpeaks; and points to thee,
Lorenzo! loth to break thy banquet up:
"O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;
"And, while it laſts, is emptier than my ſhade."
Its ſilent language ſuch: nor need'ſt thou call
Thy *Magi*, to decypher what it means.
Know, like the Median, fate is in thy walls:
Doſt aſk, *How? Whence?* Belſhazzar-like, amaz'd?
Man's make incloſes the ſure ſeeds of death;
Life feeds the murderer; Ingrate! he thrives
On her own meal, and then his nurſe devours.
But here, Lorenzo, the deluſion lies;
That *ſolar ſhadow*, as it meaſures life,
In life reſembles too: life ſpeeds away
From point to point, though ſeeming to ſtand ſtill.
The cunning fugitive is ſwift by ſtealth:
Too ſubtle is the movement to be ſeen;
Yet ſoon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; Gnomons, time:
As *thoſe* are uſeleſs when the ſun is ſet;
So *theſe*, but when more glorious *Reaſon* ſhines.
Reaſon ſhould judge in all; in reaſon's eye,
That ſedentary ſhadow travels hard.
But ſuch our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whiſper what we wiſh,
'Tis later with the wiſe than he's aware:
A Wilmington goes ſlower than the ſun;
And all mankind miſtake their time of day:
Ev'n age itſelf. Freſh hopes are hourly ſown
In ſurrow'd brows. To gentle life's deſcent
We ſhut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter for the ſpring;
And turn our bleſſings into bane. Since oft
Man muſt *compute* that age he cannot *feel*,
He ſcarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's lateſt eve, we keep in ſtore
One diſappointment ſure, to crown the reſt;
The diſappointment of a promis'd hour.
On *This*, or ſimilar, Philander! thou
Whoſe mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue;
And ſtrong, to wield all ſcience worth the name;
How often we talk'd down the ſummer's ſun,
And cool'd our paſſions by the breezy ſtream!
How often thaw'd and ſhorten'd winter's eve,
By conflict kind, that ſtruck out latent truth,
Beſt found, ſo ſought; to the *Recluſe* more coy!
Thoughts diſentangle paſſing o'er the lip;
Clean runs the thread; if not, 'tis thrown away,
Or kept to tie up nonſenſe for a ſong:
Song, faſhionably fruitleſs; ſuch as ſtains
The *Fancy*, and unhallow'd *Paſſion* fires;
Chiming her ſaints to Cytherea's fane.
Know'ſt thou, Lorenzo! what a friend contains?
As bees *mixt Nectar* draw from fragrant flowers,
So men from friendſhip, *Wiſdom* and *Delight*;
Twins ty'd by nature, if they part, they die.
Haſt thou no friend to ſet thy mind abroach?
Good ſenſe will ſtagnate. Thoughts ſhut up want air,
And ſpoil, like bales unopen'd to the ſun.
Had thought been all, ſweet ſpeech had been deny'd;
Speech, thought's canal! ſpeech, thought's criterion too!
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold or droſs;
When coin'd in words, we know its *real* worth.
If ſterling, ſtore it for thy future uſe;
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps renown.
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more poſſeſt;
Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burniſhes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for uſe.
What numbers, ſheath'd in erudition, lie,
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And ruſted in; who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a ſprightly beam, if born to ſpeech;
If born bleſt heirs of half their mother's tongue!
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate puſh
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned ſcum,
And defecates the ſtudent's ſtanding pool.
In *Contemplation* is his proud reſource?
'Tis poor, as proud, by *Converſe* unſuſtain'd.
Rude thought runs wild in *Contemplation*'s field;
Converſe, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due reſtraint; and *emulation*'s ſpur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.
'Tis converſe qualifies for ſolitude:
As exerciſe, for ſalutary reſt.
By that untutor'd, *Contemplation* raves;
And *Nature*'s fool, by *Wiſdom* is undone.
Wiſdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And ſweeter than the ſweet ambroſial hive,
What is ſhe, but the means of *Happineſs?*
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendſhip, the means of wiſdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wiſdom wiſe.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy,
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopoliſts; it calls for *Two*;
Rich fruit! Heaven-planted! never pluckt by *One*
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To *ſocial* man true reliſh of himſelf.
Full on ourſelves, deſcending in a line,
Pleaſure's bright beam is feeble in delight;
Delight intenſe is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleaſures fire the breaſt.
Celeſtial *Happineſs*, whene'er ſhe ſtoops
To viſit earth, one ſhrine the goddeſs finds,
And one alone, to make her ſweet amends
For abſent heaven—the boſom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally ſoft,
Each other's pillow to repoſe divine.
Beware the counterfeit; in *Paſſion*'s flame

Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
True love strikes root in *Reason*; passion's foe:
Virtue alone engenders us for life:
I wrong her much—Engenders us for ever;
Of *Friendship*'s fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
Is *Virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
And, *emulously*, rapid in her race.
O the soft enmity! endearing strife!
This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.
From *Friendship*, which outlives my former themes,
Glorious survivor of old *Time* and *Death*;
From Friendship, thus, that flower of heavenly seed;
The wise extracts earth's most Hyblean bliss,
Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.
But for whom blossoms this Elysian *flower?*
Abroad They find, who cherish it at *Home*.
Lorenzo! pardon what my love extorts,
An honest love, and not afraid to frown.
Though choice of follies fasten on the *Great*,
None clings more obstinate than fancy fond
That sacred friendship is their easy prey;
Caught by the wasture of a golden lure,
Or fascination of a high-born smile.
Their smiles, the *Great*, and the *Coquet*, throw out
For Others hearts, tenacious of their Own;
And we no less of ours, when such the bait.
Ye fortune's cofferers! Ye powers of wealth!
Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and Love only, is the loan for love.
Lorenzo! pride repress; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in Thee.
All like the purchase; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below.
What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
I shew thee friendship Delicate, as Dear,
Of tender violations apt to die?
Reserve will wound it; and *Distrust*, destroy.
Deliberate in all things with thy friend.
But since friends grow not thick on every bough
Nor every friend unrotten at the core;
First, on thy friend, deliberate with Thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not Eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; Fixing, Fix;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for Thee;
How gallant danger for earth's highest prize!
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
"Poor is the friendless master of a world;
"A world in purchase for a friend is gain."
So sung He (angels hear what angels sing!
Angels from friendship gather half their joy)
So sung Philander, as his friend went round
In the rich *ichor*, in the generous blood
Of Bacchus, purple god of joyous wit,
A brow solute, and ever-laughing eye.
He drank long health, and virtue, to his friend;
His friend, who warm'd him more, who more inspir'd.
Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship *new*
(Not such was His) is neither Strong, nor Pure.
O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend,
For twenty summers ripening by my side!
All feculence of falsehood long thrown down;
All social virtues rising in his soul;
As crystal clear: and smiling as they rise!
Here Nectar flows; it sparkles in our sight;
Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart
High-flavour'd bliss for gods! on earth how rare!
On earth how *lost!*—Philander is no more.
Think'st thou the theme intoxicates my song?
Am I too warm? Too warm I cannot be.
I lov'd him much; but now I love him more
Like birds, whose beauties languish, half-conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold;
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
His flight Philander took; his upward flight,
If ever soul ascended. Had he dropt,
(That eagle genius!) O had he let fall
One feather as he flew; I, then, had wrote,
What friends might flatter; prudent foes forbear;
Rivals scarce damn; and Zoilus reprieve.
Yet what I can, I must; it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
Strange! the theme most affecting, most sublime,
Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung!
And yet it sleeps, by genius unawak'd,
Painim or *Christian*; to the blush of wit
Man's highest triumph! man's profoundest fall!
The *Death-bed* of the just! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand! it merits a Divine:
Angels should paint it, angels ever *There*;
There, on a post of honour, and of joy.
Dare I presume, then? but Philander bids;
And glory tempts, and inclination calls—
Yet am I struck; as struck the soul, beneath
Aërial *Groves* impenetrable gloom;
Or, in some mighty *Ruin*'s solemn shade;
Or, gazing by pale lamps on *high-born Dust*,
In vaults; thin coasts of poor unflatter'd kings:
Or, at the midnight *Altar*'s hallow'd flame.
Is it religion to proceed? I pause—
And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.
Is it his death bed? No: it is his shrine:
Behold him, there, just rising to a god.
The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this Bethesda your disease;
If unrestor'd by This, despair your cure.
For, *Here*, resistless demonstration dwells;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tir'd *dissimulation* drops her masque,
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
Here Real, and Apparent, are the same.

You see the *Man*; you see his hold on heaven;
If found his virtue, as Philander's found.
Heaven waits not the last moment; owns her friends
On this side death, and points them out to men,
A lecture, silent, but of sovereign power!
To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace.
Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death!
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns,
Philander! he severely frown'd on thee.
No warning given! Unceremonious fate!
"A sudden rush from life's meridian joy!
"A wrench from all we *love!* from all we *are!*
"A restless bed of pain! a plunge opaque
"Beyond conjecture! feeble *Nature's* dread!
"Strong *Reason's* shudder at the dark unknown!
"A sun extinguish't! a just-opening grave!
"And oh! the last, last, what? (can words express?
"Thought reach it?) the last—*Silence* of a friend!"
Where are those horrors, that amazement, where,
This hideous group of ills, which *singly* shock,
Demand from man?—I thought him man till *now*.
Through nature's wreck, through vanquish't agonies,
(Like the stars struggling through this midnight gloom)
What gleams of joy? what more than human peace?
Where, the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the *Mortal* to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for All.
Richer than *Mammon's* for his single heir.
His comforters he comforts; Great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*
His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.
How our hearts burnt within us at the scene;
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fix'd to man?
His God sustains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory heaven vouchsafes to call her own.
We gaze, we weep; mix tears of grief of joy!
Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!
Christians Adore! and *Infidels* Believe.
As some tall tower, or lofty mountain's brow,
Detains the sun, Illustrious from its height;
While rising vapours, and descending shades,
With damps and darkness, drown the spacious vale;
Undampt by doubt, undarken'd by despair,
Philander, thus, augustly reats his head,
At that black hour, which general horror sheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng.
Sweet *Peace*, and heavenly *Hope*, and humble *Joy*,
Divinely beam on his exalted soul;
Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,
With incommunicable lustre, bright.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

NARCISSA.

TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

"*Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.*"

Virg

FROM *Dreams*, where thought in fancy's maze runs mad,
To *Reason*, that heaven-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my assignation with my woe.
O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude, to be Alone.
Communion sweet! communion large and high!
Our *Reason*, *Guardian Angel*, and our *God!*
Then nearest These, when Others most remote;
And All, ere long, shall be remote, *but* These.
How dreadful, *Thou*, to meet them all alone,
A stranger! unacknowledg'd! unapprov'd!
Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy breast;
To win thy wish, creation has no more.
Or if we wish a *fourth*, it is a Friend—
But friends, how mortal, dangerous the desire!
Take Phœbus to yourselves, ye basking bards!
Inebriate at fair fortune's fountain-head;
And reeling through the wilderness of joy;
Where *Sense* runs savage, broke from *Reason's* chain,
And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall.
My fortune is unlike; unlike my song;
Unlike the deity my song invokes.
I to *Day's* soft-ey'd sister pay my court,
(Endymion's rival!) and her aid implore;
Now first implor'd in succour to the *Muse*.
Thou, who didst lately borrow * Cynthia's form,
And modestly forego thine Own! O Thou,
Who didst thyself, at midnight hours, inspire!
Say, why not Cynthia patroness of song?
As thou her crescent, she thy character
Assumes; still more a goddess by the change.
Are there demurring wits, who dare dispute
This revolution in the world *inspir'd?*
Ye train Pierian! to the *Lunar* sphere,
In silent hour, address your ardent call
For aid immortal; less her brother's right.
She, with the spheres harmonious, nightly leads
The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain.
A strain for gods, deny'd to mortal ear.
Transmit it heard, thou silver queen of heaven!
What title, or what name, endears thee most
Cynthia! Cyllene! Phœbe! or dost hear

* *At the duke of Norfolk's masquerade.*

With higher guſt, fair Portland of the ſkies!
Is that the ſoft enchantment calls thee down,
More powerful than of old Circean charm?
Come; but from heavenly banquets with thee bring
The ſoul of ſong, and whiſper in my ear
The theft divine; or in propitious dreams
(For dreams are Thine) tranſfuſe it through the breaſt
Of thy firſt votary—But not thy laſt;
For, like thy *Namefake*, thou art ever kind.
And kind thou wilt be; kind on ſuch a theme;
A theme ſo like thee, a quite *lunar* theme,
Soft, modeſt, melancholy, female, fair!
A theme that roſe all pale, and told my ſoul,
'Twas *Night*; on her fond hopes perpetual night;
A night which ſtruck a damp, a deadlier damp,
Than that which ſmote me from Philander's tomb.
Narciſſa follows, ere his tomb is cloſ'd.
Woes cluſter: rare are *ſolitary* woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel;
Her death invades *his* mournful right, and claims
The grief that ſtarted from my lids for Him:
Seizes the faithleſs, alienated tear,
Or ſhares it, ere it falls. So frequent death,
Sorrow he *more* than cauſes, he confounds;
For human ſighs his rival ſtrokes contend,
And make diſtreſs, diſtraction. Oh Philander!
What was thy fate? A double fate to me;
Portent, and pain! a menace and a blow!
Like the black raven hovering o'er my peace,
Not leſs a bird of omen than of prey.
It call'd Narciſſa long before her hour;
It call'd her tender ſoul, by break of bliſs,
From the firſt bloſſom, from the buds of joy;
Thoſe few our noxious fate unblaſted leaves
In this inclement clime of human life.
Sweet harmoniſt! and Beautiful as ſweet!
And Young as beautiful! and Soft as young!
And Gay as ſoft! and Innocent as gay!
And Happy (if aught Happy *here*) as good!
For fortune fond had built her neſt on high.
Like birds quite exquiſite of note and plume,
Tranſfixt by *fate* (who loves a lofty mark),
How from the ſummit of the grove ſhe fell,
And left it unharmonious! All its charms
Extinguiſht in the wonders of her ſong!
Her ſong ſtill vibrates in my raviſht ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling through my heart!
Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy; this group
Of bright ideas, flowers of paradiſe,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel and preſent it to the ſkies: as All
We gueſs of heaven; and *thoſe* were all her own,
And ſhe was mine; and I was—*was!*—moſt bleſt—
Gay title of the deepeſt miſery!
As bodies grow more ponderous, robb'd of life,
Good loſt weighs more in grief, than gain'd in joy.
Like bloſſom'd trees o'er turn'd by vernal ſtorm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death ſtill lovely, lovelier There
Far lovelier! pity ſwells the tide of love.
And will not the ſevere excuſe a ſigh?
Scorn the proud man that is aſham'd to weep;
Our tears *indulg'd* indeed deſerve our ſhame.
Ye that e'er loſt an angel! pity me.
Soon as the luſtre languiſht in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human ſight:
And on her cheek, the reſidence of ſpring,
Pale omen ſat; and ſcatter'd fears around
On all that ſaw (and who would ceaſe to gaze,
That once had ſeen?) with haſte, parental haſte,
I flew, I ſnatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the ſun; the ſun
(As if the ſun could envy) checkt his beam,
Deny'd his wonted ſuccour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies; faireſt lilies, not ſo fair!
Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambroſial lives;
In morn and evening dew, your beauties bathe,
And drink the ſun; which gives your cheeks a glow,
And out-bluſh (*mine* excepted) every fair;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropt your odours, incenſe meet
To thought ſo pure! ye lovely fugitives!
Coeval race with man! for man you ſmile;
Why nor ſmile *at* him too? You ſhare indeed
His ſudden paſs; but not his conſtant pain.
So man is made, nought miniſters delight,
But what his glowing paſſions, can engage;
And glowing paſſions, bent on aught below,
Muſt, ſoon or late, with anguiſh turn the ſcale;
And anguiſh, after rapture, how ſevere!
Rapture? Bold man! who tempt'ſt the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit denied to mortal taſte,
While *here*, preſuming on the rights of heaven.
For tranſport doſt thou call on every hour,
Lorenzo? At thy friend's expence, be wiſe;
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed, at beſt; but, oft, a ſpear;
On its ſharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
Turn, hopeleſs thought! turn from her; Thought repell'd
Reſenting rallies, and wakes every woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, ſmil'd!
And when high flavour'd thy freſh opening joys!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliſs complete!
And on a foreign ſhore; where ſtrangers wept!
Strangers to Thee; and, more ſurpriſing ſtill,
Strangers to Kindneſs, wept; their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears! ſtrange tears! that trickled down
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderneſs!
A tenderneſs that call'd them more ſevere;
In ſpite of nature's ſoft perſuaſion, ſteel'd;
While *nature* melted, *ſuperſtition* rav'd;
That mourn'd the dead; and *this* denied a grave.
Their ſighs incens'd; ſighs foreign to the will!
Their will the *Tiger* ſuck'd, outrag'd the ſtorm.
For, oh! the curſt ungodlineſs of zeal!
While *ſinful fleſh* relented, *ſpirit* nurſt
In blind *infallibility*'s embrace;
The *fainted ſpirit* petrify'd the breaſt;

Deny'd the charity of duſt, 'to ſpread
O'er duſt! a charity their dogs enjoy.
What could I do? What ſuccour? What reſource?
With pious ſacrilege, a grave I ſtole;
With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
With ſoft-ſuſpended ſtep, and muffled deep
In midnight darkneſs, *whiſper'd* my laſt ſigh.
I *whiſper'd* what ſhould echo through their realms;
Nor writ her name, whoſe tomb ſhould pierce the ſkies.
Preſumptuous fear! How durſt I dread her foes,
While nature's loudeſt dictates I obey'd?
Pardon neceſſity, bleſt ſhade! Of grief
And indignation rival burſts I pour'd;
Half execration mingled with my prayer;
Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
Sore grudg'd the ſavage land her ſacred duſt;
Tempt the curſt ſoil; and with humanity
(Denied Narciſſa) with'd them all a grave.
Glows my reſentment into guilt? What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead how ſacred! Sacred is the duſt
Of this heaven-labour'd form, erect, divine!
This heaven-aſſum'd majeſtic robe of earth,
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vaſt expanſe
With azure bright, and cloath'd the ſun in gold.
When every paſſion ſleeps that can offend;
When ſtrikes us every motive that can melt;
When man can wreak his rancour *uncontrol'd*,
That ſtrongeſt curb on inſult and ill-will;
Thee, ſpleen to *duſt*? the duſt of innocence?
An angel's duſt?—This Lucifer tranſcends;
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
'Twas not the ſtrife of malice, but of pride;
The ſtrife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.
For leſs than This is ſhocking in a race
Moſt *wretched*, but from ſtreams of mutual love;
And *recreated*, but for love divine;
And, but for love divine, this moment *loſt*,
By fate reſorb'd, and ſunk in endleſs night.
Man hard of heart to man! of horrid things
Moſt horrid! 'Mid ſtupendous, highly ſtrange!
Yet oft his courteſies are ſmoother wrongs;
Pride brandiſhes the favours He confers,
And contumelious his humanity:
What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye ſtars!
And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the ſound;
Man is to man the ſoreſt, ſureſt ill.
A previous blaſt foretels the riſing ſtorm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanos bellow ere they diſembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And ſmoke betrays the wide-conſuming fire:
Ruin from man is moſt conceal'd when near,
And ſends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
Heaven's Sovereign ſaves all beings, but himſelf,
That hideous ſight, a *naked* human heart.
Fir'd is the Muſe? And let the Muſe be fir'd:
Who not enflam'd, when what he ſpeaks, he feels,
And in the nerve moſt tender, in his friends?
Shame to mankind! Philander had his foes;
He felt the truths I ſing, and I in Him.
But He, nor I, feel more: paſt ills, Narciſſa!
Are ſunk in Thee, thou recent wound of heart!
Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
Pangs numerous, as the numerous ills that ſwarm'd
O'er thy diſtinguiſh'd fate, and, cluſtering There
Thick as the locuſts on the land of Nile,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale)
How was each circumſtance with aſpics arm'd?
An aſpic, Each! and All, an Hydra woe:
What ſtrong Herculean virtue could ſuffice?——
Or is it virtue to be conquer'd Here?
This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews;
And each tear mourns its own *diſtinct* diſtreſs;
And each diſtreſs, diſtinctly mourn'd, demands
Of grief ſtill more, as heighten'd by the whole.
A grief like *this* proprietors excludes
Not friends alone ſuch obſequies deplore;
They make mankind the mourner; carry ſighs
Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her way;
And turn the gayeſt thought of gayeſt age,
Down their right channel, through the vale of death.
The vale of death! that duſh'd Cimmerian vale,
Where *Darkneſs*, brooding o'er unfiniſh'd fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day!) that interdicts all future change!
That ſubterranean world, that land of ruin!
Fit walk, Lorenzo, for proud human thought!
There let my thought expatiate, and explore
Balſamic truths and healing ſentiments,
Of all moſt wanted, and moſt welcome, *here*.
For gay Lorenzo's ſake, and for thy own,
My ſoul! "The fruits of dying friends ſurvey;
"Expoſe the *vain* of life; weigh life and death;
"Give death his eulogy; thy fear ſubdue;
"And labour that firſt palm of noble minds,
"A manly ſcorn of terror from the tomb."
This harveſt reap from thy Narciſſa's grave
As poet's feign'd from Ajax' ſtreaming blood
Aroſe, with grief inſcrib'd, a mournful flower:
Let wiſdom bloſſom from my mortal wound.
And *firſt*, of dying friends; what fruit from theſe?
It brings us more than triple aid; an aid
To chaſe our *thoughtleſſneſs*, *fear*, *pride* and *guilt*.
Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainleſs ardors; and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wiſe.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to ſmooth
Our rugged paſs to death; to break thoſe bars
Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
Croſs our obſtructed way; and thus to make
Welcome, as *ſafe*, our port from every ſtorm.
Each friend by fate ſnatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us ſtoop from our aërial heights,
And, dampt with omen of our own deceaſe,

On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Juſt ſkim earth's ſurface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to ſcratch a little duſt,
And ſave the world a nuiſance. Smitten friends
Are angels ſent on errands full of love;
For us they languiſh, and for us they die:
And ſhall they languiſh, ſhall they die in vain?
Ungrateful, ſhall we grieve their hovering ſhades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we diſdain their ſilent, ſoft addreſs,
Their poſthumous advice, and pious prayer?
Senſeleſs, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under-foot their agonies and groans;
Fruſtrate their anguiſh, and deſtroy their deaths?
Lorenzo! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholeſome empire! let it reign,
That kind chaſtiſer of thy ſoul in joy!
Its reign will ſpread thy glorious conqueſts far,
And ſtill the tumults of thy ruffled breaſt:
Auſpicious æra! golden days, begin!
The thought of death ſhall, like a god, inſpire.
And why not think on death? Is life the theme
Of every thought? and wiſh of every hour?
And ſong of every joy? Surpriſing truth!
The beaten ſpaniel's fondneſs not ſo ſtrange,
To wave the numerous *ills* that ſeize on life
As their own property, their lawful prey;
Ere man has meaſur'd half his weary ſtage,
His *luxuries* have left him no reſerve,
No maiden reliſhes, unbroach'd delights;
On cold ſerv'd repetitions he ſubſiſts,
And in the taſteleſs *preſent* chews the *paſt*:
Diſguſted chews, and ſcarce can ſwallow down.
Like laviſh anceſtors, his earlier years
Have diſinherited his future hours,
Which ſtarve on *orts*, and *g'ean* their former field.
Live ever here, Lorenzo!—ſhocking thought!
So ſhocking, they who wiſh, diſown it too;
Diſown from ſhame, what they from folly crave.
Live ever in the womb, nor ſee the light?
For what live ever here?—With labouring ſtep
To tread our former footſteps? Pace the round
Eternal? To climb life's worn, heavy wheel,
Which draws up nothing new? To beat, and beat
The beaten track? To bid each wretched day
The former mock? To ſurfeit on the *ſame*,
And yawn our joys? Or thank a miſery
For change, though ſad? To ſee what we have
ſeen?
Hear, till unheard, the ſame old ſlabber'd tale?
To taſte the taſted, and at each return
Leſs taſteful? O'er our palates to decant
Another vintage? Strain a fatter year,
Through loaded veſſels, and a laxer tone?
Crazy machines to grind earth's waſted fruits!
Ill-ground, and worſe concocted! Load, not life!
The *rational* foul kennels of exceſs!
Still-ſtreaming thoroughfares of dull debauch!
Trembling each gulp leſt death ſhould ſnatch the
bowl.
Such of our *fine-ones* is the wiſh refin'd!
So would they have it; elegant deſire!
Why not invite the bellowing ſtalls, and wilds?
But ſuch examples might their riot awe.
Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
(Though on *bright thoughts* they ſaſhion all their flights)
To what are they reduc'd? To love, and hate,
The ſame vain world; to cenſure, and eſpouſe,
This painted ſhrew of life, who calls them fool
Each moment of each day; to flatter bad
Through dread of worſe? to cling to this rude
rock,
Barren *to them*, of good, and ſharp with ills,
And hourly blacken'd with impending ſtorms,
And infamous for wrecks of human hope—
Scar'd at the gloomy gulph that yawns beneath.
Such are their triumphs! ſuch their pangs of joy!
'Tis time, high time, to ſhift this diſmal ſcene:
This *hugg'd*, this *hideous* ſtate, what art can cure?
One only; but that one, what all may reach;
Virtue—ſhe, wonder-working goddeſs! charms
That *rock* to bloom, and tames the *painted ſerpent*:
And, what will more ſurprize, Lorenzo! gives
To life's ſick, nauſeous *iteration*, change;
And ſtraightens nature's circle to a line.
Believ'ſt thou this, Lorenzo? lend an ear,
A patient ear, thou 'lt bluſh to diſbelieve.
A languid, leaden, iteration reigns,
And ever muſt, o'er thoſe, whoſe joys are joys
Of ſight, ſmell, taſte: the cuckow ſeaſons ſing
The ſame dull note to ſuch as nothing prize,
But what thoſe ſeaſons, from the teeming earth,
To doating *ſenſe* indulge. But nobler minds,
Which reliſh fruits unripen'd by the *ſun*,
Make their days various; various as the dyes
On the dove's neck, which wanton in *his* rays,
On minds of dove-like innocence poſſeſt,
On lighten'd minds, that baſk in virtue's beams.
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing *old* revolves
In *that*, for which they long; for which they live.
Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heavenly hope,
Each riſing morning ſees ſtill higher riſe;
Each bounteous dawn its novelty preſents
To worth maturing, *new* ſtrength, luſtre, fame;
While nature's circle, like a chariot wheel
Rolling *beneath* their elevated aims,
Makes their fair proſpect fairer every hour;
Advancing *virtue*, in a line to *bliſs*;
Virtue, which Chriſtian motives beſt inſpire!
And *bliſs*, which Chriſtian ſchemes alone enſure?
And ſhall we then, for virtue's ſake, commence
Apoſtates; and turn infidels for joy?
A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer truſt,
"He ſins againſt *this* life, who ſlights the *next*."
What is this life? How few their favourite know!
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By paſſionately loving life, we make
Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death.
We give to Time Eternity's regard;
And dreaming, take our paſſage for our port.
Life has no value as an end, but means;
An end deplorable! a means divine!
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worſe than
nought;
A neſt of pains: when held as nothing, much:
Like ſome fair humouriſts, life is moſt enjoy'd,
When courted leaſt; moſt worth, when diſ-
eſteem'd:
Then 'tis the ſeat of comfort, rich in peace;
In proſpect richer far; important! awful!
Not to be mention'd, but with ſhouts of praiſe!
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy!

The mighty basis of eternal bliss!
Where now the *barren rock?* the *painted shrew?*
Where now, Lorenzo! life's *eternal round?*
Have I not made my triple promise good?
Vain *is* the world; but only to the vain.
To what compare we then this varying scene,
Whose worth ambiguous rises, and declines?
Wane and wanes? (in all propitious, *Night*
Assists me here) Compare it to the moon;
Dark in herself, and indigent; but rich
In *borrow'd* lustre from a higher sphere.
When gross guilt interposes, labouring earth,
O'ershadow'd, mourns a deep eclipse of joy!
Her joys, at brightest, pallid, to that stout
Of full effulgent gloty, whence they flow.
Nor is that glory distant: Oh Lorenzo!
A good man, and an angel! these between
How thin the barrier! what divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;
Or, if an age, it is a moment still;
A moment, or eternity's forgot.
Then be, what once they were, who now are gods;
Be what Philander was, and claim the skies.
Starts timid nature at the gloomy pass?
The *soft transition* call it; and be cheer'd:
Such it is often, and why not to Thee?
To hope the best, is pious, brave, and wise;
And may itself *procure*, what it *presumes*.
Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduc'd:
Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
"*Strange competition!*"—True, Lorenzo! strange!
So little *Life* can cast into the scale.
Life makes the soul dependant on the dust;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
Through chinks, styl'd organs, dim *Life* peeps at light;
Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day;
All eye, all ear, the disembody'd power.
Death has feign'd evils, *nature* shall not feel;
Life, ills substantial, *wisdom* cannot shun.
Is not the mighty *mind*, that son of heaven!
By tyrant *life* dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd?
By *death* enlarg'd, enobled, deify'd?
Death but entombs the body; *life* the soul.
"Is *death* then guiltless? How he marks his way
"With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine!
"Art, genius, fortune, elevated power!
"With various lustres *these* light up the world,
"Which *death* puts out, and darkens human race."
I grant, Lorenzo! this indictment just:
The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!
Death humbles these; more barbarous *life*, the man.
Life is the triumph of our mouldering clay;
Death, of the spirit infinite! divine!
Death has no dread, but what frail *life* imparts;
Nor *life* true joy, but what kind *death* improves.
No bliss has *life* to boast, till death can give
Far greater; *life*'s a debtor to the grave,
Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.
Lorenzo! blush at *fondness* for a *life*,
Which sends celestial souls on errands vile,
To cater for the sense; and serve at boards,
Where every ranger of the wilds, perhaps
Each reptile, justly claims our upper hand.
Luxurious feast! a soul, a soul immortal,
In all the dainties of a brute bemir'd!
Lorenzo! blush at *terror* for a *death*,
Which gives thee to repose in festive bowers,
Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,
And more than angels share, and raise, and crown.
And eternise, the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss.
What need I more? O *death*, the palm is thine.
Then welcome, death! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age, and disease; disease, though long my guest;
That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life;
Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell,
That call my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While reason and religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is victory;
It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
Lust and *ambition*, *wrath* and *avarice*,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
Are not *immortal* too, O death! is thine.
Our day of dissolution!—name it right;
'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis our harvest, rich
And ripe; what though the sickle, sometimes keen,
Just fears us as we reap the golden grain?
More than thy balm, O Gilead! heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and *death*'s deep dismal groan,
Are slender tributes low-tax'd nature pays
For mighty gain: the gain of each, a life!
But O! the last the former so transcends,
Life dies, compar'd; *Life* lives beyond the grave.

And feel I, *death!* no joy from thought of thee?
Death, the great counsellor, who man inspires
With every nobler thought, and fairer deed!
Death, the deliverer, who rescues man!
Death, the rewarder, who the rescued crowns!
Death, that absolves my birth; a curse without it!
Rich *death*, that realizes all my cares,
Toils, virtues, hopes; without it a chimera!
Death, of all pain the period, not of joy;
Joy's *source* and *subject*, still subsist unhurt:
One, in my soul; and one, in her great Sire;
Though the four winds were warring for my dust.
Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
Though prison'd there, my dust too I reclaim.
(To dust when drop proud nature's proudest spheres)
And live *intire*. Death is the crown of life:
Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain;
Were death deny'd, to live would not be life;
Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure: we fall; we rise, we reign!
Spring from our fetters; fasten in the skies;
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight:
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When shall I *die?*—When shall I live for ever?

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

CONTAINING

Our only Cure for the Fear of Death; and proper Sentiments of that ineſtimable Bleſſing.

TO THE HONOURABLE MR. YORKE.

A Much-indebted Muſe, O Yorke! intrudes.
Amid the ſmiles of fortune, and of youth,
Thine ear is patient of a ſerious ſong.
How deep implanted in the breaſt of man
The dread of death! I ſing its ſovereign cure.
Why ſtart at death? Where is he? Death ariv'd,
Is paſt; not come or gone, he's never *here*.
Ere *hope*, *ſenſation* fails; black-bodied man
Receives, not *ſuffers*, death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the ſhroud, the mattock, and the grave:
The deep damp vault, the darkneſs, and the worm;
Theſe are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and *error's* wretch,
Man makes a death, which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thouſand deaths, in fearing one.
But were death frightful, what has *age* to fear?
If prudent, age ſhould meet the friendly foe,
And ſhelter in his hoſpitable gloom.
I ſcarce can meet a monument, but holds
My younger; every date cries—"Come away."
And what recalls me? Look the world around,
And tell me what: the wiſeſt cannot tell.
Should any born of women give his thought
Full range, on juſt *diſlike's* unbounded field;
Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;
Flaws in the *beſt*; the many, flaw all o'er;
As *leopards*, ſpotted, or, as Ethiops, dark;
Vivacious *ill*; *good* dying immature:
(How immature, Narciſſa's marble tells!)
And at his death bequeathing endleſs pain;
His heart, though bold, would ſicken at the ſight,
And ſpend itſelf in ſighs, for *future* ſcenes.
But grant to life (and juſt it is to grant
To *lucky* life) ſome perquiſites of joy;
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long-rifled life of ſweet can yield no more.
But from our *comment* on the comedy,
Pleaſing *reflections* on parts well ſuſtain'd,
Or purpos'd *emendations* where we fail'd,
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid Judge,
When on their exit, ſouls are bid unrobe,
Tuſh *fortune* back her tinſel, and her plume,
And drop this maſk of fleſh behind the ſcene.
With me, that time is come; my world is dead;
A new world riſes, and new manners reign:
Foreign comedians, a ſpruce band! arrive,
To puſh me from the ſcene, or hiſs me there,
What a pert race ſtarts up! the ſtrangers gaze,
And I at them; my neighbour is unknown;
Nor that the worſt! Ah me! the direſſect
Of loitering here, of death defrauded long:
Of old ſo gracious (and let that ſuffice),
My very maſter knows me not—
Shall I dare ſay, peculiar is the fate?
I've been ſo long remember'd, I'm forgot.
An object ever preſſing dims the ſight,
And hides behind its ardour to be ſeen.
When in his courtiers' ears I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the nectar of the great;
And ſqueeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow.
Refuſal! canſt thou wear a ſmoother form?
Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme:
Who cheapens life, abates the *Fear of Death*:
Twice told the period ſpent on ſtubborn Troy,
Court favour, yet untaken, I beſiege;
Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.
Alas! ambition makes my little leſs;
Embittering the poſſeſt: Why wiſh for more?
Wiſhing, of all employments, is the worſt;
Philoſophy's reverſe; and health's decay!
Were I as plump as ſtall'd theology,
Wiſhing would waſte me to the ſhade again.
Were I as wealthy as a South-ſea dream,
Wiſhing is an expedient to be poor.
Wiſhing, that conſtant *hectic* of a fool;
Caught at a court; purg'd off by purer air,
And ſimpler diet; gifts of rural life!
Bleſt be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at reſt, beneath this humble ſhed.
The world's a ſtately bark, on dangerous ſeas,
With pleaſure ſeen, but boarded at our peril;
Here on a ſingle plank, thrown ſafe aſhore,
I hear the tumult of the diſtant throng,
As that of ſeas remote, or dying ſtorms:
And meditate on ſcenes, more ſilent ſtill.
Purſue my theme, and fight the *Fear of Death*.
Here, like a ſhepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his ſtaff,
Eager *ambition's* fiery chace I ſee;
I ſee the circling hunt, of noiſy men,
Burſt law's incloſure, leap the mounds of right,
Purſuing, and purſued, each other's prey;
As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles;
Till *Death*, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or ſoar in fame?
Earth's higheſt ſtation ends in, "Here he lies,"
And "duſt to duſt" concludes her nobleſt ſong.
If this ſong lives, poſterity ſhall know
One, though in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought ev'n gold might come a day too late;
Nor on his ſubtle death-bed plann'd his ſcheme
For future vacancies in church or ſtate;
Some avocation deeming it—to die,

Unbit by rage canine of *dying rich*:
Guilt's blunder! and the loudeſt laugh of hell.
O my coevals! remnants of yourſelves!
Poor human ruins, tottering o'er the grave!
Shall we, ſhall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper our vile root, and cloſer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched ſoil?
Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be ſtill ſtretch'd out,
Trembling, at once, with eagerneſs and age?
With avarice and convulſions, graſping hard?
Graſping at air! for what has earth beſide?
Man wants but little; nor that little, long;
How ſoon muſt he reſign his very duſt,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour!
Years *unexperienc'd* ruſh on numerous ills:
And ſoon as man, *expert* from time, has found
The *key* of life, it opes the gates of death.
When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miſs ſuch numbers, numbers too of ſuch,
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
And ſtricter on their guard, and fitter far,
To play life's ſubtle game, I ſcarce believe
I ſtill ſurvive: and am I fond of life,
Who ſcarce can think it poſſible, I live?
Alive by miracle! or what is next,
Alive by Mead! if I am ſtill alive,
Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
Firmneſs of nerve, and energy of thought.
Life's lee is not more *ſhallow*, than *impure*,
And *vapid*; *Senſe* and *Reaſon* ſhew the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the duſt.
O thou great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial ſun!
Whoſe all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkneſs, teeming darkneſs, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The duſt I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the ſpirit of the golden day,
And triumph in exiſtence; and couldſt know
No motive, but my bliſs; and haſt ordain'd
A riſe in bleſſing! with the *Patriarch's* joy,
Thy call I follow to the land *unknown*;
I truſt in thee, and know in whom I truſt;
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs:
All weight in this—O let me live to thee!
Though *nature's* terrors, *thou*, may be repreſt;
Still frowns grim *Death*; guilt points the tyrant's ſpear,
And whence all human guilt? From death forgot.
Ah me! too long I ſet at nought the ſwarm
Of friendly warnings, which around me flew;
And ſmil'd, unſmitten; ſmall my cauſe to ſmile!
Death's admonitions, like ſhafts upwards ſhot,
More dreadful by delay, the longer ere
They ſtrike our hearts, the deeper is their wound:
O think how deep, Lorenzo! here it ſtings:
Who can appeaſe its anguiſh? how it burns!
What hand the barb'd, invenom'd, thought can draw?
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,
And turn my ſight undaunted on the tomb?
With joy,—with grief, that *healing hand* I ſee
Ah! too conſpicuous! it is fix'd on high;
On *high*?—What means my phrenzy? I blaſpheme;
Alas! how *low*! how far beneath the ſkies!
The ſkies it form'd; and now it bleeds for *me*—
But bleeds the balm I want—Yet ſtill it *bleeds*;
Draw the dire ſteel—ah no! the dreadful bleſſing
What heart or can ſuſtain, or dares forego?
There hangs all human hope; that nail ſupports
The falling univerſe: that gone, we drop;
Horror receives us, and the diſmal wiſh
Creation had been ſmother'd in her birth—
Darkneſs his curtain, and his bed the duſt;
When ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath his throne!
In heaven itſelf can ſuch indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there! a groan *not His*.
He ſeiz'd *our* dreadful right; the load ſuſtain'd;
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thouſand worlds, *ſo* bought, were bought too dear;
Senſations *new* in angels' boſoms riſe;
Suſpend their ſong; and make a pauſe in bliſs.
O for *their* ſong; to reach my lofty theme!
Inſpire me, *Night!* with all thy tuneful ſpheres;
Whilſt I with ſeraphs ſhare ſeraphic themes,
And ſhew to men the dignity of man;
Leſt I blaſpheme my ſubject with my ſong.
Shall *pagan* pages glow celeſtial flame,
And *chriſtian* languiſh? on our hearts, not heads,
Falls the foul infamy: my heart! awake.
What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,
"Expanded deity on human weal?"
Feel the *great truths*, which burſt the tenfold night
Of *heathen* error, with a golden flood
Of endleſs day; to feel, is to be ſir'd;
And to believe, Lorenzo! is to feel.
Thou moſt indulgent, moſt tremendous Power!
Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous love!
That arms, which awe more awful, thy commands;
And foul tranſgreſſion dips in ſevenfold night!
How our hearts tremble at thy love immenſe
In love immenſe, inviolably juſt!
Thou, rather than thy *juſtice* ſhould be ſtain'd,
Didſt ſtain the *Croſs*; and work of wonders far
The greateſt, that thy deareſt far might bleed.
Bold thought! ſhall I dare ſpeak it; or ſuppreſs?
Should man more *execrate*, or *bleſs* the guilt
Which rous'd ſuch vengeance? which ſuch love inflam'd?
O'er guilt (how mountainous!) with out-ſtretch'd arms,
Stern *juſtice* and ſoft-ſmiling *love* embrace,
Supporting, in full majeſty, thy throne,
When ſeem'd its majeſty to need ſupport,
Or *that*, or *man*, inevitably loſt;
What, but the *fathomleſs* of thought divine,
Could labour ſuch expedient from deſpair,
And reſcue *both*? both reſcue! both exalt
O how are both exalted by the *deed*!
The wondrous deed! or ſhall I call it *more*?
A wonder in omnipotence itſelf!
A myſtery no leſs to gods than men!

Not *thee*, our infidels th' eternal draw,
A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
Full orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete:
They set at odds heaven's jarring attributes;
And, with one excellence, another wound;
Maim heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid *mercy* triumph over—God himself,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise:
A God *all* mercy, is a God unjust.
Ye brainless wits! ye baptiz'd infidels!
Ye worse for mending! wash'd to fouler stains!
The ransom was paid down; the fund of heaven,
Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: though curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum:
Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds *create*,
For ever hides, and glows, in the *Supreme*.
And was the ransom paid? it was: and paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for *you*.
The sun beheld it—no, the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot: midnight veil'd his face;
Not such as *this*; not such as nature makes;
A *midnight* nature shudder'd to behold;
A *midnight* new! a dread eclipse (without
Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? Or start
At that enormous load of human guilt,
Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his cross;
Made groan the centre; burst earth's marble womb,
With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead?
Hell howl'd; and heaven that hour let fall a tear;
Heaven wept, that men might smile! heaven bled, that man
Might never die!———
And is devotion virtue? 'Tis *compell'd*.
What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like these?
Such contemplations mount us; and should mount
The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man,
Unrapture'd, uninflam'd—Where roll my thoughts
To rest from wonders? other wonders rise;
And strike where'er they roll; my soul is caught:
Heaven's sovereign blessings, clustering from the cross,
Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
The prisoner of amaze!—in his bleet *life*
I see the *path*, and in his *death* the *price*;
And in his great *ascent* the *proof* supreme
Of immortality.—And did he rise?
Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He rose!, he rose! he burst the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the king of glory to come in.
Who is the king of glory? he who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death!
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the king of glory to come in.
Who is the king of glory? he who slew
The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race!
The king of glory, he, whose glory fill'd
Heaven with amazement at his eye to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
Powers most illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme.
The theme, the joy, how then shall man sustain?
Oh the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd throne!
Last gasp! of vanquish'd death. Shout earth and heaven!
This *sum of good* to man. *Whose* nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
Then, then, I rose; then first *humanity*
Triumphant past the crystal ports of light,
(Stupendous guest!) and seiz'd eternal youth,
Seiz'd in *our* name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous
To call man mortal. Man's mortality
Was, then, transferr'd to death; and heaven's duration.
Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
This child of dust—Man, all-immortal! hail;
Hail, heaven! all lavish of strange gifts to man
Thine all the glory; man's the boundless bliss.
Where am I wrapt by this triumphant theme,
On christian joy's exulting wing, above
Th' Aonian mount!—Alas! small cause for joy!
What if to pain immortal? if extent
Of being, to preclude a close of woe?
Where, then, my boast of immortality?
I boast it still, though cover'd o'er with guilt;
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd,
'Tis guilt alone can justify his death:
Nor that, unless his death can justify
Relenting guilt in heaven's indulgent sight.
If, sick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name in heaven, with that inverted spear
(A spear deep-dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his side,
And open'd there a font for all mankind,
Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:
This, only *this*, subdues the *fear of death*.
And what is *this*?—Survey the wondrous cure:
And at each step, let higher wonder rise!
"Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
"Through means that speak its value infinite!
"A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
"With blood divine of him, I made my foe!
"Persisted to provoke! though woo'd, and aw'd,
"Blest, and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!
"A rebel, 'midst the thunders of his throne!
"Nor I alone! a rebel universe!
"My species up in arms! not one exempt!
"Yet for the foulest of the foul, he dies,
"Most joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepest guilt!
"As if our race were held of highest rank;
"And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man!"
Bound, every heart! and every bosom, burn!
O what a scale of miracles is here!
Its lowest round, high planted on the skies;
Its towering summit lost beyond the thought
Of man or angel! O that I could climb
The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!
Praise! flow for ever (if astonishment
Will give thee leave); my praise for ever flow;
Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high heaven
More fragrant, than Arabia sacrific'd,
And all her spicy mountains in a flame,

So dear, so due to heaven, shall *praise* descend,
With her soft plume (from *plausive* angels wing
First pluck'd my man) to tickle mortal ears,
Thus diving in the pockets of the great?
Is *praise* the perquisite of every paw,
Though black as hell, that grapples well for gold?
Oh love of gold! thou meanest of amours!
Shall *praise* her odours waste on virtue's dead,
Embalm the base, perfume the stench of guilt,
Lure dirty bread by washing Æthiops fair,
Removing filth, or sinking it from sight,
A scavenger in *scenes*, where *vacant* posts
Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
Their future ornaments? From courts and thrones,
Return, apostate *praise*! thou vagabond!
Thou prostitute! to thy first love return,
Thy first, thy greatest, once unrival'd theme.
There flow redundant; like Meander flow,
Back to thy fountain, to that Parent Power,
Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to soar,
The soul to *be*. Men homage pay to men,
Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow
In mutual awe profound of clay to clay,
Of guilt to guilt; and turn their back on thee,
Great Sire! whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing;
To prostrate angels, an amazing scene!
O the presumption of man's awe for man!
Man's Author! End! Restorer! Law! and Judge!
Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of *night*,
With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds;
What, night eternal, but a frown from thee?
What, heaven's meridian glory, but thy smile?
And shall not praise be thine, not human praise?
While heaven's high host on *hallelujahs* live?
O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
My soul in praise to Him, who gave my soul,
And all her infinite of prospect fair,
Or through the shades of hell, *great Love* by thee
O most Adorable! most Unador'd!
Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er should end?
Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause!
How is *night*'s sable mantle labour'd o'er!
How richly wrought with attributes divine!
What *wisdom* shines! what *love*! this midnight pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlaid!
Built with divine ambition! nought to thee;
For others this profusion: Thou, apart,
Above! Beyond! O tell me, mighty Mind!
Where art thou? Shall I dive into the *deep*?
Call to the *sun*, or ask the roaring *winds*,
For their Creator? Shall I question loud
The *thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells?
Or wield the furious *storms* in streighten'd reins,
And ride fierce *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid car?
What mean these questions?—Trembling I retract;
My prostrate soul adores the *present* God:
Prais'd a distant deity? He hates
My voice (if tun'd); the nerve, that writes, sustains:
Wrapt in his being, I resound his praise:
But though past *all* diffus'd, without a shore,
His essence; *local* is his throne (as meet),
To gather the dispersed (as standards call
The lifted from afar): to fix a point,
A central point, collective of his sons,
Since *finite* every nature but his own.
The nameless *He*, whose nod is *nature*'s birth;
And *nature*'s shield, the shadow of his hand;
Her dissolution, his suspended smile!
The great *First-Last*! pavilion'd high he sits,
In darkness from excessive splendor borne,
By gods unseen, unless through lustre lost.
His glory, to created glory, bright,
As that to central horrors; he looks down
On all that soars; and spans immensity.
Though *night* unnumber'd words unfolds to view,
Boundless creation! what art thou? A beam,
A mere effluvium of his majesty:
And shall an atom of this atom-world
Mutter, in dust and sin, the theme of heaven?
Down to the centre should I send my thought
Through beds of glittering ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay;
Goes out in darkness: if, on towering wing
I send it through the boundless vault of stars!
The stars, though rich, what dross their gold to *thee*,
Great! good! wise! wonderful! eternal King!
If to those *conscious stars* thy throne around,
Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss;
And ask their strain; they want it, *more* they want,
Poor their abundance, humble their sublime,
Languid their energy, their ardour cold,
Indebted still, their highest rapture burns;
Short of its mark, defective, though divine.
Still more—This theme is man's, and man's alone;
Their vast appointments reach it not: they see
On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high;
And *downward* look for heaven's superior praise!
First-born of Ether! high in fields of light!
View man, to see the glory of your God!
Could angels envy, they had envy'd *here*;
And some *did* envy; and the rest, though gods,
Yet still gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs man,
Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies)
They less would *feel*, though more adorn, my theme.
They sung *Creation* (for in that they shar'd):
How rose in melody, that child of love!
Creation's great superior, man! is thine;
Thine is *redemption*; they just gave the key:
'Tis thine to raise, and eternize, the song;
Though human, yet divine; for should not *this*
Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs *here*?
Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labour of the skies;
Far *more* than labour—It was *death* in heaven.
A truth so strange! 'twere bold to think it true;
If not far bolder still to disbelieve!
Here pause, and ponder; was there death in heaven?

What then on earth? On earth, which struck the blow?
Who struck it? Who?—O how is *man* enlarg'd
Seen through this medium! how the pigmy towers!
How counterpois'd his origin from dust!
How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return!
How voided his vast distance from the skies!
How near he presses on the seraph's wing!
Which is the seraph? Which the born of clay?
How this demonstrates, through the thickest cloud
Of guilt, and clay condens'd, the son of heaven!
The *double* son; the made, and the re-made!
And shall heaven's double property be lost?
Man's double madness only can destroy.
To man the bleeding cross has promis'd *all*;
The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace;
Who gave his life, what grace shall He deny?
O ye! who, from this *Rock of ages*, leap,
Apostates, plunging headlong in the deep!
What cordial joy, what consolation strong,
Whatever winds arise, or billows roll,
Our interest's in the master of the storm!
Cling *there*, and o'er wreck'd nature's ruins *smile*;
While vile apostates *tremble* in a calm.
Man! know thyself. All wisdom centres there:
To none men seems ignoble, but to man;
Angels that grandeur, men o'er-look, admire.
How long shall human nature be *their* book,
Degenerate mortal! and *unread* by Thee?
The beam dim *reason* sheds shows wonders There;
What high contents! Illustrious faculties!
But the grand *comment*, which displays at full
Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
By heaven compos'd, was publish'd on the *Cross*.
Who looks on That, and sees not in himself
An awful stranger, a terrestrial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life?
If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm:
I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul
Catches strange fire, Eternity! at Thee;
And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys:
How chang'd the face of nature! how improv'd!
What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,
Or, what a world, an Eden; heighten'd all!
It is another scene! another self!
And still another, as time rolls along:
And that a *self* far more illustrious still.
Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades
Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray,
What evolutions of surprising fate!
How nature opens, and receives my soul
In boundless walks of raptur'd thought! where gods
Encounter and embrace me! What new births
Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun;
Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exists,
Old *time*, and fair *creation*, are forgot!
Is this extravagant? Of man we form
Extravagant conception, to be just:
Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him:
Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.
He, the great Father! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals; one spirit pour'd
From spirit's awful fountain: pour'd himself
Through all their souls; but not in equal stream,
Profuse, or frugal, of th' aspiring God,
As his wise plain demanded; and when past
Their various trials in their various spheres,
If they *continue* rational, as made,
Reforbs them all into Himself again;
His throne their centre, and his smile their crown.
Why doubt we, then, the *glorious truth* to sing,
Though yet *unsung*, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold?
Angels are men of a superior kind;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight;
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And slippery step, the bottom of the steep.
Angels their failings, mortals have their praise;
While *Here*, of corps ethereal, such enroll'd,
And summon'd to the *glorious Standard* soon,
Which flames eternal crimson through the skies.
Nor are our *brothers* thoughtless of their kin,
Yet absent; but not absent from their love.
Michael has fought our battles; Raphael sung
Our triumphs; Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the Sovereign; and are these, O man!
Thy friends, thy warm allies? and Thou (shame burn
Thy cheek to cinder!) rival to the brute?
Religion's All. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left,
Holds out *this* world, and, in her right, the *next*;
Religion! the sole voucher man is man;
Supporter sole of man above himself;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.
Religion! Providence! an After-state!
Here is firm footing; *here* is solid rock!
This can support us; all is sea besides;
Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.
As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,
And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate, discharg'd,
Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise,
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change:
So joys the soul, when, from inglorious aims,
And sorded sweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
To *Reason*'s region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.
Religion! thou the soul of happiness;
And, groaning Calvary, of thee! *There* shine
The noblest truths; *there* strongest motives sting;
There sacred violence assaults the soul;
There, nothing but *compulsion* is forborn.
Can love allure us; or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the sun;
He sighs!—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
If in his love so terrible, what then
His wrath inflam'd? his tenderness on fire?

Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires? 585
Can prayer, can praise, avert it?—Thou, my
All!
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth!—my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death! 590
My boast through time! bliss through eternity!
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise!
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
To man of men the meanest, ev'n to me; [595
My sacrifice! my God!—what things are these!
What then art Thou? by what name shall I call
Thee?
Knew I the name devout archangels use,
Devout archangels should the name enjoy,
By me unrival'd; thousands more sublime,
None half so dear, as that, which, though unspoke, 600
Still glows at heart: O how omnipotence
Is lost in love! Thou great Philanthropist!
Father of angels! but the friend of man!
Like Jacob, fondest of the younger born!
Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking
brand 605
From out the flames, and quench it in thy
blood!
How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to distress!
To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
Too big for birth! to favour, and confound;
To challenge, and to distance all return! 610
Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
And leave praise panting in the distant vale!
Thy right, too great, defrauds thee of thy due;
And sacrilegious our sublimest song.
But since the naked *will* obtains thy smile, 615
Beneath this monument of praise *unpaid*,
And future life symphonious to my strain,
(That noblest hymn to heaven!) for ever lie
Intomb'd my *fear of death!* and every fear,
The dread of every evil, but Thy frown. 620
Whom see I yonder, so demurely smile?
Laughter a labour, and might break their rest.
Ye quietists, in homage to the skies!
Serene! of soft address! who mildly make
An unobtrusive tender of your hearts, 625
Abhorring violence! who *halt* indeed;
But for the blessing, *wrestle* not with heaven!
Think you my song too turbulent? too warm?
Are *passions*, then, the pagans of the soul?
Reason alone baptiz'd? alone *ordain'd* 630
To touch things sacred? Oh for warmer still!
Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my
powers;
Oh for an humbler heart! and prouder song!
Thou, my much injur'd theme! with that soft
eye [635
Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look
Compassion to the coldness of my breast;
And pardon to the winter in my strain.
Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, formalists!
On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm; 640
Passion is reason, transport temper, *here*.
Shall heaven, which gave us ardour, and has
shewn
Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
What smooth emollients in theology;
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors, preach; 645
That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise?
Rise odours sweet from incense *unkindled?*
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven;
To human hearts her golden harps are strung; 650
High heaven's *orchestra* chaunts *amen* to man.
Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant strain,
Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of heaven,
Soft-wafted on celestial *pity*'s plume,
Through the vast spaces of the universe, 655
To cheer me in this melancholy gloom?
Oh when will *death* (now stingless), like a friend,
Admit me of their choir? O when will *death*
This mouldering, old, partition-wall throw down?
Give beings, one in nature, one abode? 660
Oh death divine! that giv'st us to the skies!
Great *future!* glorious patron of the *past*,
And *present!* when shall I thy shrine adore?
From nature's *continent*, immensely wide,
Immensely blest, this little *isle of life*, 665
This dark, incarcerated *colony*,
Divides us. Happy day! that breaks our chain;
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to nature's great *metropolis*,
And re-admits us, through the *guardian* hand
Of elder brothers, to our *Father*'s throne; 670
Who hears our Advocate, and, through his
wounds
Beholding man, allows *that* tender name.
'Tis this makes *Christian triumph* a command;
'Tis this makes joy a *duty* to the wise;
'Tis impious in a good man to be sad. 675
See thou, Lorenzo! where hangs all our hope?
Touch'd by the *Cross*, we live; or, *more* than
die;
That *touch* which touch'd not angels; more divine
Than that which touch'd confusion into form,
And darkness into glory; partial *touch!* 680
Ineffably pre-eminent regard!
Sacred to man, and sovereign though the whole
Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
From heaven through all duration, and supports
In one illustrious and amazing plan, 685
Thy welfare, *nature!* and thy God's renown;
That touch, with charm celestial, heals the soul
Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights light life in
death,
Turns earth to heaven, to heavenly thrones trans
forms
The ghastly ruins of the mouldering tomb. 690
Dost ask me when? When he who dy'd returns;
Returns, how chang'd! Where then the man of
woe?
In glory's terrors all the Godhead burns;
And all his courts, exhausted by the tide
Of deities triumphant in his train, 695
Leave a stupendous solitude in heaven;
Replenish'd soon, replenish'd with increase
Of pomp, and multitude; a radiant band
Of angels new; of angels from the *tomb*.
Is this by fancy thrown remote; and rise 700
Dark doubts between the premise and event?
I send thee not to volumes for thy cure;
Read Nature; Nature is a friend to truth;

Nature is *Chriſtian*; preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
Haſt thou ne'er ſeen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illuſtrious ſtranger paſſing, terror ſheds
On gazing nations; from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Through depths of ether; coaſts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than ſolar glory; doubles wide
Heaven's mighty cape; and then reviſits earth,
From the long travel of a thouſand years:
Thus, at the deſtin'd period, ſhall return
He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze:
And, with Him, *all* our triumph o'er the tomb.

Nature is dumb on this important point;
Or hope precarious in low whiſper breathes;
Faith ſpeaks aloud, diſtinct; ev'n *adders* hear;
But turn, and dart into the dark again.
Faith builds a bridge acroſs the gulph of death,
To break the ſhock blind *nature* cannot ſhun,
And lands thought ſmoothly on the farther ſhore.
Death's terror is the mountain *faith* removes;
That mountain barrier between man and peace.
'Tis *faith* diſarms deſtruction; and abſolves
From every clamorous charge, the guiltleſs tomb.

Why diſbelieve? Lorenzo!— "*Reaſon* bids,
"All-ſacred reaſon."—Hold her ſacred ſtill;
Nor ſhalt thou want a rival in thy flame:
All-ſacred *reaſon!* ſource, and ſoul, of all
Demanding praiſe, on earth, or earth above!
My heart is thine: deep in its inmoſt folds,
Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.
Wear I the bleſſed Croſs, by fortune ſtamp'd
On paſſive nature, before thought was born?
My birth's blind bigot! fir'd with *local* zeal!
No; *reaſon* re-baptiz'd me when adult;
Weigh'd true, and falſe, in her impartial ſcale;
My heart became the convert of my head
And made that choice, which once was but my fate.

"On argument alone my faith is built:"
Reaſon purſu'd is *faith*; and, unpurſued
Where proof invites, 'tis reaſon, then, no more:
And ſuch our *proof*, That, or our *faith* is *right*,
Or *reaſon* lies, and heaven deſign'd it *wrong*:
Abſolve we This? What, then, is blaſphemy?

Fond as we are, and juſtly fond, of *faith*,
Reaſon, we grant, demands our firſt regard;
The mother honour'd as the daughter dear,
Reaſon the root, fair *faith* is but the flower;
The fading flower ſhall die; but reaſon lives
Immortal, as her Father in the ſkies.
When *faith* is virtue, *reaſon* makes it ſo.
Wrong not the Chriſtian; think not reaſon *yours*:
'Tis *reaſon* our great *Maſter* holds ſo dear;
'Tis *reaſon*'s injur'd rights His wrath reſents;
'Tis *reaſon*'s voice obey'd His glories crown;
To give loſt *reaſon* life, He pour'd his own:
Believe, and ſhew the reaſon of a man;
Believe, and taſte the pleaſure of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
Through *reaſon*'s wounds alone thy *faith* can die;
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal ſting.
Learn hence what honours, what loud *pæans*, due
To thoſe, who puſh our *antidote* aſide;
Thoſe boaſted friends to *reaſon* and to *man*,
Whoſe fatal love ſtabs every joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd, gnawing on his heart
Theſe pompous ſons of *reaſon* idoliz'd
And vilified at once; of *reaſon* dead,
Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old;
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow?
While *love of truth* through all their camp reſounds,
They draw *pride*'s curtain o'er the noon-tide-ray,
Spike up their inch of reaſon, on the point
Of philoſophic wit, *call'd* Argument;
And then, exulting in their taper, cry,
"Behold the ſun:" and, Indian-like, adore.
Talk they of *morals?* O thou bleeding Love!
Thou maker of *new* morals to mankind!
The *grand* morality is love of Thee.
As wiſe as Socrates, if ſuch they were,
(Nor will they 'bate of that ſublime renown)
As wiſe as Socrates, might juſtly ſtand
The definition of a modern fool.
A Chriſtian is the higheſt ſtile of man:
And is there, who the bleſſed Croſs wipes off,
As a foul blot, from his diſhonour'd brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at ſuch a ſight:
The wretch they quit, deſponding of their charge,
More ſtruck with grief or wonder who can tell?
Ye ſold to ſenſe! Ye citizens of earth!
(For ſuch alone the Chriſtian banner fly)
Know ye how wiſe your choice, how great your gain?
Behold the picture of earth's happieſt man:
"He calls his wiſh, it comes; he ſends it back,
"And ſays, he call'd another; that arrives,
"Meets the ſame welcome; yet he ſtill calls on;
"Till *one* calls him, who varies not his call,
"But holds him faſt, in chains of darkneſs bound,
"Till nature dies, and judgment ſets him free;
"A freedom far leſs welcome than his chain."
But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's higheſt prize her lateſt hour;
That hour, ſo late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a poſt, comes on in full career:
How ſwift the ſhuttle flies, that weaves thy ſhroud!
Where is the ſable of thy former years?
Thrown down the gulph of time; as far from Thee
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird ſtruggling to get looſe, is going;
Scarce now poſſeſs'd, ſo ſuddenly 'tis gone;
And each ſwift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By ſtrides as ſwift: Eternity is All;
And whoſe Eternity? Who triumphs there?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliſs!
For ever baſking in the Deity!
Lorenzo! who?—Thy conſcience ſhall reply.
O give it leave to ſpeak; 'twill ſpeak ere long.
Thy leave unaſk'd: Lorenzo! hear it now,
While uſeful its advice, its accent mild.

By the great edict, the divine decree,
Truth is deposited with man's *last hour*;
An honeſt hour, and faithful to her truſt:
Truth, eldeſt daughter of the Deity;
Truth, of his council, when he made the worlds;
Nor leſs, when he ſhall judge the worlds he made;
Though ſilent long, and ſleeping ne'er ſo ſound,
Smother'd with errors, and oppreſt with toys,
That heaven-commiſſion'd hour no ſooner calls,
But, from her cavern in the ſoul's abyſs,
Like him they fable under Ætna whelm'd,
The goddeſs, burſts in thunder, and in flame;
Loudly convinces, and ſeverely pains.
Dark *demons*! diſcharge, and Hydra ſtings;
The keen vibration of bright *truth*—is Hell:
Juſt definition! though by ſchools untaught.
Ye deaf to truth! peruſe this Parſon'd page,
And truſt, for once, a prophet, and a prieſt;
"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

NIGHT THE FIFTH.

THE RELAPSE.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF LITCHFIELD.

LORENZO! to recriminate is juſt.
Fondneſs for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain who writes for praiſe.
Praiſe no man e'er deſerv'd, who ſought no more.
As juſt thy *ſecond charge*. I grant the *Muſe*
Has often bluſht at her degenerate ſons,
Retain'd by *proſe* to plead her filthy cauſe;
To raiſe the low, to magnify the mean,
And ſubtilize the groſs into refin'd:
As if to magic numbers' powerful charm
'Twas given, to make a *civet* of their ſong
Obſcene, and ſweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true pagan, deifies the brute,
And ſinks our ſwine-enjoyments from the mire.
The fact notorious, nor obſcure the cauſe.
We wear the chains of *pleaſure*, and of *pride*.
Theſe ſhare the man; and theſe diſtract him too;
Draw different ways, and claſh in their commands.
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the ſtars;
The pleaſure, lark-like, neſts upon the ground.

Joys ſhar'd by brute-creation, *pride* reſents;
Pleaſure embraces: Man would *both* enjoy,
And both *at once*: a point how hard to gain!
But, what can't wit, when ſtung by ſtrong deſire?
Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize.
Since joys of *ſenſe* can't riſe to *reaſon*'s taſte;
In ſubtle *ſophiſtry*'s laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reaſon *new*, that ſtoops
To ſordid ſcenes, and meets them with applauſe.
Wit calls the *graces* the chaſte zone to looſe;
Nor leſs than a *plump god* to fill the bowl:
A thouſand phantoms, and a thouſand ſpells,
A thouſand opiates ſcatters, to delude,
To faſcinate, inebriate, lay aſleep,
And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.
Thus that which ſhock'd the *judgment*, ſhocks no more;
That which gave *pride* offence, no more offends.
Pleaſure and *pride*, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal, which in man ſhall reign,
By *wit*'s addreſs, patch up a fatal peace,
And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, curſed art! wipes off th' indebted bluſh
From nature's cheek, and bronzes every ſhame.
Man ſmiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And infamy ſtands candidate for praiſe.
All writ by man in favour of the ſoul,
Theſe ſeafoot rebels far, in bulk, tranſcends.
The flowers of eloquence, profuſely pour'd
O'er ſpotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.
Can powers of genius exorciſe their page,
And conſecrate enormities with ſong?
But let not theſe inexpiable ſtrains
Condemn the Muſe that knows her dignity;
Nor meanly ſtops at *time*, but holds the world
As 'tis, in nature's ample field, a point,
A point in her eſteem; from whence to ſtart,
And run the round of univerſal ſpace,
To viſit Being univerſal there,
And Being's Source, that utmoſt flight of mind!
Yet, ſpite of this ſo vaſt circumference,
Well knows, but what is *moral*, nought is *great*.
Sing *ſyrens* only? Do not angels ſing?
There is in *poeſy* a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when ſhe ſpeaks to *proſe*,
Her younger ſiſter; haply, not more wiſe.
Think'ſt thou, Lorenzo! to find paſtimes here
No guilty paſſion blown into a flame,
No foible flatter'd, dignity diſgrac'd,
No fairy field of fiction, all on flower,
No rainbow colours, *here*, or ſilken tale:
But ſolemn *counſels*, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
With double weight, through theſe revolving ſpheres,
This death-deep ſilence, and incumbent ſhade:
Thoughts, ſuch as ſhall reviſit your laſt hour;
Viſit uncall'd, and live when life expires:
And thy dark pencil, *midnight*! darker ſtill
In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.
Yet thus, even *this*, my laughter-loving friends!

Lorenzo! and thy brothers of the smile!
If, what imports you most, can most engage,
Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
Or if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste
The truths I sing; the truths I sing shall feel;
And, feeling, give assent: and their assent
Is ample recompence; is more than praise.
But chiefly thine, O Litchfield! nor mistake;
Think not unintroduc'd I force my way;
Narcissa, not unknown, not unally'd,
By virtue, or by blood, illustrious youth!
To thee, from blooming *amaranthine* bowers,
Where all the language *harmony*, descends
Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the Muse:
A Muse that will not pain thee with thy praise;
Thy praise she drops, by *nobler* still inspir'd.
O Thou! Blest Spirit! *whether* the supreme,
Great ante-mundane Father! in whose breast
Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
And all its various revolutions roll'd
Present, though future; prior to themselves;
Whose breath can blow it into nought again;
Or, from his throne some delegated power,
Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
From vain and vile, to solid and sublime!
Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
Of inspiration, from a purer stream,
And fuller of the god, than that which burst
From fam'd Castalia: nor is yet allay'd
My sacred thirst; though long my soul has rang'd
Through pleasing paths of *moral*, and *divine*,
By thee sustain'd, and lighted by the Stars.
By *them* best lighted are the paths of *thought*:
Nights are their *days*, their most illumin'd hours.
By *day*, the soul, o'erborne by life's career,
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.
By *day* the soul is passive, all her thoughts
Impos'd, precarious, broken ere mature.
By *night*, from objects free, from passion cool,
Thoughts uncontrol'd, and unimpress'd, the births
Of pure election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of *one* world confin'd;
But from *ethereal* travels light on *earth*,
As voyagers drop anchor, for repose.
Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore:
Darkness has more divinity for me;
It strikes thought inward; it drives back the soul
To settle on Herself, our point supreme!
There lies our theatre! there sits our judge.
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretcht out
'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis *reason*'s reign,
And *virtue*'s too; these tutelary shades
Are man's *asylum* from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's *friend*, and *guardian* too;
It no less *rescues* virtue, than *inspires*.
Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the croud,
Nor touches on the world, without a stain:
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we *thought*, is blotted; we *resolv'd*,
Is shaken; we *renounc'd*, returns again.
Each *salutation* may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange: *light*, *motion*, *concourse*, *noise*,
All, scatter us abroad; thought outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.
Present example gets within our guard,
And acts with *double* force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; *love of gain*
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, *pride*, *perfidy*, blue vapours breathe;
And *inhumanity* is caught from man,
From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever to the throbbing heart,
Of *envy*, *rancour*, or *impure desire*.
We see, we hear, with peril; *safety* dwells
Remote from *multitude*; the world's a school
Of *wrong*, and what proficients swarm around!
We must, or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes;
That stains our innocence; *this* wounds our peace.
From nature's birth, hence, *wisdom* has been smit
With sweet recess, and languisht for the shade.
This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone,
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an Atheist half-believes a God.
Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
The conscious moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to *wisdom*, and let fall,
On *contemplation*'s eye, her purging ray.
The fam'd Athenian, he who woo'd from heaven
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,
And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
His labouring mind, the stars in silence slide,
And seem all gazing on their future guest,
See him soliciting his ardent suit
In *private* audience: all the live-long night,
Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands,
Nor quits his theme, or posture, till the sun
Rude drunkard rising rosy from the main!)
Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.
Hail, precious moments! stol'n from the black waste
Of murder'd time! Auspicious *midnight!* hail!
The world excluded, every passion hush,
And open'd a calm intercourse with heaven,
Here the soul sits in council; ponders *past*,
Predestines *future* action; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm,

All *her* lyes answers, and *thinks* down her charms.
What awful joy! what mental liberty!
I am not pent in darkness; rather say,
(If not too bold) in darkness I'm embower'd.
Delightful gloom! the clustering thoughts around
Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the shade:
But droop by day, and sicken in the *sun*.
Thought borrows light elsewhere; from that *first* fire,
Fountain of animation! whence descends
Urania, my celestial guest! who deigns
Nightly to visit me, so mean; and *new*,
Conscious how needful discipline to man,
From pleasing dalliance with the charms of *night*
My wandering thought recalls, to what excites
Far other heat of heart! Narcissa's tomb!
Or is it feeble nature calls me back,
And breaks my spirit into grief again?
Is it a Stygian vapour in my blood?
A cold, slow puddle, creeping through my veins?
Or is it thus with all men?—Thus with all.
What are we? How unequal! Now we soar,
And now we sink: to be the *same*, transcends
Our present prowess. Dearly pays the *soul*
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay.
Reason, a baffled counsellor! but adds
The blush of weakness to the bane of woe.
The noblest spirit, fighting her hard fate,
In this damp, dusty region, charg'd with storms
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
Or, flying, short her flight, and sure her fall.
Our utmost strength, when down, to rise again;
And not to *yield*, though *beaten*, all our praise.
'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I who late,
Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
Where *grief* detain'd me prisoner, mounting high,
Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
And call'd mankind to glory, shook off *pain*,
Mortality shook off, in æther pure,
And struck the stars; *now* feel my spirits fail;
They drop me from the zenith; down I rush,
Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
In sorrow drown'd—but not in sorrow lost.
How wretched is the man who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious pearl in *sorrow's* stream:
Not so the thoughtless man that *only* grieves:
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain,
(Inestimable gain!) and gives heaven leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wise.
If wisdom is our lesson (and what else
Ennobles man? what else have angels learnt?)
Grief! more proficients in thy school are made,
Than *genius*, or *proud learning*, e'er could boast.
Voracious *learning*, often over-fed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal.
This *book-case*, with dark booty almost burst,
This *forager* on others' wisdom, leaves
Her native farm, her *reason*, quite untill'd.
Wish mist manure she surfeits the rank soil,
Dung'd, but not dress'd; and rich to beggary.
A pomp untameable of weeds prevails.
Her *servant's* wealth, incumber'd *wisdom* mourns.
And what says *genius*? "*Let the dull be wise.*"
Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong;
And loves to boast, where blush men less inspir'd.
It pleads exemption from the laws of *sense*;
Considers *reason* as a leveller;
And scorns to share a blessing with the croud.
That wise it *could* be, thinks an ample claim
To *glory*, and to *pleasure* gives the rest.
Crassus but sleeps, Ardelio is undone.
Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.
But *wisdom* smiles, when humbled mortals weep.
When *sorrow* wounds the breast, as ploughs the glebe,
And hearts obdurate feel her softening shower;
Her seed celestial, then, glad *wisdom* sows;
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.
If so, Narcissa! welcome my *Relapse*;
I'll raise a tax on my calamity,
And reap rich compensation from my pain.
I'll range the plenteous intellectual field;
And gather every thought of sovereign power
To chase the moral maladies of man;
Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the skies,
Though natives of this coarse penurious soil:
Nor wholly wither *there*, where *seraphs* sing,
Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in heaven.
Reason, the sun that gives them birth, the same
In either clime, though more illustrious *there*.
These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
Shall form a garland for Narcissa's tomb;
And, peradventure, of no fading flowers.
Say on what themes shall puzzled choice descend?
" Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;
" *Why* men decline it; *suicide's* foul birth;
" The various *kind of grief*; the *faults of age*;
" And *death's dread character*—invite my song."
And, first th' importance of our end survey'd.
Friends counsel quick dismission of our grief:
Mistaken kindness! our hearts heal *too soon*.
Are *they* more kind than *he*, who struck the blow?
Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
And banish peace, till *nobler guests* arrive,
And bring it back, a true and endless peace?
Calamities are *friends*: as glaring *day*
Of these unnumber'd lustres robs our sight;
Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
Of import high, and light divine, to man.
The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
(Scenes apt to thrust between Us and Ourselves!)
Is led by choice to take his favourite walk,
Beneath *death's* gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
Lorenzo! read with me Narcissa's stone;
(Narcissa was thy favourite) let us read
Her *moral* stone! few doctors preach so well;
Few orators so tenderly can touch

The feeling heart. What *pathos* in the *date!*
Apt words can ſtrike: and yet in them we ſee
Faint images of what we, *here*, enjoy.
What cauſe have *we* to build on length of life?
Temptations ſeize, when *fear* is laid aſleep;
And ill foreboded is our ſtrongeſt guard.
See from her tomb, as from an humbler ſhrine,
Truth, radiant goddeſs! ſallies on my ſoul,
And puts *deluſion*'s duſky train to flight:
Diſpels the miſts our ſultry *paſſions* raiſe,
From objects low, terreſtrial, and obſcene:
And ſhews the *real* eſtimate of things;
Which no man, unafflicted, ever ſaw;
Pulls off the veil from *virtue*'s riſing charms;
Detects *temptation* in a thouſand lyes.
Truth bids me look on men, as *autumn* leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the ſummer's duſt,
Driven by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things inviſible, feel things remote,
Am preſent with futurities; think nought
To man ſo foreign, as the joys *poſſeſt*;
Nought ſo much his, as thoſe beyond the grave.
No *folly* keeps its colour in *her* ſight;
Pale *worldly wiſdom* loſes all her charms;
In pompous promiſe, from her ſchemes profound,
If future fate ſhe plans, 'tis all in leaves,
Like Sibyl, unſubſtantial, fleeting bliſs!
At the firſt blaſt it vaniſhes in air.
Not ſo, *celeſtial*: wouldſt thou know, Lorenzo!
How differ *worldly wiſdom*, and *divine?*
Juſt as the waning, and the waxing moon.
More empty *worldly* wiſdom every day;
And every day more fair her *rival* ſhines.
When *later*, there's leſs time to play the fool.
Soon our old term for wiſdom is expir'd
(Thou know'ſt ſhe calls no council in the grave):
And everlaſting fool is writ in fire,
Or *real* wiſdom wafts us to the ſkies.
As worldly ſchemes reſembles Sibyls' leaves,
The good man's days to Sibyls' books compare,
(In antient ſtory read, thou know'ſt the tale)
In price ſtill riſing, as in number leſs,
Meſtimable quite his final hour.
For That who thrones can offer, offer thrones;
Inſolvent worlds the purchaſe cannot pay.
"Oh let me die his death!" all nature cries.
"Then live his life."—All nature faulters there.
Our great phyſician daily to conſult,
To commune with the *grave*, our only cure.
What grave preſcribes the beſt?—A friend's;
and yet,
From a friend's grave how ſoon we diſengage!
Ev'n to the deareſt, as his marble, cold.
Why are friends raviſht from us? 'Tis to bind,
By ſoft *affection*'s tyes, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which *reaſon*, too ſupine,
Or miſemploy'd, ſo rarely faſtens *there*.
Nor reaſon, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the
world.
Behold, th' inexorable hour at hand!
Behold, th' inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief *aim* of life,
Though well to ponder it, is life's chief *end*.
Is death, that ever threatening, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only ſure,
(Come when he will) an unexpected gueſt?
Nay, though invited by the loudeſt calls
Of blind *imprudence*, unexpected ſtill?
Though numerous meſſengers are ſent before,
To warn his great arrival. What the cauſe,
The wondrous cauſe, of this myſterious ill?
All heaven looks down aſtoniſh'd at the ſight.
Is it, that life has ſown her *joys* ſo thick,
We can't thruſt in a ſingle care between?
Is it, that life has ſuch a ſwarm of *cares*,
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it, that *time* ſteals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes *indulgence* from her golden dream?
To-day is ſo like *yeſterday*, it cheats;
We take the lying ſiſter for the ſame.
Life glides away, Lorenzo! like a brook;
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the ſame brook none ever bath'd him twice:
To the ſame life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the ſame; the ſame we think
Our life, though ſtill more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the *much*, irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the ſea. Or ſhall we ſay
(Retaining ſtill the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a veſſel on the ſtream?
In life embark'd, we ſmoothly down the tide
Of *time* deſcend, but not on *time* intent;
Amus'd, unconſcious of the gliding wave;
Till on a ſudden we perceive a ſhock;
We ſtart, awake, look out; what ſee we there?
Our brittle bark is burſt on Charon's ſhore.
Is this the cauſe *death* ſlies all human thought?
Or is it *judgment*, by the *will* ſtruck blind,
That domineering miſtreſs of the ſoul!
Like *him* ſo ſtrong, by Dalilah the fair?
Or is it *fear* turns ſtartled *reaſon* back,
From looking down a precipice ſo ſteep?
'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wiſely plac'd,
By nature, conſcious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming ſword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd, in life's moſt ſmiling hour,
The *good man* would repine; would *ſuffer* joys,
And burn impatient for his promis'd ſkies.
The *bad*, on each punctilious pique of pride,
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein:
Bound o'er the barrier, ruſh into the dark,
And mar the ſchemes of Providence below.
What groan was that, Lorenzo?—Furies!
riſe;
And drown in your leſs execrable yell
Britannia's ſhame. There took her gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black ſullen ſoul,
Blaſted from hell, with horrid luſt of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont,
So call'd, ſo thought—And *then* he fled the
field.

Leſs baſe the fear of death, than fear of life.
O Britain, infamous for ſuicide!
An *iſland* in thy manners, far disjoin'd
From the whole world of *rationals* beſide!
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Waſh the dire ſtain, nor ſhock the continent.
But be thou ſhock'd, while I detect the cauſe
Of *ſelf-aſſault*, expoſe the monſter's birth,
And bid *abhorrence* hiſs it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the diſtant ſun;
The ſun is innocent, thy clime abſolv'd:
Immoral climes kind nature never made.
The cauſe I ſing, in Eden might prevail,
And proves, It is thy folly, not thy fate.
The ſoul of man (let man in homage bow,
Who names his *ſoul!*), a native of the ſkies!
High-born, and free, her freedom ſhould maintain,
Unſold, unmortgag'd for *earth*'s little bribes.
Th' illuſtrious ſtranger, in this foreign land,
Like ſtrangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of *earth* ſuſpicious, *earth*'s inchanted cup
With cool reſerve light touching, ſhould indulge,
On *immortality*, her godlike taſte,
There take large draughts; make her chief banquet *there*.
But ſome reject this ſuſtenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites deſcend;
Aſk alms of *earth* for gueſts that came from *heaven*:
Sink into ſlaves; and ſell, for *preſent* hire,
Their rich reverſion, and (what ſhares its fate)
Their native *freedom*, to the prince who ſways
This nether world. And when his payments fail,
When his foul baſket gorges them no more,
Or their pall'd palates loath the baſket full;
Are inſtantly, with wild demoniac rage,
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And burſting their confinement; though faſt barr'd
By laws divine and human; guarded ſtrong
With *horrors* doubled to defend the paſs,
The blackeſt, *nature*, or *dire guilt* can raiſe;
And moated round with fathomleſs *deſtruction*,
Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.
Such, Britons! is the *cauſe*, to you unknown,
Or worſe, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magiſtrates,
Thus criminals themſelves. I grant the deed
Is madneſs: but the madneſs of the *heart*.
And what is that? Our utmoſt bound of guilt.
A ſenſual, unreflecting life, is big
With monſtrous births, and *Suicide* to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break
Heaven's law ſupreme, and deſperately ruſh
Through ſacred *nature*'s murder, on their own,
Becauſe they never *think of death*, they die.
'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At once to ſhun, and meditate, his end.
When by the bed of languiſhment we ſit,
(The ſeat of *wiſdom!* if our choice, not fate)
Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguiſh hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or ſtay the ſinking head,
Number their moments, and, in every clock,
Start at the voice of an Eternity;
See the dim lamp of life juſt feebly liſt
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then ſink again, and quiver into death,
That moſt pathetic herald of our own;
How read we ſuch ſad ſcenes? As ſent to man
In perfect vengeance? No; in pity ſent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impreſs,
Indelible, *death*'s image on his heart;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himſelf.
We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we ſmile.
The mind turns fool, before the echek is dry.
Our quick-returning *folly* cancels all;
As the tide ruſhing raſes what is writ
In yielding ſands, and ſmooths the letter'd ſhore.
Lorenzo! haſt thou ever weigh'd a *ſigh?*
Or ſtudy'd the philoſophy of *tears?*
(A ſcience, yet unlectur'd in our ſchools!)
Haſt thou deſcended deep into the breaſt,
And ſeen their ſource? If not, deſcend with me,
And trace theſe briny rivulets to their ſprings.
Our funeral tears from different cauſes riſe,
As if from ſeparate ciſterns in the ſoul,
Of *various kinds*, they flow. From tender hearts,
By ſoft contagion call'd, *ſome* burſt at once,
And ſtream obſequious to the leading eye.
Some aſk more time, by curious *art* diſtil'd.
Some hearts, in ſecret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the magic of the public eye,
Like Moſes' ſmitten rock, guſh out amain.
Some weep to ſhare the fate of the deceas'd,
So high in merit, and to them ſo dear.
They dwell on praiſes, which they think they ſhare;
And thus, without a bluſh, commend themſelves.
Some mourn, in proof, that ſomething they could love:
They weep not to *relieve* their grief, but *ſhew*.
Some weep in perfect juſtice to the dead,
As conſcious all their love is in arrear.
Some miſchievouſly weep, not unapriz'd,
Tears, ſometimes, aid the conqueſt of an eye.
With what addreſs the ſoft Epheſians draw
Their ſable net-work o'er entangled hearts!
As ſeen through cryſtal, how their roſes glow,
While *liquid pearl* runs trickling down their cheek!
Of her's not prouder Egypt's wanton queen,
Carouſing gems, herſelf diſſolv'd in love.
Some weep at *death*, abſtracted from the *dead*,
And celebrate, like Charles, their own deceaſe.
By kind conſtruction, ſome are *deem'd* to weep,
Becauſe a decent veil conceals their joy.
Some weep in earneſt, and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiſcretion, as in woe.
Paſſion, blind paſſion! impotently pours
Tears, that deſerve more tears; while *reaſon* ſleeps;
Or gazes like an idiot, unconcern'd;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the ſtorm;
Knows not it ſpeaks to *her*, and her *alone*.
Irrationals all ſorrow are beneath,

That noble gift! that privilege of man!
From *sorrow*'s pang, the birth of endless joy.
But *those* are barren of that birth divine:
They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,
And full as short! The cruel *grief* soon tam'd,
They make a pastime of the stingless tale;
Far as the deep resounding knell, they spread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of *wisdom* pays them for their *woe*.
Half-round the globe, the tears pump'd up by *death*
Are spent in watering vanities of life;
In making *folly* flourish still more fair,
When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust;
Instead of learning, *there*, her *true support*,
Though there thrown down her true support to learn
Without heaven's aid, impatient to be blest,
She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
Though from the stately cedar's arms she fell;
With stale, forsworn embraces, clings anew,
The stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,
In all the fruitless fopperies of life:
Presents her *weed*, well fancy'd, at the ball,
And raffles for the *death*'s *head* on the ring.
So wept Aurelia, till the destin'd youth
Stept in, with his receipt for making smiles,
And blanching sables into bridal bloom.
So wept Lorenzo fair Clarissa's fate;
Who gave that angel boy, on whom he doats;
And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his birth!
Not such, Narcissa, my distress for Thee.
I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb,
To sacrifice to wisdom. What wast Thou?
"*Young*, *gay*, and *fortunate!*" Each yields a theme.
I'll dwell on each, to shun thought more severe;
(Heaven knows I labour with severer still!)
I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy death,
A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.
And, first, thy *youth*. What says it to grey hairs!
Narcissa, I'm become *thy* pupil *now*—
Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.
Time on this head has snow'd; yet still 'tis borne
Aloft; nor thinks but on *another*'s grave.
Cover'd with shame I speak it, *age* severe
Old worn-out vice sets down for virtue fair;
With graceless gravity, chastising youth,
That youth chastis'd surpassing in a fault,
Father of all, forgetfulness of death:
As if, like objects pressing on the sight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen:
Or, that life's loan *time* ripen'd into right;
And men might plead prescription from the grave;
Deathless, from repetition of reprieve.
Deathless? far from it! *such* are dead already;
Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.
Tell me, some god! my guardian angel! tell,
What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us and death
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? What miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd?
We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourselves;
Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!
We see time's furrows on another's brow,
And death entrench'd, preparing his assault;
How few themselves in that just mirror see!
Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong!
There death is certain; doubtful *here*: he *must*,
And *soon*; we *may*, within an *age*, expire.
Though grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are green;
Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dissent;
Folly sings Six, while *Nature* points at Twelve.
Absurd *longevity!* More, more, it cries:
More life, more wealth, more trash of every kind.
And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails?
Object and *appetite*, must club for joy;
Shall *folly* labour hard to mend the bow,
Baubles, I mean, that strike us from *without*,
While *nature* is relaxing every string?
Ask *thought* for joy; grow rich, and hoard *within*.
Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,
Has nothing of more manly to succeed?
Contract the taste immortal; learn ev'n now
To relish what *alone* subsists hereafter.
Divine, or *none*, henceforth your joys for ever.
Of *age* the glory is, to *wish* to die.
That wish is *praise*, and *promise*; it applauds
Past life, and promises our future bliss.
What weakness see not children in their fires?
Grand-climacterical absurdities!
Grey-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,
How shocking: it makes folly thrice a fool;
And our first childhood might our last despise.
Peace and *esteem* is all that age can hope.
Nothing but *wisdom* gives the *first*; the *last*,
Nothing, but the *repute of being wise*.
Folly bars both; our age is quite undone.
What folly can be ranker? Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
No wish should loiter, *then*, this side the grave.
Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcases to mend the soil.
Enough to live in tempest, die in port;
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of *judgment*; and the *will*'s subdue;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon;
And put *good-works* on board; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown,
If *unconsider'd* too, a dreadful scene!
All should be prophets to themselves; foresee
Their future fate: their future fate forecaste;
This art would waste the bitterness of death.
The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* destroys.
A disaffection to that precious thought

Is more than *midnight* darkneſs on the ſoul,
Which ſleeps beneath it, on a *precipice*,
Puſh'd off by the firſt blaſt, and loſt for ever.
Doſt aſk, Lorenzo, why ſo warmly preſt,
By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,
The thought of death? That thought is the machine,
The grand machine! that heaves us from the duſt,
And rears us into men. That thought, ply'd home,
Will ſoon reduce the ghaſtly *precipice*
O'er-hanging hell, will ſoften the deſcent,
And gently ſlope our paſſage to the grave; [690
How warmly to be wiſh'd! What heart of fleſh
Would trifle with tremendous? dare extremes?
Yawn o'er the fate of infinite? What hand,
Beyond the blackeſt brand of cenſure bold,
(To ſpeak a language *too well* known to Thee)
Would at a moment give its *All* to chance, 695
And *ſtamp* the die for an eternity?
Aid me, Narciſſa! aid me to keep pace
With *deſtiny*; and ere her ſciſſars cut
My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
Of moral death, that ties me to the world. 700
Sting thou my ſlumbering *reaſon* to ſend forth
A thought of obſervation on the foe;
To ſally; and ſurvey the rapid march
Of his ten thouſand meſſengers to man;
Who, Jehu-like, behind him turns them all. 705
All *accident* apart, by *nature* ſign'd,
My warrant is gone out, though dormant yet;
Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.
Muſt I then *forward* only look for death?
Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there, 710
Man is a ſelf-ſurvivor every year.
Man, like a ſtream, is in perpetual flow.
Death 's a deſtroyer of quotidian prey.
My *youth*, my *noon-tide*, His; my *yeſterday*;
The bold invader ſhares the *preſent* hour. 715
Each moment on the former ſhuts the grave.
While man is growing, life is in decreaſe;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun:
As tapers waſte, that inſtant they take fire. 720
Shall we then fear, leſt that ſhould come to paſs,
Which comes to paſs each moment of our lives?
If fear we muſt, let *that* death turn us pale,
Which murders *ſtrength* and *ardour*; what remains 725
Should rather call on death, than dread his call.
Ye partners of my fault, and my decline!
Thoughtleſs of death, but when your neighbour's knell
(Rude viſitant!) knocks hard at your dull ſenſe,
And with its thunder ſcarce obtains your ear! 730
Be death your theme, in every place and hour;
Nor longer want, ye monumental Sires!
A teacher tomb to tell you ye ſhall die.
That death you *dread* (ſo great is nature's ſkill)
Know, you ſhall *court* before you ſhall enjoy.
But you are learn'd; in volumes, deep you ſit;
In wiſdom ſhallow; pompous ignorance! 736
Would you be ſtill more learned than the learn'd?
Learn well to know how much need not be known.
And what that *knowledge*, which impairs your *ſenſe*.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food, 740
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feaſt.
You ſcorn what lies before you in the page
Of *nature*, and *experience*, moral truth;
Of indiſpenſable, eternal fruit; 745
Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to gods:
And dive in *ſcience* for diſtinguiſhed names,
Diſhoneſt fomentation of your pride!
Sinking in virtue, as you riſe in fame.
Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords 750
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while ſpeculation ſhines.
Awake, ye curious indigators! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you known.
If you would learn *death's character*, attend. 755
All caſts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together ſhook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random: or, if choice is made,
The choice is quite *farcaſtic*, and inſults 760
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.
What countleſs multitudes not only *leave*,
But deeply *diſappoint* us, by their deaths!
Though great our ſorrow, greater our ſurprize.
Like other tyrants, *death* delights to ſmite, 765
What, ſmitten, moſt proclaims the pride of power,
And arbitrary nod. His joy ſupreme,
To bid the wretch ſurvive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his ſhroud! [770
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb:
Me Thine, Narciſſa!—What though ſhort thy date?
Virtue, not rolling ſuns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which anſwers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deſerves no name;
The man of wiſdom is the man of years. 775
In hoary youth Methuſalems may die;
O how *miſdated* on their flattering tombs!
Narciſſa's *youth* has lectur'd me thus far.
And can her *gaiety* give counſel too?
That, like the Jews fam'd oracle of gems, 780
Sparkles inſtruction; ſuch as throws new light,
And opens more the *character of death*;
Ill-known to thee, Lorenzo! *This* thy vaunt:
"Give death his due, the wretched, and the old; [785
"Ev'n let him ſweep his rubbiſh to the grave;
"Let him not violate kind nature's laws,
"But own man born to *live* as well as *die*."
Wretched and *old* thou giv'ſt him, *young* and *gay*
He takes; and *plunder* is a tyrant's joy. [790
What if I prove, "The fartheſt from the *fear*,
"Are often neareſt to the *ſtroke* of Fate?"
All, more than common, menaces an end.
A blaze betokens brevity of life:
As if bright embers ſhould emit a flame,
Glad ſpirits ſparkled from Narciſſa's eye, 795
And made youth younger, and taught life to live.
As nature's oppoſites wage endleſs war,
For *this* offence, as treaſon to the deep

Inviolable ſtupor of his reign,
Where *luſt*, and turbulent *ambition*, ſleep,
Death took ſwift vengeance. As he life deteſts,
More life is ſtill more odious; and, reduc'd
By conqueſt, aggrandizes more his power.
But *wherefore* aggrandiz'd? By heaven's decree,
To plant the ſoul on her eternal guard,
In awful expectation of our end.
Thus runs death's dread commiſſion: "Strike, but *ſo*
"As moſt alarms the living by the dead."
Hence *ſtratagem* delights him, and *ſurprize*,
And cruel ſport with man's ſecurities.
Not ſimple conqueſt, triumph is his aim;
And, where leaſt fear'd, there conqueſt triumphs moſt.
This proves my bold aſſertion not too bold.
What are *his* arts to lay our fears aſleep?
Tiberian arts his purpoſes wrap up
In deep diſſimulation's darkeſt night.
Like princes unconſeſt in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, *death* aſſumes
The name and look of *life*, and dwells among us.
He takes all ſhapes that ſerve his black deſigns:
Though maſter of a wider empire far
Than that o'er which the Roman eagle flew,
Like Nero, he's a fidler, charioteer,
Or drives his *phaeton*, in female guiſe;
Quite unſuſpected, till, the wheel beneath,
His diſarray'd oblation he devours.
He moſt affects the forms leaſt like himſelf,
His ſlender ſelf. Hence burly corpulence
Is his familiar wear, and ſleek diſguiſe.
Behind the roſy bloom he loves to lurk,
Or ambuſh in a ſmile; or wanton dive
In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and ſink them in deſpair.
Such, on Narciſſa's couch he loiter'd long
Unknown; and, when detected, ſtill was ſeen
To *ſmile*; ſuch peace has innocence in death!
Moſt happy they! whom leaſt his arts deceive.
One eye on *death*, and one full fix'd on *heaven*,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.
Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous ſpy,
I've ſeen, or dream't I ſaw, the tyrant *dreſs*;
Lay by his horrors, and put on his ſmiles.
Say, Muſe, for thou remember'ſt, call it back,
And ſhew Lorenzo the ſurpriſing ſcene;
If 'twas a dream his genius can explain.

'Twas in a circle of the *gay* I ſtood.
Death would have enter'd; *Nature* puſh'd him back;
Supported by a doctor of renown,
His point he gain'd. Then artfully *diſmiſt*
The ſage; for *death* deſign'd to be conceal'd.
He gave an old vivacious *uſurer*
His meagre aſpect, and his naked bones;
In gratitude for plumping up his prey,
A pamper'd *ſpendthrift*; whoſe fantaſtic air,
Well-faſhion'd figure, and cockaded brow,
He took in change, and underneath the pride
Of coſtly linen, tuck'd his filthy ſhroud.
His crooked bow he ſtraiten'd to a cane;
And hid his deadly ſhafts in Myra's eye.
The dreadful maſquerader, thus equipt,
Out-ſallies on adventures. Aſk you where?
Where is he not? For his peculiar haunts,
Let *this* ſuffice; ſure as night follows day,
Death treads in *pleaſure's* footſteps round the world,
When *pleaſure* treads the paths which *reaſon* ſhuns.
When, againſt *reaſon*, *riot* ſhuts the door,
And *gaiety* ſupplies the place of *ſenſe*,
Then, foremoſt at the banquet and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or ſtamps the deadly die:
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
Gaily carouſing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs, to ſee them laugh at him,
As abſent far: and when the revel burns,
When *fear* is baniſh'd, and triumphant thought,
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Againſt them turns the key; and bids them ſup
With their progenitors—He drops his maſk;
Frowns out at full; they ſtart, deſpair, expire!
Scarce with more ſudden terror and ſurprize,
From his black maſque of nitre, touch'd by fire,
He burſts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And *more than ſimple conqueſt*, in the fiend?

And now, Lorenzo, doſt thou wrap thy ſoul
In ſoft ſecurity, becauſe unknown
Which moment is commiſſion'd to deſtroy?
In *death*'s uncertainty thy danger lies.
Is *death* uncertain? Therefore Thou be fit;
Fixt as a centinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouſe, ſtand in arms, nor lean againſt thy ſpear;
Leſt ſlumber ſteal one moment o'er thy ſoul,
And *fate* ſurprize thee nodding. Watch, be ſtrong;
Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
Of dying well; though doom'd but once to die.
Nor let life's *period* hidden (as from moſt)
Hide too from Thee the precious *uſe* of life.
Early, not ſudden, was Narciſſa's fate.
Soon, not ſurpriſing, *death* his viſit paid.
Her thought went forth to meet him on his way,
Nor *gaiety* forgot it was to die:
Though *fortune* too (our third and final theme),
As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
And every glittering gewgaw, on her ſight,
To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark.
Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man;
And every thought that miſſes it, is blind.
Fortune, with *youth* and *gaiety*, conſpir'd
To weave a *triple* wreath of happineſs
(If happineſs on earth) to crown her brow.
And could *death* charge through ſuch a ſhining ſhield?
That ſhining ſhield *invites* the tyrant's ſpear,
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And ſtrongly preach humility to man.
O how portentous is proſperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it ſhines!
Few years but yield us proof of *death*'s ambition,
To cull his victims from th' faireſt fold,

And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honours, bloom'd with every bliss,
Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre, of the public eye,
When *fortune* thus has toss'd her child in air,
Snatcht from the covert of an humble state,
How often have I seen him dropt at once,
Our morning's envy! and our evening's sigh!
As if her bounties were the signal given,
The flowery wreath to mark the sacrifice,
And call death's arrows on the destin'd prey.
High fortune seems in cruel league with *fate*.
Ask you for what? To give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil;
Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
And burns Lorenzo still for the sublime
Of life? To hang his airy nest on high,
On the slight timber of the topmost bough,
Reckt at each breeze, and menacing a fall?
Granting grim *death* at equal distance *there*;
Yet *peace* begins just where *ambition* ends.
What makes man wretched? Happiness *deny'd*?
Lorenzo! no: 'Tis happiness *disdain'd*.
She comes too meanly dress't to win our smile;
And calls herself *Content*, a homely name!
Our flame is *transport*, and *content* our scorn.
Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
And weds a *toil*, a *tempest*, in her stead;
A *tempest* to warm *transport* near of kin.
Unknowing what our mortal state admits,
Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise;
And all our ecstasies are wounds to peace;
Peace, the full portion of mankind below.
And since thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
Of fortune fond! as thoughtless of thy fate!
As late I drew *death*'s picture, to stir up
Thy wholsome fears; now, drawn in contrast, see
Gay *fortune*'s, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
See, high in air, the sportive goddess hangs,
Unlocks her casket, spreads her glittering ware,
And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
All rush rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends;
Sons o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their kings,
Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
Still *more* ador'd) to snatch the golden shower.
Gold glitters most, where *virtue* shines no more:
As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.
O what a precious pack of votaries
Unkennel'd from the prisons, and the stews,
Pour in, all opening in their idol's praise;
All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
Morsel on morsel swallow down unchew'd,
Unasted, through mad appetite for more;
Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and ravenous still.
Sagacious All, to trace the smallest game,
And bold to seize the greatest. If (blest chance!)
Court-zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,

O'er just, o'er sacred, all-forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning scent of place or power,
Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.
Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
Their manners, thou their various fates survey.
With aim mis-measur'd, and impetuous speed,
Some darting, strike their ardent wish far off,
Through fury to possess it: *Some* succeed,
But stumble, and let fall the taken prize.
From *some*, by sudden blast, 'tis whirl'd away,
And lodg'd in bosoms that ne'er dreamt of gain.
To *some* it sticks so close, that, when torn off,
Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
Together *some* (unhappy rivals!) seize,
And rend abundance into poverty;
Loud croaks the raven of the law, and smiles:
Smiles too the goddess; but smiles most at those,
(Just victims of exorbitant desire!)
Who perish at their own request, and whelm'd
Beneath her load of lavish grants, expire.
Fortune is famous for her numbers slain,
The number small, which happiness can bear.
Though *various* for a while their fates; at last
One curse involves them all: at death's approach,
All read their riches backward into loss,
And mourn, in just proportion to their store.
And *death*'s approach (if orthodox my song)
Is hasten'd by the lure of *fortune*'s smiles.
And art thou still a glutton of bright gold?
And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin?
Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
A blow, which, while it executes, alarms;
And startles thousands with a single fall.
As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,
Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,
The sun's defiance, and the flock's defence;
By the strong strokes of labouring hinds subdued,
Loud groans her last, and, rushing from her height,
In cumbrous ruin, thunders to the ground:
The conscious forest trembles at the shock,
And hill, and stream, and distant dale, resound.
These high-aim'd darts of *death*, and these alone,
Should I collect, my quiver would be full.
A quiver, which, suspended in mid air,
Or near heaven's *archer*, in the zodiack, hung,
(So could it be) *should* draw the public eye,
The gaze and contemplation of mankind!
A constellation awful, yet benign,
To guide the *gay* through life's tempestuous wave;
Nor suffer them to strike the common rock,
"From greater danger, to grow more secure,
"And, wrapt in happiness, forget their fate."
Lysander, happy past the common lot,
Was warn'd of danger, but too *gay* to fear.
He woo'd the fair Aspasia: she was kind:
In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were blest:
All who knew, envy'd; yet in envy lov'd
Can fancy form more finisht happiness?

Fast was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome
Rose on the sounding beach. The glittering spires
Float in the wave, and break against the shore:
So break those glittering shadows, human joys.
The faithless morning smil'd: he takes his leave,
To re-embrace, in ecstasies, at eve.
The rising storm forbids. The news arrives:
Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.
She felt it seen (her heart was apt to feel);
And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.
Now, round the sumptuous, bridal monument,
The guilty billows innocently roar;
And the rough sailor passing, drops a tear.
A tear?—Can tears suffice?—But not for *me*.
How vain our efforts! and our arts how vain!
The *distant* train of thought I took to shun,
Has thrown me on my fate—*These* died together;
Happy in ruin! *undivorc'd* by death!
Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
Narcissa! Pity bleeds at thought of thee.
Yet thou wast only *near* me; not *myself*.
Survive *myself*?—*That* cures all other woe.
Narcissa lives; Philander is forgot.
O the soft commerce! O the tender tyes,
Close-twisted with the fibres of the heart!
Which, broken, break them; and drain off the soul
Of human joy, and make it pain to live—
And is it then to live? When *such* friends part,
'Tis the survivor dies—My heart, no more.

NIGHT THE SIXTH.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

Containing the Nature, Proof, and Importance of IMMORTALITY.

PART THE FIRST.

Where, among other Things, Glory and Riches are particularly considered.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY PELHAM,

FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE TREASURY, AND CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

PREFACE.

FEW ages have been deeper in dispute about religion than this. The dispute about religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together. The shorter, therefore, the dispute the better. I think it may be reduced to this single question, Is man immortal, or is he not? If he is not, all our disputes are mere amusements, or trials of skill. In this case, truth, reason, religion, *which give our discourses such pomp and solemnity, are (as will be shewn) mere empty sound, without any meaning in them. But if a man is immortal, it will behove him to be very serious about eternal consequences; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, unestablished, or unawakened in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the* real *source and support of all our infidelity; how remote soever the particular objections advanced may seem to be from it.*

Sensible appearances *affect most men much more than* abstract reasonings; *and we daily see* bodies *drop around us, but the* soul *is invisible. The power which* inclination *has over the* judgment, *is greater than can be well conceived by those that have not an experience of it; and of what numbers is it the sad interest that souls should not survive! The heathen world confessed, that they* rather *hoped, than firmly* believed *immortality! And how many heathens have we still amongst us! The sacred page assures us, that life and immortality is brought to light by the Gospel: but by how many is the Gospel rejected, or overlooked! From these considerations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded that most, if not all, our infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize) are supported in their deplorable error, by some doubt of their* immortality, *at the bottom. And I am satisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conscious eternal pain or happiness will certainly be his lot, should not earnestly, and impartially, enquire after the surest means of escaping one, and securing the other. And of such an earnest and impartial inquiry, I well know the consequence.*

Here, therefore, in proof of this most fundamental truth, some plain arguments are offered; arguments derived from principles which Infidels admit in common with Believers; arguments, which appear to me altogether irresistible; and such as, I am satisfied, will have great weight with all, who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously into their own bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily passes round about them in the world. If some arguments shall, here, *occur, which others have declined, they are submitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points the* most *important. For, as to the Being of a God, that is no longer disputed; but it is undisputed for this reason* only, viz. *because, where the least pretence to reason is admitted; it must for ever be indisputable. And of consequence no man can be betrayed into a dispute of that nature, but by* vanity; *which has a principal share in animating our modern combatants against other articles of our Belief.*

NIGHT VI.

SHE* (for I know not yet her name in heaven)
Not early, like Narciſſa, left the ſcene;
Nor ſudden, like Philander. What avail?
This ſeeming mitigation but inflames;
This fancy'd medicine heightens the diſeaſe.
The longer known, the cloſer ſtill ſhe grew;
And gradual parting is a gradual death.
'Tis the grim tyrant's engine, which extorts,
By tardy preſſure's ſtill encreaſing weight,
From hardeſt hearts, confeſſion of diſtreſs.
O the long, dark approach through years of pain,
Death's gallery! (might I dare call it ſo)
With diſmal *doubt*, and ſable *terror*, hung;
Sick *hope*'s pale lamp its only glimmering ray:
There ſate my melancholy walk ordain'd,
Forbid *ſelf-love* itſelf to flatter, there,
How oft I gaz'd, prophetically ſad!
How oft I ſaw her dead, while yet in ſmiles!
In ſmiles ſhe ſunk *her* grief to leſſen *mine*.
She ſpoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.
Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
By ſlow and ſilent, but reſiſtleſs ſap,
In his pale progreſs gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly ſiege; in ſpite of art,
Of all the balmy bleſſings nature lends
To ſuccour frail humanity. Ye ſtars!
(Not now *firſt* made familiar to my ſight)
And thou, O moon! bear witneſs; many a night
Before the pillow from beneath my head,
Ty'd down by ſore attention to the ſhock,
By ceaſeleſs depredations on a life
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful poſt
Of obſervation! darker every hour!
Leſs dread the day that drove me to the brink,
And pointed at eternity below;
When my ſoul ſhudder'd at futurity;
When, on a moment's point, th' important dye,
Of life and death ſpun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.
But why more woe? More comfort let it be.
Nothing is dead, but that which wiſh'd to die;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedneſs and pain;
Nothing is dead, but what incumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the paſs, and barr'd from *real life*.
Where dwells *that* with moſt ardent of the wiſe?
Too dark the ſun to ſee it; higheſt ſtars
Too low to reach it; *death*, great *death* alone,
O'er ſtars and ſun, triumphant, lands us there.
Nor dreadful our *tranſition*; though the mind,
An artiſt at creating ſelf-alarms,
Rich in expedient for inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true? The tyrant never *ſat*.
Our ſketch all random ſtrokes, conjecture all;
Cloſe ſhuts the grave, nor tells one ſingle tale.
Death, and his image riſing in the brain,
Bear faint reſemblance; never are alike;
Fear ſhakes the pencil; *Fancy* loves exceſs:
Dark *Ignorance* is lavish of her ſhades:
And *theſe* the formidable picture draw.
But grant the worſt; 'tis paſt; new proſpects riſe;
And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
Far other views our contemplation claim,
Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life;
Views that ſuſpend our agonies in death.
Wrapt in the thought of *immortality*,
Wrapt in the ſingle, the triumphant thought!
Long life might lapſe, age unperceiv'd come on;
And find the ſoul unfated with her theme.
Its *nature*, *proof*, *importance*, fire my ſong.
O that my ſong could emulate my ſoul!
Like her, immortal. No!—the ſoul diſdains
A mark ſo mean; far nobler hope inflames;
If endleſs ages can outweigh an hour,
Let not the *laurel*, but the *palm*, inſpire.
Thy *nature*, immortality! who knows?
And yet who knows it not? It is but life
In ſtronger thread of brighter colour ſpun,
And ſpun for ever; dipt by cruel fate
In Stygian dye, how *black*, how *brittle here!*
How ſhort our correſpondence with the ſun!
And while it laſts, inglorious! Our beſt deeds,
How wanting in their weight! Our higheſt joys
Small cordials to ſupport us in our pain,
And give us ſtrength to ſuffer. But how *great*
To mingle intereſts, converſe amities,
With all the ſons of *reaſon*, ſcatter'd wide
Through habitable ſpace, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd! To live free citizens
Of univerſal nature! To lay hold
By more than feeble *faith* on the *Supreme!*
To call heaven's rich unfathomable mines
(Mines, which ſupport archangels in their ſtate)
Our own! to riſe in ſcience as in bliſs,
Initiate in the ſecrets of the ſkies!
To read creation; read its mighty plan
In the bare boſom of the Deity!
The plan and execution to collate!
To ſee, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all ſhadow, blown remote; and leave
No myſtery—but that of love Divine,
Which lifts us on the ſeraph's flaming wing,
From earth's *acceſſoria*, this field of blood,
Of inward anguiſh, and of outward ill,
From darkneſs and from duſt to *ſuch* a ſcene!
Love's element! true joy's illuſtrious home!
From earth's ſad contraſt (now deplor'd) more fair!
What exquiſite viciſſitude of fate!
Bleſt abſolution of our blackeſt hour!
Lorenzo, theſe are thoughts that make man Man,
The wiſe illumine, aggrandize the great.
How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And every moment fear to ſink beneath
The clod *we* tread; ſoon trodden by our ſons)
How great, in the wild whirl of *Time*'s purſuits,
To ſtop, and pauſe, involv'd in high preſage,
Through the long viſto of a thouſand years,

* *Referring to Night* V.

To ſtand contemplating our diſtant ſelves,
As in a magnifying mirror ſeen,
Enlarg'd, Ennobled, Elevate, Divine!
To propheſy our own futurities:
To gaze in thought on what all thought tranſcends!
To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys
As far beyond conception as deſert,
Ourſelves th' aſtoniſh'd talkers, and the tale!
Lorenzo, ſwells thy boſom at the thought?
The ſwell becomes thee: 'Tis an honeſt pride.
Revere thyſelf;—and yet thyſelf deſpiſe,
His *nature* no man can o'er-rate; and none
Can under-rate his *merit*. Take good heed,
Nor there be modeſt, where thou ſhould'ſt be proud;
That almoſt univerſal error ſhun.
How *juſt* our pride, when we behold *theſe* heights!
Not thoſe *ambition* paints in air, but thoſe
Reaſon points out, and ardent *virtue* gains;
And angels emulate; our pride how juſt!
When mount we? When theſe ſhackles caſt? When quit
This cell of the creation? This ſmall neſt,
Stuck in a corner of the univerſe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-ſpun air?
Fire-ſpun to ſenſe; but groſs and feculent
To ſouls celeſtial; ſouls ordain'd to breathe
Ambroſial gales, and drink a purer ſky;
Greatly triumphant on *Time*'s farther ſhore,
Where *virtue* reigns, enrich'd with full arrears;
While *pomp imperial* begs an alms of peace.
In empire high, or in proud ſcience deep,
Ye born of earth! on what can you confer,
With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The guſt, the glow of rational delight,
As on *this* theme, which angels praiſe and ſhare?
Man's fates and favours are a theme in heaven.
What wretched repetition cloys us *here!*
What periodic potions for the ſick!
Diſtemper'd bodies! and diſtemper'd minds!
In an *Eternity*, what ſcenes ſhall ſtrike!
Adventures thicken! novelties ſurprize!
What webs of wonder ſhall unravel, *there!*
What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footſteps in the deep!
How ſhall the bleſſed day of our diſcharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And ſtraiten its inextricable maze!
If inextinguiſhable thirſt in man
To know; how rich, how full, our banquet *there!*
There, not the *moral* world alone unfolds;
The world *material*, lately ſeen in ſhades,
And, in thoſe ſhades, by fragments only ſeen,
And ſeen thoſe fragments by the *labouring* eye,
Unbroken, then, illuſtrious and entire,
Its ample ſphere its univerſal frame,
In full dimenſions, ſwells to the ſurvey;
And enters, at one glance, the raviſht ſight.
From ſome ſuperior point (where, who can tell?
Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reſide)
How ſhall the ſtranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vaſt ocean of unbounded ſpace,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the cryſtal waves of æther pure,
In endleſs voyage, without port? The *laſt*
Of theſe diſſeminated orbs, how great!
Great as they are, what numbers Theſe ſurpaſs,
Huge, as Leviathan, to that ſmall race,
Thoſe twinkling multitudes of little life,
He ſwallows unperceiv'd? *Stupendous* Theſe!
Yet what are theſe ſtupendous to the *whole!*
As particles, as atoms ill perceiv'd;
As circulating globules in our veins;
So vaſt the plan. Fecundity divine!
Exuberant Source! perhaps, I wrong thee ſtill.
If admiration is a ſource of joy,
What tranſport hence! yet this the leaſt in heaven.
What *this* to that illuſtrious robe *He* wears,
Who toſt this maſs of wonders from his hand,
A ſpecimen, an earneſt of his power?
'Tis to *that glory*, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meaneſt flowret to the ſun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this ſun of heaven?
This blits ſupreme of the ſupremely bleſt?
Death, only death, the queſtion can reſolve.
By death, cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy;
The *bare* ideas! ſolid happineſs!
So diſtant from its ſhadow chas'd below.
And chaſe we ſtill the phantom through the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death?
And toil we ſtill for ſublunary pay?
Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
Or, ſpider-like, ſpin out our precious All,
Our *more* than vitals ſpin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of ſubtle thought, and exquiſite deſign;
(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly!
The momentary buz of vain renown!
A *name*; a mortal immortality!
Or (meaner ſtill!) inſtead of graſping air,
For ſordid *lucre*, plunge we in the mire?
Drudge, ſweat, through every ſhame, for every gain,
For vile contaminating trafh; throw up
Our hope in heaven, our dignity with man?
And deify the dirt, inatur'd to gold?
Ambition, avarice; the two *dæmons* theſe,
Which goad through every ſlough our human herd,
Hard travel'd from the cradle to the grave.
How low the wretches ſtoop! How ſteep they climb!
Theſe *dæmons* burn mankind; but moſt poſſeſs
Lorenzo's boſom, and turn out the ſkies.
Is it in *time* to hide *eternity?*
And why not in an atom on the ſhore
To cover ocean? or a mote, the ſun?
Glory and *wealth!* have they this blinding power?
What if to *them* I prove Lorenzo blind?
Would it ſurprize thee? Be thou then ſurpriz'd;
Thou *neither* know'ſt: their *nature* learn from me.
Mark well, as foreign as *theſe ſubjects* ſeem,
What cloſe connexion ties them to my theme.
Firſt, what is *true* ambition? The purſuit
Of glory, nothing *leſs* than man can ſhare.

Were they as vain as gaudy-minded man,
As flatulent with fumes of self-applause,
Their arts and conquests *animals* might boast,
And claim their *laurel* crowns, as well as We;
But not *celestial*. *Here* we stand *alone*;
As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent;
If prone in thought, our stature is our shame:
And man should blush, his forehead meets the skies.
The *visible* and *present* are for brutes,
A slender portion! and a narrow bound!
These *reason*, with an energy divine,
O'erleaps; and claims the *future* and *unseen*;
The vast unseen! the future fathomless!
When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
Leaving gross *nature*'s sediments below,
Then, and then only, Adam's offspring quits
The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
Asserts his rank, and rises into man.
This is ambition; this is *human* fire.
Can *parts* or *place* (two bold pretenders!) make
Lorenzo great, and pluck him from the throng?
Genius and *art*, ambition's boasted wings,
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!
Dedalian enginery! If These alone
Assist our *flight*, *fame*'s flight is *glory*'s fall.
Heart merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
A celebrated wretch, when I behold;
When I behold a genius bright, and base,
Of towering talents, and terrestrial aims;
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mix'd, and glittering in the dust.
Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
At once *compassion* soft, and *envy*, rise—
But wherefore envy? Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.
Great *ill* is an achievement of great *powers*.
Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Reason the means, *affections* chuse our end;
Means have no merit, if our end amiss.
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain;
What is a Pellam's head, to Pelham's heart?
Hearts are proprietors of all applause.
Right ends, *and* means, make wisdom: worldly-wise
is but *half*-witted, at its highest praise.
Let *genius* then despair to make thee great;
Nor flatter *station*: What is station high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
Monarchs and ministers are awful names;
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
Religion, public order, both exact
External homage, and a supple knee,
To beings pompously set up, to serve
The meanest slave; *all more* is merit's due,
Her sacred and inviolable right;
Nor ever paid the *monarch*, but the *man*.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior *worth*;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
And vote the *mantle* into majesty.
Let the *small* savage boast his silver fur;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His *own*, descending fairly from his sires.
Shall man be proud to wear *his* livery,
And souls In *crowns* scorn a soul without?
Can *place* or lessen us, or aggrandize?
Pygmies are pygmies still, though perch'd on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
Virtue alone outbuilds the *pyramids*:
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.
Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
The cause is lodg'd in *immortality*.
Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for power;
What station charms thee? I'll install thee there;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than *before*?
Then thou before wast something less than man.
Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride?
That treacherous pride betrays thy dignity;
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which *stuffs* or *strings* can raise.
That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,
From blindness bold, and towering to the skies.
'Tis born of *ignorance*, which knows not man;
An angel's second; nor his second, long.
A Nero quitting his imperial throne,
And courting glory from the tinkling string,
But faintly shadows an immortal soul,
With empire's self, to pride, or rapture fir'd.
If nobler motives minister no cure,
Ev'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.
High worth is elevated place: 'Tis more;
It makes the post stand candidate for Thee;
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man;
Though no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis wealth;
And though it wears no *ribband*, 'tis renown;
Renown that would not quit thee, though disgrac'd,
Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile.
Other ambition *nature* interdicts;
Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
By pointing at his origin, and end;
Milk, and a swathe, *at first*, his whole demand;
His whole domain, *at last*, a turf, or stone;
To whom, *between*, a world may seem too small.
Souls *truly* great dart forward on the wing
Of *just* ambition, to the grand result,
The *curtain*'s fall; *there*, see the buskin'd chief
Unshod behind this momentary scene;
Reduc'd to his own stature, low or high,
As vice or virtue, sinks him, or sublimes;
And laugh at this fantastic mummery,
This antic prelude of grotesque events,
Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray
A littleness of soul by worlds oer-run,
And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice

To *Chriſtian* pride! which had with horror ſhock'd
The darkeſt *pagans* offer'd to their gods.
O thou *moſt Chriſtian* enemy to peace;
Again in arms? Again provoking fate?
That prince, and That alone, is truly great,
Who draws the ſword reluctant, gladly ſheathes;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a ſcaffold to the ſkies.
Why *this* ſo rare? Becauſe forgot of all
The day of death; that venerable day,
Which ſits as judge; that day, which ſhall pronounce
On all our days, abſolve them, or condemn.
Lorenzo, never ſhut thy thoughts againſt it;
Be *levees* ne'er ſo full, afford it room,
And give it audience in the *cabinet*.
That friend conſulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.
To dost on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is That *ambition?* Then let flames *deſcend*,
Point to the centre their inverted ſpires,
And learn humiliation from a ſoul,
Which boaſts her lineage from celeſtial fire.
Yet *theſe* are they the world pronounces wiſe;
The world which cancels nature's right and wrong,
And caſts *new* wiſdom: ev'n the grave man lends
His ſolemn face, to countenance the coin.
Wiſdom for parts is madneſs for the whole.
This ſtamps the paradox, and gives us leave
To call the wiſeſt weak, the richeſt poor,
The moſt ambitious, unambitious, mean;
In triumph, mean; and abject, on a throne.
Nothing can make it leſs than mad in man,
To put forth all his ardour, all his art,
And give his ſoul her full unbounded flight,
But reaching *Him*, who gave her wings to fly.
When blind ambition quite miſtakes her road,
And downward pores, for that which ſhines above,
Subſtantial happineſs, and true renown;
Then, like an idiot, gazing on the brook,
We leap at ſtars, and faſten in the mud;
At glory graſp, and ſink in infamy.
Ambition! powerful ſource of good and ill!
Thy ſtrength in man, like length of wing in birds,
When diſengag'd from earth, with greater eaſe,
And ſwifter flight tranſports us to the ſkies;
By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
It turns a curſe: it is our chain, and ſcourge,
In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie.
Cloſe-grated by the ſordid bars of *ſenſe*;
All proſpect of eternity ſhut out;
And, but for *execution*, ne'er ſet free.
With error in *ambition* juſtly charg'd,
Find we Lorenzo wiſer in his *wealth?*
What if thy rental I reform? and draw
An inventory *new* to ſet thee right?
Where thy *true treaſure?* Gold ſays, "Not in me:"
And, "Not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor;
India's inſolvent; ſeek it in thyſelf,
Seek in thy naked ſelf, and find it there;
in *being* ſo deſcended, form'd, endow'd;
Sky-born, ſky-guided, ſky-returning race!
Erect, immortal, rational, divine!
In *ſenſes*, which inherit earth, and heaven;
Enjoy the various riches *nature* yields;
Far nobler! *give* the riches they enjoy;
Give taſte to fruits; and harmony to groves;
Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright fire;
Take in, at once, the landſcape of the world,
At a ſmall inlet, which a grain might cloſe,
And half create the wondrous world they ſee.
Our *ſenſes*, as our *reaſon*, are divine
But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos, ſtill.
Objects are but th' occaſion; ours th' *exploit*;
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which nature's admirable picture draws;
And beautifies creation's ample dome.
Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake
Man makes the matchleſs image, man admires.
Say, then, Shall man, his thoughts all ſent abroad,
Superior wonders in himſelf forgot,
His admiration waſte on objects round,
When heaven makes him the ſoul of all he ſees?
Abſurd! not rare ſo great, ſo mean, is man.
What wealth in *ſenſes* ſuch as theſe! What wealth
In *fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer ſcene
Than *ſenſe* ſurveys! In *memory's* firm record,
Which, ſhould it periſh, could this world recall
From the dark ſhadows of o'erwhelming years!
In colours freſh, originally bright,
Preſerve its portrait, and report its fate!
What wealth in *intellect*, that ſovereign power!
Which *ſenſe* and *fancy* ſummons to the bar;
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;
And from the maſs thoſe *underlings* import,
From their materials ſifted, and refin'd,
And in *truth's* balance accurately weigh'd,
Forms *art*, and *ſcience*, *government*, and *law*:
The ſolid baſis, and the beauteous frame,
The vitals, and the grace of *civil* life!
And *manners* (ſad exception!) ſet aſide,
Strikes out, with maſter hand, a copy fair
Of *His* idea, whoſe indulgent thought
Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd *human bliſs*.
What *wealth* in ſouls that ſoar, dive, range around,
Diſdaining limit, or from place, or time;
And hear at once, in thought extenſive, hear
Th' Almighty *Fiat*, and the *Trumpet's ſound!*
Bold, on creation's outſide walk, and view
What was, and is, and *more* than e'er ſhall be;
Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
Creations new in fancy's field to riſe!
Souls, that can graſp whate'er th' Almighty made,
And wander wild through things impoſſible!
What *wealth*, in *faculties* of endleſs growth,
In quenchleſs *paſſions* violent to crave,
In *liberty* to chuſe, in *power* to reach,
And in *duration* (how thy riches riſe!)
Duration to *perpetuate*—boundleſs bliſs!

Ask you, what *power* resides in feeble man
That bliss to gain? *Is virtue's* then, unknown?
Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.
Man's unprecarious, natural estate,
Improveable at will, in virtue lies;
Its tenure sure; its income is divine.
High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
Then, make a richer scramble for the throng?
Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long
Almost by miracle, is tir'd with play,
Like rubbish from disploding engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes;
New-masters court, and call the former fool
(How justly!) for dependance on their slay.
Wide scatter, first, our play-things; then our dust.
Dust court abundance for the sake of peace?
Learn, and lament thy self-defeated scheme:
Riches enable to be richer still;
And, *richer still*, what mortal can resist?
Thus wealth (a cruel task-master!) enjoins
New toils, succeeding toils, an endless train!
And murders peace, which taught it first to shine.
The poor are *half* as wretched as the rich;
Whose proud and painful privilege it is,
At once, to bear a double load of woe;
To feel the stings of *envy*, and of *want*,
Outrageous want! both Indies cannot cure.
A competence is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease;
Sick, or incumber'd, is our happiness,
A *competence* is all we can *enjoy*.
O be content, where heaven can give no more!
More, like a flash of water from a lock,
Quickens our spirits' movement for an hour;
But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
Above our native temper's common stream.
Hence disappointment lurks in every prize,
As bees in flowers; and stings us with success.
The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns;
Nor knows the wise are privy to the lye.
Much learning shows how little mortals *know*:
Much wealth, how little wordlings can *enjoy*:
At best, it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
They fail to find what they so plainly see;
Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.
How few can rescue opulence from want!
Who lives to *nature*, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to *fancy*, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,
In debt to *fortune*, trembles at her power.
The man of *reason* smiles at her, and death.
O what a patrimony this! A *being*
Of such inherent strength and majesty,
Not worlds possest can raise it; worlds destroy'd
Can't injure; which holds on its glorious course,
When thine, O *Nature!* ends; too blest to mourn
Creation's obsequies. What treasure, *this!*
The *Monarch* is a beggar to the Man.
Immortal! Ages past, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unshorten'd by progression infinite!
Futurity for ever future! Life
Beginning still where computation ends!
'Tis the description of a *Deity!*
'Tis the description of the *meanest slave:*
The meanest slave dares then Lorenzo scorn?
The meanest slave thy *sovereign* glory shares,
Proud youth! fastidious of the *lower* world!
Man's *lawful* pride includes humility;
Stoops to the lowest; is too great to find
Inferiors; all immortal! brothers all!
Proprietors *eternal* of thy love.
Immortal! What can strike the *sense* so strong,
As this the *soul?* It thunders to the thought;
Reason amazes; *gratitude* o'erwhelms;
No more we slumber on the brink of fate;
Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick kindles all that is divine within us;
Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the stars.
Has not Lorenzo's bosom caught the flame?
Immortal! Were but *one* immortal, how
Would others envy! How would thrones adore!
Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?
How *this* ties up the bounteous hand of heaven!
O vain, vain, vain, all else! *Eternity!*
A glorious, and a *needful* refuge, *that*,
From vile imprisonment, in abject views.
'Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's *pains*, *abasement*, *emptiness*,
The soul can *comfort*, *elevate*, and *fill*.
That only, and that amply, this performs;
Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;
Their terror *those*, and *these* their lustre lose;
Eternity depending covers all;
Eternity depending all achieves;
Sets earth at distance; casts her into shades;
Blends her distinctions; abrogates her powers;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,
Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,
The man beneath; if I may call him man,
Whom *Immortality*'s full force inspires.
Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;
Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
Their present province, and their future prize;
Divinely darting upward every wish,
Warm on the wing, in glorious *absence* lost!

Doubt you this truth? Why labours your belief?
If earth's whole orb by some due distanc'd eye
Were seen at once, her towering Alps would sink,
And level'd Atlas leave an even sphere.
Thus *earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallow'd in *Eternity*'s vast round.
To that stupendous view, when souls awake,
So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's toys subside; and *equal* all below.
Enthusiastic, this? Then all are weak,
But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height
Some souls have soar'd; or martyrs ne'er had bled.
And all *may* do, what has by *man* been done.
Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd?
What slave *unblest*, who from to-morrow's dawn
Expects an empire? He forgets his chain,
And, thron'd in thought, his *absent* sceptre waves.
And what a sceptre waits us! what a throne!
Her own immense appointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high prerogatives,
In this her dark minority, how toils,
How vainly pants, the human soul divine!
Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy;
What heart but *trembles* at so strange a bliss?
In spite of all the truths the Muse has sung,
Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!
Are there who wrap the world so close about them,
They see no farther than the clouds; and dance
On heedless vanity's fantastic toe,
Till stumbling at a straw, in their career,
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and song?
Are there, Lorenzo? Is it possible?
Are there on earth (let me not call them men)
Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts;
Unconscious as the mountain of its ore;
Or rock, of its inestimable gem?
When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, *these*
Shall know their treasure; treasure, *then*, no more.
Are there (still more amazing!) who resist
The rising thought? who smother, in its birth,
The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?
Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way,
And, with revers'd ambition, strive to sink?
Who labour downwards through th' opposing powers
Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
Of endless night; still darker than the grave's?
Who fight the proofs of immortality?
With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
Work all their engines, level their black fires,
To blot from man this attribute divine,
(Than vital blood far dearer to the wise)
Blasphemers, and rank atheists to *themselves*?
To contradict them, see all nature rise!
What object, what event, the moon beneath,
But argues, or endears, an after-scene?
To *reason* proves, or weds it so *desire*?
All things proclaim it *needful*; some advance
One precious step beyond, and prove it *sure*.
A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,
From *heaven*, and *earth*, and *man*. Indulge a few
By nature, as her *common habit*, worn;
So *pressing* Providence a truth to teach,
Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.
Thou! whose all providential Eye surveys,
Whose Hand directs, whose Spirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity's Inhabitant august!
Of two Eternities amazing Lord!
One past, ere man's or angel's had begun;
Aid! while I rescue from the foe's assault
Thy glorious Immortality in *man*:
A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
Of moment infinite! but relish'd most
By those who love Thee most, who most adore.
Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
Of Thee the Great *Immutable*, to man
Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme:
And he who most consults her, is most wise.
Lorenzo, to this heavenly Delphos haste;
And come back all-immortal; all-divine:
Look nature through, 'tis *revolution* all;
All change; no death. Day follows night; and night
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes th' example. See, the Summer gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter grey,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn, and his golden fruits, away:
Then melts into the Spring: Soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the *first*. All to re-flourish, fades;
As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend.
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.
With this minute distinction, emblems just.
Nature revolves, but man *advances*; both
Eternal, *that* a circle, *this* a line.
That gravitates, *this* soars. Th' aspiring soul,
Ardent, and *tremulous*, like flame, ascends,
Zeal and *humility* her wings, to heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
No single atom, once in being, lost,
With change of counsel charges the Most High.

What hence infers Lorenzo? Can it be!
Matter immortal? And shall *Spirit* die?
Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
Shall Man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall Man alone,
Imperial Man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
Is Man, in whom alone is power to prize
The bliss of being, or with prescient pain
Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate,
Severely doom'd *death*'s single unredeem'd?

If nature's *revolution* ſpeaks aloud,
In her *gradation*, hear her louder ſtill.
Look nature through, 'tis neat *gradation* all.
By what minute degrees her ſcale aſcends!
Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
To that above it join'd, to that beneath.
Parts, into parts reciprocally ſhot,
Abhor divorce: what love of union reigns!
Here, dormant matter waits a call to life;
Half-life, half-death, join there; here, life and ſenſe;
There, ſenſe from reaſon ſteals a glimmering ray;
Reaſon ſhines out in man. But how preſerv'd
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life? thoſe realms of bliſs,
Where death hath no dominion? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthy, part,
And part ethereal; grant the ſoul of man
Eternal; or in man the ſeries ends,
Wide yawns the gap; connection is no more;
Check'd *reaſon* halts; her next ſtep wants ſupport;
Striving to climb, ſhe tumbles from her ſcheme;
A ſcheme, *analogy* pronounc'd ſo true;
Analogy, man's ſureſt guide below.
Thus far, *all nature* calls on thy belief.
And will Lorenzo, careleſs of the call,
Falſe atteſtation on all nature charge,
Rather than violate his league with death?
Renounce his reaſon, rather than renounce
The duſt below'd, and run the *riſque* of heaven?

O what indignity to deathleſs ſouls!
What treaſon to the majeſty of man!
Of man *immortal!* Here the lofty ſtyle
"If ſo decreed, th' Almighty Will be done.
"Let earth diſſolve, yon ponderous orbs deſcend,
"And grind us into duſt. The *ſoul* is ſafe;
"The *man* emerges; mounts above the wreck,
"As towering flame from *nature's* funeral pyre;
"O'er devaſtation, as a gainer, ſmiles;
"His charter, his inviolable rights,
"Well pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,
"Death's pointleſs darts, and hell's defeated ſtorms."
But theſe chimeras touch not thee, Lorenzo!
The glories of the world thy ſevenfold *ſhield*.
Other ambition than of crowns in air,
And ſuperlunary felicities,
Thy boſom warm. I'll cool it, if I can;
And turn thoſe glories that inchant, againſt thee
What ties thee to *this* life, proclaims the *next*.
Is wiſe, the cauſe that wounds thee is thy cure.
Come, my *ambitious!* let us mount together
(To mount, Lorenzo never can refuſe);
And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,
Look down on earth.—What ſeeſt thou? Wondrous things!
Terreſtrial wonders, that eclipſe the ſkies.

What lengths of labour'd lands! what loaded ſeas!
Loaded by man for pleaſure, wealth, or war!
Seas, winds, and planets, into ſervice brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withſtand;
What level'd mountains! and what lifted vales!
O'er vales and mountains ſumptuous cities ſwell,
And gild our landſcape with their glittering ſpires.
Some mid the wondering waves majeſtic riſe;
And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.
Far greater ſtill! (what cannot mortal might?)
See, wide dominions raviſh'd from the deep!
The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.
Or ſouthward turn; to *delicate* and *grand*,
The finer arts there ripen in the ſun.
How thic tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Aſcend the ſkies! the proud triumphal arch
Shews us half heaven beneath its ample bend.
High through mid air, *here*, ſtreams are taught to flow;
Whole rivers, *there*, laid by in baſons, ſleep.
Here, plains turn oceans; *there*, vaſt oceans join
Through kingdoms channel'd deep from ſhore to ſhore;
And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
Beats thy brave breaſt for formidable ſcenes,
Where fame and empire wait upon the ſword?
See fields in blood; hear naval thunders riſe;
Britannia's voice! that awes the world to peace.
How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
The mid ſea, furious waves! Their roar amidſt,
Out-ſpeaks the Deity, and ſays, "O main!
"Thus far, nor farther; *new* reſtraints obey."
Earth's diſembowel'd! meaſur'd are the ſkies!
Stars are detected in their deep receſs!
Creation widens! vanquiſh'd *nature* yields!
Her ſecrets are extorted! *art* prevails!
What monument of genius, ſpirit, power!
And now, Lorenzo! raptur'd at this ſcene,
Whoſe glories render heaven ſuperfluous! ſay,
Whoſe foot-ſteps theſe?—*Immortals* have been here.
Could leſs than ſouls immortal this have done?
Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of ſouls immortal;
And proofs of immortality *forgot*.
To flatter thy grand foible, I confeſs,
Theſe are *ambition's* works: and theſe are great:
But *this*, the leaſt immortal ſouls can do;
Tranſcend them all—But what can theſe tranſcend?
Doſt ask me what?—One ſigh for the *diſtreſt*.
What then for *infidels?* A *deeper* ſigh.
'Tis *moral grandeur* makes the mighty man:
How *little* they, who think ought *great* below!
All our ambitions death defeats, but one;
And that it crowns. Here ceaſe we: but, ere long,
More powerful *proof* ſhall take the field again thee,
Stronger than death, and ſmiling at the tomb.

NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

BEING THE SECOND PART OF

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

Containing the Nature, Proof, and Importance, of IMMORTALITY.

PREFACE.

AS we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners, of France. A land of levity *is a land of* guilt. *A* serious mind *is the native soil of every virtue; and the single character that does true honour to mankind. The* soul's immortality *has been the favourite theme with the* serious *of all ages. Nor is it strange; it is a subject by far the most interesting, and important, that can enter the mind of man. Of highest moment this subject always* was *and always* will be. *Yet this its highest moment seems to admit of* increase, *at this day; a sort of* occasional *importance is superadded to the* natural *weight of it; if that opinion which is advanced in the preface to the preceding* Night, *be just. It is there supposed, that all our* infidels, *whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize, are betrayed into their deplorable error, by some doubts of their* immortality, *at the bottom. And the more I consider this point, the more I am persuaded of the truth of that opinion. Though the distrust of a* futurity *is a strange error; yet it is an error into which* bad *men may* naturally *be distressed. For it is impossible to bid defiance to final ruin, without some refuge in imagination, some presumption of escape. And what presumption is there? There are but two in nature; but two, within the compass of human thought. And these are—That either God* will *not, or* can *not punish. Considering the divine attributes, the* first *is too gross to be digested by our strongest wishes. And since* omnipotence *is as much a divine attribute as* holiness, *that God* cannot *punish, is as absurd a supposition as the former. God certainly can punish as long as wicked men exist. In non-existence, therefore, is their only refuge; and, consequently, non-existence is their strongest wish. And strong wishes have a strange influence on our opinions; they bias the judgment in a manner, almost, incredible. And since on* this *member of their* alternative, *there are some very small* appearances *in their* favour, *and none at all on the* other, *they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chimæra, to save themselves from the shock and horror of an* immediate *and* absolute *despair.*

On reviewing my subject, by the light which this *argument, and others of like tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclined than ever to pursue it, as it appeared to me to strike directly at the main root of* all *our infidelity. In the following pages it is, accordingly, pursued at large; and some arguments for immortality, new at least to me, are ventured on in them. There also the writer has made an attempt to set the gross absurdities and horrors of* annihilation *in a fuller and more affecting view, than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.*

The gentlemen, for whose sake this attempt was chiefly made, profess great admiration for the wisdom of heathen antiquity: what pity it is they are not sincere! If they were sincere, how would it mortify them to consider, with what contempt and abhorrence their notions would have been received by those *whom they so much admire! What degree of contempt and abhorrence would fall to their share, may be conjectured by the following matter of fact (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their heathen worthies, Socrates (it is well known) was the most guarded, dispassionate, and composed: yet this great master of temper was angry; and angry at his last hour; and angry with his friend; and angry for what deserved acknowledgement; angry for a right and tender instance of true friendship towards him. Is not this surprising? What could be the cause? The cause was for his honour; it was a truly noble, though perhaps, a too punctilious, regard for* immortality: *for his friend asking him, with such an affectionate concern as became a friend, "Where he should deposite his remains?" it was resented by Socrates, as implying a dishonourable supposition, that he could be so mean, as to have a regard for any thing, even in himself, that was* not immortal.

This fact well considered would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates; or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illustrious example, to share his glory: and, consequently, it would incline them to peruse the following pages with candour and impartiality: which is all I desire; and that, for their *sakes; for I am persuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel must, necessarily, receive some advantageous impressions from them.*

CONTENTS OF THE SEVENTH NIGHT.

IN the sixth Night arguments were drawn from Nature, *in proof of* immortality: here, *others are drawn from* Man: *from his* Discontent, *Ver.* 29; *from his* Passions *and* Powers, 64; *from the gradual growth of* Reason, 81; *from his fear of* Death, 86; *from the nature of* Hope, 104, *and of* Virtue, 139, &c. *from* Knowledge *and* Love, *as being the most essential properties of the soul,* 253; *from the* Order *of Creation,* 290, &c. *from the nature of* Ambition, 337, &c. Avarice, 460; Pleasure, 477: *a digression on the grandeur of the* Passions, 521. Immortality *alone renders our present state intelligible,* 545. *An objection from the Stoics disbelief of immortality answered,* 585. *Endless questions unresolvable, but on supposition of our* immortality, 606. *The natural, yet melancholy, and pathetic complaint of a worthy man, under the persuasion of no* futurity, 653, &c. *The gross absurdities and horrors of* annihilation *urged home on Lorenzo,* 842, &c. *The soul's vast* importance, 990, &c. *from whence it arises,* 1078. *The* Difficulty *of being an infidel,* 1131, *the* Infamy, 1148, *the* Cause, 1183, *and the* Character, 1203, *of an infidel state. What* true *free-thinking is,* 1217. *The* necessary *punishment of the false,* 1271. *Man's ruin is from* himself, 1303. *An infidel accuses himself of* guilt, *and* hypocrisy; *and that of the worst sort,* 1319. *His obligation to* Christians, 1337. *What danger he incurs by* Virtue, 1345. Vice *recommended to him,* 1364. *His high pretences to* Virtue *and* Benevolence, *exploded,* 1373. *The conclusion, on the nature of* Faith, 1427. Reason, 1439; *and* Hope, 1443; *with an apology for this attempt,* 1470.

NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

HEAVEN gives the needful, but neglected, call.
What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
To wake the soul to sense of future scenes?
Death stand, like Mercurys, in every way,
And kindly point us to our journey's end.
Pope, who could'st make immortals! art thou dead?
I give thee joy: nor will I take my leave;
So soon to follow. Man but dives in death;
Dives from the sun, in fairer day to rise;
The grave, his subterrane in road to bliss.
Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it so;
Through various parts our glorious story runs;
Time gives the preface, *endless age* unrolls
The volume ne'er unroll'd!) of human fate,
This, earth and *skies* * already have proclaim'd
The world's a prophecy of worlds to come;
And who, what God foretels (who speaks in *thunder*,
Still louder than in *words*) shall dare deny?
If *nature*'s arguments appear too weak,
Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in *man*.
If man sleeps on untaught by what he *sees*,
Can he prove infidel to what he *feels*?
He, whose blind thought futority denies,
Unconscious bears, Bellerophon! like thee,
His own indictment; he condemns himself;
Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life;
Or, *nature*, there, imposing on her sons,
Has written fables; man was made a *lye*.
Why *discontent* for ever harbour'd there?
Incurable consumption of our peace!
Resolve me, why the *cottager* and *king*,
He whom sea-sever'd realms obey, and he
Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,
Repelling winter blasts with mud and straw,
Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,
In fate so distant, in complaint so near?
Is it, that things *terrestrial* can't content?
Deep in rich pasture, will thy flocks complain?
Not so; but to their master is deny'd
To share their sweet *serene*. Man, ill at ease,
In this, not *his own* place, this foreign field,
Where nature fosters him with other food
Than was ordain'd his cravings to suffice,
Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast,
Sighs on for something *more*, when *most* enjoy'd.
Is heaven then kinder to thy flocks than thee?
Not so; thy pasture richer, but remote;
In part, remote; for that remoter part
Man bleats from *instinct*, though perhaps, debauch'd
By *sense*, his reason sleeps, nor dreams the cause.
The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes!
His grief is but his grandeur in disguise;
And discontent is *immortality*.

Shall sons of ether, shall the blood of heaven
Set up their hopes on earth, and stable *here*
With brutal acquiescence in the mire?
Lorenzo! no! they shall be nobly pain'd;
The glorious *foreigners*, distress'd, shall sigh
On thrones; and thou *congratulate* the sigh:
Man's misery declares him born for bliss;
His *anxious* heart asserts the truth I sing,
And gives the *sceptic* in his head the *lye*.
Our heads, our hearts, our *passions*, and our *powers*,
Speak the same language; call us to the skies;
Unripen'd *these* in this inclement clime,
Scarce rise above conjecture and mistake;
And for this land of trifles *those* too strong
Tumultuous rise, and tempest human life:
What prize on earth can pay us for the storm?
Meet objects for our *passions*, heaven ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
No fault, but in defect? Blest Heaven! avert
Wounded ardour for unbounded bliss!
O for a bliss *unbounded!* far beneath
A soul immortal, is a mortal joy.
Nor are our *powers* to perish immature;
But, after feeble effort *here*, beneath
A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,
Transplanted from this sublunary bed,
Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom.
Reason progressive, *instinct* is complete;
Swift *instinct* leaps; slow *reason* feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all
Flows in at once; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Were *man* to live coëval with the sun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning still;
Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearnt.
Men perish in advance, as if the sun
Should set ere noon, in *eastern* oceans drown'd;
If fit, with *dim*, *illustrious* to compare,
The sun's *meridian* with the *soul* of man.
To man, why, step-dame *nature!* so severe?
Why thrown aside thy master piece half-wrought,
While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy?
Or, if abortively poor man must die,
Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in *dread*?
Why curst with foresight? Wise to misery?
Why of his proud prerogative the prey?
Why less pre-eminent in rank, than pain?
His *immortality* alone can tell;
Full ample fund to balance all amiss,
And turn the scale in favour of the just!
His *immortality* alone can solve
The darkest of *enigmas*, human *hope*;
Of all the darkest, if at death we die.
Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our joy,
All *present* blessings treading under foot,
Is scarce a milder tyrant than *despair*.
With no past toils content, still planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.
Possession, why more tasteless than *pursuit*?
Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?
That wish accomplish'd, why, the grave of bliss?

* *Night the Sixth.*

Becauſe, in the *great future* bury'd deep,
Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
Lies *all* that man with ardour ſhould purſue;
And He who made him, bent him to the right.
Man's heart th' Almighty to the *future* ſets,
By ſecret and inviolable ſprings;
And makes his hope his ſublunary joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry ſtill;
"More, more!" the glutton cries: for ſomething *new*
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
He *will* deſcend. He ſtarves on the *pall'ſt*.
Hence, the world's maſter, from ambition's ſpire,
In Caprea plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute.
In that rank ſty why wallow'd empire's ſon
Supreme? Becauſe he could no higher fly;
His *riot* was *ambition* in deſpair.
Old Rome conſulted birds; Lorenzo! thou,
With more ſucceſs, the flight of *hope* ſurvey;
Of reſtleſs hope, for ever on the wing.
High-perch'd o'er every thought that falcon ſits,
To fly at all that riſes in her ſight;
And, never ſtooping, but to mount again
Next moment, ſhe betrays her aim's miſtake,
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.
There ſhould it fail us (it muſt fail us there,
If *being* fails) more mournful riddles riſe,
And *virtue* vies with *hope* in myſtery.
Why *virtue*? Where its praiſe, its being, fled?
Virtue is true ſelf-intereſt purſued:
What true ſelf-intereſt of *quite*-mortal man?
To cloſe with all that makes him happy *here*.
If vice (as ſometimes) is our friend on earth,
Then vice is virtue; 'tis our *ſovereign* good.
In *ſelf-applauſe* is virtue's golden prize;
No ſelf-applauſe attends it on *thy* ſcheme;
Whence ſelf-applauſe? From conſcience of the right.
And what is right, but means of happineſs?
No means of happineſs when *virtue* yields;
That baſis failing, falls the building too,
And lays in ruin every *virtuous joy*.
The rigid guardian of a blameleſs heart,
So long rever'd, ſo long reputed wiſe;
Is weak; with rank knight-errantries o'er-run.
Why beats thy boſom with illuſtrious dreams
Of ſelf-expoſure, laudable, and great?
Of gallant enterprize, and glorious death?
Die for thy country?—Thou romantic fool!
Seize, ſeize the plank thyſelf, and let her ſink:
Thy *country!* what to Thee?—The *Godhead*, what?
(I ſpeak with awe!) though He ſhould bid thee bleed?
If, with thy blood, thy *final* hope is ſpilt,
Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow,
Be deaf; preſerve thy being; diſobey.
Nor is it diſobedience: know, Lorenzo!
Whate'er th' Almighty's ſubſequent command,
His firſt command is *this*:—"Man, love thyſelf."

In this alone, free-agents are *not* free.
Exiſtence is the baſis, bliſs the prize;
If *virtue* coſts exiſtence, 'tis a crime;
Bold violation of our law *ſupreme*,
Black ſuicide; though nations, which conſult
Their gain, at thy expence, reſound applauſe.
Since *virtue*'s recompence is doubtful, *here*,
If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
Why is man *ſuffer'd* to be good in vain?
Why to be good in vain, is man *injoin'd*?
Why to be good in vain, is man *betray'd*?
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breaſt,
By ſweet complacencies from virtue felt?
Why whiſpers *nature* lyes on virtue's part?
Or if blind *inſtinct* (which aſſumes the name
Of ſacred conſcience) plays the fool in man,
Why *reaſon* made accomplice in the cheat?
Why are the *wiſeſt* loudeſt in her praiſe?
Can man by *reaſon*'s beam be led aſtray?
Or, at his peril, *imitate his God*?
Since virtue *ſometimes* ruins us on earth,
Or *both* are true; or man ſurvives the grave.
Or man ſurvives the grave; or own, Lorenzo,
Thy boaſt ſupreme, a wild abſurdity.
Dauntleſs thy ſpirit; cowards are thy ſcorn.
Grant man *immortal*, and thy ſcorn is juſt.
The man *immortal*, rationally brave,
Dares ruſh on death—becauſe he cannot die.
But if man loſes All, when life is loſt,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A *daring* infidel (and ſuch there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure *heroical* defect of thought),
Of all earth's madmen, moſt deſerves a chain.
When to the grave we follow the renown'd
For valour, virtue, ſcience, all we love,
And all we praiſe; for *worth*, whoſe noon-tide beam,
Enabling us to think in higher ſtyle,
Mends our ideas of ethereal powers;
Dream we, that luſtre of the *moral* world
Goes out in ſtench, and rottenneſs the cloſe?
Why was he wiſe to *know*, and warm to *praiſe*,
And ſtrenuous to *tranſcribe*, in human life,
The Mind Almighty? Could it be, that fate,
Juſt when the lineaments began to ſhine,
And dawn the Deity, ſhould ſnatch the draught,
With night eternal blot it out, and give
The ſkies alarm, leſt *angels* too might die?
If human ſouls, why not angelic too
Extinguiſh'd? and a *ſolitary* God,
O'er ghaſtly ruin, frowning from his throne!
Shall we this moment gaze on God in man?
The next, loſe man for ever in the duſt?
From duſt we diſengage, or man *miſtakes*;
And there, where leaſt his judgment fears a flaw,
Wiſdom and *worth* how boldly he commends!
Wiſdom and *worth* are ſacred names; rever'd,
Where not embrac'd; applauded! deify'd!
Why not *compaſſion'd* too? If ſpirits die,
Both are calamities, *inflicted* both,
To make us but more wretched: *Wiſdom*'s eye
Acute, for what? To ſpy more miſeries;
And *worth*, ſo recompens'd, new-points their ſtings.
Or man ſurmounts the grave, or gain is loſs,
And worth exalted *humbles* us the more.

Thou wilt not patronize a ſcheme that makes
Weakneſs and *vice*, the refuge of mankind.
"Has virtue, then, no joys?"—Yes, joys *dear-bought*.
Talk ne'er ſo long, in this imperfect ſtate,
Virtue and vice are at eternal war.
Virtue's a combat; and who fights for nought?
Or for precarious, or for ſmall reward?
Who virtue's *ſelf-reward* ſo lot'd reſound,
Would take degrees *angelic* here below,
And *virtue*, while they compliment, betray,
By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards.
The crown, th' *unfading* crown, her ſoul inſpires:
'Tis That, and That alone, can countervail
The body's treacheries, and the *world's* aſſaults:
On earth's poor pay our famiſh'd virtue dies.
Truth inconteſtable! In ſpite of all
A Bayle has preach'd, or a Voltaire believ'd.
In man the more we dive, the more we ſee
Heaven's ſignet ſtamping an *immortal* make.
Dive to the bottom of his ſoul, the baſe
Suſtaining all; what find we? *Knowledge*, *Love*.
As light and heat, eſſential to the ſun,
Theſe to the ſoul. And *why*, if ſouls expire?
How little lovely *here*? How little known?
Small *knowledge* we dig up with endleſs toil;
And *love* unfeign'd may purchaſe perfect hate.
Why ſtarv'd, on earth, our *angel* appetites;
While *brutal* are indulg'd their fulſome fill?
Were then capacities *divine* conferr'd,
As a mock-diadem, in ſavage ſport,
Rank inſult of our pompous *poverty*,
Which reaps but pain, from ſeeming claims ſo fair?
In future age lies no redreſs? And ſhuts
Eternity the door on our complaint?
If ſo, for what ſtrange ends were mortals made!
The worſt to *wallow*, and the beſt to *weep*;
The man who merits moſt, muſt moſt complain:
Can we conceive a diſregard in heaven,
What the worſt *perpetrate*, or beſt *endure*?
This cannot be. To *love*, and *know*, in man
Is boundleſs appetite, and boundleſs power;
And theſe demonſtrate boundleſs objects too.
Objects, powers, appetites, heaven ſuits in All;
Nor, *nature* through, e'er violates this ſweet,
Eternal concord, on her tuneful ſtring.
Is *man* the ſole exception from her laws?
Eternity ſtruck off from human hope,
(I ſpeak with truth, but veneration too)
Man is a monſter, the reproach of heaven,
A ſtain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On nature's beauteous aſpect; and deforms,
(Amazing blot!) deforms her with her *lord*.
If ſuch is man's allotment, *what* is heaven?
Or own the ſoul *immortal*, or blaſpheme.
Or own the ſoul immortal, or invert
All *order*. Go, mock-majeſty! go, man!
And bow to thy ſuperiors of the ſtall;
Though every ſcene of *ſenſe* ſuperior far:
They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the ſtream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitleſs hopes, regrets, deſpairs;
Mankind's peculiar! *reaſon's* precious dower!
No foreign clime *they* ranſack for their robes;
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;
Their good is good intire, unmixt, unmarr'd;
They find a paradiſe in every field,
On boughs *forbidden* where no curſes hang:
Their *ill* no more than ſtrikes the ſenſe; unſtretcht
By previous dread, or murmur in the rear:
When the *worſt* comes, it comes unfear'd; one ſtroke
Begins, and ends, their woe: they die but *once*;
Bleſt, incommunicable privilege! for which
Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the ſtars,
Philoſopher, or *hero*, ſighs in vain.
Account for this prerogative in brutes.
No day, no glimpſe of day, to ſolve the knot
But what beams on it from *eternity*.
O ſole, and ſweet ſolution! That unties
The difficult, and ſoftens the ſevere;
The cloud on *nature's* beauteous face diſpels;
Reſtores bright *order*; caſts the brute beneath;
And re-inthrones us in ſupremacy
Of joy, ev'n *here*: admit immortal life,
And virtue is *knight-errantry* no more;
Each *virtue* brings in hand a golden dower,
Far richer in reverſion: *Hope* exults;
And though much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taſte of heaven.
O wherefore is the Deity ſo kind?
Aſtoniſhing beyond aſtoniſhment!
Heaven our reward—for heaven enjoy'd *below*.
Still unſubdued thy ſtubborn *heart?*—For *there*
The traitor lurks who doubts the truth I ſing.
Reaſon is guiltleſs; *will* alone rebels.
What, in that ſtubborn heart, if I ſhould find
New, unexpected witneſſes againſt thee?
Ambition, *pleaſure*, and the *love of gain!*
Canſt thou ſuſpect, that *theſe*, which make the ſoul
The *ſlave* of earth, ſhould own her *heir* of heaven?
Canſt thou ſuſpect what makes us *diſbelieve*
Our immortality, ſhould prove it *ſure?*
Firſt, then, *ambition* ſummon to the bar.
Ambition's *ſhame*, *extravagance*, *diſguſt*,
And *inextinguiſhable nature*, ſpeak.
Each much *diſpoſes*; hear them in their turn.
Thy ſoul, how paſſionately fond of *fame!*
How anxious, that fond paſſion to conceal!
We bluſh, detected in deſigns on praiſe,
Though for beſt deeds, and from the beſt of men;
And why? Becauſe *immortal*. Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the ſoul,
Heaven kindly gives our blood a *moral* flow;
Bids it aſcend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
Which ſtoops to court a character from man;
While o'er us in tremendous judgment ſit
Far more than man, with *endleſs* praiſe, and blame.
Ambition's *boundleſs appetite* out-ſpeaks
The verdict of its *ſhame*. When ſouls take fire
At high preſumptions of their own deſert,

One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
The thunder by the living *few* begun,
Late time must echo; worlds unborn, resound.
We wish our names *eternally* to live:
Wild dream, which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our natures been *eternal* too.
Instinct points out an interest in hereafter;
But our blind *reason* sees not *such* it lies;
Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.
Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp:
Consult the ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
"And is This all?" cry'd Cæsar at his height,
Disgusted. "This *third* proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The first in fame,
Observe him well, your envy will abate:
Shun 'd at the disproportion vast, between
The passion and the purchase, he will sigh
At *such* success, and blush at his renown.
And why? Because far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illustrious glory calls;
It calls in whispers, yet the deafest hear.
And can ambition a *fourth* proof supply?
It can, and stronger than the former three?
Yet quite o'er-look'd by some *reputed* wise.
Though disappointments in ambition *pain*,
And though success *disgusts*; yet still, Lorenzo!
In vain we strive to pluck it from our hearts;
By nature planted for the noblest ends.
Absurd the fam'd advice to Pyrrhus given,
More prais'd, than ponder'd; specious, but unsound;
Sooner that hero's *sword* the world had quell'd,
Than *reason*, his ambition. Man *must* soar.
An obstinate activity within,
An insuppressive spring, will toss him up
In spite of *fortune's* load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too;
No *Sultan* prouder than his fetter'd slave:
Slaves build their little Babylons of straw,
Echo the proud Assyrian in their hearts,
And cry,—"Behold the wonders of my might!"
And why? Because *immortal* as their lord;
And souls immortal must for ever heave
At something great; the glitter, or the gold;
The praise of mortals, or the praise of heaven.
Nor absolutely vain is *human* praise,
When human is supported by *divine*.
I'll introduce Lorenzo to Himself;
Pleasure and *pride* (bad masters!) share our hearts.
As love of *pleasure* is ordain'd to guard
And feed our bodies, and extend our race;
The love of *praise* is planted to protect,
And propagate the glories of the mind.
What is it, but the *love of praise*, inspires,
Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,
Earth's happiness? From *that*, the delicate,
The grand, the marvellous, of *civil* life,
Want and *convenience*, under-workers, lay
The basis, on which *love of glory* builds.
Nor is *thy* life, O *virtue!* less in debt
To praise, thy secret stimulating friend.
Were men not *proud*, what merit should we miss!
Pride made the virtues of the pagan world.
Praise is the salt that seasons *right* to man,
And whets his appetite for *moral* good.
Thirst of applause is virtue's *second* guard;
Reason, her first; but reason wants an aid;
Our *private* reason is a flatterer;
Thirst of applause calls *public* judgment in,
To poise our own, to keep an even scale,
And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.
Here a *first* proof arises, stronger still:
Why this so nice construction of our hearts?
These delicate moralities of *sense*;
This *constitutional* reserve of aid
To succour virtue, when our *reason* fails;
If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
And, oft, the mark of injuries on earth,
When labour'd to maturity (its bill
Of disciplines, and pains, unpaid) must die?
Why freighted-rich, to dash against a rock?
Were man to perish when most fit to live,
O how miss-spent were all these stratagems,
By skill divine inwoven in our frame!
Where are heaven's holiness and mercy fled?
Laughs heaven, at once, at *virtue*, and at *man*?
If not, why *that* discourag'd, *this* destroy'd?
Thus far *ambition*. What says *avarice*?
This *her* chief maxim, which has long been *Thine*:
"The wise and wealthy are the same."—I grant it.
To store up treasure, with incessant toil,
This is man's province, *this* his highest praise.
To this great end keen *instinct* stings him on.
To guide that instinct, *reason!* is thy charge;
'Tis thine to tell us where *true* treasure lies:
But, reason failing to discharge her trust,
Or to the deaf discharging it in vain,
A blunder follows; and blind *industry*,
Gall'd by the spur, but stranger to the course
(The course where stakes of more than gold are won)
O'er-loading, with the cares of distant age,
The jaded spirits of the *present* hour,
Provides for an *eternity* below.
"*Thou shalt not covet*," is a wise command;
But bounded to the wealth the sun surveys:
Look farther, the command stands quite reversed,
And *avarice* is a virtue most divine.
Is *faith* a refuge for our *happiness*?
Most sure; and is it not for *reason* too?
Nothing *this* world unriddles, but the *next*.
Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain?
From inextinguishable life in man;
Man, if not meant, by *worth*, to reach the *skies*.
Had wanted wing to fly so far in *guilt*.
Sour grapes, I grant, *ambition*, *avarice*,
Yet still their root is *immortality*:
These its wild growths so bitter, and so base,
(Pain and reproach!) *religion* can reclaim,
Refine, exalt, throw down their poisonous lee,

And make them ſparkle in the bowl of *bliſs*.
See, the *third witneſs* laughs at bliſs remote,
And falſely promiſes an Eden here:
Truth ſhe ſhall ſpeak for once, though prone to lye,
A common cheat, and *Pleaſure* is her name.
To pleaſure never was Lorenzo deaf;
Then hear her now, now *firſt* thy *real* friend.
Since nature made us not more fond than *proud*
Of happineſs (whence hypocrites in joy!
Makers of mirth! artificers of ſmiles!)
Why ſhould the joy moſt poignant *ſenſe* affords
Burn us with bluſhes, and rebuke our pride?—
Thoſe heaven-born bluſhes tell us man *deſcends*,
Ev'n in the zenith of his *earthly* bliſs:
Should *reaſon* take her infidel repoſe,
This honeſt *inſtinct* ſpeaks our lineage high;
This inſtinct calls on darkneſs to conceal
Our rapturous relation to the ſtalls.
Our *glory* covers us with noble *ſhame*,
And he that's unconfounded, is *unmann'd*.
The man that bluſhes is not quite a *brute*.
Thus far with Thee, Lorenzo! will I cloſe,
Pleaſure is good, and man for pleaſure made;
But pleaſure full of glory, as of joy;
Pleaſure, which neither *bluſhes*, nor *expires*.
The witneſſes are heard; the cauſe is o'er;
Let *conſcience* file the ſentence in her court.
Dearer than *deeds* that half a realm convey:
This ſeal'd by *truth*, th' authentic record runs.
"Know, All; know, infidels,—unapt to know!

"'Tis *immortality* your nature ſolves;
"'Tis *immortality* decyphers man,
"And opens all the myſteries of his make.
"Without it, half his *inſtincts* are a riddle;
"Without it, all his *virtues* are a dream.
"His every *crimes* atteſt his dignity;
"His fateleſs thirſt of *pleaſure*, *gold* and *fame*,
"Declares him born for bleſſings *infinite*:
"What leſs than infinite makes un-abſurd
"*Paſſions*, which *all* on earth but more inflames?

"Fierce paſſions, ſo miſ-meaſur'd to *this* ſcene,
"Stretch'd out, like eagles wings, beyond our neſt,
"Far, far beyond the worth of all below,
"For *earth* too large, preſage a nobler flight,
"And evidence our title to the *ſkies*."
Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!
Whoſe conſtitution dictates to your pen,
Who, cold yourſelves, think ardour comes from hell!
Think not our paſſions from *corruption* ſprung,
Though to corruption now they lend their wings;

That is their *miſtreſs*, not their *mother*. All
(And juſtly) *reaſon* deem divine: I ſee,
I feel a grandeur, in the *paſſions* too,
Which ſpeaks their high deſcent, and glorious end;
Which ſpeaks them rays of an eternal fire.
In Paradiſe itſelf they burnt as ſtrong,
Ere Adam fell: though wiſer in their aim,
Like the proud Eaſtern, ſtruck by Providence,
What though our *paſſions* are run mad, and ſtoop
With low, terreſtrial appetite, to graze
On traſh, on toys, dethron'd from high deſire?
Yet ſtill, though their diſgrace, no feeble ray
Of greatneſs ſhines, and tells us, whence they fell:
But *theſe* (like that fall'n monarch whom reclaim'd,)
When *reaſon* moderates the rein aright,
Shall re-aſcend, remount their former ſphere,
Where once they ſoar'd illuſtrious; ere ſeduc'd
By wanton Eve's debauch, to ſtroll on earth,
And ſet the ſublunary world on fire.
But grant their phrenſy laſts; their phrenſy fails
To diſappoint *one* providential end,
For which heaven blew up ardour in our hearts:
Were *reaſon* ſilent, boundleſs *paſſion* ſpeaks
A future ſcene of boundleſs *objects* too,
And brings glad tidings of *eternal* day.
Eternal day! 'Tis that enlightens All;
And All, by that enlighten'd, proves it *ſure*.
Conſider man as an *immortal* being,
Intelligible All; and All is great;
A cryſtalline tranſparency prevails,
And ſtrikes full luſtre through the human ſphere:
Conſider man as *mortal*. All is dark,
And wretched; *reaſon* weeps at the ſurvey.
The learn'd Lorenzo cries, "And let her weep,
"Weak *modern* reaſon: *Antient* times were wiſe.

"*Authority*, that venerable guide,
"Stands on my part; the fam'd Athenian porch
"(And who for wiſdom ſo renown'd as they?)
"Deny'd this immortality to man."
I grant it; but aſſirm, they *prov'd* it too.
A riddle this!—Have patience; I'll explain.
What noble vanities, what moral flights,
Glittering through their romantic wiſdom's page,
Make us, at once, deſpiſe them, and admire?
Fable is flat to theſe high-ſeaſon'd fires;
They leave th' extravagance of ſong below.
"Fleſh ſhall not feel; or, feeling, ſhall enjoy
"The dagger or the rack; to them, alike
"A bed of roſes, or the burning bull."
In men exploding all beyond the grave,
Strange doctrine, This! As *doctrine*, it was ſtrange;
But not, as *propheſy*; for ſuch it prov'd,
And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:
They feign'd a firmneſs *Chriſtians* need not feign.
The *Chriſtian* truly triumph'd in the flame:
The *Stoic* ſaw, in double wonder loſt,
Wonder at them, and wonder at Himſelf,
To find the bold adventurers of his thought,
Not bold, and that he ſtrove to lye in vain.
Whence, then, thoſe thoughts? Thoſe towering thoughts, that flew
Such monſtrous heights? From *inſtinct*, and from *pride*.
The glorious *inſtinct* of a deathleſs ſoul,
Confuſ'dly conſcious of her dignity,
Suggeſted truths they could not underſtand.
In *luſt*'s dominion, and in *paſſion*'s ſtorm,
Truth's ſyſtem broken, ſcatter'd fragments lay,
As light in chaos, glimmering through the gloom:
Smit with the pomp of lofty ſentiments,

Plead *pride* proclaim'd, what *reason* disbelieved.
Pride, like the Delphic priestess, with a swell,
Rav'd nonsense, destin'd to be *future* sense,
When life *immortal*, in full day, should shine;
And *death's dark shadows* fly the gospel sun.
They spoke, what nothing but *immortal* souls
Could speak; and thus the truth they question'd, prov'd.

Can then *absurdities*, as well as *crimes*,
Speak man *immortal*? All things speak him so.
Much has been urg'd: and dost thou call for more?
Call; and with endless questions be distress'd,
All unresolvable, if *earth* is all.

" Why life, a moment; infinite, desire?
" Our wish, Eternity? our home, the Grave?
" Heaven's *promise* dormant lies in human *hope*;
" Who *wishes* life immortal, proves it too.
" Why happiness pursued, though never found?

" Man's thirst of happiness declares *It is*,
" (For Nature never gravitates to nought);
" That thirst unquench'd declares *It is not Here*.
" *My* Lucia, *Thy* Clarissa, call to thought;
" Why *cordial friendship* rivetted so deep,
" As hearts to pierce at first, at parting rend,
" If friend, and friendship, vanish in an hour?
" Is not This torment in the mask of joy?
" Why by *reflection* marr'd the joys of *sense*?
" Why *past*, and *future*, preying on our hearts,
" And putting all our *present* joys to death?
" Why labours *reason*? *instinct* were as well;
" Instinct far better; what can *choose*, can *err*:
" O how *infallible* the thoughtless brute!
" 'Twere well his *Holiness* were half as sure.
" *Reason* with *inclination*, why at war?
" Why sense of *guilt*? why *conscience* up in arms?"

Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
And bosom-council to decline the blow.
Reason with inclination ne'er had jarr'd,
If nothing future paid forbearance Here:
Thus on—These, and a thousand pleas uncall'd,
All *promise*, some *ensure*, a second scene;
Which, were it *doubtful*, would be dearer far
Than all things else most *certain*; were it *false*.
What *truth* on earth so precious as the lye?
This world it gives us, let what will ensue;
This world it gives, in that high cordial, *hope*:
The future of the present is the soul:

How *this* life groans, when sever'd from the *next*!
Poor mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!
By dark distrust his being cut in two,
In *both* parts perishes; *life* void of joy,
Sad prelude of *Eternity* in pain!
Could'st thou persuade me, the next life could fail
Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguish, *new*, as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts, thy *hope*, and my *despair*,
Abhorr'd annihilation! blasts the soul,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe!
Could I believe Lorenzo's system true,
In *this* black channel would my ravings run.
" *Thief* from the *future* borrow'd peace, ere while.
" The future *vanish'd*! and the present *pain'd*!
" Strange import of unprecedented ill!
" Fall, how profound! Like Lucifer's, the fall!
" Unequal fate! His fall, without his guilt!
" From where fond *hope* built her pavilion high,
" The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
" To night! To *nothing*, darker still than night!

" If 't was a *dream*, why wake me, my worst Foe,
" Lorenzo! boastful of the name of Friend!
" O for delusion! O for error still!
" Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant
" A *thinking* being in a world like This,
" Not over-rich before, *now* beggar'd quite;
" More curst than at the *fall*?—The sun goes out!
" The thorns shoot up! What thorns in every thought!
" Why sense of better? It imbitters worse.
" Why sense? why life? If but to sigh, then sink
" To what I was! *twice* nothing! and much woe!
" Woe, from heaven's bounties! woe from what was wont
" To flatter most, high *intellectual powers*.
" *Thought*, *virtue*, *knowledge*! blessings, by *thy* scheme,
" All poison'd into pains. First, *knowledge*, once
" My soul's ambition, *now* her greatest dread.
" To *know myself*, true wisdom?—No, to shun
" That shocking science, parent of despair!
" Avert thy mirror, if I see, I die.
" *Know my Creator*? Clime His blest abode
" By painful speculation, pierce the veil,
" Dive in His nature, read His attributes,
" And gaze in admiration—on a *foe*,
" Obtruding life, with-holding happiness!
" From the full rivers that surround his throne,
" Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
" Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
" To curse his birth, nor envy *reptiles* more!
" Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night! [Hide *Him*, forever hide Him, from my thought,
" Once all my comfort; source, and soul of joy!
" Now league'd with furies, and with *Thee*,* against me.
" *Know His achievements*? Study His renown?
" Contemplate this amazing universe,
" Dropt from His hand, with miracles replete!
" For what? Avid miracles of nobler name,
" To find one miracle of *misery*?
" To find the Being, which alone can *know*
" And *praise* His works, a blemish on His praise?
" Through nature's ample range, in thought to stroll.
" And start at *man*, the single mourner There,
" Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs, and death?
" Knowing is suffering: and shall *virtue* share
" The sigh of *knowledge*?—Virtue shares the sigh.
" By straining up the steep of *excellent*,
" By battles fought, and, from temptation, won,
" What gain she, but the pang of seeing worth,
" *Angelic* worth, soon shuffled in the dark
" With every vice, and swept to *brutal* dust?

* *Lorenzo.*

" Merit is madneſs; virtue is a crime;
" A crime to *reaſon*, if it coſts us pain
" *Unpaid:* what pain, amidſt a thouſand more,
" To think the moſt *abandon'd*, after days
" Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death
" As *ſoft* a pillow, nor make *fouler* clay!
" *Duty! Religion!*—Theſe, our duty done,
" Imply reward. *Religion* is miſtake.
" *Duty!*—There 's none, but to repel the cheat.
" Ye cheats! away! ye daughters of my pride!
" *Who* feign yourſelves the favourites of the ſkies;
" Ye towering hopes, abortive energies!
" That toſs and ſtruggle, in my *lying* breaſt,
" To ſcale the ſkies, and build preſumptions There,
" As I were heir of an *Eternity*.
" Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
" Why travel far in queſt of ſure defeat?
" As bounded as my being, be my wiſh.
" All is inverted, *wiſdom* is a fool.
" *Senſe!* take the rein; blind *paſſion!* drive us on;
" And, *ignorance!* befriend us on our way;
" Ye *new*, but *truſt* patrons of our peace!
" Yes; give the *pulſe* full empire; live the *brute*,
" Since, as the brute, we die. The *ſum* of man,
" Of Godlike man! to *revel*, and to *rot*.
" *But* not on equal terms with *other* brutes:
" *Their* revels a more poignant reliſh yield,
" And ſafer too; *they* never poiſons chooſe.
" *Inſtinct*, than *reaſon*, makes more wholeſome meals,
" And ſends all-marring murmur far away.
" For *ſenſual* life *they* beſt philoſophize;
" *Theirs*, that *ſerene*, the *ſages* ſought in vain:
" 'Tis *man* alone expoſtulates with heaven;
" *His*, all the *power*, and all the *cauſe*, to mourn.
" Shall *human* eyes *alone* diſſolve in tears?
" And bleed, in anguiſh, none but *human* hearts?
" The wide-ſtretch'd realm of *intellectual* woe,
" Surpaſſing *ſenſual* far, is All our Own.
" *In life* ſo fatally diſtinguiſh'd, why
" Caſt in one lot, confounded, lump'd, in *death?*
" Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt?
" Why thunder'd this peculiar *clauſe* againſt us,
" *All-mortal, and All-wretched!*—Have the ſkies
" Reaſons of ſtate, their ſubjects may not ſcan,
" Nor *humbly* reaſon, when they *ſorely* ſigh?
" *All-mortal, and All-wretched!*—'Tis too much:
" Unparallel'd in nature: 'tis too much
" On being *unrequeſted* at Thy hands,
" Omnipotent! for I ſee nought but *power*.
" And why ſee That? Why *thought?* To toil,
" and eat,
" Then make our bed in darkneſs, needs no
" thought.
" What ſuperfluities are *reaſoning* ſouls
" O give Eternity! or Thought deſtroy.
" But without thought or curſe were half unfelt;
" Its blunted edge would ſpare the throbbing heart;
" And, *therefore*, 'tis beſtow'd, I thank thee, *Reaſon!*
" For aiding *life*'s too ſmall calamities,
" And giving being to the dread of *death*.
" Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
" For *me*, to treſpaſs on the brutal rights?
" Too much for *heaven* to make one emmet more?
" Too much for *chaos* to permit my maſs
" A longer ſtay with eſſences unwrought,
" Unfaſhion'd, *unformented* into *man?*
" Wretched *preferment* to this round of pains!
" Wretched capacity of phrenſy, *thought!*
" Wretched capacity of dying, *life!*
" *Life, thought, worth, wiſdom*, All (O foul revolt)
" *Once* friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
" *Death*, then, has chang'd his nature too: O
" death!
" Come to my boſom, thou beſt gift of heaven!
" Beſt friend of man! ſince man is man no more.
" Why in this thorny *wilderneſs* ſo long,
" Since there 's no *promis'd land*'s ambroſial bower,
" To pay me with its honey for my ſtings?
" If needful to the ſelfiſh ſchemes of heaven
" To ſting us ſore, why *mock* our miſery?
" Why this ſo ſumptuous inſult o'er our heads?
" Why this illuſtrious canopy diſplay'd?
" Why ſo magnificently lodg'd *deſpair?*
" At ſtated periods, ſure returning, roll
" Theſe *glorious orbs*, that mortals may compute
" Their length of labours, and of pains; nor loſe
" Their miſery's full meaſure?—Smiles with
" flowers,
" And fruits, promiſcuous, ever-teeming *earth*,
" That man may languiſh in *luxurious* ſcenes,
" And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys?
" Claim earth and ſkies man's admiration, due
" For *ſuch* delights! Bleſt *animals!* too wiſe
" To *wonder*; and too happy to *complain!*
" Our *doom decreed* demands a mournful ſcene:
" Why not a dungeon dark, for the *condemn'd?*
" Why not the dragon's ſubterranean den,
" For man to howl in? Why not his abode
" Of the ſame diſmal colour with his fate?
" A Thebes, a Babylon, at vaſt expence
" Of time, toil, treaſure, art, for owls and adders,
" As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome,
" Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high
" deſire;
" If, from her humble chamber in the duſt,
" While proud thought ſwells, and high deſire
" inflames,
" The poor *worm* calls us for her inmates *there*;
" And, round us, *death*'s inexorable hand
" Draws the dark curtain cloſe; undrawn no
" more.
" *Undrawn no more!*—Behind the cloud of *death*,
" Once, I beheld the ſun; a ſun which gilt
" That ſable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
" How the *grave*'s alter'd! Fathomleſs, as hell!
" A *real* hell to thoſe who dreamt of heaven.
" Annihilation! How it yawns before me!
" Next moment I may drop from *thought*, from
" *ſenſe*,
" The privilege of *angels*, and of *worms*,
" An out-caſt from exiſtence! and this ſpirit,
" This all-pervading, this all-conſcious ſoul,
" This particle of energy divine,
" Which travels nature, flies from ſtar to ſtar,
" And viſits gods, and emulates their powers,
" For ever is extinguiſht. Horror! death!
" Death of *that* death I *fearleſs* once ſurvey'd

" When horror *universal* shall descend,
" And heaven's dark concave urn all human race,
" On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
" How just this verse! this monumental sigh!"

Beneath the lumber of demolish'd worlds,
Deep in the rubbish of the general wreck,
Swept ignominious to the common mass
Of matter, never dignify'd with life,
Here lie proud rationals; *The sons of heaven!*
The lords of earth! the property of worms!
Beings of yesterday! and not to-morrow!
Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd!
All gone to rot in chaos; *or to make*
Their happy transit into blocks *or* brutes,
Now longer sully their Creator's *name.*

Lorenzo! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce.
Just is this history? If *such* is man,
Mankind's historian, though divine, might weep.
And dares Lorenzo smile!—I know thee proud;
For once let *pride* befriend thee; pride looks pale
At such a scene, and sighs for something more.
Amid thy boasts, presumptions, and displays,
And art thou then a shadow? Less than shade?
A Nothing? *Less* than Nothing? To *have* been,
And *not to be*, is lower than Unborn.
Art thou *ambitious?* Why then make the worm
Thine equal? Runs thy taste of *pleasure* high? 855
Why patronize sure death of every joy?
Charm *riches?* Why choose beggary in the grave,
Of every hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
Ambition, pleasure, avarice, persuade thee
To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth,
They* lately *prov'd*, the soul's supreme desire. 861
What art thou made of? Rather, how Unmade?
Great *nature's* master-appetite destroy'd!
Is endless life, and happiness, despis'd?
Or both wish'd, *here*, where neither can be found?
Such man's perverse, eternal war with heaven?
Dar'st thou persist? And is there nought on earth,
But a long train of transitory forms,
Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour?
Bubbles of a fantastic deity, blown up
In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo!
Destroys thy scheme the *whole* of human race?
Kind is fell Lucifer, compar'd to Thee:
O! spare this *waste* of being half-divine;
And vindicate th' *economy* of heaven.
Heaven is all love; all joy in giving joy:
It never had created, but to *bless:*
And shall it, then, strike off the list of life,
A being blest, or worthy *so* to be?
Heaven starts at an *annihilating* God.
Is That, all *nature* starts at, thy desire?
Art such a clod to wish thyself *all* clay?
What is that dreadful wish?—The dying groan
Aware, murder'd by the blackest guilt.

What deadly poison has thy nature drunk?
To nature undebauch'd no shock so great;
Nature's *first* wish is *endless happiness;*
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monstrous wish, unborn till virtue dies.
And, oh! what depth of horror lies inclos'd!
For non-existence no man ever wish'd,
But, first, he wish'd the Deity destroyed.
If so; what words are dark enough to draw
Thy picture true? The darkest are too fair.
Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour
Of desperation, by what fury's aid,
In what infernal posture of the soul,
All hell invited, and all hell in joy
At such a birth, a birth so near of kin,
Did thy foul *fancy* whelp so black a scheme
Of *hopes* abortive, *faculties* half-blown,
And *deities begun*, reduc'd to dust?
There 's nought (thou say'st) but one eternal flux
Of feeble effences, tumultuous driven
Through *time's* rough billows into *night's* abyss.
Say, in this rapid *tide* of human ruin,
Is there no *rock*, on which man's tossing thought
Can rest from terror, dare his fate survey,
And boldly think it *something* to be born?
Amid such hourly wrecks of being fair,
Is there no central, all-sustaining *base*,
All-realising, all-connecting *power*,
Which, as it call'd forth all things, can *recall*,
And force *destruction* to refund her spoil?
Command the grave restore her taken prey?
Bid death's dark vale its human harvest yield,
And *earth*, and *ocean*, pay their debt of man,
True to the grand deposit trusted *there?*
Is there no *potentate*, whose out-stretch'd arm,
When ripening time calls forth th' appointed hour,
Pluck'd from foul *devastation's* famish'd maw,
Binds *present*, *past*, and *future*, to his throne?
His throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd.
By germinating being clustering round!
A garland worthy the divinity!
A throne, by heaven's omnipotence *in smiles*,
Built (like a *pharos* towering in the waves)
Amidst immense effusions of his love!
An ocean of *communicated* bliss!
An all-prolifick, all-preserving god!
This were a god indeed.—And such *is* man,
As here presum'd: he rises from his fall.
Think'st thou Omnipotence a naked root,
Each blossom fair of Deity destroy'd?
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps; each soul,
That ever animated human clay,
Now wakes; is on the wing: and where, O where,
Will the swarm settle?—When the *trumpet's* call,
As sounding brass, collects us round heaven's throne
Conglob'd, we bask in everlasting day,
(Paternal splendor!) and adhere for ever.
Had not the soul this *outlet* to the skies,
In this vast vessel of the universe,

* *In Night* VI.

How should we gasp, as in an empty void!
How in the pangs of famish'd *hope* expire!
How bright *my* prospect shines; how gloomy, *thine!*
A trembling world! and a devouring God!
Earth, but the Shambles of Omnipotence!
Heaven's face all stain'd with causeless massacres
Of countless millions, born to feel the pang
Of being *lost*. Lorenzo! can it be?
This bids us shudder at the thoughts of *life*.
Who would be born to such a phantom world,
Where nought substantial but our misery?
Where joy (if joy) but heightens our distress,
So soon to perish, and revive no more?
The greater *such* a joy, the *more* it pains.
A world, so far from *great* (and yet how great
It shines to thee!) there's nothing *real* in it;
Being, a shadow; *consciousness*, a dream;
A dream, how dreadful! Universal blank
Before it, and behind! Poor man, a spark
From non-existence struck by wrath divine,
Glittering a moment, nor that moment sure,
Midst upper, nether, and surrounding *night*,
His sad, *sure*, sudden, and eternal tomb!
Lorenzo! dost thou *feel* these arguments?
Or it there nought but *vengeance* can be felt?
How hast thou dar'd the deity dethrone?
How dar'd *indif?* Him of a world like this?
If *such* the world, creation was a crime;
For what is crime but cause of misery?
Retract, blaspheмer! and unriddle *this*,
Of endless arguments *above*, *below*,
Without us, and *within*, the short result—
"*If man's immortal, there's a God in heaven.*"
But wherefore such redundancy? such waste
Of argument? One sets *my* soul at rest!
One obvious, and at hand, and, oh!—at *heart*.
So just the skies, Philander's life so pain'd,
His heart so pure; *that*, or *succeeding* scenes
Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.
"*What an old tale is this!*" Lorenzo cries.—
I grant this argument is old; but truth
No years impair; and had not this been true,
Thou never hadst despis'd it for its age.
Truth is immortal as thy soul; and *fable*
As fleeting as thy joys; be wise, nor make
Heaven's highest blessing, vengeance; O be wise!
Nor make a curse of *immortality*.
Say, know'st thou what *it* is, or what *thou* art?
Know'st thou th' *importance* of a soul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole; *one* soul outweighs them all;
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of *unintelligent* creation *poor*.
For this, believe not *me*; no *man* believe;
Trust not in words, but deeds; and deeds no less
Than those of the Supreme; nor His, a few;
Consult them *all*; consulted, all proclaim
Thy soul's importance: tremble at thyself;
For whom *Omnipotence* has wak'd so long:
Has wak'd, and work'd, for ages; from the birth
Of nature to this *unbelieving* hour.
In this small province of His vast domain
(All *nature* bow, while I pronounce His Name!)
What has God done, and not for *this* sole end
To rescue souls from death! *The soul's high price*
Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.
The *soul's high price* is the *Creation's Key*.
Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays
The genuine cause of every deed divine:
That is the *chain of ages*, which maintains
Their obvious correspondence, and unites
Most distant periods in one bleſt design:
That is the *mighty hinge*, on which have turn'd
All revolutions, whether we regard
The *natural*, *civil*, or *religious*, world;
The former two but servants to the third:
To that their duty done, they both expire,
Their *mass* new-cast, forgot their *deeds renown'd:*
And angels ask, "*Where once they shone so fair?*"
To lift us from this abject, to sublime;
This flux, to permanent; this dark, to day;
This foul, to pure; this turbid, to serene;
This mean, to mighty!—for *this* glorious end
Th' Almighty, rising, his long sabbath broke!
The world was made: was ruin'd; was restor'd;
Laws from the skies were publish'd; were repeal'd;
On *earth* kings, kingdoms, rose; kings, kingdoms, fell;
Fam'd sages lighted up the *pagan* world;
Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance
Through distant age; saints travel'd; martyrs bled;
By wonders sacred nature stood control'd;
The living were translated; dead were rais'd;
Angels, and *more* than angels, came from heaven;
And, oh! for *this*, descended lower still:
Guile was hell's gloom; astonish'd at his guest,
For one short moment Lucifer ador'd:
Lorenzo! and wilt thou do less?—For *this*,
That *hallow'd page*, fools scoff at, was inspir'd,
Of all these truths thrice venerable code!
Deists! perform your quarantine; and then
Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.
Nor less intensely bent *infernal* powers
To mar, than those of *light*, *this* end to gain.
O what a scene is here!—Lorenzo! wake!
Rise to the thought; exert, expand thy soul
To take the vast idea: it denies
All *else* the name of great. Two warring worlds!
Not Europe against Afric; warring worlds!
Of *more* than mortal! mounted on the wing!
On ardent wings of energy and zeal,
High-hovering o'er this little brand of strife!
This sublunary ball—But strife, for what?
In their own cause conflicting? No; in *thine*,
In *man's*. His *single* interest blows the flame;
His the sole stake; his fate the trumpet sounds,
Which kindles war immortal. How it burns!
Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms!
Force, force opposing, till the waves run high,

And tempeſt nature's univerſal ſphere.
Such oppoſites eternal, ſtedfaſt, ſtern,
Such foes implacable, are *good*, and *ill*;
Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace between them.
Think not this fiction, "*There was war in heaven*,"
From heaven's high cryſtal mountain, where it hung,
Th' Almighty's out-ſtretch'd arm took down his bow,
And ſhot his indignation at the *deep*:
Re-thunder'd *hell*, and darted all her fires.
And ſeems the ſtake of little moment ſtill?
And ſlumbers *man*, who ſingly caus'd the ſtorm?

He ſleeps.—And art thou ſhock'd at *myſteries*?
The greateſt, Thou. How dreadful to reflect,
What ardour, care, and counſel *mortals* cauſe
In breaſts divine! how little in their own!
Where-e'er I turn, how new *proofs* pour upon me!
How happily this wondrous view ſupports,
My former argument! How ſtrongly *ſtrikes*
Immortal life's full demonſtration, *here*!
Why this exertion? Why this ſtrange regard
From heaven's Omnipotent indulg'd to man?—
Becauſe, in man, the glorious dreadful power,
Extremely to be pain'd, or bleſt, for *ever*.
Duration gives importance; ſwells the price.
An angel, if a creature of a day,
What would he be? A trifle of no weight;
Or ſtand, or fall; no matter which; he's gone.
Becauſe Immortal, therefore is indulg'd
This ſtrange regard of deities to duſt.
Hence heaven looks down on earth with all her eyes:
Hence, the ſoul's mighty moment in her ſight:
Hence, every ſoul has partiſans above,
And every thought a critic in the ſkies:
Hence, clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,
And every guard a paſſion for his charge;
Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine
Has held high counſel o'er the fate of man.
Nor have the clouds thoſe gracious counſels hid;
Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
And Providence came forth to meet mankind:
In various modes of emphaſis and awe,
He ſpoke his will, and trembling *nature* heard;
He ſpoke it loud, in thunder and in ſtorm.
Witneſs, thou Sinai! whoſe cloud-cover'd height,
And ſhaken baſis, own'd the preſent God;
Witneſs, ye *billows!* whoſe returning tide,
Breaking the chain that faſten'd it in air,
Sweet Egypt, and her menaces, to hell:
Witneſs, ye *flames!* th' Aſſyrian tyrant blew
To ſevenfold rage, as impotent, as ſtrong:
And thou, *earth!* witneſs, whoſe expanding jaws
Clos'd o'er * *preſumption*'s ſacrilegious ſons:
Has not each element, in turn, ſubſcrib'd
The *ſoul's high price*, and ſworn it to the wiſe?
Has not flame, ocean, æther, earthquake, ſtrove
To ſtrike *this truth* through adamantine man?
If not all adamant, Lorenzo! hear;
All is deluſion; *nature* is wrapt up,
In tenfold night, from *reaſon*'s keeneſt eye;
There's no conſiſtence, meaning, plan, or end,
In all beneath the ſun, in all above,
(As far as man can penetrate), or heaven
Is an immenſe, ineſtimable prize;
Or all is Nothing, or that prize is all.—
And ſhall each *toy* be ſtill a match for heaven,
And full equivalent for groans below?
Who would not give a trifle to *prevent*
What he would give a thouſand worlds to *cure*?
Lorenzo! thou haſt ſeen (if thine to ſee)
All *nature*, and her God (by nature's *courſe*,
And nature's courſe *control'd*) declare for me:
The ſkies above proclaim, "*immortal* man!"
And, "man *immortal!*" all below reſounds.
The world's a ſyſtem of theology,
Read by the greateſt ſtrangers to the ſchools;
If *booſt*, learn'd: and *ſages* o'er a plough.
Is not, Lorenzo! then, impos'd on thee
This hard alternative; or, to renounce
Thy *reaſon*, or thy *ſenſe*; or, to *believe*?
What then is *unbelief*? 'Tis an exploit;
A ſtrenuous enterprize: to gain it, man
Muſt burſt through every bar of common ſenſe,
Of common ſhame, magnanimouſly wrong;
And what rewards the ſturdy combatant?
His prize, *repentance; infamy*, his crown.
But wherefore, *infamy*?—For want of *faith*,
Down the ſteep precipice of *wrong* he ſlides;
There's nothing to ſupport him in the *right*.
Faith in the future wanting is at leaſt
In *embryo*, every weakneſs, every guilt;
And ſtrong temptation ripens it to *birth*.
If *this* life's gain invites him to the deed,
Why not his country ſold, his father ſlain?
'Tis virtue to purſue our good ſupreme;
And his ſupreme, his *only* good is *here*.
Ambition, avarice, by the wiſe diſdain'd,
Is perfect *wiſdom*, while mankind are *fools*,
And think a turf, or tomb-ſtone, covers all;
Theſe find employment, and provide for *ſenſe*
A richer paſture, and a larger range;
And *ſenſe* by right divine aſcends the throne,
When *virtue*'s prize and proſpect are no more;
Virtue no more we think the will of heaven.
Would heaven quite *beggar* virtue, if belov'd?
"Has *virtue* charms!"—I grant her heavenly fair;
But if unportion'd, all will *intereſt* wed;
Though *that* our admiration, *this* our choice.
The virtues grow on *immortality*;
That root deſtroy'd, they wither and expire.
A deity believ'd, will nought avail;
Rewards and *puniſhments* make God ador'd;
And *hopes* and *fears* give *conſcience* all her power.
As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue, with *immortality*, expires.
Who tells me he denies his ſoul immortal,
Whate'er his boaſt, has told me, *He's a knave*.
His *duty* 'tis, to love himſelf *alone*;
Nor care though mankind periſh, if he ſmiles.
Who thinks ere long the man ſhall *wholly* die;

* *Korah, &c.*

Is dead already; nought but *brute* survives.
And are there such?—Such candidates there are
For *more* than death; for utter loss of being,
Being, the basis of the Deity!
Ask you the *cause?*—The cause they will not tell:
Nor *need* they: O the sorceries of *sense!*
They work this transformation on the soul,
Dismount her, like the serpent at the fall,
Dismount her from her native wing (which soar'd
Ere-while ethereal heights), and throw her down,
To lick the dust, and *crawl* in such a thought.
Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n!
Fall'n from the wings of *reason*, and of *hope!*
Erect in stature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!
Lovers of argument, averse to sense!
Boasters of liberty, fast bound in chains!
Lords of the wide creation, and the shame!
More *senseless* than th' *irrationals* you scorn!
More *base* than those you rule! Than those you pity,
Far more *undone!* O ye most infamous
Of beings, from superior dignity!
Deepest in woe from means of boundless bliss!
Ye curst by blessings infinite! because
Most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost!
Ye motley mass of *contradiction* strong!
And are you, too, convinc'd, your souls fly off
In exhalation soft, and die in air,
From the full flood of evidence *against* you?
In the coarse drudgeries and sinks of *sense*,
Your souls have quite worn out the make of heaven,
By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own
But though you can *deform*, you can't *destroy*;
To *curse*, not *uncreate*, is all your power.
Lorenzo! this black brotherhood renounce;
Renounce St. Evremont, and read St. Paul.
Ere, rapt by miracle, by *reason* wing'd,
His mounting mind made long abode in heaven.
This is *freethinking*, unconfin'd to *parts*,
To send the soul, on curious travel bent,
Through all the provinces of human thought;
To dart her flight through the whole sphere of man;
Of this vast universe to make the tour;
In each recess of *space*, and *time*, at home;
Familiar with their wonders; diving deep;
And, like a prince of boundless interests *there*,
Still most ambitious of the most remote;
To look on *truth* unbroken, and intire;
Truth in the *system*, the full orb; where truths
By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
An arch-like, strong foundation, to support
Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete
Conviction; here, the most we press, we stand
More firm; who most *examine*, most *believe*.
Parts, like half-sentences, confound; the *whole*
Conveys the sense, and God is understood;
Who not in *fragments* writes to human race:
Read his *whole* volume, sceptic! then reply.
This, *this*, is *thinking free*, a thought that grasps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
Turn up thine eyes, survey this midnight scene;
What are earth's kingdoms, to yon boundless orbs,
Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range?
And what yon boundless orbs, to godlike *man?*
Those numerous worlds that throng the firmament,
And ask more space in heaven, can roll at large
In man's capacious thought, and still leave room
For ampler orbs, for *new* creations, there.
Can *such* a soul contract itself, to gripe
A point of no dimension, of no weight?
It can; it does: the *world* is such a point:
And, of *that* point, how *small* a part enslaves!
How small a part—of *nothing*, shall I say?
Why not? —*Friends*, our *chief* treasure! how they drop!
Lucia, Narcissa fair, Philander, gone!
The *grave*, like fabled Cerberus, has op'd
A triple mouth; and in an awful voice,
Loud calls my soul, and utters all I sing.
How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
What says this *transportation* of my friends?
It bids me love the place where *now* they dwell,
And scorn this wretched spot, they leave so poor.
Eternity's vast *ocean* lies before thee;
There, there, Lorenzo! thy Clarissa sails.
Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of *earth*,
That rock of souls *immortal*; cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call every wind;
Eye thy *Great Pole-star*; make the land of life,
Two kinds of life has *double-nurtur'd* man,
And two of death; the *last* far more severe.
Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the sun;
Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams.
Life *rational* subsists on higher food,
Triumphant in *His* beams, who made the day.
When we leave *that* sun, and are left by *this*,
(The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt)
'Tis *utter* darkness; strictly *double* death.
We sink by no *judicial* stroke of heaven,
But nature's *course*; as sure as plumbets fall.
Since God, or man, must alter, ere they meet,
(Since light and darkness blend not in one sphere)
'Tis manifest, Lorenzo! *who* must change.
If, then, that *double death* should prove thy lot,
Blame not the bowels of the Deity;
Man shall be blest, as far as man *permits*.
Not man alone, all *rationals*, heaven arms
With an illustrious, but tremendous, power
To counter-act its own most gracious ends;
And this, of strict necessity, not choice;
That power deny'd, *men*, *angels*, were no more
But passive engines, void of praise or blame.
A nature *rational* implies the power
Of being blest, or wretched, as we please;
Else idle *reason* would have nought to do;
And he that would be barr'd capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss.
Heaven *wills* our happiness, *allows* our doom.
Invites us ardently, but not *compels*;
Heaven but *persuades*, almighty *must do more!*

Man is the maker of immortal fates.
Man falls by man, if finally he falls;
And fall he *must*, who learns from *death* alone,
The dreadful secret—That he lives for Ever.
Why *this* to Thee?—Thee yet, perhaps, in doubt
Of second life? But wherefore doubtful still?
Eternal life is nature's ardent wish:
What ardently we wish, we *soon* believe:
Thy *tardy* faith declares that wish destroy'd:
What has destroy'd it?—Shall I tell thee what?
When *fear'd the future*, 'tis no longer wish'd;
And, when unwish'd, we *strive* to disbelieve.

"*Thus infidelity our guilt betrays.*"
Nor that the *fact* detection! Blush, Lorenzo!
Blush for hypocrisy, if not for guilt.
The *future fear'd*?—An *infidel*, and fear?
Fear what? A *dream*? A *fable*?—How thy dread,
Unwilling evidence, and therefore *strong*,
Affords my cause an undesign'd support!
How *disbelief* affirms what it denies!
"*It unawares, asserts immortal life.*"—
Surprising! *infidelity* turns out
A *creed*, and a *confession of our sins*;
Apostates, *thus*, are orthodox divines.
Lorenzo! with Lorenzo clash no more;
Nor longer a *transparent* vizor wear.
Think'st thou, Religion *only* has her mask?
Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites,
Pretend the worst, and, at the bottom, *fail*.
When visited by thought (thought *will* intrude),
Like him they serve, they *tremble*, and *believe*.
Is their hypocrisy so foul as this;
So fatal to the welfare of the world?
What *detestation*, what *contempt*, their due!
And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their escape
That Christian candour they *strive* hard to scorn:
If not for that asylum, they might find
A hell on *earth*; nor 'scape a worse *below*.
With insolence, and impotence of thought,
Instead of racking fancy, to *refute*,
Reform thy manners, and the truth *enjoy*.—
But shall I dare confess the dire result?
Can thy proud *reason* brook so black a brand?
From *purer manners*, to *sublimer faith*,
Is nature's unavoidable ascent;
An *honest* deist, where the gospel shines,
Matur'd to nobler, in the *Christian* ones.
When that blest change arrives, e'en cast aside
This song superfluous; *life immortal* strikes
Conviction, in a flood of light *divine*.
A *Christian* dwells, like *Uriel, in the sun;
Meridian evidence puts *doubt* to flight:
And ardent *hope* anticipates the skies.
Of *that* bright sun, Lorenzo! scale the sphere;
'Tis easy! it invites thee; it descends.
From heaven to *wope*, and waft thee, whence it came:
Read and revere the *sacred page*; a page
Where triumphs *immortality*; a page
Which not the whole *creation* could produce;
Which not the *conflagration* shall destroy,
'Tis printed in the mind of gods for ever,
In nature's ruins not one letter lost
In proud disdain of what ev'n gods adore,
Dost smile?—Poor wretch! thy guardian angel weeps.
Angels, and *men*, assent to what I sing;
Wits smile, and thank me for my *midnight dream*.
How vicious hearts fume phrensy to the brain!
Parts push us on to pride, and pride to shame;
Pert *infidelity* is *wit*'s cockade,
To grace the brazen brow that braves the skies,
By *fear of being*, dreadfully secure.
Lorenzo! if *thy* doctrine wins the day,
And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field;
If *This* is All, if *earth* a *final* scene,
Take heed; stand fast; be sure to be a *knave*,
A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the *right*:
Should'st thou be *good*—how infinite thy loss!
Guilt only makes *annihilation* gain.
Blest scheme! which life deprives of *comfort*, death
Of *hope*; and which vice *only* recommends.
If so, *where*, infidels! your bait thrown out
To catch weak converts? *where* your lofty boast
Of *zeal for virtue*, and of *love to man*?
Annihilation! I confess, in *these*.
What can *reclaim* you? Dare I hope profound
Philosophers the converts of a *song*?
Yet know, *its title** flatters *you*, not *me*;
Yours be the praise to make *my* title good;
Mine, to bless heaven, and triumph in *your* praise.
But since so pestilential your disease,
Though sovereign is the medicine I prescribe,
As yet, I'll neither triumph, nor despair:
But hope, ere long, my *midnight dream* will wake
Your hearts, and teach your *wisdom*—to be wise:
For why should souls immortal, made for bliss,
E'er wish, (and wish in vain!) that souls could die?
What ne'er *can* die, oh! grant to *live*; and crown
The wish, and aim, and labour of the skies;
Increase, and *enter* on the joys of heaven:
Thus shall my title pass a *sacred* seal,
Receive an *imprimatur* from Above,
While angels shout—*An Infidel Reclaim'd!*
To close, Lorenzo! spite of all my pains,
Still seems it strange, that thou should'st live *for ever*?
Is it *less* strange, that thou should'st live *at all*?
This is a miracle; and *That* no more.
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.
Deny thou *art*: Then, doubt if thou *shalt be*.
A miracle with miracles inclos'd,
Is man: and starts his faith at what is *strange*?
What less than wonders, from the *wonderful*;
What less than miracles, from God, can flow?
Admit a God—that mystery supreme!
That cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease;
Nothing is marvellous for *Him* to do:
Deny Him—all is mystery besides;
Millions of mysteries! *Each* darker far,
Than *that* thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun.

* *Milton.*

* *The Infidel Reclaimed.*

If *weak* thy faith, why choose the harder side?
We nothing *know*, but what is marvellous;
Yet what is marvellous, we can't *believe*.
So *weak* our *reason*, and so *great* our God,
What most surprizes in the *sacred page*,
Or full as strange, or stranger, *must* be true.
Faith is not *reason*'s labour, but repose.
To *faith*, and *virtue*, why so backward, man?
From hence:—The *present* strongly strikes us all;
The *future*, faintly; can we, then, be *men*?
If men, Lorenzo! the *reverse* is right.
Reason is man's peculiar: *Sense*, the brute's.
The *present* is the scanty realm of *sense*;
The *future*, *reason*'s empire unconfin'd:
On *that* expending all her godlike power,
She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, *there*;
There, builds her *blessing!* There, expects her *praise*;
And nothing asks of *fortune*, or of *men*.
And what is *reason?* Be she, thus, defin'd;
Reason is *upright stature* in the *soul*.
Oh! be a *man*; and strive to be a *god*.
"For what? (thou say'st) To damp the joys of life?"
No; to give *heart* and *substance* to thy joys.
That tyrant, *hope*; mark how she domineers;
She bids us quit realities, for dreams;
Safety and peace for hazard, and alarm;
That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the soul,
She bids *ambition* quit its taken prize.
Spurn the luxuriant branch on which *it* sits,
Though bearing crowns, to spring at *distant* game;
And plunge in toils and dangers—for repose.
If *hope* precarious, and of things, when gain'd,
Of little moment, and as little stay,
Can sweeten toils, and dangers into joys;
What then, *that* hope, which nothing can defeat,
Our leave unask'd? Rich hope of boundless bliss!
Bliss, past *man*'s power to paint it; *time*'s to close!
This hope is earth's most estimable prize:
This is man's portion, while no more than man:
Hope, of all passions, most befriends us *here*:
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her *tears*; and *transport* has her *death*;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,
Man's heart, at once, *inspirits*, and *serenes*;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;
'Tis all our present state can *safely* bear,
Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
A joy attemper'd! a *chastis'd* delight!
Like the fair summer evening, mild, and sweet!
'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below!
A blest hereafter, *then*, or hop'd, or gain'd,
Is All; our *nobole* of happiness: full proof,
I chose no trivial or inglorious *theme*.
And know, ye foes to song! (well-meaning men,
Though quite forgotten * half your Bible's praise!)
Important truths, in spite of *verse*, may please:
Grave minds you praise; nor can you praise too much:
If there is weight in an Eternity,
Let the *grave* listen;—and be *graver* still.

* *The poetical parts of it.*

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

VIRTUE'S APOLOGY;

OR,

THE MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED.

IN WHICH ARE CONSIDERED,

The Love of this Life; the Ambition and Pleasure, with the Wit and Wisdom of the World.

AND has all nature, then, espous'd my part?
Have I brib'd heaven and earth to plead against thee?
And is thy soul *immortal?*—What remains?
All, All, Lorenzo!—Make immortal, blest.
Unblest immortals!—What can shock us more?
And yet Lorenzo still affects *the world*;
There, flows his treasure; thence, his title draws,
Man of the world (for such wouldst thou be call'd)
And art thou proud of that inglorious style?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it *was*,
In antient days; and CHRISTIAN—in an age,
When men were men, and not asham'd of heaven—
Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.
Sprinkled with dews from the Castalian font,
Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer
A purer spirit, and a nobler name.
Thy fond attachments fatal, and inflam'd,
Point out my path, and dictate to my song:
To Thee, the *world how fair!* How strongly strikes
Ambition! and gay *pleasure* stronger still!
Thy triple bane! the triple bolt that lays
Thy virtue dead! Be *these* my triple theme;
Nor shall thy *wit*, or *wisdom*, be forgot.
Common the theme; not so the song; if she
My song invokes, Urania, deigns to smile.
The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
If she dissolves, the *man of earth*, at once,
Starts from his trance, and sighs for other scenes;
Scenes, where these sparks of night, these *stars*, shall shine
Unnumber'd suns (for all things, as they *are*,
The blest behold;) and, in one glory, pour
Their blended blaze on man's astonish'd sight;
A blaze—the least illustrious object *there*.
Lorenzo! since *eternal* is at hand.
To swallow *time*'s ambitions; as the vast
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride
High on the foaming billow; what avail
High titles, high descent, attainments high,
If unattain'd our *highest?* O Lorenzo!
What lofty thoughts, these elements above,
What towering hopes, what sallies from the sun,
What grand surveys of destiny divine,
And pompous presage of unfathom'd fate,
Should roll in bosoms, where a spirit burns,
Bound for eternity! In bosoms read
By *Him*, who foibles in archangels sees!

On human hearts *He* bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in heaven's regiſter inrolls,
The riſe, and progreſs, of each option there;
Sacred to doomſday! *That* the page unfolds,
And ſpreads us to the gaze of gods and men.
And what an option, O Lorenzo! thine?
This world! and This, unrival'd by the ſkies!
A world, where luſt of *pleaſure, grandeur, gold,*
Three *demons* that divide its realms between them,
With ſtrokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's reſtleſs heart, their ſport, their flying ball;
Till, with the giddy circle ſick, and tir'd,
It pants for peace, and drops into deſpair.
Such is the world Lorenzo ſets above
That glorious *promiſe* angels were eſteem'd
Too *mean* to bring; a promiſe, their *Ador'd*
Deſcended to communicate, and preſs,
By counſel, miracle, life, death, on man.
Such is the world Lorenzo's wiſdom wooes,
And on its thorny pillow ſeeks repoſe;
A pillow, which, like opiates ill-prepar'd,
Intoxicates, but not compoſes; fills
The viſionary mind with gay chimæras,
All the wild traſh of ſleep, without the reſt;
What *unfeign'd* travel, and what dreams of joy!
How frail, men, things! how momentary, both!
Fantaſtic chace of ſhadows hunting ſhades!
The *gay*, the *buſy*, equal, though unlike;
Equal in wiſdom, differently wiſe!
Through flowery meadows, and through dreary waſtes,
One buſtling, and one dancing, into death.
There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
Betrays ſome ſecret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him ſick of ſeeing more.
The ſcenes of *buſineſs* tell us—"What are men;"
The ſcenes of *pleaſure*—"What is all beſide;"
There, others we deſpiſe; and *Here*, ourſelves.
Amid *diſguſt* eternal, dwells delight?
'Tis *approbation* ſtrikes the ſtring of joy.
What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
Stuns with the din, and choaks us with the duſt,
On life's gay ſtage, one inch above the grave?
The *proud* run up and down in queſt of eyes;
The *ſenſual*, in purſuit of ſomething worſe;
The *grave*, of gold; the *politic*, of power,
And all, of other butterflies, as vain!
As eddies draw things frivolous and light,
How is man's heart by *vanity* drawn in;
On the ſwift circle of returning toys,
Whirl'd, ſtraw-like, round and round, and then ingulph'd;
Where gay deluſion darkens to deſpair!
"*This is a beaten track.*"—Is this a track
Should not be beaten? never beat enough,
Till enough learn'd the truths it would inſpire.
Shall Truth be ſilent, becauſe Folly *frowns?*
Turn the world's hiſtory; what find we there,
But *fortune*'s ſports, or *nature*'s cruel claims,
Or *woman*'s artifice, or *man*'s revenge,
And endleſs inhumanities on man?
Fame's trumpet ſeldom ſounds, but, like the knell,
It brings bad tidings: how it hourly blows
Man's miſadventures round the liſtening world!
Man is the tale of narrative old *time;*
Sad tale; which high as Paradiſe begins;
As if, the toil of travel to delude,
From ſtage to ſtage, in his eternal round,
The *days*, his daughters, as they ſpin our *hours*
On *fortune*'s wheel, where accident unthought
Oft, in a moment, ſnaps life's ſtrongeſt thread,
Each, in her turn, ſome tragic ſtory tells,
With, now-and-then, a wretched farce between,
And fills his chronicle with human woes.
Time's daughters, true as thoſe of men, deceive us;
Not one, but puts ſome chest on all mankind:
While in their *father*'s boſom, not yet *ours*,
They flatter our fond hopes; and promiſe much
Of amiable; but hold *him* not o'erwiſe,
Who dares to truſt them; and laugh round the year,
At ſtill-confiding, ſtill-confounded, man,
Confiding, though confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
And ever-looking for the never-ſeen.
Life to the laſt, like harden'd felons, lyes;
Nor owns itſelf a cheat, till it expires.
Its little joy goes out by One and One,
And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night;
Night darker, than what, *now*, involves the pole.
O Thou, who doſt permit theſe ills to fall,
For gracious ends, and would'ſt that man ſhould mourn!
O Thou, whoſe hands this goodly fabric fram'd,
Who know'ſt it beſt, and would'ſt that man ſhould know!
What is this ſublunary world? A vapour;
A vapour all it holds; itſelf, a vapour;
From the damp bed of chaos, by Thy beam
Exhal'd, ordain'd to ſwim its deſtin'd hour
In ambient air, then melt, and diſappear.
Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;
As mortal, though leſs tranſient, than her ſons;
Yet they doat on her, as the world and they
Were both eternal, ſolid; Thou, a dream.
They doat! on what? *Immortal views* apart,
A region of outſides! a land of ſhadows!
A fruitful field of flowery promiſes!
A wilderneſs of joy! perplex'd with doubts,
And ſharp with thorns! a troubled *ocean*, ſpread
With bold adventurers, their *all* on board!
No ſecond hope, if here their fortune frowns;
Frown ſoon it *muſt*. Of various rates they ſail,
Of enſigns various; All alike in This,
All reſtleſs, anxious; toſt with hopes, and fears,
In calmeſt ſkies; obnoxious All to ſtorm;
And ſtormy the moſt general blaſt of life;
All bound for happineſs; yet few provide
The chart of *knowledge*, pointing where it lies;
Or *virtue*'s helm, to ſhape the courſe deſign'd:
All, more or leſs, capricious fate lament,
Now lifted by the tide, and now reſorb'd,
And farther from their wiſhes than before:
All, more or leſs, againſt each other daſh,
To mutual hurt, by guſts of paſſion driven,

And suffering more from folly, than from fate.
Ocean! Thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where most he domineers,
With all his chosen *terrors* frowning round,
(Though lately feasted high at * Albion's cost)
Wide-opening, and loud-roaring still for more!
Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The strong resemblace tempts me farther still:
And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck
By *moral truth*, in such a mirror seen,
Which nature holds for ever at her eye.
Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When *young*, with sanguine chear, and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
All, in some darling enterprize embark'd:
But where is he can fathom its extent?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!
Some steer aright; but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof,
Full against wind and tide, *some* win their way;
And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate:
They strike: and while they triumph, they expire.
A stress of weather, *most*; *some* sink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd;
It floats a moment, and is seen no more:
One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot.
How few, beneath aspicious planets born,
(Darlings of Providence! fond fate's elect!)
With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wishes freighted! yet e'en These,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They still are men; and when is man secure?
As fatal *time*, as *storm*! the rush of years
Beats down their strength; their numberless escapes
In ruin end: and, now, their proud success
But plants *new* terrors in the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, just made their own.
Their nest so deeply drown'd, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.
Woe then apart (if woe apart can be
From mortal man), and fortune at our nod,
The gay! rich! great! triumphant! and august!
What are they?—The *most* happy (strange to say!)
Convince *me* most of human misery;
What are they? Smiling wretches of *to-morrow*!
More wretched *then*, then e'er their slave *can* be;
Their treacherous blessings, at the day of need,
Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting:
Then, what provoking indigence in wealth!
What aggravated impotence in power!
High titles, *then*, what insult of their pain!
If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal hope! defies not the rude storm,
Takes comfort from their foaming billows' rage,
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.
Is This a *sketch* of what thy soul admires?
"But here (thou say'st) the miseries of life
"Are huddled in a group. A more distinct
"Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."
Look on life's stages: they speak plainer still;
The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou sigh.
Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold
The best that can befal the best on earth;
The boy has virtue by his *mother's* side:
Yes, on Florello look: a *father's* heart
Is tender, thou the *man's* is made of stone;
The truth, through such a medium seen, may make
Impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend.
I Florello lately cast on this rude coast
A helpless infant; now a heedless child;
To poor Clarissa's throes, thy care succeeds;
Care full of love, and yet severe as hate!
O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns!
Needful austerities his will restrain;
As thorns fence-in the tender plant from harm.
As yet, his *reason* cannot go alone;
But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on.
His little heart is often terrify'd;
The blush of morning, in his cheek, turns pale;
Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye;
His harmless eye! and drowns an angel there.
Ah! what avails his innocence? The task
Injoin'd must discipline his early powers;
He learns to sigh, ere he is known to sin;
Guiltless, and sad! a wretch before the fall!
How cruel this! more cruel to forbear.
Our *nature* such, with *necessary* pains,
We purchase prospects of *precarious* peace:
Though not a *father*, This might steal a sigh.
Suppose him disciplin'd aright (if not,
'Twill sink our poor account to poorer still);
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
He leaps inclosure, bounds into the world!
The world is taken, after ten years toil,
Like ancient Troy; and all its joys his own.
Alas! the world's a tutor more severe;
Its lessons hard, and ill deserve his pains;
Unteaching All his virtuous nature taught,
Or books (fair virtue's advocates!) inspir'd.
For who receives him into public life?
Men of the world, the terræ-filial breed,
Welcome the modest stranger to their sphere,
(Which glitter'd long, at distance, in his sight)
And, in their hospitable arms, inclose:
Men, who think nought so strong of the romance,
So rank knight-errant, as a real friend:
Men, that act up to *reason's* golden rule,
All weakness of *affection* quite subdued:
Men, that would blush at being *thought* sincere,

* *Admiral Balchen, &c.*

And feign, for glory, the *few* faults they want;
That love a lye, where truth would pay as well;
As if, to Them, *vice*, shone her own reward.
Lorenzo! canst thou bear a shocking sight?
Such, for Florello's sake, 'twill now appear:
See, the steel'd files of season'd veterans,
Train'd to the word, in burnish'd falsehood bright;
Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace;
All soft sensation, in the throng, rubb'd off;
All their keen purpose, in politeness, sheath'd;
His friends eternal—during interest;
His foes implacable—when worth their while;
At war with every welfare, but their own;
As wise as Lucifer; and half as good;
And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain—
Naked, through These (so common fate ordains),
Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,
Stung out of All, most amiable in life,
Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles unfeign'd;
Affection, as his species, wide diffus'd;
Noble presumptions to mankind's renown;
Ingenuous trust, and confidence of love.
These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
Will cost him many a sigh; till time, and pains
From the slow mistress of this school, *Experience*,
And her assistant, pausing, pale, *Distrust*,
Purchase a dear-bought clue to lead his youth
Through serpentine obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.
And happy! if the clue shall come so cheap;
For, while we learn to fence with public guilt,
Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,
If less than heavenly virtue is our guard.
Thus, a strange kind of curst necessity
Brings down the sterling temper of his soul,
By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,
Below call'd wisdom; sinks him into safety;
And brands him into credit with the *world*;
Where specious titles dignify disgrace,
And nature's injuries are arts of life;
Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes;
And heavenly talents make infernal hearts;
That unsurmountable extreme of guilt!
Poor Machiavel! who labour'd hard his plan,
Forgot, that genius need not go to school;
Forgot, that man, without a tutor wise,
His plan had practis'd, long before 't was writ.
The world 's all *title-page*; there 's no *contents*;
The world 's all *face*; the man who shews his *heart*,
Is whooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.
A man I knew, who liv'd upon a smile;
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;
While rankest venom foam'd through every vein.
Lorenzo! what I tell thee, take not ill!
Living, he fawn'd on every *fool* alive;
And, dying, curs'd the *friend* on whom he liv'd.
To such proficients thou art half a saint.
In foreign realms (for thou hast travel'd far)
How curious to contemplate two state-rooks,
Studious their nests to feather in a trice,
With all the *necromantics* of their art,
Playing the game of *faces* on each other,
Making court sweet-meats of their latent gall,
In foolish hope, to steal each other's trust;
Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd:
And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice!) undone!
Their parts we doubt not; but be That their shame:
Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool:
And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve?
For who can thank the man, he cannot *see*?
Why so much cover? It defeats itself.
Ye, that know all things! know ye not, mens hearts
Are therefore known, *because* they are conceal'd?
For why conceal'd?—The cause they need not tell.
I give him joy, that 's awkward at a lie;
Whose feeble nature *truth* keeps still in awe;
His incapacity is his renown.
'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain *disguise*;
It shews our spirit, or it proves our strength.
Thou say'st, 'Tis *needful*: is it therefore *right*?
Howe'er, I grant it some small sign of grace,
To strain at an excuse: and wouldst thou then
Escape that cruel *need*? Thou may'st, with ease;
Think no post *needful* that demands a knave.
When late our civil helm was shifting hands,
So Pulteney thought: think better if you can.
But this, how rare! the public path of life
Is dirty:—yet, allow that dirt is due,
It makes the noble mind more noble still:
The world 's no neuter; it will wound, or save;
Or virtue quench, or indignation fire.
You say, The world, well-known, will make a *rent*;
The world, well-known, will give our hearts to
Or make us *dæmons*, long before we die. [heaven;
To shew how fair the world, *thy* mistress, shines,
Take *either* part, sure ills attend the choice;
Sure, though not equal, detriment ensues.
Not *virtue's*-self is deify'd on earth.
Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes;
Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.
True friends to virtue, *last*, and *least*, complain;
But if *they* sigh, can *others* hope to smile?
If *wisdom* has her miseries to mourn,
How can poor *folly* lead a happy life?
And if *both* suffer, what has earth to boast,
Where he *most* happy, who the *least* laments!
Where *much*, *much* patience, the most envy'd state,
And *some* forgiveness, needs the best of friends?
For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
Of neither shall he find the shadow *here*.
The world's sworn advocate, without a fee
Lorenzo smartly, with a smile replies;
"Thus far thy fond is right; and All most own
"Virtue *has her peculiar set of pains*.—
"And *joys peculiar* who to *vice* denies?
"If vice it is, with nature to comply:
"If *pride*, and *sense*, are so predominant,
"To *check*, not *overcome*, them, makes a saint,

"Can nature in a plainer voice proclaim
"*Pleasure*, and *glory*, the chief good of man?"
Can *pride*, and *sensuality*, rejoice?
From purity of thought, all *pleasure* springs;
And, from an humble spirit, all our *peace*.
Ambition, *pleasure*! let us talk of These:
Of These, the Porch, and Academy, talk'd;
Of These, each following age had much to say:
Yet, unexhausted, still, the needful theme.
Who talks of *these*, to mankind all at once
He talks; for were the saint from either free?
Are these thy refuge?—No: these rush upon thee;
Thy vitals seize, and *vulture*-like, devour:
I'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
Prometheus! from this barren ball of earth;
Reason can unchain thee, thou art free.
And, first, thy *Caucasus*, ambition, calls;
Mountain of torments! eminence of woes!
Courted woes! and courted through mistake!
Is not ambition charms thee; 'tis a cheat
Will make thee start, as H—— at his *Moor*.
Dost grasp at greatness? First, know what it is:
Think'st thou thy greatness in *distinction* lies?
Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,
Fortune stuck, to mark us from the throng,
Glory lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverse;
What which joins, in that which equals, All,
The monarch and his slave;—"A deathless soul,
Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,
A Father God, and brothers in the skies;"
Ever, indeed, in time; but less remote
Excellence, perhaps, than thought by man;
Why greater what can fall, than what can rise?
Of full delirious, now, Lorenzo! go:
Bid with thy full blown brothers of the *world*,
Now scorn around thee; cast it on thy slaves;
Thy slaves, and equals: how scorn cast on Them
Bounds on Thee! if man is mean, as man,
Thou a god? If *fortune* makes him so,
Bare the consequence: a maxim That,
Which draws a monstrous picture of mankind,
Here, in the drapery, the *man* is lost;
Eternals fluttering, and the soul forgot.
Thy greatest glory, when dispos'd to boast,
Just *that* aloud, in which thy servants share.
We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy:
Are we, in their caparisons, of *men*?
Thought avails thee, *where*, but *what*, thou art;
The distinctions of this little life
Quite cutaneous, foreign to the man,
Men, through death's streights, *earth's* subtle serpents creep,
Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown.
Crooked Satan the forbidden tree,
Thy leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
That now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.
Fortune's *fucus* strip them, yet alive;
Strip them of body, too; nay, closer still,
Thy with all, but *moral*, in their minds;
Let, what then remains, impose their name,
Pronounce them Weak, or Worthy; Great, or Mean.
How mean that snuff of glory *fortune* lights,
And *death* puts out! Dost thou demand a test,
A test, at once, infallible, and short,
Of *real* Greatness? That man Greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who Greatly dies;
High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.
If *this* a true criterion, many courts,
Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.
Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys
Nought Greater, than an honest, Humble Heart;
An Humble Heart, *His* residence! pronounc'd
His second seat; and rival to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of our lives!
How far above Lorenzo's glory sits
Th' illustrious master of a name *unknown*;
Whose worth unriv'l'd, and unwitness'd, loves
Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men;
And *peace*, beyond the world's conceptions, smiles!
As thou (now dark), before we part, shalt see.
But thy Great Soul this *skulking* glory scorns.
Lorenzo's sick, but when Lorenzo's seen;
And, when he shrugs at public business, lyes.
Deny'd the public eye, the public voice,
As if he liv'd on others' breath, he dies.
Fain would he make the world his pedestal;
Mankind the gazers, the sole figure, He.
Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can?
Knows he, that faithless *fame* her whisper has,
As well as trumpet? That his vanity
Is so much tickled from not hearing *All*?
Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praise,
Or, from an itch more sordid, when he shines
Taking his country by five hundred ears,
Senates at once admire him, and despise,
With modest laughter lining loud applause,
Which makes the smile more mortal to his fame?
His *fame*, which (like the mighty Cæsar), crown'd
With laurels, in full senate, greatly falls,
By *seeming* friends, that honour, and destroy.
We rise in glory, as we sink in pride:
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins:
And yet, mistaken beyond all mistake,
The blind Lorenzo's proud—of being proud;
And dreams himself ascending in his fall.
An eminence, though fancy'd, turns the brain:
All vice wants *hellebore*; but of all vice,
Pride loudest calls, and for the largest bowl;
Because, unlike all other vice, it flies,
In *fact*, the point, in *fancy* most pursued.
Who court applause, oblige the world in *this*;
They gratify man's passion to *refuse*:
Superior honour, when *assum'd*, is *lost*;
Ev'n good men turn *banditti*, and rejoice,
Like Kouli-Kan, in plunder of the proud.
Though somewhat disconcerted, steady still
To the *world's* cause, with half a face of joy,

Lorenzo cries—" Be, then, *ambition* caſt ;
" Ambition's dearer far ſtands unimpeach'd,
" Gay *pleaſure !* proud *ambition* is her ſlave ;
" For Her, he ſoars at *great*, and hazards *ill*;
" For Her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes ;
" And paves his way, with crowns, to reach Her ſmile :
" Who can reſiſt her charms ?"—Or, *ſhould ?* Lorenzo !
What mortal ſhall reſiſt, where angels yield ?
Pleaſure's the miſtreſs of ethereal powers ;
For her contend the rival gods above ;
Pleaſure's the miſtreſs of the world below ;
And well it was for man, that pleaſure charms ;
How would All ſtagnate, but for *pleaſure's* ray !
How would the frozen ſtream of action ceaſe !
What is the pulſe of this ſo buſy world ?
The love of *pleaſure :* that, through every vein,
Throws motion, warmth; and ſhuts out death from life.
Though various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleaſure's gay family hold All in chains :
Some moſt affect the black; and ſome, the fair;
Some honeſt *pleaſure* court ; and ſome, obſcene.
Pleaſures *obſcene* are various, as the throng
Of paſſions, that can *err* in human hearts ;
Miſtake their objects, or tranſgreſs their bounds.
Think you there's but one whoredom ? Whoredom, All,
But when our *reaſon* licenſes delight
Doſt doubt, Lorenzo ? Thou ſhalt doubt no more.
Thy father chides thy gallantries ; yet hugs
An, ugly common harlot, in the dark ;
A rank adulterer with others' *gold !*
And that hag, *vengeance*, in a corner, charms,
Hatred her brothel has, as well as *love*,
Where horrid *epicures* debauch in blood.
Whate'er the motive, *pleaſure* is the mark :
For Her, the black aſſaſſin draws his ſword ;
For Her, dark ſtateſmen trim their midnight lamp,
To which no *ſingle* ſacrifice may fall ;
For Her, the ſaint abſtains ; the miſer ſtarves ;
The Stoic proud, for *pleaſure*, pleaſure ſcorn'd ;
For Her, *affliction's* daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears ;
For Her, guilt, ſhame, toil, danger, we defy ;
And with an aim *voluptuous*, ruſh on death.
Thus univerſal her deſpotic power !
And as her empire wide, her praiſe is juſt.
Patron of pleaſure ! doater on delight !
I am thy rival ; pleaſure I profeſs ;
Pleaſure the purpoſe of my gloomy ſong.
Pleaſure is nought but virtue's gayer name ;
I wrong her ſtill, I rate her worth too low ;
Virtue the root, and pleaſure is the flower ;
And honeſt Epicurus' foes were fools.
But this ſounds harſh, and gives the *wiſe* offence ;
If o'erſtrain'd wiſdom ſtill retains the *name*.
How knits *auſterity* her cloudy brow,
And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the *praiſe*
Of *pleaſure*, to mankind, *unpraiſ'd*, too dear !
Ye modern Stoics ! hear my ſoft reply ;
Their ſenſes men *will* truſt : we can't impoſe ;
Or, if we could, is impoſition right ?
Own *honey ſweet* ; but, owning, add this *ſting* ;
" When mixt with poiſon, it is deadly too."
Truth never was indebted to a lye.
Is nought but *virtue* to be praiſ'd, as good ?
Why then is health preferr'd before diſeaſe ?
What nature loves *is* good, without *our* leave.
And where no future drawback cries, " *Beware* ;"
Pleaſure, though not from virtue, *ſhould* prevail.
'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to heaven ;
How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd !
The *love of pleaſure* is man's eldeſt-born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb ;
Wiſdom, her *younger* ſiſter, though more *grave*,
Was meant to *miniſter*, and not to mar,
Imperial *pleaſure*, queen of human hearts.
Lorenzo ! Thou, her majeſty's renown'd,
Though uncoiſt counſel, learned in *the world !*
Who think'ſt thyſelf a Murray, with diſdain
May'ſt look on me. Yet, my Demoſthenes !
Canſt thou plead *pleaſure's* cauſe as well as I ?
Know'ſt thou her *nature, purpoſe, parentage* ?
Attend my ſong, and thou ſhalt know them all ;
And know Thyſelf ; and know thyſelf to be
(Strange truth !) the moſt abſtemious man alive.
Tell not Caliſta ; ſhe will laugh thee dead ;
Or ſend thee to her hermitage with I——.
Abſurd preſumption ! Thou who never knew'ſt
A ſerious thought ! ſhalt thou dare dream of joy ?
No man e'er found a *happy life* by chance ;
Or yawn'd it into being, with a wiſh ;
Or, with the ſhout of groveling *appetite*,
E'er ſmelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
An *art* it is, and muſt be learnt ; and learnt,
With unremitting effort, or be loſt ;
And leaves us perfect blockheads, in our bliſs.
The clouds may drop down titles and eſtates ;
Wealth may ſeek Us ; but *wiſdom* muſt be ſought ;
Sought before all ; but (how unlike all elſe
We ſeek on earth !) 'tis never ſought in vain.
Firſt, *pleaſure's* birth, riſe, ſtrength, and grandeur, ſee.
Brought forth by *wiſdom*, nurſt by *diſcipline*,
By *patience* taught, by *perſeverance* crown'd,
She rears her head majeſtic ; round her throne,
Erected in the boſom of the juſt,
Each virtue, liſted, forms her manly guard.
For what are *virtues ?* (Formidable name !)
What, but the fountain, or defence, of joy ?
Why, then, commanded ? Need mankind commands,
At once to *mend it*, and to *make*, their bliſs ?—
Great Legiſlator ! ſcarce ſo great, as kind !
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law but flatter human choice ;
In the tranſgreſſion lies the penalty ;
And they the moſt indulge, who moſt obey.
Of *pleaſure*, next, the final cauſe explore ;
Its mighty *purpoſe*, its important *end*.
Not to turn *human* brutal, but to build
Divine on human, *pleaſure* came from heaven.
In aid to *reaſon* was the goddeſs ſent ;
To call up all its ſtrength by ſuch a charm.
Pleaſure firſt, ſuccours *virtue* ; in return,
Virtue gives *pleaſure* an eternal reign.
What, but the pleaſure of food, friendſhip, faith,

Supports life *natural*, *civil*, and *divine*?
'Tis from the pleasure of repast, we live;
'Tis from the pleasure of applause, we please;
'Tis from the pleasure of belief, we pray
(All prayer would cease, if unbelievd the prize:)
It serves ourselves, our species, and our God;
And to serve more, is past the sphere of man.
Glide, then, for ever, pleasure's sacred stream!
Through Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And fosters every growth of happy life;
Makes a new Eden where it flows;—but such
As *must* be lost, Lorenzo! by thy fall.
"*What mean I by thy fall?*"—Thou'lt shortly see,
While pleasure's *nature* is at large display'd;
Already sung her *origin*, and *ends*.
Those glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,
When *pleasure* violates, 'tis then a vice,
And vengeance too; it hastens into pain.
From due refreshment, life, health, reason, joy;
From wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death;
Heaven's justice *this* proclaims, and *that* her love.
What greater evil can I wish my foe,
Than his full draught of pleasure, from a cask
Unbroach'd by *just authority*, ungaug'd
By *temperance*, by *reason* unrefin'd?
A thousand dæmons lurk within the lee.
Heaven, others, and ourselves! uninjur'd *these*.
Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more divine:
Angels are angels, from indulgence *there*;
'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god.
Dost think thyself a god from other joys?
A victim rather! shortly sure to bleed.
The wrong *must* mourn: can heaven's appointments fail?
Can man outwit Omnipotence? Strike out
A self-wrought happiness unmeant by *Him*
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?
Who forms an instrument, ordains from whence
Its dissonance, or harmony, shall rise.
Heaven bade the soul this mortal frame inspire:
Bade virtue's ray divine inspire the soul
With unprecarious flows of vital joy;
And, without breathing, man as well might hope
For life, as without piety, for peace.
"Is *virtue*, then, and *piety* the same?"
No; piety is more; 'tis virtue's source;
Mother of every worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digest;
They smile at piety; yet boast aloud
God-will to men; nor know they strive to part
What *nature* joins; and thus confute themselves.
With *piety* begins all good on earth;
'Tis the first-born of rationality.
Conscience, her first law broken wounded, lies;
Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good;
A feign'd affection bounds her utmost power.
Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's sake;
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man;
Some sinister intent taints all he does;
And, in his kindest actions, he's unkind.

On piety, humanity is built;
And, on humanity, much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God, is heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life;
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity elov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of *piety* delight inspires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worships the *Great God*, that instant joins
The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.
Lorenzo! when wast Thou at church *before!*
Thou think'st the service long; but is it just?
Though just, unwelcome; thou hadst rather tread
Unhallow'd ground; the Muse, to win thine ear,
Must take an air less solemn. She complies.
Good conscience! at the sound *the world* retires;
Verse disaffects it, and Lorenzo smiles;
Yet has she her *seraglio* full of charms;
And such as age shall heighten, not impair.
Art thou dejected? Is thy mind o'ercast?
Amid her fair-ones thou the fairest choose,
To chase thy gloom.—"Go, fix some weighty *truth*;
"Chain down some *passion*; do some *generous good*;
"Teach *ignorance* to see, or *grief* to smile;
"Correct thy *friend*; befriend thy greatest *foe*;
"Or with warm heart, and confidence divine,
"Spring up, and lay strong hold on *Him* who made thee."
Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow;
Though wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.
Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? Wretched comforters!
Physicians! more than half of thy disease.
Laughter, though never censur'd yet as sin,
(Pardon a thought that only *seems* severe)
Is half-immortal: is it much indulg'd?
By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
It shews a *scorner*, or it makes a *fool*;
And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.
'Tis *pride*, or *emptiness*, applies the straw,
That tickles little minds to mirth effuse;
Of grief approaching, the portentous sign!
The house of laughter makes a house of woe.
A man *triumphant* is a monstrous sight;
A man *dejected* is a sight as mean.
What cause for *triumph*, where such ills abound?
What for *dejection*, where presides a Power,
Who call'd us into being to be blest?
So grieve, as conscious, grief may rise to joy;
So joy, as conscious, joy to grief may fall.

Moſt true, a wiſe man never will be ſad;
But neither will ſonorous, bubbling mirth,
A ſhallow ſtream of happineſs betray.
Too happy to be ſportive, he's ſerene.
Yet wouldſt thou laugh (but at thy own expence)
This counſel ſtrange ſhould I preſume to give—
"Retire, and read thy *Bible*, to be gay."
There truths abound of ſovereign aid to peace;
Ah! do not prize them leſs, becauſe inſpir'd,
As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.
If *not* inſpir'd, that pregnant page had ſtood,
Time's treaſure? and the wonder of the wiſe!
Thou think'ſt, perhaps, thy *ſoul* alone at ſtake;
Alas!—Should men miſtake thee for a *fool*;—
What man of taſte for genius, wiſdom, truth,
Though tender of thy fame, could interpoſe?
Believe me, ſenſe, *here*, acts a double part,
And the true *critic* is a *Chriſtian* too.
But *theſe*, thou think'ſt, are gloomy paths to joy.—
True joy in ſunſhine ne'er was found at firſt;
They, firſt, themſelves offend, who greatly pleaſe;
And travel only gives us ſound repoſe.
Heaven *ſells* all pleaſure; effort is the price;
The joys of conqueſt are the joys of man;
And glory the victorious *laurel* ſpreads
O'er *pleaſure's* pure, perpetual, placid ſtream.
There is a time, when toil muſt be preferr'd,
Or joy, by miſ-tim'd fondneſs, is undone.
A man of *pleaſure* is a man of *pains*.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be bleſt.
Falſe joys, indeed, are born from want of thought:
From thoughts full bent, and energy, the *true*;
And that demands a mind in equal poize,
Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
Much joy not only ſpeaks ſmall happineſs,
But happineſs that ſhortly muſt expire.
Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, ſtand?
And, in a tempeſt, can reflection live?
Can joy, like thine, ſecure itſelf an hour?
Can joy, like thine, meet accident unſhock'd?
Or ope the door to honeſt poverty?
Or talk with threatening death, and not turn pale?
In ſuch a world, and ſuch a nature, *theſe*
Are needful fundamentals of delight:
Theſe fundamentals give delight *indeed*;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
Delight, unſhaken, maſculine, divine;
A conſtant, and a ſound, but *ſerious* joy.
Is joy the daughter of ſeverity?
It is:—yet for my doctrine from ſevere.
"Rejoice for ever:" It becomes a man;
Exalts, and ſets him nearer to the gods.
"Rejoice for ever!" *Nature* cries, "Rejoice;"
And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,
Mixt up of delicates for every ſenſe;
To the great Founder of the bounteous feaſt,
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praiſe;
And he that will not *pledge her*, is a churl.
I'll firmly to ſupport, *and* fully taſte,
Is the whole ſcience of felicity:
Yet *ſparing pledge*: *her* bowl is not the beſt
Mankind can boaſt.—"A rational repaſt;
"Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
"A military diſcipline of thought,
"To foil *temptation* in the doubtful field;
"And ever-waking ardor for *the right*."
'Tis *theſe* firſt give, then guard, a chearful heart.
Nought that is *right*, think little; well aware,
What reaſon bids, God bids: by *His* command
How aggrandiz'd, the ſmalleſt thing we do!
Thus, *nothing* is inſipid to the wiſe;
To thee, inſipid all, but what is *mad*;
Joys ſeaſon'd high, and taſting ſtrong of guilt.
"*Mad!* (thou reply'ſt, with indignation fir'd)
"Of ancient ſages proud to tread the ſteps,
"I follow *nature*."—Follow *nature* ſtill,
But look it be thine *own*: Is *conſcience*, then,
No part of nature? Is ſhe not *ſupreme?*
Thou regicide! O raiſe her from the dead!
Then, follow nature; and reſemble God.
When, ſpite of *conſcience*, pleaſure is purſued,
Man's nature is *unnaturally* pleas'd;
And what's unnatural is painful too
At intervals, and muſt diſguſt even Thee!
The *fact* thou know'ſt; but not, perhaps, the *cauſe*.
Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid;
Heaven mixt her with our make, and twiſted cloſe
Her ſacred intereſts with the ſtrings of life.
Who breaks her awful mandate, ſhocks himſelf,
His better ſelf; and is it greater pain,
Our *ſoul* ſhould murmur, or our *duſt* repine?
And one, in their eternal war, *muſt* bleed.
If one *muſt* ſuffer, which ſhould leaſt be ſpar'd?
The pains of mind ſurpaſs the pains of ſenſe:
Aſk, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt.
The joys of *ſenſe* to *mental* joys are mean:
Senſe on the preſent only feeds; the ſoul
On paſt, and future, foragers for joy.
'Tis hers, by retroſpect, through *time* to range;
And forward *time's* great ſequel to ſurvey.
Could human courts take vengeance on the *mind*,
Axes might ruſt, and racks and gibbets fall:
Guard, then, thy mind, and leave the reſt to fate.
Lorenzo! wilt thou never be a man?
The man is dead, who for the body lives,
Lur'd, by the beating of his pulſe, to liſt
With every luſt, that wars againſt his peace:
And ſets him quite at variance with himſelf.
Thyſelf, firſt, know; then love: a *ſelf* there is
Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.
A *ſelf* there is, as fond of every vice,
While every virtue wounds it to the heart:
Humility degrades it, *juſtice* robs,
Bleſt *bounty* beggars it, fair *truth* betrays,
And god-like *magnanimity* deſtroys.
This ſelf, when rival to the former, ſcorn;
When not in competition, kindly treat,
Defend it, feed it:—But when virtue bids,
Toſs it, or to the fowls, *or* to the flames.
And why? 'Tis love of *pleaſure* bids thee bleed;

Comply, or own self-love *extinct*, or *blind*.
For what is *vice*? Self-love in a miſtake:
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
And *virtue*, what? 'Tis ſelf-love in her wits,
Quite ſkilful in the market of delight.
Self-love's good ſenſe is love of that dread Power,
From whom herſelf, and all ſhe can enjoy.
Other ſelf-love is but diſguis'd ſelf-hate;
More mortal than the malice of our foes;
A ſelf-hate, *now*, ſcarce felt; *then* felt full-ſore,
When being, curſt; extinction, loud implor'd;
And every thing preferr'd to what we *are*.
Yet *this* ſelf-love Lorenzo makes his choice:
And, in this choice triumphant, boaſts of joy.
How is his want of happineſs betray'd,
By diſaffection to the preſent hour!
Imagination wanders far afield:
The future pleaſes: why? The preſent pains—
"But that 's a *ſecret*." Yes, which all men know;
And know from Thee, diſcover'd unawares.
Thy ceaſeleſs agitation, reſtleſs roll
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pauſe;
What is it?—'Tis the cradle of the ſoul,
From *inſtinct* ſent, to rock her in diſeaſe,
Which her phyſician, *Reaſon*, will not cure.
A poor expedient! yet thy beſt; and while
It mitigates thy pain, it *owns* it too.
Such are Lorenzo's wretched remedies!
The weak have remedies; the wiſe have joys.
Superior wiſdom is ſuperior bliſs.
And what ſure mark diſtinguiſhes the wiſe?
Conſiſtent wiſdom ever wills the ſame;
Thy fickle wiſh is ever on the wing.
Sick of herſelf, is *folly's* character;
As *wiſdom's* is, a modeſt ſelf-applauſe.
A change of evils is *thy* good ſupreme;
Nor, but in motion, canſt thou find thy reſt.
Man's greateſt ſtrength is ſhewn in ſtanding ſtill.
The firſt ſure ſymptom of a mind in health,
Is reſt of heart, and pleaſure felt at home.
Falſe pleaſure from abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and ſelf-ſuſtain'd, the *true*.
The *true* is fix'd, and ſolid as a rock;
Slippery the *falſe*, and toſſing, as the wave.
This, a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain;
That, like the fabled, ſelf-enamour'd boy,
Home-contemplation her ſupreme delight;
She dreads an interruption from without,
Knit with her own condition; and the more
Intenſe ſhe gazes, ſtill it charms the more.
No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himſelf;
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on All;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel Here.
Such angels, All, intitled to repoſe
On *Him* who governs fate: though tempeſt frowns,
Though nature ſhakes, how ſoft to lean on heaven?
To lean on *Him*, on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and ſilent as the grave,
They ſtand collecting every beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels, ſeen of old
In Iſrael's dream, come from, and go to, heaven:
Hence, are *they* ſtudious of ſequeſter'd ſcenes;
While noiſe, and diſſipation, comfort *thee*.
Were all men happy, revelings would ceaſe,
That opiate for inquietude within.
Lorenzo! never man was truly bleſt,
But it compos'd, and gave him ſuch a caſt,
As *folly* might miſtake for want of joy.
A caſt, unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modeſt aſpect, and a ſmile at heart.
O for a joy from thy Philander's ſpring!
A ſpring perennial, riſing in the breaſt,
And permanent, as pure! no turbid ſtream
Of rapturous exultation, ſwelling high;
Which, like land-floods, impetuous pour a while,
Then ſink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man, who tranſient joy prefers?
What, but prefer the bubbles to the ſtream?
Vain are all ſudden ſallies of delight;
Convulſions of a weak, diſtemper'd joy.
Joy 's a fixt ſtate; a tenure, not a ſtart.
Bliſs there is none, but *unprecarious* bliſs:
That is the gem: ſell All, and purchaſe That.
Why go a-begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with eaſe, nor ſafely lov'd, if gain'd?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pauſe;
Suſpect it; what thou canſt enſure, enjoy;
And nought but what thou giv'ſt thyſelf, is ſure.
Reaſon perpetuates joy that reaſon gives,
And makes it as immortal as herſelf:
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.
Worth, conſcious worth! ſhould *abſolutely* reign;
And other joys aſk leave for their approach;
Nor, unexamin'd, ever leave obtain.
Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys
Wage war, and periſh in inteſtine broils;
Not the leaſt promiſe of internal peace!
No boſom-comfort! or unborrow'd bliſs!
Thy thoughts are vagabonds; All outward-bound,
'Mid ſands, and rocks, and ſtorms, to cruiſe for pleaſure;
If gain'd, dear-bought; and better miſs'd than gain'd.
Much pain muſt expiate what much pain procur'd.
Fancy, and *ſenſe*, from an infected ſhore,
Thy cargo bring; and peſtilence the prize.
Then, ſuch thy thirſt (inſatiable thirſt!
By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more!)
Fancy ſtill cruiſes, when poor *ſenſe* is tir'd.
Imagination is the Paphian ſhop,
Where feeble happineſs, like Vulcan, lame,
Bids foul *ideas*, in their dark receſs,
And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires),
With wanton art, thoſe fatal arrows form,
Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.
Wouldſt thou receive them, other thoughts there are,
On angel-wing, deſcending from above,
Which theſe, with art divine, would counter-work,
And form celeſtial armour for thy peace.

In *this* is ſeen imagination's *guilt*;
But who can count her *follies*? She betrays thee,
To think in grandeur there is ſomething great.
For works of curious art, and antient fame,
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd:
And foreign climes muſt cater for thy taſte.
Hence, what diſaſter!—Though the price was paid,
That perſecuting prieſt, the Turk of Rome,
Whoſe foot (ye gods!) though cloven, muſt be kiſs'd,
Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian ſhore;
(Such is the fate of honeſt Proteſtants!)
And poor *magnificence* is ſtarv'd to death.
Hence juſt reſentment, indignation, ire!—
Be pacify'd, if *outward* things are great,
'Tis magnanimity great things to ſcorn;
Pompous expences, and parades auguſt,
And courts, that inſalubrious ſoil to peace.
True happineſs ne'er enter'd at an eye;
True happineſs reſides in things unſeen.
No ſmiles of *fortune* ever bleſt the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob *innocence* of joys;
That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor:
So tell his *Holineſs*, and be reveng'd.
Pleaſure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Or only conteſt, what deſerves the name.
Give *pleaſure's* name to nought, but what has paſs'd
Th' authentic ſeal of *reaſon* (which, like Yorke,
Demurrs on what it paſſes), and defies
The tooth of time; when paſt, a pleaſure ſtill;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our preſent, joy.
Some joys the future overcaſt; and ſome
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
Some joys endear eternity; ſome give
Abhor'd annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Conſult thy *whole exiſtence*, and be ſafe;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
Short is the leſſon, though my lecture long,
Be good—and let heaven anſwer for the reſt.
Yet, with a ſigh o'er all mankind, I grant
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The *good man* has his clouds that intervene;
Clouds, that *obſcure* his ſublunary day,
But never *conquer*: ev'n the *beſt* muſt own,
Patience, and *reſignation*, are the pillars
Of human peace on earth. The pillars, Theſe:
But thoſe of Seth not more remote from Thee,
Till *this* heroic leſſon thou haſt learnt;
To frown at *pleaſure*, and to ſmile in *pain*.
Fir'd at the proſpect of unclouded bliſs,
Heaven in reverſion, like the ſun, as yet
Beneath th' horizon, chears us in this world;
It ſheds, on ſouls ſuſceptible of light,
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.
" This (ſays Lorenzo) is a fair harangue:
" But can harangues blow back ſtrong nature's ſtream;
" Or ſtem the tide heaven puſhes through our veins,
" Which ſweeps away man's impotent reſolves,
" And lays his labour level with the *world*?
Themſelves men make their comment on mankind;
And think nought *is*, but what they find at home:
Thus, weakneſs to chimæra turns the truth.
Nothing romantic has Muſe the preſcrib'd.
* Above, Lorenzo ſaw the man of earth,
The *mortal man*; and wretched was the ſight.
To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,
Now ſee the *man immortal*: him, I mean,
Who lives as ſuch; whoſe heart, full-bent on heaven,
Leans all *that* way, his bias to the ſtars.
The world's dark ſhades, in contraſt ſet, ſtrall raiſe
His luſtre more; though bright, without a foil:
Obſerve his awful portrait, and admire;
Nor ſtop at wonder; imitate, and live.
Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing leſs than angel can exceed!
A man on earth devoted to the ſkies;
Like ſhips in ſeas, while *in*, *above* the world.
With aſpect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him ſeated on a mount ſerene,
Above the fogs of *ſenſe*, and *paſſion's* ſtorm;
All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,
Like harmleſs thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine ſons, the ſceptred, and the ſlave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he ſees,
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverſe in all! what higher praiſe?
What ſtronger demonſtration of the right?
The preſent all *their* care; the future, *his*
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty *he* conceals.
Their virtues varniſh nature; *his* exalt
Mankind's eſteem *they* court; and *he*, his own,
Their's, the wild chaſe of *falſe* felicities;
His, the compos'd poſſeſſion of the *true*.
Alike throughout is *his* conſiſtent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd ſhreds of happineſs,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for *them*
A madman's robe; each puff of *fortune* blows
The tatters by, and ſhews their nakedneſs.
He ſees with other eyes than *theirs*: where *they*
Behold a *ſun*, *he* ſpies a *Deity*;
What makes *them* only ſmile, makes *him* adore.
Where *they* ſee *mountains*, *he* but *atoms* ſees:
An *empire*, in *his* balance, weighs a *grain*.
They things terreſtrial worſhip, as divine:
His hopes immortal blow them by, as duſt,
That dims his ſight, and ſhortens his ſurvey,
Which longs, in Infinite, to loſe all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aſide to find his dignity;
No dignity *they* find in aught beſides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory), proud of an eclipſe.
Himſelf too much *he* prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks ſo great in man, as *man*.

* *In a former Night.*

Too dear *he* holds his interest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.
Their kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong *he* lust tins with temper, looks on heaven,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
A cover'd heart *their* character defends;
A cover'd heart *denies* him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees;
While *their* broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no joys end where *his* full feast begins:
His joys *create*, *Theirs* murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence, *his* alone;
And *his* alone triumphantly to think
His *true* existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was yesterday complete
Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.
But nothing charms Lorenzo, like the firm
Undaunted breast---And whose is that high praise
That yield to pleasure, though they danger brave,
And shew no fortitude, but in the field;
Where they shew it, 'tis for glory shewn;
Nor will that cordial always man *their* hearts,
A cordial *his* sustains, that cannot fail;
Pleasure unsubdued, unbroke by pain,
Its share in that Omnipotence he trusts.
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls;
And when he falls, writes VICI on his shield.
From magnanimity, all *fear* above;
From nobler recompence, above *applause*;
Which owes to man's *short* out-look all its charms,
Backward to credit what he never felt,
Lorenzo cries,---"Where shines this miracle?
From what root rises this *immortal man*?"
A root that grows not in Lorenzo's ground;
The root dissect, nor wonder at the *flower*.
He follows nature (not like * thee) and shews us
An uninverted system of a man,
His *appetite* wears *reason's* golden chain,
And finds, in due restraint, its luxury.
His *passion*, like an eagle well reclaim'd,
Is taught to fly at nought, but Infinite.
Patient his *hope*, un-anxious is his *care*,
His *caution* fearless, and his *grief*, (if grief
The gods ordain) a stranger to despair,
And why?---Because, affection, more than meet,
His wisdom leaves not disengag'd from heaven.
Those secondary goods that smile on earth,
He, loving in *proportion*, loves in peace.
The most the world enjoy, who least admire.
His *understanding* 'scapes the common cloud
Of fumes, arising from a boiling breast.
His head is clear, because his heart is cool,
By worldly competitions uninflam'd.
The moderate movements of his soul admit
Distinct ideas, and matur'd debate,
An eye impartial, and an even scale;
Whence judgment sound and unrepenting choice.

Thus, in a double sense, the *good* are wise;
On its own dunghill, wiser than the world.
What, then, the world? It *must* be doubly weak;
Strange truth! as soon would they believe their *Creed*.
Yet thus it is; nor otherwise *can* be;
So far from aught romantic, what I sing.
Bliss has no being, virtue has no strength,
But from the prospect of immortal life.
Who think earth, all, or (what weighs just the same)
Who care no farther, *must* prize what it yields;
Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
Who thinks earth nothing, *can't* its charms admire;
He can't a foe, though most malignant, hate,
Because that hate would prove his greater foe.
'Tis hard for *them* (yet who so loudly boast
Good-will to men?) to love their dearest friend;
For may not he invade their *good Supreme*,
Where the least jealousy turns love to gall!
All shines to *them*, that for a season shines.
Each act, each thought, *he* questions, "What its weight,
"Its colour what, a thousand ages hence?"
And what it *there* appears, he deems it *now*.
Hence, pure are the recesses of his soul.
The god-like man has nothing to conceal.
His virtue, constitutionally deep,
Has *habit's* firmness, and *affection's* flame;
Angels, ally'd, descend to feed the fire;
And *death*, which others slays, makes him a god.
And now, Lorenzo! bigot of this world!
Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by heaven!
Stand by thy *scorn*, and be reduc'd to *nought*:
For what art thou?---Thou boaster! while thy glare,
Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us most;
And like a mist, is nothing when at hand;
His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies,
By promise *now*, and by possession *soon*,
(Too *soon*, too *much*, it cannot be) his own.
From this thy just *annihilation* rise,
Lorenzo! rise to *something*, by reply.
The world, thy client, listens, and expects;
And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.
Can'st thou be silent? No; for *wit* is thine;
And wit talks *most*, when *least* she has to say,
And *reason* interrupts not her career.
She 'll say---*That mists above the mountains rise*;
And, with a thousand pleasantries, amuse;
She 'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust,
And fly conviction, in the dust she rais'd.
Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste?
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of *sense*;
But, as its substitute, a dire disease.
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds;
Passion can give it; sometimes *wine* inspires
The lucky flash; and *madness* rarely fails.
Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown,

* *See page* 350. *ver.* 838.

For thy renown, 't were well, was this the worst;
Chance often hits it; and, to pique the more,
See *dullness*, blundering on vivacities,
Shakes her sage head at the calamity,
Which has expo'd, and let her down to thee.
But *wisdom*, aweful wisdom! which inspects,
Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the last;
How rare! in senates, synods, sought in vain;
Or, if *there* found, 'tis sacred to the *few*;
While a lewd prostitute to multitudes,
Frequent, as fatal, *wit*: in civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriser; *sense* a man.
Wit hates authority; commotion loves,
And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.
In *states*, 'tis dangerous; in *religion*, death:
Shall *wit* turn Christian, when the dull *believe*?
Sense is our *helmet*, *wit* is but the plume;
The *plume* exposes, 'tis our *helmet* saves.
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;
When cut by *wit*, it casts a brighter beam;
Yet, *wit* apart, it is a diamond still.
Wit, widow'd of *good sense*, is worse than nought;
It hoists more sail to run against a rock.
Thus, a *half*-Chesterfield is quite a fool;
Whom *dull* fools scorn, and bless their want of wit.
How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,
Where Sirens sit, to sing thee to thy fate!
A *joy* in which our *reason* bears no part,
Is but a *sorrow* tickling, ere it stings.
Let not the cooings of the world *allure* thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
Happy! of this bad world who little know?---
And yet, we much must know her, to be *safe*.
To *know* the world, not *love* her, is thy point;
She gives but little, nor that little, long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse;
A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
Our *thoughtless agitation*'s idle child,
That mantles high, that sparkles and expires,
Leaving the soul more vapid than before.
An *animal* ovation! such as holds
No commerce with our *reason*, but subsists
On juices, through the well-ten'd tubes, well strain'd:
A nice machine! scarce ever ten'd aright;
And when it jars---thy Sirens sing no more,
Thy dance is done; the *demi-ped* is thrown
(Short apothe[illegible]!) beneath the *man*,
In coward gloom immerse'd, or fell despair.
Art thou yet *dull enough* despair to dread,
And startle at destruction? If thou art,
Accept a buckler, take it to the field;
(A field of battle is this mortal life!)
When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart;
A single sentence proof against the *world*;
"*Soul, body, fortune!* Every good pertain
"To one of these: but prize not all alike;
"The goods of fortune to the body's health,
"Body to soul, and soul submit to God."
Wouldst thou build lasting happiness? Do this,
Th' inverted *pyramid* can never stand.
Is this truth doubtful? It outshines the sun;
Nay the sun shines not, but to shew us this,
The single lesson of mankind on earth.
And yet---yet, what? No news! mankind is mad;
Such mighty numbers list against the right,
(And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, atchieve!)
They talk themselves to something like belief,
That all earth's joys are theirs: As Athens' fool
Grinn'd from the port, on every sail his own.
They grin; but wherefore? and how long the laugh!
Half ignorance, their mirth; and half, a lye;
To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they smile.
Hard either task! The most abandon'd own,
That *others*, if abandon'd, are undone:
Then for themselves, the moment *reason* wakes,
(And Providence denies it long repose)
O how laborious is their gaiety!
They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen,
Scarce muster patience to support the farce,
And pump sad laughter till the curtain falls.
Scarce, did I say? Some cannot sit it out;
Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And shew us *what* their joy, by their despair.
The clotted hair! gor'd breast! blaspheming eye!
Its impious fury still alive in death!
Shut, shut the shocking scene.---But heaven denies
A cover to such guilt; and so should man.
Look round, Lorenzo! see the reeking blade,
Th' invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;
The strangling cord and suffocating stream;
The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays
From raging riot (slower suicides!)
And *pride* in these, more execrable still!
How horrid all to thought!---But horrors, these,
That vouch the truth; and aid my feeble song.
From *vice*, *sense*, *fancy*, no man can be blest:
Bliss is too great, to lodge within an hour:
When an immortal being aims at bliss,
Duration is essential to the name.
O for a joy from *reason!* Joy from that,
Which makes man *man*; and, exercis'd aright,
Will make him *more*: A *bounteous* joy! that gives,
And promises; that weaves, with art divine,
The richest prospect into present peace:
A joy *ambitious!* Joy in common held
With thrones ethereal, and their greater far;
A joy high-privileg'd from chance, time, death!
A joy, which *death* shall double, *judgment* crown!
Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage,
Through blest eternity's long day: yet still,
Not more remote from *sorrow*, than from *Him*,
Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous, pours
So much of Deity on guilty dust.
There, O my Lucia! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy presence can improve my bliss!
Affects not this the *sages of the world?*
Can nought *affect* them, but what *fools* them too?
Eternity, depending on an hour,
Makes *serious thought* man's wisdom, joy, and praise.

Nor need you bluſh (though ſometimes your deſigns
May ſhun the light) at your deſigns on heaven:
Sole point! where *over-baſhful* is your blame.
Are you not *wiſe*?—You know you are: Yet hear
One truth, amid your numerous ſchemes, miſlaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aſide, if ſeen,
"Our ſchemes to plan by *this* world, or the *next*,
"Is the ſole difference between wiſe and fool."
All *worthy men* will weigh you in *this* ſcale;
What wonder then, if *they* pronounce you *light*?
Is *their* eſteem alone not worth your care?
Accept my ſimple ſcheme of *common ſenſe*:
Thus, ſave your fame, and make *two* worlds your own.
The world *replies* not;---but the world *perſiſts*;
And puts the *cauſe* off to the longeſt day,
Planning evaſions for the day of doom.
Soar, at that *re-hearing*, from redreſs,
They then turn *witneſſes* againſt themſelves:
Hear that, Lorenzo! nor be wiſe to-morrow.
Haſte, Haſte! A man, by nature, is in haſte;
For who ſhall anſwer for another hour?
'Tis highly prudent, to make *one* ſure friend;
And that thou canſt not do, this ſide the ſkies.
Ye ſons of earth! (nor *willing* to be more!)
Since *verſe* you think from prieſtcraft ſomewhat free,
Thus, in an age ſo gay, the Muſe plain truths
(Truths, which, at church, you *might* have heard in proſe)
Has ventur'd into light; well-pleas'd the verſe
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain;
And crown her with your welfare, not your praiſe.
But *praiſe* ſhe need not fear: I ſee my fate;
And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulph.
Since many an ample *volume*, mighty *tome*,
Muſt die; and die unwept; O thou minute,
Devoted *page!* go forth among thy foes;
Go nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
And die a double death: mankind, incens'd,
Denies thee long to live: nor ſhalt thou reſt
When thou art dead; in Stygian' ſhades arraign'd
By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne;
And bold blaſphemer of his friend---the world;
The world, whoſe legions coſt him ſlender pay,
And *volunteers* around his banner ſwarm;
Prudent, as Pruſſia, in her zeal for Gaul!
"Are all, then, fools?" Lorenzo cries.---Yes, all,
But ſuch as hold *this* doctrine (new to thee);
"The mother of true wiſdom is the *will*;"
The nobleſt *intellect*, a fool without it.
World-wiſdom much has done, and more may do,
In arts and ſciences, in wars and peace;
But art and ſciences, like thy wealth, will leave thee,
And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.
This is the *moſt* indulgence can afford;---
"*Thy wiſdom all can do, but---make thee wiſe.*"
Nor think this cenſure is ſevere on thee:
Satan thy maſter, I dare call a dunce.

NIGHT THE NINTH AND LAST.

THE CONSOLATION.

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER THINGS,

I. A *Moral* Survey of the *Nocturnal Heavens.*
II. A *Night-Addreſs* to the *DEITY.*

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

One of His Majeſty's Principal Secretaries of State.

"---Fatis contraria fata rependens." VIRG.

As when a traveller, a long day paſt
In painful ſearch of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates, awhile, his labour loſt;
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
And chaunts his ſonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due ſeaſon calls him to repoſe:
Thus I, long-travel'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the reſt, the giddy maze,
Where *diſappointment* ſmiles at *hope's* career;
Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble ſhed;
Where, future wandering baniſh'd from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the ſweet hour of reſt,
I chace the moments with a ſerious ſong.
Song ſoothes our pains; and age has pains to ſooth.
When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at heart,
Torn from my breeding breaſt and *death's* dark ſhade,
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire;
Canſt thou, O *Night!* indulge one labour more?
One labour more indulge! then ſleep, my ſtrain!
'Till, haply, weak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,
Where night, death, age, care, crime, and ſorrow, ceaſe;
To bear a part in everlaſting lays;
Though far, far higher ſet, in aim, I truſt,
Symphonious to this humble prelude here.
Has not the Muſe aſſerted *pleaſures pure*,
Like thoſe above; expleding other joys?
Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo! fairly weigh;
And tell me, haſt thou cauſe to triumph ſtill?

think, thou wilt forbear a boaſt ſo bold.
But if, beneath the favour of miſtake,
Thy ſmile's ſincere: not more ſincere can be
Lorenzo's ſmile, than my compaſſion for him.
The ſick in *body* call for aid, the ſick
In *mind* are covetous of more diſeaſe;
And when at *worſt*, they dream themſelves quite *well*.
To *know* ourſelves diſeas'd, is half our cure.
When *nature*'s bluſh by *cuſtom* is wip'd off,
And conſcience, deaden'd by repeated ſtrokes,
Ha. into *manners* naturaliz'd our *crimes*;
The curſe of curſes is, our curſe to love,
To triumph in the blackneſs of our guilt
(As Indians glory in the deepeſt jet),
And throw aſide our *ſenſes* with our *peace*.
But grant no guilt, no ſhame, no leaſt alloy;
Grant joy and glory quite unſully'd ſhone;
Yet, ſtill, it ill deſerves Lorenzo's heart.
No *joy*, no *glory*, glitters in thy ſight,
But, through the thin partition of an hour,
I ſee its ſables wove by *deſtiny*;
And *that* in ſorrow bury'd; *this*, in ſhame;
While howling *furies* ring the doleful knell;
And *conſcience*, now ſo ſoft thou ſcarce canſt hear
Her whiſper, echoes her eternal peal.
Where, the prime actors of the laſt *year*'s ſcene;
Their port ſo proud, their buſkin, and their plume?
How many *ſleep*, who kept the world *awake*
With luſtre, and with noiſe! has *death* proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandiſh'd ſtill; nor ſhall the *preſent year*
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or ſpread of feeble life a thinner tafts.
But needleſs *monuments* to wake the thought;
Life's *gayeſt* ſcenes ſpeak man's mortality:
Though in a ſtyle more florid, full as plain,
As *mauſoleums*, *pyramids*, and *tombs*
What are our nobleſt ornaments, but *deaths*
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint or marble,
The well-ſtain'd canvas, or the featur'd ſtone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the ſcene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.
"*Propheſt diverſions!*—cannot theſe eſcape?"
Far from it: theſe preſent us with a ſhroud;
And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.
As ſome bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,
We ranſack tombs for *paſtime*; from the duſt
Call up the ſleeping hero; bid him tread
The ſcene for our amuſement: how like gods
We ſit; and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed generous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget *our own!*
What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
But legacies in bloſſom? Our lean ſoil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, ſhall we crawl on, nor know
Our preſent frailties, or approaching fate?
Lorenzo! ſuch the glories of the world!
What is the world itſelf? *Thy* world—a grave.
Where is the duſt that has not been alive?
The ſpade, the plough, diſturb our anceſtors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow ſurface ſhakes,
And is the ceiling of her ſleeping ſons.
O'er devaſtation we blind revels keep:
Whole bury'd towns ſupport the dancer's heel.
The *inſide* of human frame the ſun exhales;
Winds ſcatter through the mighty void the *duſt*;
Earth repoſſeſſes part of what ſhe gave,
And the freed ſpirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our ſcatter'd ſpoils;
As nature, wide, our ruins ſpread. man's *death*
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.
Nor man alone; his breathing buſt expire,
His tomb is mortal; empires die: where now,
The Roman? Greek? They ſtalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this uſeful light;
Though half our learning is *their* epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy ſunleſs realms,
O *death!* I ſtretch my view: what viſions riſe!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine
In wither'd laurels glide before my ſight!
With human agitation, roll along
In unſubſtantial images of air!
The melancholy ghoſts of dead renown
Whiſpering faint echoes of the world's applauſe,
With penitential aſpect, as they paſs,
All point at earth, and hiſs at human pride,
The wiſdom of the *wiſe*, and prancings of the *great*.
But, O Lorenzo! far the reſt above,
Of ghaſtly nature, and enormous ſize,
One form aſſaults my ſight, and chills my blood,
And ſhakes my frame. Of *one* departed world
I ſee the mighty ſhadow: oozy wreath
And diſmal ſea-weed crown her: o'er her urn
Reclin'd, ſhe weeps her deſolated realms,
And bloated ſons: and, weeping, propheſies
Another's diſſolution, ſoon, in flames.
But, like Caſſandra, propheſies in vain:
In vain, to many; not, I truſt, to thee.
For, know'ſt thou not, or art thou *loth* to know,
The great decree, the counſel of the ſkies?
Deluge and *conflagration*, dreadful powers!
Prime miniſters of vengeance! chain'd in cave
Diſtinct, apart the giant furies roar;
Apart; or, ſuch their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they riſe, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
But not for *this*, ordain'd their boundleſs rage;
When heaven's inferior inſtruments of wrath,
War, *famine*, *peſtilence*, are found too weak
To ſcourge a world for her enormous crimes,
Theſe are let looſe, alternate: down they ruſh,
Swift and tempeſtuous, from the eternal throne,
With irreſiſtible commiſſion arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to deſtroy,
And eaſe creation of the ſhocking ſcene.

Seest thou, Lorenzo! what depends *on* man?
The *fate of* nature; as *for* man, her *birth*.
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
But not of waters! at the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take, by storm,
The poor terrestrial citadel of man.
Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
Burn rush; and final *ruin* fiercely drives
Her plowshare o'er creation!---while aloft,
More than astonishment! if more *can* be!
Far other *firmament* than e'er was seen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other *stars!*
Stars animate, that govern these of fire;
Far other *Sun!*---A sun, O how unlike
The Babe at Bethlem! how unlike the Man,
That groan'd on Calvary!---Yet *He* it is;
What man of sorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp!
In grandeur terrible, all heaven descends!
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
Swift archangel, with his golden wing,
Shoots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
Snow, all dross remov'd, heaven's own pure day,
Fall on the confines of our æther, flames.
While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!
Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
And storms sulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.
Lorenzo! welcome to this scene; the last
In nature's course; the first in wisdom's thought.
This strikes, if aught can strike thee; *this* awakes
The most supine; *this* snatches man from death.
Rouse, rouse, Lorenzo, then, and follow me,
Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,
Loud calls my soul, and ardour wings her flight.
I find my inspiration in my theme;
The grandeur of my subject is my Muse.
At *midnight*, when mankind is wrapt in *peace*,
And worldly *fancy* feeds on golden dreams;
To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,
At midnight, 'tis presum'd, this pomp will burst
From tenfold darkness; sudden as the spark
From smitten steel; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!
The day is broke, which never more shall close!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Far God in grandeur, and our *world* on fire!
In nature struggling in the pangs of death!
Dost thou not hear her? Dost thou not deplore
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
Where are *we now?* Ah me! the ground is gone,
On which we stood: Lorenzo! while thou may'st,
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
Where? How! From whence? Vain hope! it is too late!
Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the *good man* pale?
Great day! for which all other days were made;
From which *earth* rose from *chaos*, man from *earth*;
And an eternity, the date of Gods,
Descended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.
At *thought* of thee!---and art thou *absent* then?
Lorenzo! no; 'tis here: it is begun;---
Already is begun the grand assize,
In thee, in all: deputed conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;
Forestalls; and, by forestalling, proves it *sure*.
Why on himself should man *void* judgment pass?
Is idle *nature* laughing at her sons?
Who *conscience* sent, her sentence will support,
And God above affirm that God in man.
Thrice happy they! that enter *now* the court
Heaven opens in their bosoms: but, how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
What hero, like the man who stands himself;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
Who hears intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward? No:) The coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks slightly; asks, but fears to *know*;
Asks, "*What is truth?*" with Pilate; and retires;
Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng;
Asylum sad! from reason, hope, and heaven!
Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd *for* man?
O day of consummation! mark supreme
(If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,
Or in the sight of angels, or their King!
Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order, rising, blaze o'er blaze,
As in a theatre, surround this scene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
Angels look out for thee; for thee, their Lord,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation universal calls aloud,
To disinvolve the *moral* world, and give
To *nature's* renovation brighter charms.
Shall man alone, whose fate, whose *final* fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
I think of nothing else, I see! I feel it!
All *nature*, like an earthquake, trembling round!
All *Deities*, like summer's swarms, on wing!
All basking in the full meridian blaze!
I see the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!
The volume open'd! open'd every heart!
A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought

No patron! interceſſor none! now paſt
The ſweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain, no pauſe! no bound!
Inexorable, all! and all, extreme!
Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaſpheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder ſcarr'd:
Receives his ſentence, and *begins* his hell.
All vengeance *paſt*, now, ſeems abundant grace:
Like meteors in a ſtormy ſky, how roll
His baleful eyes; he curſes whom he dreads;
And deems it the firſt moment of his fall.
'Tis *preſent* to my thought!---and yet where is it?
Angels can't tell me; angels cannot *gueſs*
The *period*; from *created* beings lock'd
In darkneſs. But the *proceſs*, and the *place*,
Are leſs obſcure; for theſe may *man* enquire.
Say, thou great cloſe of human hopes and fears!
Great key of hearts! great finiſher of fates!
Great end! and great beginning! ſay, Where art thou?
Art thou in *time*, or in *eternity*?
Nor in *eternity*, nor *time*, I find thee.
Theſe, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd!)
As in debate, how beſt their powers ally'd,
May ſwell the grandeur, or diſcharge the wrath,
Of Him, whom both their monarchies obey.
Time, this faſt fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) *now* burſting o'er his head;
His lamp, the ſun, extinguiſh'd; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkneſs, calls his ſons
From their long ſlumber; from earth's heaving womb,
To ſecond birth! contemporary throng!
Rous'd at One call, upſtarted from One bed,
Preſt in One croud, appall'd with One amaze,
He turns them o'er, *Eternity!* to *thee*.
Then (as a king depos'd diſdains to live)
He falls on his own ſcythe; nor falls *alone*;
His greateſt foe falls with him, *Time*, and he
Who murder'd all *Time*'s offspring, *Death*, expire.
Time was! Eternity now reigns alone!
Aweful Eternity! offended queen!
And her reſentment to mankind, how juſt!
With kind intent, ſoliciting acceſs,
How often has ſhe knock'd at human hearts!
Rich to repay their hoſpitality,
How often call'd! and with the voice of God!
Yet bore repulſe, excluded as a cheat!
A dream! while fouleſt foes found welcome *there!*
A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things, but *her* ſmile.
For, lo! her twice ten thouſand gates thrown wide,
As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,
With banners ſtreaming as the *comet*'s blaze,
And clarions, louder than the *deep* in ſtorms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,
Of light, of darkneſs; in a middle field,
Wide, as *creation!* populous, as wide!
A neutral region! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whoſe preceding ſcenes
Detain'd them cloſe ſpectators, through a length
Of ages, ripening to this grand reſult;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God;
Who now pronouncing ſentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.
Eternity, the various ſentence paſt,
Aſſigns the ſever'd throng diſtinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambrofial: What enſues?
The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
Which makes a hell of hell, a heaven of heaven.
The *Goddeſs*, with determin'd aſpect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous ſize
Through deſtiny's inextricable ward,
Deep driving every bolt, on both their fates.
Then, from the cryſtal battlements of heaven,
Down, down, ſhe hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten thouſand thouſand fathom; there to reſt,
And ne'er unlock her reſolution more.
The deep reſounds; and hell, through all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.
O how unlike the chorus of the ſkies!
O how unlike thoſe ſhouts of joy, that ſhake
The whole *ethereal!* How the concave rings!
Nor ſtrange! when deities their voice exalt;
And louder far, than when *creation* roſe,
To ſee *creation*'s godlike aim, and end,
So well accompliſh'd! ſo divinely cloſ'd!
To ſee the mighty *dramatiſt*'s laſt act
(As meet) in glory riſing o'er the reſt.
No fancy'd God, a God *indeed*, deſcends,
To ſolve all *knots*; to ſtrike the *moral* home;
To throw full day on darkeſt ſcenes of *time*;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praiſe,
The charm'd ſpectators thunder their applauſe.
And the vaſt void beyond, applauſe reſounds.
What then am I?---
Amidſt applauding worlds
And worlds celeſtial, is their ſound on earth,
A peeviſh, diſſonant, rebellious ſtring,
Which jars on the grand chorus, and *complains*?
Cenſure on *thee*, Lorenzo! I ſuſpend,
And turn it on *myſelf*; how greatly due!
All, all is *right*; by God ordain'd or done;
And who, but God, reſum'd the friends he gave?
And have I been *complaining*, then, ſo long?
Complaining of his *favours*, *pain*, and *death*?
Who, without *pain*'s advice, would e'er be good?
Who, without *death*, but would be good in vain?
Pain is to ſave from *pain*; all puniſhment,
To make for *peace*; and death to ſave from death,
And ſecond death, to guard immortal life;
To rouſe the careleſs, the preſumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of ſouls another way;
By the ſame tenderneſs divine ordain'd,
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man,
A fairer Eden, endleſs, in the ſkies.

Heaven gives us friends to bless the *present* scene;
Resumes them, to prepare us for the *next*.
All evils *natural* are *moral* goods;
All discipline, *indulgence*, on the whole.
Now are unhappy: *all* have cause to smile,
But such as to themselves that cause deny.
Our *faults* are at the bottom of our *pains*;
Error, in *acts*, or *judgment*, is the source
Of endless sighs: We *sin*, or we *mistake*;
And *nature* tax, when false *opinion* stings.
Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulg'd;
But chiefly *then*, when grief puts in her claim,
Joy from the *joyous*, frequently betrays,
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.
Joy, amidst *ills*, corroborates, exalts;
'Tis joy and conquest; joy, and virtue too.
A noble fortitude in *ills*, delights
Heaven, earth, ourselves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.
Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As night to stars, *woe* lustre gives to man.
Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
And virtue in calamities, admire
The crown of manhood in a winter-joy;
An evergreen, that stands the Northern blast,
And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.
'Tis a prime part of happiness, to know
How much unhappiness *must* prove our lot;
A part which few possess! I 'll pay life's tax,
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it misery to be a *man*;
Who thinks *it is*, shall never be a *God*.
Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.
What spoke *proud passion*?---" * Wish my being lost?"
Presumptuous! blasphemous! absurd! and false!
The triumph of my soul is---That I *am*;
And therefore that I *may* be---*what*? Lorenzo!
Look inward, and look deep; and deeper still;
Unfathomably deep our treasure runs
In golden veins, through all eternity!
Ages, and ages, and succeeding still
New ages, *where* the phantom of an hour,
Which courts, each night, dull slumber, for repair,
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise.
And fly through infinite, and all unlock;
And (if deserv'd) by heaven's redundant love,
Made half-adorable itself, adore;
And find, in adoration, endless joy!
Where thou, not master of a moment *here*,
Frail as the flower, and fleeting as the gale,
May'st boast a *whole eternity*, enrich'd
With all a *kind Omnipotence* can pour.
Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninspir'd,
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,
How kind it God, how great (if good) is Man.
No man too largely from heaven's love can hope,
If what is *hop'd* he labours to *secure*.

* *Referring to the First Night.*

Ills?---there are none:---*All-gracious!* none from *thee*:
From *man* full many! numerous is the race
Of blackest ills, and those immortal too,
Begot by *madness* on fair *liberty*;
Heaven's daughter, hell-debauch'd! *her* hand alone
Unlocks destruction to the sons of men,
First barr'd by *thine*: high-wall'd with adamant,
Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
And cover'd with the thunders of thy law;
Whose threats are *mercies*, whose injunctions *guides*,
Assisting, not restraining, *reason*'s choice;
Whose sanctions, *unavoidable results*
From nature's course, indulgently reveal'd;
If unreveal'd, more dangerous, nor less sure.
Thus, an indulgent father warns his sons,
" Do this; fly that"---nor always tells the cause;
Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
A conduct needful to their own repose.
Great God of wonders! (if, thy *love* survey'd,
Aught else the name of wonderful retains)
What *rocks* are *these*, on which to build our trust!
Thy ways admit no blemish; none I find;
Or this alone---" *That none is to be found.*"
Not one, to soften *censure*'s hardy crime;
Not one, to palliate peevish *grief*'s Complaint,
Who like a *daemon*, murmuring from the dust,
Dares into judgment call her Judge.---Supreme!
For *all* I bless thee; most, for the *severe*;
* *Her* death---*my own* at hand---the fiery gulph,
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
It thunders;---but it thunders to preserve;
It strengthen what it strikes; its wholesome dread
Averts the dreaded pain; its hideous groans
Join heaven's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise,
Great Source of good *alone!* How kind in all!
In vengeance kind! *pain*, *death*, *gehenna*, Save.
Thus, in thy world material, *Mighty Mind!*
Not that alone which *solaces*, and *shines*,
The *rough* and *gloomy*, challenges our praise.
The *winter* is as needful as the *spring*;
The *thunder*, as the sun; a stagnate mass
Of vapours breeds a pestilential air:
Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
To nature's health, than purifying storms;
The dread Volcano minister to good.
Its smother'd flames might undermine the world.
Loud Ætnas fulminate in love to man;
Comets good omens are, when duly scann'd;
And, in their use, *eclipses* learn to shine.
Man is responsible for *ills* receiv'd;
Those we call *wretched* are a chosen band,
Compell'd to refuge in the *right*, for peace.
Amid my list of blessings infinite,
Stand this the foremost. " *That my heart has bled.*"
'Tis heaven's last effort of good-will to man;
When *pain* can't bless, heaven quits us in despair.

* *Lucia.*

Who fails to grieve, when juſt occaſion calls,
Or grieves too much, deſerves not to be bleſt;
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart;
Reaſon abſolves the grief, which *reaſon* ends.
May heaven ne'er truſt my friend with happineſs,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain; and made it *ſafe* to *ſmile!*
Such ſmiles are mine, and *ſuch* may they remain;
Nor hazard their extinctions, from exceſs.
My change of *heart* a change of *ſtyle* demands;
The Conſolation cancels the Complaint,
And makes a convert of my guilty ſong.
And when o'erlabour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
A panting traveller ſome riſing ground,
Some ſmall aſcent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
And meaſures with his eye the various vales,
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has paſt;
And, ſatiate of his journey, thinks of home,
Endear'd by diſtance, nor affects more toil;
Thus I, though ſmall, indeed, is that aſcent
The Muſe has gain'd, review the paths ſhe trod;
Various, extenſive, beaten but by view;
And, conſcious of her prudence in repoſe,
Pauſe; and with pleaſure meditate an end,
Though ſtill remote: ſo fruitful is my theme,
Through many a field of *moral*, and *divine*,
The Muſe has ſtray'd; and much of *ſorrow* ſeen
In human ways: and much of *falſe* and *vain*;
Which none who travel this bad road, can miſs.
O'er *friends deceas'd* full heartily ſhe wept;
Of *love divine* the wonders ſhe diſplay'd;
Prov'd man *immortal*; ſhew'd the *ſource of joy*;
The *grand tribunal* rais'd; aſſign'd the bounds
Of *human grief*, in *few*, to cloſe the whole,
The moral Muſe has ſhadow'd out a ſketch,
Though not in form, nor with a Raphael-ſtroke,
Of *moſt* our weakneſs needs *believe*, or *do*,
In this our land of travel and of hope,
For peace on *earth*, or proſpect of the *ſkies*.
What then remains? Much! much! a mighty debt
To be diſcharg'd; theſe thoughts, O Night! are thine;
From thee they came, like lovers ſecret ſighs,
While others ſlept. So Cynthia (poets feign)
In ſhadows veil'd, ſoft ſliding from her ſphere,
Her ſhepherd chear'd; of her enamour'd leſs,
Than I of thee.—And art thou ſtill unſung,
Beneath whoſe brow, and by whoſe aid, I ſing?
Immortal ſilence! where ſhall I begin?
Where end? Or how ſteal muſic from the ſpheres,
To ſooth their goddeſs?
O majeſtic Night!
Nature's great anceſtor! *day*'s elder-born!
And fated to ſurvive the tranſient ſun!
By mortals, and immortals, ſeen with awe!
A ſtarry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waiſt; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of ſhape and ſhade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and heaven throughout,
Voluminouſly pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs (*nature*'s moſt auguſt,
Inſpiring aſpect!) claim a grateful verſe;
And' like a ſable curtain ſtarr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours paſt, ſhall cloſe the ſcene.
And what, O man! ſo *worthy* to be ſung?
What more prepares us for the ſongs of heaven?
Creation, of archangels is the theme!
What, to be ſung, ſo *needful*? What ſo well
Celeſtial joys prepare us to ſuſtain?
The ſoul of man, His face deſign'd to ſee
Who gave theſe wonders to be ſeen by man,
Has *here* a previous ſcene of objects *great*,
On which to dwell; to ſtretch to that expanſe
Of thought, to riſe to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe,
And give her whole capacities that ſtrength,
Which beſt may qualify for *final* joy.
The more our ſpirits are enlarg'd on *earth*,
The deeper draught ſhall they receive of *heaven*.
Heaven's King! whoſe face unveil'd conſummates bliſs;
Redundant bliſs; which fills that mighty void,
The whole creation leaves in human hearts!
Thou, who didſt touch the lip of Jeſſe's ſon,
Rapt in ſweet contemplation of theſe fires,
And ſet his harp in concert with the ſpheres;
While of thy works *material* the Supreme
I dare attempt, aſſiſt my daring ſong,
Looſe me from *earth's* incloſure, from the *ſun's*
Contracted circle ſet my heart at large;
Eliminate my ſpirit, give it range
Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd;
Teach me, by this ſtupendous ſcaffolding,
Creation's golden ſteps, to climb to Thee.
Teach me with *art* great *nature* to controul,
And ſpread a luſtre o'er the ſhades of *night*.
Feel I thy kind aſſent? and ſhall the *ſun*
Be ſeen at *midnight*, riſing in my ſong?
Lorenzo! come, and warm thee: thou whoſe heart,
Whoſe *little* heart, is moor'd within a nook
Of this obſcure terreſtrial, anchor weigh.
Another ocean calls, a *nobler* port;
I am thy pilot, I thy proſperous gale.
Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main;
Main, without tempeſt, pirate, rock, or ſhore;
And whence thou may'ſt import *eternal* wealth
And leave to *beggar'd* minds the *pearl* and *gold*.
Thy travels doſt thou boaſt o'er foreign realms?
Thou *ſtranger* to the *world*! thy tour *begin*;
Thy tour through *nature's* univerſal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
On ſoaring ſouls, that ſail among the ſpheres;
And *man* how purblind, if unknown the whole!
Who circles ſpacious *earth*, tden travels *here*,
Shall own, he never was from *home* before!
Come, my * Prometheus, from thy pointed rock
Of *falſe* ambition ſhunchain'd, we'll mount;
We'll, *innocently*, ſteal celeſtial fire,
And kindle our devtion at the *ſtars*;
A theft, that ſhall not chain, but ſet thee free.
Above our atmoſphere's inteſtine wars,
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;

* *Night the Eighth.*

Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,
he brew of thunders, and the flaming force
That forms the crooked lightning; above the caves
Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar,
Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world;
Above misconstrued omens of the sky,
Far-travel'd comets' calculated blaze;
Since thy thought, and think of *more* than *man*.
Thy soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
Blighted by blasts of *earth's* unwholesome air,
Will blossom *here*; spread all her faculties
To their bright ardours; every power unfold,
And rise into sublimities of thought.
Dear *teacher*, as well as *shrine*. At *nature's* birth,
Thus their commission ran---"Be kind to *man*."
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller!
The *Stars* will light thee; though the *Moon* should fail.
Where are thou, more benighted! more astray!
Ways immortal? The *Stars* call thee back;
And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right
This prospect vast, what is it?---Weigh'd aright
'Tis nature's system of divinity,
And every student of the *Night* inspirer.
The *elder* Scripture, writ by God's own hand:
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
Lorenzo! with my *Radius* (the rich gift
Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
Various lessons; some may surprize
An unadept in mysteries of Night;
Some, perhaps, expected in *her* school,
Or thought to grow on planet, or on star.
Bear, lions, scorpions, monsters here we feign;
Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what
Is here
Gifts *indeed*;---a lecture to mankind.
What read we *here*?----Th' existence of a God?
Me, and of other beings, man above;
Natives of Æther! Sons of higher climes!
And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,
Loyalty is written in the skies.
And whose eternity?---Lorenzo! *Thine*;
Archimed's eternity. Nor Faith alone,
Virtue grows here; *here* springs the sovereign cure
Of most every vice; but chiefly *Thine*;
Wrath, *Pride*, *Ambition*, and *impure Desire*.
Lorenzo! Thou canst wake at midnight too,
Though not on *Morals* bent: *Ambition*, *Pleasure*!
Those tyrants! for Thee so * lately fought,
Lord their harrass'd slaves but slender rest.
Due to whom midnight is *immoral* noon,
And the sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day;
Nor by thy climate, but capricious crime,
Commencing one of our *Antipodes*!
Thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,

Twixt stage and stage, of riot, and cabal;
And lift thine eye, (if bold an eye to lift,
If bold to meet the face of injur'd heaven)
To yonder stars: For other ends they shine,
Than to light revellers from shame to shame,
And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.
Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which set the living firmament on fire,
At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,
Rushes omnipotence?---To curb our *pride*;
Our *reason* rouse, and lead it to that power,
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light;
To draw up man's *ambition* to *himself*,
And bind our *chaste affections* to his throne.
Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,
And welcom'd on heaven's coast with most applause,
Are *here* inspir'd:---And canst thou gaze too long?
Nor stands thy *truth*, depriv'd of its reproof,
Or unupbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each system represent
Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd;
Enlightening, and enlightened! All, at once,
Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,
None sins against the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,
Affords an emblem of *millennial* love.
Nothing in nature, much less *conscious* being,
Was e'er created solely for itself:
Thus man his *sovereign* duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.
And know, of all our supercilious race,
Thou most inflammable! Thou wasp of men!
Man's angry heart, *inspected*, would be found
As rightly set, as are the starry spheres;
'Tis *nature's* structure, broke by stubborn *will*,
Breeds all that un-celestial discord *there*.
Wilt thou not feel the bias *nature* gave?
Canst thou descend from converse with the skies
And seize thy brother's throat?----For what---a *clod*,
An inch of *earth*? The *planets* cry "Forbear,"
They chace our double darkness; *nature's* gloom,
And (kinder still!) our *intellectual* night.
And see, *day's* amiable sister sends
Her invitation, in the softest rays
Of mitigated lustre; courts thy sight,
Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
With *gain* and *joy*, she bribes thee to be wise.
Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,
Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart;
While light peeps through the darkness, like a spy;

* *Night the Eighth.*

And darkneſs ſhews its grandeur by the light.
Nor is the *profit* greater than the *joy*,
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inſpire delight.
What ſpeak I more, than I, This moment, feel;
With pleaſing ſtupor firſt the ſoul is ſtruck
(Stupor ordained to make her truly wiſe!
Then into tranſport ſtarting from her trance,
With love, and admiration, how ſhe glows!
This gorgeous apparatus! This diſplay!
This oſtentation of creative power!
This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,
For minds of the firſt magnitude to launch
In endleſs ſpeculation, and adore?
One ſun by day, by night *Ten thouſand* ſhine:
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundleſs in magnificence and might!
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
Form urns unnumbered, down the ſteep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my ſight!
Nor tarries *there*; I feel it at my *heart*.
My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts;
Lays it in duſt, and calls it to the ſkies.
Who ſees it unexalted? or unaw'd?
Who ſees it, and can ſtop at what is ſeen?
Material offspring of Omnipotence!
Inanimate, all-animating birth!
Work worthy *Him* who made it! Worthy praiſe!
All praiſe! praiſe *more* than human! nor deny'd
Thy praiſe *Divine*!-- But though man, drown'd in ſleep,
With-holds his homage, not *alone* I wake;
Bright legions ſwarm unſeen, and ſing, unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In This His univerſal temple hung
With luſtres, with innumerable lights,
That ſhed religion on the ſoul; at once,
The *Temple*, and the *Preacher*! O how loud
It calls devotion! genuine growth of *night*!
Devotion! daughter of aſtronomy!
An *undevout* aſtronomer is *mad*.
True; All things ſpeak a God; but in the ſmall,
Men trace out *Him*; in great, *He* ſeizes man;
Seizes, and elevates, and wraps, and fills
With new inquiries, 'mid aſſociates new.
Tell me, ye ſtars! ye planets! tell me, all
Ye ſtarr'd, and planeted, inhabitants! What is it?
What are theſe ſons of wonder? Say, proud arch,
(Within whoſe azure palaces they dwell)
Built with divine ambition! in diſdain
Of limit built! built in the taſte of heaven!
Vaſt concave! ample dome! waſt thou deſign'd
A meet apartment for the Deity?----
Not ſo: That thought alone thy ſtate impairs,
Thy *lofty* ſinks, and ſhallows thy *profound*,
And ſtreightens thy *diffuſive*; dwarfs the whole,
And makes an univerſe an *Orrery*.

But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is reſtor'd,
O *Nature*! wide flies off the expanding round.
As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
The ſmitten air is hollow'd by the blow;
The vaſt diſploſion diſſipates the clouds;
Shock'd æther's billows daſh the diſtant ſkies;
Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a ſpecious womb,
Might teem with new creation; re-inflam'd
Thy luminaries triumph, and aſſume
Divinity themſelves. Nor was it ſtrange,
Matter high-wrought to ſuch ſurpriſing pomp,
Such godlike glory, ſtole the ſtyle of gods,
From ages dark, obtuſe, and ſteep'd in *ſenſe*;
For ſure, to *ſenſe*, they truly are divine;
And half-abſolv'd idolatry from guilt;
Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it *was*
In thoſe, who put forth all they had of *man*
Unloſt, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher;
But, weak of wings, on planets perch'd; and thought
What was their higheſt, muſt be their ador'd.
But They how *weak*, who could no higher mount?
And are there then, Lorenzo! thoſe, to whom
Unſeen, and Unexiſtent are the ſame?
And if incomprehenſible is join'd,
Who dare pronounce it madneſs, to *believe*?
Why has the mighty Builder thrown aſide
All meaſure in His work; ſtretch'd out His line
So far, and ſpread amazement o'er the whole?
Then (as He took delight in wide extremes)
Deep in the boſom of His univerſe,
Dropt down that *reaſoning* mite, that inſect, *man*,
To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the ſcene?--
That man might ne'er preſume to plead amazement
For diſbelief of wonders in *himſelf*.
Shall God be leſs miraculous, than what
His hand has form'd? Shall *myſteries* deſcend
From *un-myſterious*? Things more elevate,
Be more familiar? Uncreated lie
More obvious than Created, to the graſp
Of human thought? The *more* of wonderful
Is heard in *Him*, the *more* we ſhould aſſent.
Could we conceive *Him*, God He could not be;
Or *He* not God, or *we* could not be *men*.
A God alone can comprehend a God;
Man's diſtance how immenſe! On *ſuch* a theme,
Know this, Lorenzo! (ſeem it ne'er ſo ſtrange)
Nothing can *ſatisfy*, but what *confounds*;
Nothing, but what *aſtoniſhes*, is *true*.
The ſcene thou ſeeſt, atteſts the truth I ſing,
And every ſtar ſheds light upon thy creed.
Theſe ſtars, this furniture, this coſt of heaven,
If but *reported*, thou hadſt ne'er believ'd;
But thine *eye* tells thee, the *romance* is true.
The grand of nature is th' Almighty's oath,
In *reaſon's* court, to ſilence *unbelief*.
How my mind, opening at this ſcene, imbibes
The moral emanations of the ſkies,

While nought, perhaps, Lorenzo leſs admires!
Has the Great Sovereign ſent ten thouſand worlds
To tell us, *He* reſides above them All,
In glory's unapproachable receſs?
And dare *earth's* bold inhabitants deny
The ſumptuous, the magnific embaſſy
Attendant's audience? Turn we, nor will hear
From whom they come, or what they would impart,
For man's emolument; ſole cauſe that ſtoops
Their grandeur to man's eye? Lorenzo! rouſe;
Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
And glance from eaſt to weſt, from pole to pole.
Who ſees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?
Renounces *Reaſon*, or a God adores?
Mankind was ſent into the world to *ſee*:
Sight gives the ſcience needful to their peace;
That obvious ſcience aſks *ſmall* learning's aid.
Wouldſt thou on metaphyſic pinions ſoar?
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns?
Or travel hiſtory's enormous round?
Nature no ſuch hard taſk injoins; She gave
To make to man directive of his thought;
To make it upright, pointing to the ſtars,
As who ſhall ſay, "Read thy chief leſſon there."
Too late to read this manuſcript of heaven,
When like a parchment-ſcroll, ſhrunk up by flames,
It folds Lorenzo's leſſon from his ſight.
Leſſon how various! Not the God alone,
But His *Miniſters*; I ſee, diffus'd
In various orders, eſſences ſublime,
Of various offices, of various plume,
Of heavenly liveries, diſtinctly clad,
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commix'd; they ſtand, with wings outſpread,
Liſtening to catch the Maſter's leaſt command,
And fly through *Nature*, ere the moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!---Well conceiv'd
By *Pagan*, and by *Chriſtian!* O'er each ſphere
Preſides an angel, to direct its courſe,
And feed, or fan, its flames; or to diſcharge
Other high truſts unknown. For who can ſee
Such pomp of matter, and imagine, *Mind*,
For which *alone* inanimate was made,
More ſparingly diſpens'd? That nobler ſon,
Far liker the great Sire!---'Tis thus the ſkies
Inform us of ſuperiors numberleſs,
As much, in *Excellence*, above mankind,
As above *Earth*, in *Magnitude*, the *Spheres*.
Theſe, as a cloud of witneſſes, hang o'er us;
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds;
Perhaps, a thouſand demigods deſcend
On every beam we ſee, to walk with men.
Aweful reflection! Strong reſtraint from ill!
Yet, *here*, our virtue finds ſtill ſtronger aid
From the'e ethereal glories *Senſe* ſurveys.
Something, like magic, ſtrikes from this blue vault;
With juſt attention is it view'd? We feel
A ſudden ſuccour, unimplor'd, unthought;
Nature herſelf does half the work of *Man*.
Seas, rivers, mountains, foreſts, deſarts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound
Of ſubterranean, excavated grots,
Black brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
From *Nature's* ſtructure, or the ſcoop of *Time*;
If ample of dimenſion, vaſt of ſize,
Ev'n *Theſe* an aggrandizing impulſe give;
Of ſolemn thought enthuſiaſtic heights
Ev'n *Theſe* inſuſe.---But what of vaſt in *Theſe?*
Nothing;---or we muſt own the ſkies ſorgot.
Much leſs in *Art!*----Vain *Art!* Thou pigmy power!
How doſt thou ſwell and ſtrut, with human pride,
To ſhew thy littleneſs! What childiſh toys,
Thy watery columns ſquirted to the clouds!
Thy baſon'd rivers, and impriſon'd ſeas!
Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
Thy hundred-gated *Capitals!* or Thoſe
Where three days travel left us much to ride;
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, theatres immenſe,
Or nodding *Gardens* pendent in mid-air!
Or *Temples* proud to meet their Gods half-way!
Yet *Theſe* affect us in no common kind.
What then the force of ſuch ſuperior ſcenes?
Enter a temple, it will ſtrike an awe:
What awe from This the Deity has built?
A *Good Man* ſeen, though ſilent, counſel gives:
The touch'd ſpectator wiſhes to be wiſe:
In a bright mirror His own hands have made,
Here we ſee ſomething like the face of God.
To man abandon'd, "*Haſt thou ſeen the ſkies?*"
And yet, ſo thwarted nature's kind deſign
By daring man, he makes her ſacred awe
(That guard from ill) his ſhelter, his temptation
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
Celeſtial art's intent. The trembling ſtars
See crimes gigantic, ſtalking through the gloom
With front erect, that hide their head by day,
And making night ſtill *darker* by their deeds.
Slumbering in covert, till the ſhades deſcend,
Rapine and *Murder*, link'd, now prowl for prey.
Then miſer earths his treaſure; and the thief,
Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.
Now *Plots*, and foul *Conſpiracies*, awake;
And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,
Havock and deva ſtation they prepare,
And kingdoms tottering in the field of blood.
Now ſons of riot in mid-revel rage,
What ſhall I do?---Suppreſs it?---or proclaim?
Why *ſleeps* the thunder? Now, Lorenzo! now,
His beſt friend's couch the rank adulterer
Aſcends ſecure; and laughs at gods and men.
Prepoſterous madmen, void of fear or ſhame,
Lay their crimes bare to theſe chaſte eyes of heaven;
Yet ſhrink, and ſhudder, at a mortal's ſight,
Were moon, and ſtars, for villains *only* made?
To *guide*, yet *ſcreen* them, with tenebrious light?
No; they were made to faſhion the ſublime
Of human hearts, and *wiſer* make the *Wiſe*
Thoſe ends were anſwer'd once; when mor liv'd
Of ſtronger wing, of aquiline aſcent

In theory sublime. O how unlike
Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,
Who crawl on *Earth*, and on her venom feed!
Those ardent sages, *Human* stars! they met
Their brothers of the *Skies*, at midnight hour;
Their counsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd, obey'd.
The *Stagirite*, and Plato, He who drank
The poison'd bowl, and He of Tusculum,
With him of Cordoba (immortal names!)
In these unbounded, and Elysian, walks,
An area fit for Gods, and Godlike men.
They took their nightly round, through radiant paths
By Seraphs trod; instructed, chiefly, thus,
To tread in Their bright footsteps here below;
To walk in worth still brighter than the skies.
There they contracted their contempt of *Earth*;
Of hopes eternal kindled, *There*, the fire;
There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
(Great visitants!) more intimate with God,
More worth to *Men*, more joyous to *Themselves*.
Through *various Virtues*, they, with ardour, ran
The *Zodiac* of their learn'd illustrious lives.
In *Christian* hearts, O for a *Lagan* zeal!
A *needful*, but *opprobrious* prayer! as much
Our *Ardour* Less, as Greater is our *Light*.
How monstrous This in *Morals!* Scarce more strange
Would this *Phænomenon* in nature strike
A *Sun*, that froze her, or a *Star*, that warm'd.
What taught these heroes of the moral world?
To these thou giv'st thy *Praise*, give *Credit* too.
These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee;
And *Pagan* tutors are thy taste.---They taught,
That, narrow views betray to misery:
That, wide it is to comprehend the whole:
That, *Virtue*, rose from *Nature*, ponder'd well,
The single base of *Virtue* built to heaven:
That God, and *Nature*, our attention claim:
That, *Nature* is the glass reflecting God,
As, by the *Sea*, reflected is the *Sun*,
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere:
That, *Mind immortal* loves *immortal* aims:
That, *boundless Mind* affects a *boundless Space*:
That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
To feed affimilate, and make her great:
That, therefore, heaven her glories, as a fund
Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.
Such are their doctrines; *such* the *Night* inspir'd.
And what more true? What truth of greater weight?
The soul of man was made to walk the skies;
Delightful outlet of her prison *Here!*
There, disincumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large,
There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let loose all her powers;
And, *undeluded*, grasp at something great.
Nor as a stranger, does she wander there;
But, wonderful herself, through wonder strays;
Contemplating *their* grandeur, finds *her own*;
Dives deep in their œconomy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
And, like a master, judges not amiss.
Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul
Grows conscious of her birth celestial; breathes
More life, more vigour, in her native air;
And feels herself *at home* amongst the stars;
And, feeling, emulates our country's praise.
What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo?
A *Earth* the body, since, the *Skies* sustain
The soul with food, that gives immortal life,
Call it, The noble pasture of the *Mind*;
Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,
And riots through the luxuries of thought.
Call it, The Garden of the Deity,
Bl sfom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambrosial; *moral* fruit to man.
Call it, The breast-plate of the true High-priest,
Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
In points of highest moment, right response;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.
Thus, have we found a *true* astrology;
Thus have we found a new, and noble sense,
In which *alone* stars govern human fates.
O that the *Stars* (as some have feign'd) let fall
Bloodshed, and havock, on embattled realms,
And rescued *Monarchs* from so black a guilt!
Bourbon! this wish how generous in a foe!
Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become a God,
And stick thy deathless name among the stars,
For mighty conquest on a needle's point?
Instead of forging chains for *foreigners*,
Bastile thy *Tutor*: Grandeur all thy aim?
As yet thou know'st not what it is: how great,
How glorious, *then*, appears the *Mind* of man,
When in it all the stars, and planets, roll!
And what it *seems*, it *is*: *Great* objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
These still more Godlike, as *These* more divine.
And *more* divine than *These*, thou canst not see.
Dazzled, o'er-power'd, with the delicious draught
Of miscellaneous splendors, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end!
An Eden, this! a Paradise *unlost!*
I meet the Deity in every view,
And tremble at my nakedness before him!
O that I could but reach the *Tree of Life!*
For *Here* it grows, unguarded from our taste;
No *Flaming Sword* denies our entrance *Here*;
Would man but gather, he might *live for ever*.
Lorenzo! much of *Moral* hast thou seen.
Of curious arts art thou more fond? Then mark
The *Mathematic* glories of the skies,
In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.
Lorenzo's boasted builders, *Chance*, and *Fate*,
Are left to finish his aerial towers;
Wisdom and *Choice*, their well-known characters
Here deep impress; and claim it for their own.
Though splendid all, no splendor void of use;
Use rivals *Beauty*; *Art* contends with *Power*;
No wanton waste, amid effuse expence;
The great Oeconomist adjusting all
To prudent pomp, magnificently wise.

How rich the proſpect! and for ever new!
And *neweſt* to the man thas views it *moſt*;
For never ſtill in infinite ſucceſſ.
Then, theſe aërial racers, O how ſwift!
How the ſhaft loiters from the ſtrongeſt ſtring!
Spirit alone can diſtance the career.
Orb above orb aſcending without end!
Circle in circle, without end, inclos'd!
Wheel, within Wheel; Ezekiel! like to thine!
Like thine, it ſeems a viſion or a dream;
Though *frem*, we labour to believe it *true*!
What involution! what extent! what ſwarms
Of worlds, that laugh at *Earth!* immenſely great!
Immenſely diſtant from each other's ſpheres!
That, then, the wondrous *Space* through which they roll?
Once it quite ingulphs all human thought;
In comprehenſion's abſolute defeat.
Nor think thou ſeeſt a wild diſorder here;
Through this illuſtrious chaos to the ſight
Arrangement neat, and chaſteſt order, reign.
The path preſcrib'd, inviolably kept,
Beſides the lawleſs allies of mankind,
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere:
What knots are ty'd! How ſoon are they diſſolv'd,
And ſet the ſeeming marry'd planets free!
They rove for ever, without error rove;
Confuſion unconfus'd! not leſs admire
Tumult untumultuous; all on wing!
Motion, all! yet what profound repoſe!
What fervid action, yet no noiſe! as aw'd
Silence, by the preſence of their Lord;
Preſs'd by *His* command, in love to man,
Bid let fall ſoft beams on human reſt,
Like themſelves. On yon cœrulean plain,
Exultation to *Their* God, and *Thine*,
In dance, they ſing eternal jubilee,
Final celebration of *His* praiſe.
Since their *Song* arrives not at our ear,
Their *Dance* perplex'd exhibits to the ſight
The *Hieroglyphic* of *His* peerleſs power.
Ah, how the *Labyrinthian* turns they take,
The circles intricate, and myſtic maze,
Where the grand cypher of *Omnipotence*;
Great, how great! how legible to *Man!*
Which ſaves ſo much wonder greater wonder ſtill?
Where are the pillars that ſupport the ſkies?
What more than *Atlantean* ſhoulder props
The incumbent load? what magic, what ſtrange art,
Build air theſe ponderous orbs ſuſtains?
Who would not think them hung in golden chains?—
Alſo they are; in the high will of heaven,
Which fixes all; makes adamant of air,
Fair of adamant; makes all of nought,
Nought of all; if *ſuch* the dread decree.
Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The moſt gigantic ſons of earth, the broad
And towering Alps, all toſt into the ſea;
And, light as down, or volatile as air,
Their bulks enormous, dancing on the waves,
In time, and meaſure, exquiſite; while all
The winds, in emulation of the ſpheres,
Tune their ſonorous inſtruments aloft;
The concert ſwell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing? What, then, worlds,
In a far thinner element ſuſtain'd,
More rapid movement, and for nobleſt *ends?*
More *obvious* ends to paſs, are not theſe ſtars
The ſeats majeſtic, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelic delegates of heaven,
At certain periods, as the Sovereign nods,
Diſcharge high truſts of *Vengeance*, or of *Love*;
To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand deſign,
And acts moſt ſolemn ſtill more ſolemnize?
Ye Citizens of air! what ardent thanks,
What full effuſion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man indulg'd in ſuch a ſight!
A ſight ſo noble! and a ſight ſo kind!
It drops *new* truths at every *new* ſurvey!
Feels not Lorenzo ſomething ſtir within,
That ſweeps away all period? As theſe ſpheres
Meaſure duration, they no leſs inſpire
The Godlike hope of ages without end,
The boundleſs *Space*, through which theſe rovers take
Their reſtleſs roam, ſuggeſts the ſiſter thought
Of boundleſs *Time*. Thus, by kind *Nature's* ſkill,
To man unlabour'd, that important gueſt,
Eternity, finds entrance at the *Sight*:
And an *Eternity*, for man ordain'd,
Or theſe his deſtin'd midnight counſellors,
The *Stars*, had never whiſper'd it to man.
Nature *informs*, but ne'er *inſults*, her ſons.
Could ſhe then kindle the moſt ardent wiſh
To *diſappoint* it?—That is blaſphemy.
Thus, of thy creed a ſecond article,
Momentous, as the exiſtence of a God,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely ſought;
And thou may'ſt read thy *Soul immortal*, Here.
Here, then, Lorenzo! on theſe glories dwell;
Nor want the gilt, illuminated, roof.
That calls the wretched *Gay* to dark delights.
Aſſemblies?—This is one divinely bright;
Here, unendanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range through the faireſt, and the Sultan ſcorn.
He, wiſe as *Thou*, no *Creſcent* holds ſo fair,
As that, which on his turbant awes a world;
And thinks the *Moon* is proud to copy him,
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
A mind ſuperior to the charms of *Power*.
Thou muffled in deluſions of this life!
Can yonder *Moon* turn ocean in his bed,
From ſide to ſide, in conſtant ebb and flow,
And purify from ſtench his watery realms?
And fails her *moral* influence? wants ſhe power
To turn Lorenzo's ſtubborn tide of thought
From ſtagnating on *Earth's* infected ſhore,
And purge from nuiſance his corrupted heart?
Fail her attract on when it draws to heaven?

Nay, and to what thou valueſt more, *Earth's* joy!
Minds elevate, and panting for *Unſeen*,
And defecate from *Senſe*, alone obtain
Full reliſh of exiſtence un-deflower'd,
The *Life* of life, the *Zeſt* of worldly bliſs:
All elſe on earth amounts---to what? To *This*:
"Bad to be *Suffer'd*; bleſſings to be *Left*:"
Earth's richeſt inventory boaſts no more.
Of higher ſcenes be, then, the call obey'd.
O let me gaze!---Of gazing there's no end.
O let me think!---Thought too is wilder'd *here*;
In mid-way flight imagination tires;
Yet ſoon re-prunes her wing to ſoar anew,
Her point unable to forbear, or gain;
So *great* the pleaſure, ſo *profound* the plan!
A banquet, this, where men and angels meet,
Eat the ſame *Manna*, mingle earth and heaven.

How diſtant ſome of theſe nocturnal ſuns!
So diſtant (ſays the ſage), 't were not abſurd
To doubt, if beams, let out at *Nature's* birth,
Are yet arriv'd at this ſo foreign world;
Though nothing half ſo rapid as their flight.
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll *for ever*: who can ſatiate ſight
In *ſuch* a ſcene? in ſuch an ocean wide
Of deep aſtoniſhment? where depth, height, breadth,
Are loſt in their extremes; and where to count
The thick-ſown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a *Seraph's* computation fails.
Now, go, *Ambition!* boaſt thy boundleſs might
In conqueſt o'er the tenth part of a grain.
And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tottering faith a ſolid baſe.
Why call for leſs than is *already* thine?
Thou art no novice in theology;
What is a *Miracle*?---'Tis a reproach,
'Tis an implicit ſatire, on mankind;
And while it *ſatisfies*, it *cenſures* too.
To common ſenſe, great *Nature's* courſe proclaims
A Deity: when mankind falls aſleep,
A *Miracle* is ſent, as an alarm;
To wake the world, and prove *Him* o'er again,
By *recent* argument, but not more *ſtrong*.
Say, which imports more plenitude of power,
Or nature's laws to *fix*, or to *repeal*?
To *make* a ſun, or *ſtop* his mid career?
To countermand his orders, and ſend back
The flaming courier to the frighted *Eaſt*,
Warm'd, and aſtoniſh'd, at his evening ray?
Or bid the *Moon*, as with her journey tir'd,
In Ajalon's ſoft, flowery vale repoſe?
Great things are theſe; ſtill greater, to *create*.
From Adam's bower look down through the whole train
Of miracles;---reſiſtleſs is their power?
They do not, *can* not, more amaze the mind,
Than this, *call'd* un-miraculous ſurvey,
If *duly* weigh'd, if *rationally* ſeen,
If ſeen with *human* eyes. The *Brute*, indeed,
Sees nought but *Spangles* here: the *Fool*, no more.
Say'ſt thou, "The courſe of *Nature* governs all?"
The *Courſe* of *Nature* is the *Art* of God.
The miracles thou call'ſt for, *This* atteſt;
For ſay, could *Nature Nature's* courſe control?
But, miracles apart, whoſe ſees him not,
Nature's Controller, Author, Guide and End!
Who turns his eye on *Nature's* midnight face,
But muſt inquire---"What hand behind the ſcene,
"What arm Almighty, put theſe wheeling globes
"In motion, and wound up the vaſt machine?
"Who rounded in his palm theſe ſpacious orbs?
"Who bow'd them flaming through the dark profound,
"Numerous as glittering gems of morning-dew,
"Or ſparks from populous cities in a blaze,
"And ſet the boſom of *Old Night* on fire?
"Peopled her deſert, and made horror ſmile?"
Or, if the military ſtyle delights thee,
(For ſtars have fought their battles, leagu'd with man)
"Who marſhals this bright hoſt? enrolls their names?
"Appoints their poſt, their marches, and returns
"Punctual at ſtated periods? who diſbands
"Theſe veteran troops, their final duty done,
"If e'er diſbanded?"---He, whoſe potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levy'd firſt their powers
In *Night's* inglorious empire, where they ſlept
In beds of darkneſs: arm'd them with fierce flames,
Arrang'd, and diſciplin'd, and cloath'd in gold;
And call'd them out of *Chaos* to the field,
Where now they war with *Vice* and *Unbelief*.
O let us join this army! joining theſe,
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,
When *brighter* flames ſhall cut a *darker* night;
When theſe ſtrong demonſtrations of a God
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their ſpheres,
And one *eternal* curtain cover all!
Struck at *that* thought, as new awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the ſtars
To man ſtill more propitious; and their aid
(Though guiltleſs of idolatry) implore;
Nor longer rob them of their nobleſt name.
O ye *Dividers of my Time!* Ye bright:
Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
In your fair Kalendar diſtinctly mark'd!
Since that authentic, radiant regiſter,
Though man inſpects it not, ſtands good againſt him;
Since *You*, and yours, roll on, though man ſtands ſtill;
Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to *Wiſdom*; now beyond
All ſhadow of excuſe for fooling on.
Age ſmooths our path to prudence, ſweeps aſide
The ſnares keen *Appetite*, and paſſion ſpread
To catch ſtray ſouls; and woe to that grey head,
Whoſe *Folly* would undo what *Age* has done!
Aid then, aid, all ye ſtars!---Much rather, Thou,
Great Artiſt! Thou, whoſe finger ſet aright
This exquiſite *Machine*, with all its *Wheels*,
Though intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
Life's rapid and irrevocable flight,
With ſuch an *Index* fair as none can miſs,
Who lifts an eye, nor ſleeps till it is cloſed.

Open *mine* eye, dread Deity! to read
The tacit doctrine of thy works; to see
Things as they *are*, un-alter'd through the glass
[illegible] worldly wishes. *Time, Eternity!*
(Tis these, mis-measur'd, ruin all mankind)
[illegible] them before me; let me lay them both
[illegible] equal scale, and learn their various weight.
[illegible] *Time* appear a *Moment*, as it *is*;
[illegible] let *Eternity's* full orb, at once,
[illegible] on my soul, and strike it into heaven.
[illegible] shall I see far more than charms me now?
[illegible] on creation's model in *Thy* breast
[illegible] veil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more?
[illegible] this vile, foreign, dust, which smothers all
[illegible] travel *Earth's* deep vale, shall I shake off?
[illegible] shall my soul her incarnation quit,
[illegible], re-adopted to thy blest embrace,
[illegible] her *Apotheosis* in Thee?
Dost think, Lorenzo, this is wandering wide?
[illegible], 'tis directly striking at the mark;
[illegible] wake thy *dead devotion* was my point;
[illegible] how I bless *night*'s consecrating shades,
[illegible] to a *temple* turn an *universe*;
[illegible] with great ideas, full of heaven,
[illegible] antidote the pestilential earth!
[illegible] every form, that either frowns, or falls,
[illegible] an asylum has the soul in prayer!
[illegible] what a fane is *this*, in which to pray!
[illegible] what a God must dwell in such a fane!
[illegible] a genius must inform the skies!
[illegible] is Lorenzo's salamander heart
[illegible] untouch'd, amid these sacred fires?
[illegible] nocturnal sparks! ye glowing embers,
[illegible] heaven's broad hearth! who burn, or burn no
[illegible]
[illegible], or die, as Great Jehovah's breath
[illegible] you, or forbears: assist my song;
[illegible] your whole influence: exorcise his heart,
[illegible] possest; and bring him back to *man*,
And is Lorenzo a demurrer *still*?
[illegible] in thy parts provokes thee to contest
[illegible], which, contested, put thy *parts* to
shame.
[illegible] shame they more Lorenzo's *head* than *heart*,
[illegible] *faithless* heart, how despicably small!
[illegible] streight, ought great, or generous, to receive!
[illegible] with an atom! fill'd, and foul'd, with *Self!*
[illegible] self-mistaken! self, that lasts an hour!
[illegible] and *passions*, of the nobler kind,
[illegible] suffocated there; or *they* alone,
[illegible] apart, would wake high hope; and open,
[illegible] ravish'd thought, that *intellectual* sphere,
[illegible], *order*, *wisdom*, *goodness*, *providence*,
[illegible] endless miracles of love display,
[illegible] promise all the truly-great desire.
[illegible] mind that would be *happy*, must be *great*;
[illegible], in its *wishes*; great, in its *surveys*.
[illegible] views a narrow mind extend;
[illegible] out its corrugate, expansive make,
[illegible], ere long, *more* than planets shall embrace.
[illegible] makes a man of *worth*;
[illegible] contemplate, and become *divine*.

As man was made for glory, and for bliss,
All littleness is an approach to woe;
Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
And let in *manhood*; let in *happiness*;
Admit the boundless theatre of thought
From nothing, up to God; which makes a *man*.
Take God from *nature*, nothing great is left;
Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees;---
Man's heart is a jakes, and loves the mire.
Emerge from thy profound: erect thine eye;
See thy distress! how close art thou besieg'd!
Besieg'd by *nature*, the proud sceptic's foe!
Inclos'd by these innumerable worlds,
Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,
As in a golden net of Providence.
How art thou caught, sure captive of belief!
From this thy blest captivity, what art,
What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free!
This scene is heaven's indulgent violence:
Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory?
What is earth bosom'd in these ambient orbs,
But, faith in God impos'd, and press'd on man?
Dar'st thou still litigate thy desperate *cause*,
Spite of these numerous, awful, *witnesses*,
And doubt the *deposition* of the skies?
O how laborious is thy way to ruin!
Laborious! 'tis *impracticable* quite;
To sink beyond a *doubt*, in this debate,
With all his weight of wisdom and of will,
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.
Some wish they *did*; but *no* man *disbelieves*.
God is a *Spirit*; *Spirit* cannot strike
These gross, material organs; God by man
As much is seen, as *man* a God can see,
In these astonishing exploits of power.
What order, beauty, motion, distance, size!
Concertion of design, how exquisite!
How complicate, in their divine police!
Apt means! great ends! consent to general good!
Each attribute of these *material* gods,
So long (and that with specious pleas) ador'd,
A separate conquest gains o'er rebel thought:
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.
Lorenzo! this may seem *harangue* to thee;
Such all is apt to seem, that thwarts our will.
And dost thou, then, demand a *simple* proof
Of this great master moral of the skies,
Unskill'd, or dis-inclin'd, to read it *there*?
Since 'tis the basis, and all drops without it,
Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.
Such proof insists on an attentive ear;
'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
And, for thy notice, struggle with the world.
Retire;---the *world* shut out;---thy thoughts call
home;---
Imagination's airy wing repress;---
Lock up thy *senses*;---let no *passion* stir;---
Wake all to *reason*;---let *her* reign alone;
Then, in thy *soul*, deep silence, and the depth
Of *nature*'s silence, midnight, thus inquire,
As *I* have done; and shall inquire no more.
In nature's channel, thus the questions run.
"What am I? and from *whence*?---I nothing
"know,
"But that I *am*; and, since I *am*, conclude

" Something *eternal*; had there e'er been *nought*,
" *Nought* ſtill had been: *eternal* there *muſt* be.---
" But *what* eternal?---Why not *human race*?
" And Adam's anceſtors without an end?---
" That's hard to be conceiv'd; ſince every link
" Of that long-chain'd ſucceſſion is ſo frail;
" Can every *part depend*, and not the *whole*?
" Yet grant it true; *new* difficulties riſe;
" I'm ſtill quite out at ſea; nor ſee the ſhore.
" Whence *earth*, and theſe bright *orbs*?---*Eternal* too?
" Grant *matter* was eternal; ſtill theſe *orbs*
" Would want ſome other father;---much deſign
" Is ſeen in all their *motions*, all their *makes*;
" *Deſign* implies *intelligence*, and *art*;
" *That* can't be from *themſelves*---or *man*; that art
" Man ſcarce can comprehend, could man be-ſtow?
" And nothing greater yet allow'd than *man*.---
" Who, *motion*, foreign to the ſmalleſt grain,
" Shot through vaſt maſſes of enormous weight?
" Who bid brute *matter's* reſtive lump aſſume
" Such various forms, and give it wings to fly?
" Has matter *innate* motion? then each atom,
" Aſſerting its indiſputable right
" To dance, would form an univerſe of duſt:
" Has matter *none*? Then whence theſe glorious forms
" And boundleſs flights, from *ſhapeleſs*, and *reſt'd*?
" Has matter *more* than motion? has it thought,
" Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd
" In *mathematics*? Has it firm'd *ſuch* laws,
" Which but to gueſs, a Newton made immortal?
" If ſo, how each *ſage* atom laughs at me,
" Who think a *clod* inferior to a *man*!
" If art, to form; and counſel, to conduct;
" And that with greater far, than human ſkill;
" Reſides not in each block;---a Godhead reigns.
" Grant, then, inviſible, eternal, Mind;
" *That* granted, all is ſolv'd---But, granting that,
" Draw I not o'er me a ſtill darker cloud?
" Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
" A being without origin, or end!---
" Hail, human liberty! There is no God---
" Yet, why? On either ſcheme that knot ſub-ſiſts;
" Subſiſt it *muſt*, in God, or *human race*:
" If in the laſt, how many knots beſide,
" Indiſſoluble all?---Why chooſe it *there*,
" Where, choſen, ſtill ſubſiſt ten thouſand more?
" Re'ect it, where, that choſen, all the reſt
" Diſpers'd leave *reaſon's* whole horizon clear;
" This is not reaſon's dictate; *reaſon* ſays,
" Cloſe with the ſide where *one* grain turns the ſcale;
" What vaſt preponderance is here! can reaſon
" With louder voice exclaim---*Believe* a God?
" And *reaſon* heard, is the ſole mark of man.

" What things impoſſible muſt man think true,
" On any other ſyſtem! and how ſtrange
" To *diſbelieve*, through mere credulity!"
If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw,
Let it for ever bind him to *belief*.
And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?
And, if a God there is, that God how great!
How great that power, whoſe providential care
Though theſe bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray!
Of *nature* univerſal threads the whole!
And hangs *creation*, like a precious gem,
Through little, on the footſtool of his throne!
That little gem, how large a weight let fall
From a fixt ſtar, in ages can it reach
This diſtant *earth*! Say, then, Lorenzo! where,
Where, ends this mighty building? Where, begin
The ſuburbs of Creation? Where, the wall
Whoſe battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-exiſtence? Nothing's ſtrange abode!
Say, at what point of ſpace Jehovah dropp'd
His ſlacken'd *line*, and laid his *balance* by;
Weigh'd *worlds*, and meaſur'd *infinite*, no more!
Where, rears his *terminating pillar* high
Its extra-mundane head? and ſays, to gods,
In characters illuſtrious as the ſun,
" I ſtand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
" The work accompliſh'd; the creation cloſ'd."
" Shout, all ye gods! nor ſhout ye gods alone;
" Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
" That reſts, or rolls, ye heights, and depths re-ſound!
" Reſound! reſound! ye depths, and heights, re-ſound!"
Hard are theſe queſtions;---Anſwer harder ſtill.
Is *this* the ſole exploit, the ſingle birth,
The ſolitary ſon of *power divine*?
Or has th' Almighty Father, with a breath,
Impregnated the womb of diſtant *ſpace*?
Has *He* not bid, In various provinces,
Brother-Creations the dark bowels burſt
Of *night* primæval; barren, now, no more?
And *He* the central ſun, tranſpiercing all
Theſe *giant-generations*, which diſport,
And dance, as *motes*, in his meridian ray;
That ray withdrawn, benighted, or abſorb'd,
In that *abyſs of horror*, whence they ſprung,
While *Chaos* triumphs, repoſſeſt of all
Rival *creation* raviſh'd from his throne?
Chaos! of *nature* both the womb, and grave!
Think'ſt thou my ſcheme, Lorenzo, ſpreads too wide?
Is this *extravagant*?---No; this is *juſt*;
Juſt, in *conjecture*, though 't were falſe in *fact*.
If 'tis an error, 'tis an error ſprung
From noble root, high thought of the Moſt-High.
But wherefore error? who can prove it ſuch?--
He that can ſet Omnipotence a bound.

an man *elective* beyond what God can *do*?
othing, but *quite impossible* is *heard*,
e summons into being, with like ease,
whole *creation*, and a single *grain*.
eaks he the word? a thousand worlds are born!
thousand worlds? there's space for millions more;
nd in what space can his great *fiat* fail?
ondemn me not, cold critic! but indulge
he warm *imagination*; why condemn?
hy not indulge such thoughts, as swell our hearts
ith fuller admiration of *that power*,
ho gives our hearts with such high thoughts to swell?
hy not indulge in *His* augmented praise?
es not *His* glory a still brighter ray,
e's left to *Chaos*, and the realms
hideous *night*, where *fancy* strays aghast;
d, though most *talkative*, makes no *report*?
till seems my thought enormous? Think again;
perience itself shall aid thy lame belief.
ss (that revelation to the sight!)
e they not led us in the deep disclose
ine-spun *nature*, exquisitely *small*,
l, though *demonstrated*, still *ill-conceiv'd*?
en, on the reverse, the mind would mount
agnitude, what mind would mount so far,
eep the balance, and creation *poise*?
d alone can err on such a theme;
e is too great, if we the *cause survey*?
ndous Architect! Thou, Thou art all!
oul flies up and down in thoughts of Thee,
finds herself but at the centre still!
, thy name! *existence*, all *thine own!*
ian's nothing; flatter'd much, if styl'd
e thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God."
for the voice---of what? of whom?---What voice
an'wer to my want, in *such* ascent,
arts to deem one universe too small?
me, Lorenzo! (for now *fancy* glows,
in the vortex of Almighty power)
this home creation, in the map
iversal *nature*, as a speck,
fair Britannia in our little ball;
dling fair, and glorious, for its size,
elsewhere, far out-measur'd, far outshone?
ney (for the *fact* beyond us lies)
thou not figure it, an *Isle*, almost
mall for notice, in the vast of being;
'd by mighty seas of *un-built* space
other *realms*; from ample *continents*
gher life, where nobler natives dwell;
rthers, less remote from Deity,
ing beneath the *line* of the Supreme;
e souls in excellence make haste, put forth,
iant growths; nor the late autumn wait
mas worth, but ripen soon to gods?
r why drown *fancy* in such depths as these?
n, presumptuous rover! and confess
bounds of man; nor blame them, as too small.

Enjoy we not full scope in what is *seen*?
Full ample the dominions of the sun!
Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,
The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,
Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
Farther and faster than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
This Heliopolis, by greater far,
Than the proud tyrant of the Nile, was built;
And *He* alone who built it can destroy.
Beyond this *city* why strays human thought?
One wonderful, enough for man to know!
One infinite! enough for man to range!
One firmament, enough for man to read!
O what voluminous instruction here!
What page of wisdom is deny'd him? None;
If learning his chief lesson makes him wise.
Nor is *instruction*, here, our only gain;
There dwells a noble *pathos* in the skies,
Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts,
How eloquently shines the glowing pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
Though silent loud! heard earth around; above
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has her wonder, though too proud to praise.
Is *earth*, then, more infernal? has she those
Who neither *praise* (Lorenzo) nor *admire*?
Lorenzo's admiration, pre-engaged,
Ne'er ask'd the *moon* one question; never held
Least correspondence with a single star:
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the *queen of heaven*
Walking in brightness; or her train ador'd.
Their *sublunary* rivals have long since
Engross'd his whole devotion; *stars* malign,
Which make the fond *astronomer* run mad;
Darken his *intellect*, corrupt his *heart*;
Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madness, call'd delight.
Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd
The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out
The blood to Jove!—O Thou, to whom belongs
All sacrifice! O Thou Great Jove unfeign'd;
Divine Instructor; Thy *first* volume, *this*,
For *man's* perusal; all in Capitals!
In *moon*, and *stars* (heaven's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to seize the sight; who *runs*, may *read*;
Who *reads*, can *understand*. 'Tis unconfin'd
To *Christian* land, or *Jewry*; fairly writ,
In language universal, to Mankind:
A language, lofty to the learn'd: yet plain
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or, from his husk, strike out the bounding grain.
A language, worthy the Great Mind, that speaks!
Preface, and *comment*, to the *sacred page!*
Which oft refers its reader to the skies,
As pre-supposing his first lesson *there*,
And scripture self a *fragment*, *that* unread.

Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise;
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by Thee.
By Thee *much* open'd, I confess, O *Night!*
Yet *more* I wish; but *how* shall I prevail?
Say, gentle *Night!* whose modest, maiden beams
Give us a *new* creation, and present
The world's great picture soften'd to the sight;
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still,
Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
Unlocks our hemisphere, and lets to view
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud, and envious star of noon!
Can'st thou not draw a deeper scene?—And shew
The Mighty Potentate, to whom belong
These rich *regalia* pompously display'd
To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,
I gaze around; I search on every side----
O for a glimpse of Him my soul adores!
As the chac'd hart, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys. Say, goddess! where?
Where blaze *His* bright court? Where burns *His* throne?
Thou know'st; for thou art near Him; by Thee, round
His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports
The sable curtain drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,
Who travel far, discover where *He* dwells?
A *star* His dwelling pointed out *below*.
Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!
And thou, Orion! of still keener eye!
Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
And bring them out of tempest into port!
On which hand must I bend my course to find *Him?*
These courtiers keep the secret of their King;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.
I wake; and, waking, climb *night's* radiant scale,
From sphere to sphere; the steps by nature set
For man's ascent; at once to *tempt* and *aid*;
To *tempt* his eye, and *aid* his towering thought;
Till it arrives at the *Great* God of all.
In ardent *contemplation's* rapid car,
From *earth*, as from my barrier, I set out.
How swift I mount! diminish'd *earth* recedes;
I pass the *moon*; and, from her farther side,
Pierce heaven's blue curtain; strike into *remote*;
Where, with his lifted tube, the subtle sage
His artificial, airy journey takes,
And to *celestial* lengthens *human* sight.
I pause at every *planet* on my road,
And ask for Him who gives their orbs to roll,
Their foreheads fair to shine. From Saturn's ring,
In which, of *earths* an army might be lost,
Sink the bold *comet*, take my bolder flight,
And thole *sovereign* glories of the skies,
Independent, native lustre, proud;
Suns of systems! and the lords of life,
Through their wide empires!---What behold? *new?*
A wilderness of wonder burning round;
Where *larger* suns inhabit *higher* spheres;
Perhaps the *villas* of descending gods;
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity;
Or, far beneath it, I am grovelling still.
Nor is it strange; I built on a mistake;
The grandeur on his works, whence *folly* sought
For aid, to *reason* sets his glory higher;
Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to *Him*)
O where, Lorenzo! must the Builder dwell?
Pause, then; and, for a moment, here respire----
If human thought can keep its station here.
Where am I?---Where is *earth?*----Nay, where art Thou,
O *sun?* Is the sun turn'd recluse?---And are
His boasted expeditions short to *mine?*---
To *mine* how short! On nature's Alps I stand,
And see a thousand firmaments beneath!
A thousand systems! as a thousand grains!
So *much* a stranger, and so *late* arriv'd,
How can man's curious spirit not enquire,
What are the natives of this world sublime,
Of this so foreign, un-terrestrial sphere,
Where mortal, *untranslated*, never stray'd?
" O ye, as distant from my little home,
" As swiftest sun-beams in an age can fly!
" Far from my native element I roam,
" In quest of new, and wonderful, to man.
" What province This, of *His* immense domain,
" Whom all obeys? or mortals here, or gods?
" Ye borderers on the coasts of bliss! what are you?
" A colony from heaven? Or, only rais'd,
" By frequent visit from heaven's neighbouring realms,
" To secondary gods, and half divine?----
" Whate'er your nature, *this* is past dispute,
" Far other life you live, far other tongue
" You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
" Than man. How various are the works of God!
" But say, *what* though? is *reason* here dethron'd,
" And absolute? or *sense* in arms against her?
" Have you *two* lights? or need you no revealed?
" Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
" And had your Eden an abstemious Eve?
" *Our* Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
" And ask their Adams----" *Who could match wife?*"
" Or, if your mother *fell*, are you *redeem'd?*
" And if redeem'd---is your Redeemer *scorn'd?*
" Is this your final residence? if not,
" Change you your scene, *translated?* or by *death?*
" And if by *death*; *what death?*----Know you *disuse?*

" Or horrid *war*?---With war, this fatal hour,
" Earous, groans (ſo call we a ſmall field,
" Where kings run mad.) In *Our* world, death
" deputes
" *Intemperance* to do the work of *Age*; 1785
" And hanging up the quiver *Nature* gave him,
" As ſlow of execution, for diſpatch
" Sends forth *Imperial* butchers; bids them ſlay
" Their ſheep (the ſilly ſheep they fleec'd be-
" fore),
" And toſs him twice ten thouſand at a meal. 1790
" Sit all *your* executioners on thrones?
" With *you*, can rage for plunder make a *god*?
" And *bloodſhed* waſh out every other ſtain?---
" But You, perhaps, can't bleed: from matter
" groſs
" Your *Spirits* clean, are delicately clad 1795
" In fine-ſpun Æther, privileg'd to ſoar,
" Unloaded, uninfected; how unlike
" The lot of man! How few of human race
" By their own *mad* unmurdur'd! How we wage
" Self-war eternal! Is your painful day 1800
" Of hardy conflict o'er? Or, are you ſtill
" Raw candidates at ſchool? And have you thoſe
" Who diſaffect *Reverſions*, as with *Us*?
" But what are *We*? You never heard of *Man*;
" Or *Earth*, the *Bedlam* of the univerſe! 1805
" Where *Reaſon* (un-diſeas'd with You) runs
" mad,
" And nurſes *Folly's* children as *her own*;
" Fond of the fouleſt. In the ſacred mount
" Of *Holineſs*, where reaſon is pronounc'd
" *Infallible*; and *thunders*, like a god; 1810
" Ev'n *there*, by *Saints*, the Dæmons are outdone;
" What *Theſe* think wrong, our *Saints* refine to
" right;
" And kindly teach *dull* hell her own black arts;
" Satan, inſtructed, o'er their *morals* ſmiles.---
" But *This*, how ſtrange to You, who know not
" *Man*!
" Has the leaſt rumour of our race arriv'd?
" Call'd *here* Eliſah in his flaming car?
" Paſt by you the good Enoch, on his road
" To thoſe fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd;
" Who bruſh'd, perhaps, your ſphere in his deſ-
" cent, 1820
" Stain'd your pure cryſtal Æther, or let fall
" A ſhort eclipſe from his portentous ſhade?
" O! that the fiend had lodg'd on ſome broad
" orb
" Athwart his way; nor reach'd his preſent home,
" Then blacken'd *Earth* with footſteps foul'd in
" hell,
" Nor waſh'd in *Ocean*, as from Rome he paſt
" To Britain's iſle; *too*, *too*, conſpicuous *There*?"
" But this is all digreſſion: where is He,
" That o'er heaven's battlements the felon hurl'd
" To groans, and chains, and darkneſs? Where is
" He, 1830
" Who ſees creation's ſummit in a vale?
" Ye, Whom, while man is *Man*, he can't but
" ſeek;
" And if he finds, commences *more* than man?
" Soar a teleſcope his throne to reach!
" Tell me, ye learn'd on *Earth*! or bleſt *Above*! 1835
Ye ſearching, ye Newtonian angels! tell,
Where, your Great Maſter's orb? His planets,
where?
Thoſe *conſcious* Satellites, thoſe *Morning Stars*,
Firſt-born of Deity! from central love,
By veneration moſt profound, thrown off; 1840
By ſweet attraction, no leſs ſtrongly drawn;
Aw'd, and yet *raptur'd*; *raptur'd*, yet *ſerene*;
Paſt thought illuſtrious, but with borrow'd beams;
In ſtill approaching circles, ſtill *remote*,
Revolving round the ſun's eternal Sire? 1845
Or ſent, in lines direct, on embaſſies
To nations---in what latitude?---Beyond
Terreſtrial thought's horizon!---And on what
High errands ſent?---Here *human* effort ends;
And leaves me ſtill a ſtranger to *His* throne. 1850
Full well it might! I quite miſtook my road.
Born in an age more Curious than Devout;
More fond to fix the *place* of heaven, or hell,
Than ſtudious *this* to ſhun, or *that* ſecure.
'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* path, 1855
That leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know,
Without or *Star*, or *Angel*, for their guide,
Who worſhip God, ſhall *find* him. Humble *Love*,
And not proud *Reaſon*, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admiſſion, where proud *Science* fails. 1860
Man's ſcience is the culture of of his heart;
And not to loſe his plumbet in the depths
Of *Nature*, or the more profound of God.
Either to know, is an attempt that ſets
The wiſeſt on a level with the fool. 1865
To fathom *Nature* (ill-attempted *Here!*)
Paſt doubt is deep philoſophy *Above*;
Higher degrees in bliſs archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the deepeſt, learning ſtill.
For, what a *thunder* of Omnipotence 1870
(So might I dare to ſpeak) is *ſeen* in All!
In *Man!* in *Earth!* in more amazing *Skies!*
Teaching this leſſon, *Pride* is loth to learn---
" Not *deeply* to *diſcern*, not *much* to *know*,
" Mankind was born to Wonder, and Adore." 1875
And is there cauſe for higher *wonder* ſtill,
Than that which ſtruck us from our paſt ſurveys?
Yes; and for deeper *Adoration* too.
From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing?---Yes, Lorenzo!
This; 1880
Each of theſe ſtars is a religious houſe;
I ſaw their altars ſmoke, their incenſe riſe;
And heard *Hoſannas* ring through every ſphere,
A ſeminary fraught with future gods.
Nature all o'er is *conſecrated* ground, 1885
Teeming with growths immortal and divine.
The Great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waſte; but ſows theſe fiery fields
With ſeeds of *reaſon*, which to *virtues* riſe
Beneath *His* genial ray; and, if crop'd 1890
The peſtilential blaſts of ſtubborn *evil*,
When grown mature, are gather'd for the ſkies
And is *Devotion* thought too much on *earth*,
When beings, ſo ſuperior, homage *baſe*,
And *triumph* in proſtration to The Throne?
But wherefore more of planets, or of ſtars
Æthereal journeys, and, diſcover'd there,

Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand ways devout,
All *Nature* sending incense to The Throne,
Except the bold Lorenzo of Our sphere?
Opening the solemn sources of my soul,
Since I have pour'd, like sign'd Evidence,
My flowing numbers o'er the flaming skies,
Nor see, of *fancy*, of of *fact*, what more
Invites the Muse---Here turn we, and review
Our past nocturnal landscape wide:---Then say,
Say, then, Lorenzo! with what burst of heart,
The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
Must man exclaim, adoring, and aghast?
" O what a root! O what a branch, is here!
" O what a Father! What a Family!
" Worlds! systems! and creations!-----And creations,
" In one agglomerated cluster, hung,
" *Great Vine! On Thee, on Thee the cluster hangs;
" The filial cluster! infinitely spread
" In glowing globes, with various being fraught;
" And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal life.
" Or, shall I say (nor can I say enough!)
" A constellation of ten thousand gems,
" (And, O! of what dimension! of what weight!)
" Set in one *Signet*, flames on the right hand
" Of Majesty Divine! The *blazing Seal*,
" That deeply stamps, on all created *mind*,
" Indelible, *His* sovereign attributes,
" Omnipotence, and Love! *That*, passing bound:
" And *This*, surpassing That. Nor stop we *Here*,
" For want of *Power* in God, but *Thought* in Man.
" Ev'n *This* acknowledg'd, leave us still in debt:
" If *Greater* aught, That Greater all is Thine,
" Dread Sire!-----Accept this *Miniature* of Thee;
" And pardon an *Attempt* from mortal thought,
" In which archangels might have fail'd unblam'd."
How such ideas of th' Almighty's *Power*,
And such ideas of th' Almighty's *Plan*,
(Ideas not absurd), distend the thought
Of feeble mortals! Nor of *them* alone!
The fulness of the Deity bespeaks forth
Inconceivable to men, and gods.
Think, then, O think; nor ever drop the thought;
How *low* must *Man* descend, when *God* is adore!
Have I not, then, accomplish'd my proud boast?
Did I not tell thee, " † We would mount, Lorenzo!
" And kindle our devotion at the *Stars*?
And have I *fail'd*? And did I *flatter* thee?
And art all adamant? And dost confute
All urg'd, with one irrefragable *Smile*?
Lorenzo! *Mirth* how miserable *here!*
Swear by the *Stars*, by Him who made them, swear,
Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as *They*.
Then *Thou*, like *Them*, shalt shine; like *Them*, shalt *rise*
From low to lofty; from obscure to bright;
By due gradation, *Nature's* sacred law.
The *Stars*, from whence?---Ask *Chaos*---He can tell.
These bright temptations to idolatry,
From *Darkness*, and *Confusion*, took their birth;
Sons of *Deformity!* from fluid dregs
Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude;
And then, to spheres opaque; Then dimly shone;
Then brighten'd; Then blaz'd out in *perfect day*.
Nature delights in progress; in advance
From worse to better; but, when *Minds* ascend,
Progress, in part, depends upon *themselves*.
Heaven aids exertion; Greater makes the Great;
The *voluntary* little lessens more,
Obe a *Man!* and thou shalt be a *God!*
And *Half Self-made!*---Ambition how divine!
O Thou, ambitious of disgrace alone!
Still undevout? Unkindled?----Though high-taught,
School'd by the skies, and pupil of the stars;
Rank coward to the fashionable world!
Art thou *asham'd* to bend thy knee to heaven?
Curst fume of pride, exhal'd from deepest hell!
Pride in *Religion* is man's highest praise.
Bent on destruction! and in love with death!
Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half so sad, at one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happiness, and meets *despair*.
How, like a widow in her weeds, the *Night*,
Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene!
A scene more sad *Sin* make the darken'd soul,
All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.
Though blind of heart, still open is thine eye:
Why such magnificence in all thou seest?
Of *Matter's* grandeur, know, one end is This,
To tell the *Rational*, who gazes on it----
" Though *That* immensely Great, still Greater *He*,
" Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and more,
" Unburden'd, nature's universal scheme;
" Can grasp *Creation* with a *single* thought;
" *Creation* grasp; and not exclude its Sire's----
To tell him farther---" It behoves him much
" To *guard* th' important, yet depending, fate
" Of being, brighter than a thousand suns:
" One single ray of *Thought* outshines them all.----
And if man hears obedient, soon he'll soar
Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
His purple wing bedropt with eyes of gold,
Rising, where *Thought* is now deny'd to rise,
Look down triumphant on these dazzling spheres.
Why then persist?---No mortal ever liv'd
But, dying, he pronounc'd (when words are true)
The whole that charms thee, absolutely vain;

* *Isaiah* xv. 1. † *Page* 361.

Vain, and far worſe!---Think Thou, with dying men;
O *condeſcend* to think as angels think!
O *tolerate* a chance for happineſs!
Our nature ſuch, ill choice enſures ill fate;
And hell had been, though there had been no God.
Doſt thou not know, my new aſtronomer!
Earth, turning from the *Sun*, brings night to man?
Man, turning from his *God*, brings *endleſs* night;
Where thou canſt read no *morals*, find no *friend*,
Amend no *manners*, and expect no *peace*.
How *deep* the darkneſs! and the groan, how *loud!*
And far, how far, from *lambent* are the flames!---
Such is Lorenzo's purchaſe! Such his praiſe!
The proud, the politic, Lorenzo's praiſe!
Though in his ear, and level'd at his heart,
I've half read o'er the volume of the ſkies.
For think not thou haſt heard all this from *me*;
My ſong but echoes what Great *Nature* ſpeaks.
What has ſhe ſpoken? Thus the goddeſs ſpoke,
Thus ſpeaks for ever:---"Place, at nature's head,
A ſovereign, which o'er all things rolls his eye,
Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,
But, above all, diffuſes endleſs good;
To *whom*, for ſure redreſs, the wrong'd may fly;
The vile, for mercy; and the pain'd, for peace;
By *whom*, the various tenants of theſe ſpheres,
Diverſify'd in fortunes, place, and powers,
Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they riſe,
Arrive at length (if worthy ſuch approach)
At that bleſt fountain-head, from which they ſtream;
Where conflict paſt redoubles preſent joy;
And preſent joy looks forward on increaſe;
And That, on more; no period! every ſtep
A double boon! a *Promiſe*, and a *Bliſs*."
How eaſy ſits *this* ſcheme on human hearts!
It ſuits their make; it ſooths their vaſt deſires;
Reaſon is pleas'd; and *Reaſon* aſks no more;
'Tis rational! 'tis great!---But what is *Thine?*
It darkens! ſhocks! excruciates! and confounds!
Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,
Sinking from bad to worſe; few years, the ſport
Of *Fortune*; then the morſel of *Deſpair*.
Say, then, Lorenzo! (for thou know'ſt it well)
What's *Vice?*---Mere want of compaſs in our thought.
Religion, what?---The proof of *Common-ſenſe*.
How art thou whooted, where the *Leaſt* prevails?
Is it my fault, if *theſe Truths* call thee *Fool?*
And thou ſhalt never be *miſcall'd* by me.
Can neither *Shame*, nor *Terror*, ſtand thy Friend?
And art thou *ſtill* an inſect in the mire?
How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown;
Snatch'd thee from earth; eſcorted thee through all
Th' ethereal armies; walk'd thee like a God,
Through ſplendours of firſt magnitude, arrang'd
On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;
Cloſe-cruis'd on the bright paradiſe of God;
And almoſt introduc'd thee to The Throne!
And art thou ſtill carouſing, for delight,
Rank poiſon; firſt, fermenting to mere *froth*,
And then ſubſiding into final *gall?*
To beings of ſublime, *immortal* make,
How ſhocking is all joy, whoſe end is ſure!
Such joy, *more* ſhocking ſtill, the more it *charmed!*
And doſt thou chuſe what ends ere well-begun;
And infamous, as ſhort? And doſt thou chuſe
(*Thou*, to whoſe palate *Glory* is ſo ſweet)
To wade into *perdition*, through *contempt*,
Not of poor bigots only, but thy *own?*
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
And ſeen it bluſh beneath a boaſtful brow;
For, by ſtrong guilt's moſt violent aſſault,
Conſcience is but *diſabled*, not *deſtroy'd*.
O thou moſt Aweful Being; and moſt Vain!
Thy will, how *frail!* how *glorious* is thy power!
Though dread Eternity has ſown her ſeeds
Of bliſs, and woe, in thy deſpotic breaſt;
Though heaven, and hell, depend upon thy choice;
A butterfly comes croſs, and both are fled.
Is This the picture of a rational?
This horrid image, ſhall it be moſt juſt?
Lorenzo! No: it cannot,---*ſhall* not, be,
If there is force in *Reaſon*; or, in *Sounds*
Chanted beneath the glimpſes of the moon,
A magic, at this planetary hour,
When *ſlumber* locks the general lip, and dreams
Thro' ſenſeleſs mazes hunt ſouls *un-inſpir'd*.
Attend---The ſacred myſteries begin----
My ſolemn *Night-born* adiuration hear;
Hear, and I'll raiſe thy ſpirit from the duſt;
While the *ſtars* gaze on this inchantment *new*,
Inchantment, not Infernal, but Divine!
"By *Silence*, Death's peculiar attribute;
"By *Darkneſs*, Guilt's inevitable doom;
"By *Darkneſs*, and by *Silence*, ſiſters dread!
"That draw the curtain round Night's ebon throne,
"And raiſe ideas, ſolemn as the ſcene!
"By Night, and all of aweful, night preſents
"To *Thought* or *Senſe* (of aweful much, to both,
"The goddeſs brings)! By theſe her trembling *Fires*,
"Like Veſta's, ever-burning; and, like *hers*
"Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure!
"By theſe bright orators, that *prove*, and *praiſe*,
"And preſs thee to revere, the Deity;
"Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd awhile
"To reach *his throne*; as *ſtages* of the ſoul,
"Through which, at different periods, ſhe ſhall paſs,
"Refining gradual, for her final height,
"And purging off ſome droſs at every ſphere!
"By this dark pall thrown o'er the ſilent world!
"By the world's kings, and kingdoms, moſt renown'd,

" From ſhort ambition's *zenith* ſet for ever ;
" Sad preſage to vain boaſters, now in bloom !
" By the long liſt of ſwift mortality,
" From Adam downward to this evening knell,
" Which midnight waves in *fancy's* ſtartled eye ;
" And ſhocks her with an hundred centuries,
" Round *death's* black banner throng'd, in human thought !
" By thouſands, *now*, reſigning their laſt breath,
" And calling thee---wert thou ſo wiſe to hear !
" By tombs o'er tombs ariſing ; human earth
" Ejected, to make room for---human earth ;
" The monarch's *terror !* and the ſexton's *trade !*
" By pompous obſequies that ſhun the day,
" The *torch* funereal, and the nodding *plume*,
" Which makes poor man's humiliation proud ;
" Boaſt of our *ruin !* triumph of our *duſt !*
" By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones ;
" And the pale lamp that ſhews the ghaſtly dead,
" *More* ghaſtly, through the thick incumbent gloom !
" By viſits (if there are) from darker ſcenes,
" The gliding ſpectre ! and the groaning grave !
" By groans, and graves, and miſeries that groan
" For the grave's ſhelter ! By deſponding men,
" Senſeleſs to pains of death, from pangs of guilt !
" By guilt's laſt audit ! By yon *moon* in blood,
" The rocking firmament, the falling ſtars,
" And thunder's laſt diſcharge, great nature's knell !
" By Second *chaos* and Eternal *night!*"---
Be wiſe---Nor let Philander blame my *charm* ;
But own not ill diſcharg'd my double debt,
Love to the living ; *duty* to the dead.
For know I'm but executor ; *he* left
This moral legacy ; *I* make it o'er
By *his* command ; Philander hear in me :
And heaven in both.---If deaf to theſe, O ! hear
Florello's tender voice : *his* weal depends
On *thy* reſolve ; it trembles at thy choice ;
For *his* ſake---love *thyſelf* : examp'e ſtrikes
All human hearts : a *bad* example more :
More ſtill a father's ; that enſures his ruin.
As parent of his being, wouldſt thou prove
The unnatural parent of his miſeries,
And make him curſe the being which thou gaveſt ?
Is *this* the bleſſing of ſo fond a father ?
If careleſs of Lorenzo ! ſpare, Oh ! ſpare
Florello's father, and Philander's friend !
Florello's father ruin'd, ruins him ;
And from Philander's friend the world expects
A conduct, no diſhonour to the dead.
Let *paſſion* do, what *nobler motive* ſhould ;
Let *love*, and *emulation*, riſe in aid
To *reaſon* ; and perſuade thee to be---bleſt.
This ſeems not a requeſt to be deny'd ;
Yet (ſuch the infatuation of mankind !)
'Tis the moſt *hopeleſs*, man can make to man.
Shall I then riſe, in argument, and warmth ?
And urge Philander's poſthumous advice,
From topics yet unbroach'd ?-----
But Oh ! I faint ! My ſpirits fail !---Nor ſtrange !
So long on wing, and in no middle clime !
To which my great Creator's glory call'd :
And *calls*---but, now, in vain. *Sleep's* dewy wand
Has ſtrok'd my drooping lids, and *preſſes*
My long arrear of reſt, the *downy god*
(Wont to return with our returning *peace*)
Will *pay*, ere long, and bleſs me with repoſe.
Haſte, haſte, ſweet ſtranger ! from the peaſant's cot,
The ſhip-boy's hammock, or the ſoldier's ſtraw,
Whence *ſorrow* never chac'd thee ; with thee bring,
Not hideous viſions, as of late ; but draughts
Delicious of well-taſted, cordial, reſt ;
Man's rich reſtorative ; his balmy bath,
That ſupples, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which aſks ſuch frequent periods of repair.
When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the ſucceeding dawn ;
Freſh we ſpin on, till *ſickneſs* clogs our wheels,
Or *death* quite breaks the ſpring, and motion ends.
When will it end with me ?
------" THOU only know'ſt,
" Thou, whoſe broad eye the *future*, and the *paſt*,
" Joins to the *preſent* ; making one of *three*
" To moral thought ! Thou know'ſt, and Thou alone,
" All-knowing !---all-unknown !---and yet well-known !
" Near, though remote ! and, though unfathom'd, felt !
" And, though inviſible, for ever ſeen !
" And ſeen in all ! the *great* and the *minute* :
" Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
" Each flower, each leaf, with its ſmall people ſwarm'd,
" (Thoſe puny vouchers of Omnipotence !)
" To the firſt thought, that aſks, " *From whence ?*" declare
" Their common ſource. Thou Fountain, running o'er
" In rivers of communicated joy !
" Who gav'ſt us ſpeech for far, far humbler themes !
" Say, by what name ſhall I preſume to call
" Him I ſee burning in theſe countleſs ſuns,
" As Moſes, in the *buſh ?* Illuſtrious Mind !
" The whole creation, leſs, far leſs, to Thee,
" Than *that* to the creation's ample round.
" How ſhall I name Thee ?---How my labouring ſoul
" Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth !
" Great ſyſtem of perfections ! mighty cauſe
" Of cauſes mighty ! cauſe uncaus'd ! ſole root
" Of *nature*, that luxuriant growth of God !
" Firſt Father of *effects !* that progeny
" Of endleſs ſeries ! where the golden chain's
" Laſt link admits a period, who can tell ?
" Father of all that is or heard, or hears !

" Father of all that is or ſeen, or ſees!
" Father of all that *is*, or *ſhall* ariſe!
" Father of this immeaſurable maſs
" Of *matter* multiform; or denſe, or rare;
" Opaque, or lucid, rapid, or at reſt;
" Minute, or paſſing bound! in each extreme
" Of like amaze, and myſtery, to man.
" Father of theſe bright millions of the *night!*
" Of which the leaſt full Godhead had pro-
" claim'd,
" And thrown the gazer on his knee.—Or, ſay,
" Is appellation higher ſtill, Thy choice?
" Father of *matter's* temporary lord!
" Father of *ſpirits!* nobler offſpring! ſparks
" Of high paternal glory; rich endow'd
" With various meaſures, and with various modes
" Of *inſtinct*, *reaſon*, *intuition*; beams
" More pale, or bright from *day divine*, to break
" The darker matter *organiz'd* (the ware
" Of all *created* ſpirit); beams, that riſe
" Each over other in ſuperior light,
" Till the laſt ripens into luſtre ſtrong,
" Of next approach to Godhead. Father fond
" (Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)
" Of *intellectual* beings! beings bleſt
" With powers to pleaſe Thee; not of paſſive ply
" To law they know not; beings lodg'd in ſeats
" Of well-adapted joys, in different domes
" Of this imperial palace for thy ſons;
" Of this proud, populous, well-polic'd,
" Though boundleſs habitation, plann'd by Thee:
" Whoſe ſeveral clans their ſeveral climates ſuit;
" And tranſpoſition, doubtleſs, would deſtroy.
" Or, Oh! indulge, immortal King, indulge
" A title leſs auguſt indeed, but more
" Endearing; ah! how ſweet in human ears,
" Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts!
" *Father of immortality to man!*
" A theme that * lately ſet my ſoul on fire—
" And Thou the Next! yet equal! Thou, by
" whom
" *That* bleſſing was convey'd; far more! was
" *bought*;
" Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
" Were made; and one, redeem'd! illuſtrious
" Light
" From Light illuſtrious! Thou, whoſe *regal*
" power,
" Finite in *time*, but infinite in *ſpace*,
" On more than adamantine baſis fix'd,
" O'er more, far more, than diadems and thrones,
" Inviolably reigns; the *Dread* of gods!
" And Oh! the *Friend* of man! beneath whoſe
" foot,
" And by the mandate of whoſe awful nod,
" All regions, revolution, fortunes, fates,
" Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
" Through the ſhort channels of expiring *time*,
" Or ſhoreleſs ocean of eternity,
" Calm, or tempeſtuous (as *thy* Spirit breathes);
" In abſolute ſubjection!—And, O Thou
" The glorious Third! diſtinct, not ſeparate!
" Beaming from *Both!* with both incorporate;
" And (ſtrange to tell!) incorporate with duſt!
" By condeſcenſion, as Thy glory great,
" Enſhrin'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,
" Divine inhabitant! the tie divine
" Of heaven with diſtant earth! by whom I truſt,
" (If not inſpir'd) uncenſur'd this addreſs
" To Thee, to Them—To whom!—Myſterious
" Power!
" Reveal'd—yet unreveal'd! darkneſs in light;
" Number in unity! our Joy! our Dread!
" The *Triple* Bolt that lays all wrong in ruin!
" That animates all right, the *Triple* Sun!
" Sun of the ſoul! her never-ſetting Sun!
" Triune, Unutterable, Unconceiv'd,
" Abſconding, yet Demonſtrable, Great God!
" Greater than Greateſt! Better than the Beſt!
" Kinder than kindeſt! with ſoft *pity's* eye,
" Or (ſtronger ſtill to ſpeak it) with *Thine Own*,
" From Thy bright home, from that high Fir-
" mament,
" Where Thou, from all eternity, haſt dwelt;
" Beyond archangels' unaſſiſted ken;
" From far above what mortals higheſt call;
" From elevation's pinnacle; look down,
" Through—What? confounding interval! thro'
" all
" And more than labouring *fancy* can conceive;
" Through radiant ranks of eſſences unknown;
" Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
" Round various banners of Omnipotence,
" With endleſs change of rapturous duties fir'd;
" Through wondrous beings' interpoſing ſwarms;
" All cluſtering at the call, To dwell in Thee;
" Through this wide waſte of worlds! this *viſta*
" vaſt,
" All ſanded o'er with ſuns; ſuns turn'd to *night*
" Before *thy* feebleſt beam—look down—down
" —down,
" On a poor *breathing particle* in duſt,
" Or, lower, an *immortal* in his crimes.
" His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!
" Thoſe ſmaller faults, half-converts to the right.
" Nor let me cloſe theſe eyes, which never more
" May ſee the ſun (though night's deſcending ſcale
" Now weighs up morn), unpity'd, and unbleſt!
" In *Thy* diſpleaſure dwells *eternal* pain;
" Pain, our averſion; pain, which ſtrikes me *now*;
" And, ſince all pain is terrible to man,
" Though tranſient, terrible; at *Thy* good hour,
" Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,
" My *clay-cold bed!* by nature, now, ſo near;
" By nature, near; ſtill nearer by diſeaſe—
" Till then, be *this*, an emblem of my grave:
" Let it out-preach the preacher; every night
" Let it out-cry the boy at Phillip's ear;
" That tongue of death—that herald of the tomb!
" And when (the ſhelter of thy wing implor'd)
" My *ſorrows*, ſooth'd, ſhall ſink in ſoft repoſe,
" O ſink *this* truth ſtill deeper in my ſoul,
" Suggeſted by my pillow, ſign'd by *fate*,

* *Night the Sixth and Seventh.*

" First; in *fate's* volume, at the page of *man*---
" *Man's* fickly *soul*, *though turn'd and tost'd for*
" *ever*,
" *From side to side*, *can rest on nought but* Thee:
" *Here*, *in full trust*; *hereafter*, *in full joy*;
" On Thee, the promis'd, sure, eternal down
" Of spirits, toil'd in travel through this vale.
" Nor of *that* pillow shall *my* soul despond;
" For---Love almighty! Love almighty! (sing,
" Exult creation!) Love almighty, reigns!
" That death of *death!* that cordial of *despair!*
And loud eternity's triumphant song!
" Of whom, no more:---For, O thou Patron-
" God!
" Thou *God* and *Mortal!* thence *more* God to
" man!
" Man's theme eternal! man's eternal theme!
" Thou canst not 'scape *uninjur'd* from our
" *praise*.
" Uninjur'd from our praise can He escape,
" Who, dismembosom'd from the Father, bows
" The heaven of heavens, to kiss the distant
" earth!
" Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul!
" Against the *Cross*; *Death's* iron sceptre breaks!
" From famish'd *ruin* plucks her human prey!
" Throws wide the gates celestial to his *foes!*
" Their *gratitude*, for such a boundless debt,
" Deputes their *suffering brothers* to receive!
" And, if deep human guilt in payment fails;
" As deeper guilt prohibits our *despair!*
" Injoins it, as our duty, to *rejoice!*
" And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
" * *Takes his delights among the sons of men.*"
What words are these---And did they come from heaven?
And were they spoke to man? to guilty man?
What are all mysteries to love like this?
The songs of angels, all the melodies
Of choral gods, are wafted in the sound;
Heal and exhilerate the broken heart;
Though plung'd, before, in horrors dark as *night*:
Rich prelibration of *consummate* joy!
Nor wait we dissolution to be blest.
This final effort of the moral Muse,
How justly * *titled*? nor for me alone:
For all that read: what spirit of support,
What heights of Consolation, crown my song!
Then, farewel Night! of darkness, now, no more:
Joy breaks; shines; triumphs; 'tis eternal day.
Shall that which rises out of *nought* complain
Of a few evils, paid with endless joys?
My soul! henceforth, in sweetest union join
The two supports of human happiness,
Which some, erroneous, think can never meet;
True *taste of life*, and constant *thought of death!*
The *thought* of death, sole victor of its *dread!*
Hope, be thy *joy*; and *probity* thy *skill*;
Thy *patron* He, whose diadem has dropp'd
Yon gems of heaven; *Eternity*, thy *prize*:
And leave the racers' of the *world* their own,
Their feather, and their froth, for endless toils:
They part with all for that *which is not bread*;
They mortify, they slave, on wealth, fame, power
And laugh to scorn the *fools* that aim at more.
How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth;
Suppose Philander's, Lucia's, or Narcissa's,
The *truth of things* new-blazing in its eye,
Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,
Whose lives, whole drift is to forget their graves!
And when our *present privilege* is past,
To scourge us with due sense of its *abuse*,
The *same* astonishment will seize us all.
What *then* must pain us, would preserve us *now*.
Lorenzo! 'tis not yet too late; Lorenzo!
Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise;
That is, seize *wisdom*, ere she seizes *thee*.
For what, my small philosopher! is *hell*?
'Tis nothing but full knowledge of *the truth*,
When *truth*, resisted long, is sworn our foe:
And calls Eternity to do her right.
Thus, *darkness* aiding intellectual light,
And sacred *silence* whispering truths divine,
And *truths divine* converting pain to peace,
My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
And shut, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
Her gloomy flight. But avails the flight
Of *fancy*, when our *hearts* remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatterers and foes,
'Tis pride to praise her; penance to perform.
To more than words, to more than words of tongue,
Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour;
An hour, when heaven's most intimate with man:
When, like a falling star, the ray divine
Glides swift into the bosom of the *just*;
And just are all, *determin'd* to reclaim.
Which sets that title high within thy reach.
Awake, then: thy Philander calls: awake!
Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps:
When, like a taper, all these suns expire;
When Time, like him of Gaza in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
In Nature's ample ruins lies intomb'd;
And Midnight, *Universal* Midnight! reigns.

END OF THE NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

* *The Consolation.*

RESIGNATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

" *My soul shall be satisfied even as it were with mar-*
" *row and fatness? when my mouth praiseth thee*
" *with joyful lips.*" PSALM lxiii. 6.

PART I.

THE days how few, how short the years
Of man's too rapid race,
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place!

They who the longeſt leaſe enjoy,
Have told us with a ſigh,
That to be born ſeems little more,
Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth
With fears alarm'd; and yet,
In life's deluſions lull'd aſleep,
This weighty truth forget:

And am not I to theſe akin?
Age ſlumbers o'er the quill;
In honour blots, whate'er it writes;
And am I writing ſtill?

Conſcious of nature in decline,
And languor in my thoughts;
To ſoften cenſure, and abate
Its rigour on my faults;

Permit me, Madam: ere to You
The promis'd verſe I pay,
To touch on felt infirmity,
Sad liſter of decay.

One world deceas'd, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whoſe white hairs, and furrow'd brows,
Too many ſuns have roll'd:

Happy the patriarch! he rejoic'd
His ſecond world to ſee:
My ſecond world, though gay the ſcene,
Can boaſt no charms for me.

Some this brilliant age appears
With deſolation ſpread;
Near all with whom I liv'd, and ſmil'd,
Whilſt life was life, are dead;

And with them dy'd my joys: the grave
Has broken nature's laws;
And clos'd, againſt this feeble frame,
In partial cruel jaws;

Cruel to ſpare! condemn'd to life!
A cloud impairs my ſight;
My weak hand diſobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

What ſhall I write? Thalia, tell;
Say, long-abandon'd Muſe!
What field of fancy ſhall I range?
What ſubject ſhall I chuſe?

A choice of moment high inſpire,
And reſcue me from ſhame,
In doating on thy charms ſo late,
By grandeur in my theme.

Beyond the themes, which moſt admire,
Which dazzle, or amaze,
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze,

Are themes, which, in a world of woe,
Can beſt appeaſe our pain;
And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay folly's flood reſtrain;

Inſtruct the ſtorms of life ſupport
A calm unſhaken mind;
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the reſign'd.

O Reſignation! yet unſung,
Untouch'd by former ſtrains;
Though claiming every Muſe's ſmile,
And every Poet's pains,

Beneath life's evening, ſolemn ſhade,
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou ſaſeſt guard of youth!
Thou ſole ſupport of age!

All other duties creſcents are
Of virtue faintly bright,
The glorious conſummation, Then!
Which fills her orb with light:

How rarely fill'd! The love divine
In evils to diſcern,
This the firſt leſſon which we want,
The lateſt, which we learn;

A melancholy truth! for know,
Could our proud hearts reſign,
The diſtance greatly would decreaſe
'Twixt human and divine.

But though full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To ſoften ſorrow, and forbid
The burſting tear to fall;

The taſk I dread; dare I to leave
Of humble proſe the ſhore,
And put to ſea? a dangerous ſea?
What throngs have ſunk before!

How proud the poet's billow ſwells!
The God! the God! his boaſt:
A boaſt how vain! What wrecks abound!
Dead bards ſtench every coaſt.

What then am I? Shall I preſume,
On ſuch a moulten wing,
Above the general wreck to riſe,
And in my winter, ſing;

When nightingales, when ſweeteſt bards
Confine their charming ſong,
To ſummer's animating heats,
Content to warble young?

Yet write I muſt; a * Lady ſues;
How ſhameful her requeſt!
My brain in labour for dull rhyme!
Her's teeming with the beſt!

But you a ſtranger will excuſe,
Nor ſcorn his feeble ſtrain;
To you a ſtranger, but through fate,
No ſtranger to your pain.

The ghoſt of grief deceas'd aſcends,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His ſorrows are recall'd to life
By thoſe he ſees in you;

Too well he knows the twiſting ſtrings
Of ardent hearts combin'd
When rent aſunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be reſign'd:

Thoſe tears you pour, his eyes have ſhed;
The pang you feel, he felt;
Thus nature, loud as virtue, bids
His heart as yours to melt.

* *Mrs. M*——.

But what can heart, or head, ſuggeſt?
What ſad experience ſay?
Through truths auſtere, to peace we work
Our rugged, gloomy way:

What are we? Whence? For what? and Whither?
Who know not, needs muſt mourn;
But Thought, bright daughter of the ſkies!
Can tears to triumph turn.

Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's
Impenetrable ſhield,
When, ſent by fate, we meet our foes,
In ſore affliction's field;

It plucks the frightful maſk from ills,
Forbids pale fear to hide,
Beneath that dark diſguiſe, a friend,
Which turns affection's tide.

Affection frail! train'd up by ſenſe,
From reaſon's channel ſtrays:
And whilſt it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond, erroneous ſtream
From daily-dying flowers,
To nouriſh rich immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bowers;

Whence throngs, in extaſy, look down
On what once ſhock'd their ſight:
And thank the terrors of the paſt
For ages of delight.

All withers here; who moſt poſſeſs
Are loſers by their gain,
Stung by full proof, that, bad at beſt,
Life's idle All is vain:

Vain, in its courſe, life's murmuring ſtream;
Did not its courſe offend,
But murmur ceaſe; life, then, would ſeem
Still vainer, from its end.

How wretched! who, through cruel fate,
Have nothing to lament!
With the poor alms this world affords
Deplorably content!

Had not the Greek his world miſtook,
His wiſh had been moſt wiſe;
To be content with but one world,
Like him, we ſhould deſpiſe.

Of earth's revenue would you ſtate
A full account, and fair?
We hope; and hope; and hope; then caſt
The total up-----

Deſpair.

Since vain all here, all future, vaſt,
Embrace the lot aſſign'd;
Heaven wounds to heal: its frowns are friends;
Its ſtroke ſevere, moſt kind.

But in lapſ'd nature, rooted deep,
Blind error domineers;
And on fools errands, in the dark,
Sends out our hopes and fears;

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleaſures overprize;
The e oft perſuade us to be weak;
Thoſe urge us to be wiſe.

From virtue's rugged path to right
By pleaſure are we brought
To flowery fields of wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our fault:

Yet whilſt it chides, it ſpeaks of peace,
If folly is withſtood;
And ſays, time pays an eaſy price,
For our eternal good,

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in deluſion great,
What an œconomiſt is man
To ſpend his whole eſtate,

And beggar an eternity!
For which as he was born,
More worlds than one againſt it weigh'd,
As feathers he ſhould ſcorn.

Say not, your loſs in triumph leads
Religion's feeble ſtrife;
Joys future amply reimburſe
Joys bankrupts of this life.

But not deferr'd your joy ſo long,
It bears an early date;
Affliction's ready pay in hand,
Befriends our preſent ſtate;

What are the tears, which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl? Like pearls of price,
They purchaſe laſting peace.

Grief ſoftens hearts, and curbs the will,
Impetuous paſſion tames,
And keeps inſatiate, keen deſire
From launching in extremes.

Through time's dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear ſhould we ſee, the will divine
Has but foreſtall'd our own;

At variance with our future wiſh,
Self-fever'd we complain;
If ſo, the wounded, not the wound,
Muſt anſwer for the pain:

The day ſhall come, and ſwift of wing,
Though you may think it ſlow,
When, in the lift of fortune's ſmiles,
You 'll enter frowns of woe.

For mark the path of Providence;
This courſe it has purſued
"Pain is the parent, woe the womb
"Of ſound, important good:"

Our hearts are faſten'd to this world
By ſtrong and endleſs ties:
And every ſorrow cuts a ſtring,
And urges us to riſe:

'Twill ſound ſevere---Yet reſt aſſur'd
I 'm ſtudious of your peace;
Though I ſhould dare to give you joy
Yes, joy of his deceaſe:

An hour ſhall come (you queſtion this)
An hour, when you ſhall bleſs,
Beyond the brighteſt beams of life,
Dark days of your diſtreſs.

Hear then without ſurprize a truth,
A daughter-truth to this,
Swift turns of fortune often tie
A bleeding heart to bliſs:

Eſteem you this a paradox?
My ſacred motto read;
A glorious truth! divinely ſung
By one, whoſe heart had bled;

To reſignation ſwift he flew,
In her a friend he found,
A friend, which bleſt him with a ſmile
When gaſping with his wound.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
But what is painful too;
By travel, and to travel born,
Our ſabbaths are but few:

To real joy we work our way,
Encountering many a ſhock,
Ere found what truly charms; as found
A Venus in the block.

In ſome diſaſter, ſome ſevere
Appointment for our ſins,
That mother bleſſing (not ſo call'd),
True happineſs, begins.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames,
By ſtings of life unvext;
Firſt roſe ſome quarrel with this world,
Then paſſion for the next.

You ſee, then, pangs are parent pangs,
The pangs of happy birth;
Pangs, by which only can be born
True happineſs on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or through time's records run;
And ſay, what is a man unſtruck?
It is a man undone.

This moment, am I deeply ſtung—
My bold pretence is try'd;
When vain man boaſts, Heaven puts to proof
The vauntings of his pride;

Now need I, Madam! your ſupport.—
How exquiſite the ſmart;
How critically tim'd the * news
Which ſtrikes me to the heart!

The pangs of which I ſpoke, I feel:
If worth like thine, is born,
O long-belov'd! I bleſs the blow,
And triumph, whilſt I mourn.

Nor mourn I long; by grief ſubdued
By reaſon's empire ſhown;
Deep anguiſh comes by Heaven's decree,
Continues by our own;

And when continued paſt its point,
Indulg'd in length of time,
Grief is diſgrace, and, what was fate,
Corrupts into a crime:

And ſhall I, criminally mean,
Myſelf and ſubject wrong?
No; my example ſhall ſupport
The ſubject of my ſong.

Madam! I grant your loſs is great;
Nor little is your gain;
Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,
It richly pays your pain;

When Heaven would kindly ſet us free,
And earth's enchantment end;
It takes the moſt effectual means,
And robs us of a Friend.

But ſuch a friend! and ſigh no more?
'Tis prudent; but ſevere:
Heaven aid my weakneſs, and I drop,
All ſorrow—with this tear.

Perhaps your ſettled grief to ſooth,
I ſhould not vainly ſtrive,
But with ſoft balm your pain aſſuage,
Had he been ſtill alive;

Whoſe frequent aid brought kind relief,
In my diſtreſs of thought,
Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page,
And beautify'd a fault:

To touch our paſſions' ſecret ſprings
Was his peculiar care;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In boſoms of the fair;

Nature, which favours to the few,
All art beyond, imparts,
To him preſented at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle, ſmooth addreſs;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbing of diſtreſs;

Howe'er, proceed I muſt, unbleſs'd
With Eſculapian are:
Know, love ſometimes, miſtaken love!
Plays diſaffection's part:

Nor lands, nor ſeas, nor ſuns, nor ſtars,
Can ſoul from ſoul divide
They correſpond from diſtant worlds,
Though tranſports are denyed:

Are you not, then, unkindly kind?
Is not your love ſevere?
O! ſtop that cryſtal ſource of woe;
Nor wound him with a tear.

As thoſe above from human bliſs
Receive encreaſe of joy;
May not a ſtroke from human woe
In part their peace deſtroy?

* *Whilſt the Author was writing This, he received the news of Mr. Samuel Richardſon's death, who was then printing the former part of the Poem.*

He lives in those he left;—to what?
Your, now, paternal care,
Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,
It will discern him there;

In features, not of form alone,
But those, I trust, of mind;
Auspicious to the public weal,
And to their fate resign'd.

Think on the tempests he sustain'd;
Revolve his battles won;
And let those prophecy your joy
From such a father's son:

Is consolation what you seek?
Fan, then, his martial fire:
And animate to flame the sparks
Bequeath'd him by his sire:

As nothing great is born in haste,
Wise nature's time allow;
His father's laurels may descend,
And flourish on his brow.

Nor, Madam! be surpris'd to hear
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field,
(Proud boasters!) than to you:

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn,
You are a soldier, and to fight
Superior battles born;

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood; a banner bright!
High wav'd o'er all the world.

It, like a streaming meteor, casts
An universal light;
Sheds day, sheds more, eternal day
On nations whelm'd in night.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory higher,
Than to sustain the dreadful blow,
When those we love expire?

Go forth a moral Amazon;
Arm'd with undaunted thought;
The battle won, though costing dear,
You 'll think it cheaply bought;

The passive hero, who sits down
Unactive, and can smile
Beneath affliction's galling load,
Out-acts a Cæsar's toil:

The billows stain'd by slaughter'd foes
Inferior praise afford;
Reason's a bloodless conqueror,
More glorious than the sword,

Nor can the thunders of huzzas
From shouting nations, cause
Such sweet delight, as from your heart
Soft whispers of applause:

The dear deceas'd so fam'd in arms,
With what delight he 'll view
His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd, twice, by you,

Share his delight; take heed to shun
Of bosoms most diseas'd
That odd distemper, an absurd
Reluctance to be pleas'd:

Some seem in love with sorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace:
This temper let me justly brand,
And stamp it with disgrace:

Sorrow! of horrid parentage!
Thou second-born of hell!
Against heaven's endless mercies pour'd
How dar'st thou to rebel?

From black and noxious vapours bred
And nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the door of frenzy's self
By perseverance brought,

Thy most inglorious, coward tears
From brutal eyes have ran;
Smiles, incommunicable smiles;
Are radiant marks of man;

They cast a sudden glory round
Th' illumin'd human face;
And light in sons of honest joy
Some beams of Moses' face;

Is Resignation's lesson hard?
Examine, we shall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguish of the mind;

Resign; and all the load of life
That moment you remove,
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on one above;

Who bids us lay our burthen down
On his almighty hand,
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing a command.

For joy what cause? how every sense
Is courted from above
The year around, with presents rich,
The growth of endless love?

But most o'erlook the blessings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapp'd up in sense,
Their prospect at the sun;

From that, their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler soul,

Broke loose from time's tenacious ties,
And earth's involving gloom,
To range at last its vast domain,
And talk with worlds to come:

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run;
And, doing nothing for themselves,
Imagine nothing done,

Fatal mistake! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is set down
Amongst their darkest deeds;

Though man sits still, and takes his ease;
God is at work on man;
No means, no moment unemploy'd,
To bless him, if he can.

But man consents not, boldly bent
To fashion his own fate;
Man a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late;

Hence loud laments: let me thy cause,
Indulgent Father! plead;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by thee was made.

What is thy whole creation fair?
Of love divine the child;
Love brought it forth; and from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly smil'd:

Now, and through periods distant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heaven is, and has in travel been,
Its birth the good of man;

Man holds in constant service bound
The blustering winds and seas;
Nor suns disdain to travel hard
Their master, man, to please:

To final good the worst events
Through secret channels run;
Finish for man their destin'd course,
As 'twas for man begun.

One point (observ'd, perhaps, by few)
Has often smote, and smites
My mind, as demonstration strong;
That heaven in man delights:

What's known to man of things unseen,
Of future worlds, or fates?
So much, nor more, than what to man's
Sublime affairs relates;

What's Revelation then? a list,
An inventory just
Of that poor insect's goods, so late
Call'd out of night and dust.

What various motives to rejoice!
To render joy sincere,
Has this no weight? our joy is felt
Beyond this narrow sphere;

Would we in heaven new heaven create
And double its delight?
A smiling world, when heaven looks down,
How pleasing in its sight!

Angels stoop forward from their thrones
To hear its joyful lays;
As incense sweet enjoy, and join,
Its aromatic praise:

Have we no cause to fear the stroke
Of heaven's avenging rod?
When we presume to counteract
A sympathetic God?

If we resign, our patience makes
His rod an armless wand;
If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
Like that in Moses' hand;

Like that, it swallows up whate'er
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whose baffled arts would boast below
Of joys a rival spring.

Consummate love! the list how large
Of blessings from thy hand!
To banish sorrow, and be blest,
Is thy supreme command.

Are such commands but ill obey'd?
Of bliss, shall we complain?
The man, who dares to be a wretch,
Deserves still greater pain,

Joy is our duty, glory, health;
The sunshine of the soul;
Our best encomium on the Power
Who sweetly plans the whole:

Joy is our Eden still possess'd:
Be gone, ignoble grief!
'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
Their nature, our relief;

Relief, for man to that must stoop,
And his due distance know;
Transport's the language of the skies,
Content the style below.

Content is joy, and joy in pain
Is joy and virtue too;
Thus, whilst good present we possess
More precious we pursue:

Of joy the more we have in hand,
The more have we to come;
Joy, like our money, interest bears,
Which daily swells the sum.

"But how to smile; to stem the tide
"Of nature in our veins;
"Is it not hard to weep in joy?
"What then to smile in pains?"

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,
And struggles through a storm;
Proclaims the mind as great, as good;
And bids it doubly charm:

If doubly charming in our sex,
A sex, by nature, bold;
What then in yours? 'tis diamond there,
Triumphant o'er our gold.

And should not this complaint repress?
And check the rising sigh?
Yet farther opiate to your pain
I labour to supply.

Since spirits greatly damp'd distort
Ideas of delight,
Look through the medium of a friend,
To set your notions right:

As tears the sight, grief dims the soul;
Its object dark appears;
True friendship, like a rising sun,
The soul's horizon clears.

A friend 's an optick to the mind
With sorrow clouded o'er;
And gives it strength of sight to see
Redress unseen before.

Reason is somewhat rough in man;
Extremely smooth and fair,
When she, to grace her manly strength,
Assumes a female air:

A * Friend you have, and I the same,
Whose prudent, soft address
Will bring to life those healing thoughts
Which dy'd in your distress;

That friend, the spirit of my theme
Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common; such as these;

Let those lament, to whom full bowls
Of sparkling joys are given;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards heaven:

Woe to the soul at perfect ease!
'Tis brewing perfect pains;
Lull'd reason sleeps, the pulse is king:
Despotic body reigns:

Have you † ne'er pity'd joy's gay scenes,
And deem'd their glory dark?
Alas! poor Envy! she's stone-blind,
And quite mistakes her mark:

Her mark lies hid in sorrow's shades,
But sorrow well subdued;
And in proud fortune's frown defy'd
By meek, unborrow'd good.

By Resignation; all in that
A double friend may find,
A wing to heaven, and, while on earth,
The pillow of mankind:

On pillows void of down, for rest
Our restless hopes we place;
When hopes of heaven lie warm at heart,
Our hearts repose in peace:

The peace, which Resignation yields,
Who feel alone can guess;
'Tis disbeliev'd by murmuring minds,
They must conclude it less:

The loss, or gain, of that alone
Have we to hope, or fear;
That fate controls, and can invert
The seasons of the year:

O! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind?
Through clouds, and storms, a summer breaks,
To shine on the resign'd:

While man by that of every grace,
And virtue, is possess'd;
Foul vice her pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breast;

By Resignation we defeat
The worst that can annoy;
And suffer, with far more repose,
Than worldlings can enjoy.

From small experience this I speak;
O! grant to those I love
Experience fuller far, ye powers
Who form our fates above!

My love where due, if not to those
Who, leaving grandeur, came
To shine on age in mean recess,
And light me to my theme!

A theme themselves! A theme, how rare!
The charms, which they display,
To triumph over captive heads,
Are set in bright array:

With his own arms proud man 's o'ercome,
His boasted laurels die:
Learning and genius, wiser grown,
To female bosoms fly.

This revolution, fix'd by fate,
In fable was foretold;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold:

But as those * ladies works I read,
They darted such a ray,
The latent sense burst out at once,
And shone in open day:

So burst, full ripe, distended fruits,
When strongly strikes the sun;
And from the purple grape unpress'd
Spontaneous nectar runs.

Pallas, ('tis said) when Jove grew dull,
Forsook his drowsy brain;
And sprightly leap'd into the throne
Of wisdom's brighter reign;

Her helmet took; that is, shot rays
Of formidable wit;
And lance,—or, genius most acute,
Which lines immortal writ;

And gorgon shield,—or, power to fright
Man's folly, dreadful shone,
And many a blockhead (easy change!)
Turn'd, instantly, to stone.

Our authors male, as, then, did Jove,
Now scratch a damag'd head,
And call for what once quarter'd there,
But find the goddess fled.

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit!
That once forbidden tree,
Hedg'd-in by surly man, is now
To Britain's daughters free:

In Eve (we know) of fruit so fair
The noble thirst began;
And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,
A fall of fame in man:

And since of genius in our sex,
O Addison! with thee
The sun is set; how I rejoice
This sifter lamp to see!

It sheds, like Cynthia, silver beams
On man's nocturnal state;
His lessen'd light, and languid powers,
I know, whilst I relate.

* † *Mrs. Montague.* * *Mrs. Montague. Mrs. Carter.*

RESIGNATION.

PART II.

BUT what in either ſex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns!
"In ruffling ſeaſons to be calm,
"And ſmile, when fortune frowns."

Heaven's choice is ſafer than our own;
Of ages paſt enquire,
What the moſt formidable fate?
"To have our own deſire."

If, in your wrath, the worſt of foes
You wiſh extremely ill;
Expoſe him to the thunder's ſtroke,
Or that of his own will.

What numbers, ruſhing down the ſteep
Of inclination ſtrong,
Have periſh'd in their ardent wiſh!
Wiſh ardent, ever wrong!

'Tis Reſignation's full reverſe,
Moſt wrong, as it implies
Error moſt fatal in our choice,
Detachment from the ſkies.

By cloſing with the ſkies, we make
Omnipotence our own;
That done, how formidable ill's
Whole army is o'erthrown?

No longer impotent, and frail,
Ourſelves above we riſe:
We ſcarce believe ourſelves below!
We treſpaſs on the ſkies!

The Lord, the ſoul, and ſource of all,
Whilſt man enjoys his eaſe,
Is executing human will,
In earth, and air, and ſeas;

Beyond us, what can Angels boaſt?
Archangels what require?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done as------we deſire.

What glory this for man ſo mean,
Whoſe life is but a ſpan?
This is meridian majeſty!
This, the ſublime of man!

Beyond the boaſt of pagan ſong
My ſacred ſubject ſhines!
And for a foil the luſtre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines.

"All, that the ſun ſurveys, ſubdued,
"But Cato's mighty mind."
How grand! moſt true; yet far beneath
The ſoul of the Reſign'd:

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
To paſſion that gives law;
Its matchleſs empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe,

That fatal pride, whoſe cruel point
Tranſfix'd his noble breaſt;
Far nobler! If his fate ſuſtain'd
Had left to Heaven the reſt;

Then he the palm had borne away,
At diſtance Cæſar thrown;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the ſkies his own.

What cannot Reſignation do?
It wonders can perform;
That powerful charm, "Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudeſt ſtorm.

Come, Reſignation! then, from fields,
Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, bleſs'd Martyr's ſouls
Aſcended to their King:

Who is it calls thee? one whoſe need
Tranſcends the common ſize;
Who ſtands in front againſt a foe
To which none equal riſe:

In front he ſtands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal ſtate;
How dreadful his appointed poſt!
How ſtrongly arm'd by fate:

His threatening foe! what ſhadows deep
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!
His dart tremendous!---at fourſcore
My ſole aſylum, thou!

Haſte, then, O Reſignation! haſte,
'Tis thine to reconcile
My foe, and me; at thy approach,
My foe begins to ſmile:

O! for that ſummit of my wiſh,
Whilſt here I draw my breath,
That promiſe of eternal life,
A glorious ſmile in death:

What ſight, Heaven's azure arch beneath,
Has moſt of Heaven to boaſt?
The man reſign'd; at once ſerene,
And giving up the ghoſt.

At death's arrival they ſhall ſmile
Who, not in life o'er gay,
Serious, and frequent thought ſend out
To meet him on his way:

My gay Coævals! (ſuch there are)
If happineſs is dear;
Approaching death's alarming day
Diſcreetly let us fear:

The fear of death is truly wiſe,
Till wiſdom can riſe higher;
And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
Death dreaded once, deſire:

Gland climacteric vanities
The vaineſt will deſpiſe;
Shock'd, when beneath the ſnow of age,
Man immaturely dies:

But am not I myſelf the man?
No need abroad to roam
In queſt of faults to be chaſtis'd;
What cauſe to bluſh at home?

In life's decline, when men relapſe
Into the ſports of youth,
The ſecond child out-fools the firſt,
And tempts the laſh of truth.

Shall a mere truant from the grave
With rival boys engage?
His trembling voice attempt to ſing,
And ape the poet's rage?

Here maidam! let me viſit one,
My fault who, partly, ſhares,
And tell myſelf, by telling him,
What more becomes our years.

And if your breaſt with prudent zeal
For Reſignation glows,
You will not diſapprove a juſt
Reſentment on its foes,

In youth, Voltaire! our foibles plead
For ſome indulgence due;
When heads are white their thoughts and aims
Should change their colour too.

How are you cheated by your wit!
Old age is bound to pay,
By nature's law a mind diſcreet,
For joys it takes away;

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reverſing human lot;
In age 'tis honor to lie hid,
Its praiſe to be forgot.

The wiſe, as flowers, which ſpread at noon,
And all their charms expoſe,
When evening damps, and ſhades deſcend,
Their evolutions cloſe.

What though your Muſe has nobly ſoar'd,
Is that our true ſublime?
Ours, hoary friend! is to prefer
Eternity to time:

Why cloſe a life ſo juſtly fam'd
With ſuch bold traſh as * this?
This for renown? yes, ſuch as makes
Obſcurity a bliſs:

Your traſh, with mine, at open war,
Is † obſtinately bent,
Like wits below, to ſow your tares
Of gloom and diſcontent;

With ſo much ſunſhine at command,
Why light with darkneſs mix?
Why daſh with pain our pleaſure? why
Your Helicon with Styx?

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant paſſions raiſe,
Confound us with a double ſtroke,
We ſhudder whilſt we praiſe;

A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inſpire,
From a black bag of poiſon ſpun,
With horror we admire.

Mean as it is, if this is read
With a diſdainful air,
I can't forgive ſo great a foe
To my dear friend Voltaire:

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praiſe him late;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate;

A fate how much to be deplor'd!
At which our nature ſtarts;
Forbear to fall on your own ſword,
To periſh by your parts:

"But great your name"--To ſeed on air,
Were then immortals born?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the ſcorn.

Can fame your carcaſe from the worm
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or ſoul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe ſave?

But fame you loſe; good ſenſe alone
Your idol, praiſe can claim;
When wild wit murders happineſs,
It puts to death our fame!

Nor boaſt your genius, talents bright,
Ev'n dunces will deſpiſe,
If in your weſtern beams is miſs'd
A genius for the ſkies;

Your taſte too fail; what moſt excels
True taſte muſt reliſh moſt!
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudeſt laurels boaſt?

Sound heads ſalvation's * helmet ſeek,
Reſplendent are its rays,
Let that ſuffice; it needs no plume,
Of ſublunary praiſe.

May this enable couch'd Voltaire
To ſee that---‡ "All is right,"
His eye, by flaſh of wit ſtruck blind,
Reſtoring to its ſight;

If ſo, all 's well: who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiven;
I ſpeak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
"Voltaires are, now, in heaven."

Nay, ſuch philanthropy divine,
So boundleſs in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoop moſt profound!) to me:

Let others cruel ſtars arraign,
Or dwell on their diſtreſs;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart expreſs:

Walking, the preſent God was ſeen,
Of old, in Eden fair;
The God as preſent, by plain ſteps
Of providential care,

I behold paſſing through my life;
His awful voice I hear;
And, conſcious of my nakedneſs,
Would hide myſelf for fear:

But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from his ſight?
Naked the center to that eye,
To which the ſun is night.

As yonder glittering lamps on high
Through night illumin'd roll;
May thoughts of him, by whom they ſhine,
Chaſe darkneſs from my ſoul;

* *Candide.* † *Second Part.*

* *Epheſ.* vi. 17. ‡ *Which his romance ridiculed.*

My ſoul, which reads his hand as clear,
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuſcript
Of ſun, and moon, and ſtars;

And knows him not more bent aright,
To wield that vaſt machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my ſmall world within;

A world, that ſhall ſurvive the fall
Of all his wonders here;
Survive, when ſuns ten thouſand drop,
And leave a darken'd ſphere.

Vile matter groſs, how bright it ſhines!
For time how great his care!
Sure ſpirit and eternity
Far richer glories ſhare;

Let thoſe our hearts impreſs, on thoſe
Our contemplation dwell;
On thoſe my thoughts how juſtly thrown,
By what I now ſhall tell:

When backward with attentive mind
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myſelf beyond
Propitious to my peace:

Through all the crooked paths I trod
My folly he purſued;
My heart aſtray to quick return
Importunately woo'd;

The Reſignation home to preſs
On my capricious will,
How many reſcues did I meet,
Beneath the maſk of ill!

How many foes in ambuſh laid
Beneath my ſoul's deſire!
The deepeſt penitents are made
By what we moſt admire.

Have I not ſometimes (real good
So little mortals know!)
Mounting the ſummit of my wiſh,
Profoundly plung'd in woe?

Nearly plainn'd, but cauſe I found
My plan's defeat to bleſs:
Or I lamented an event;
It turn'd to my ſucceſs.

My ſharpen'd appetite to give
The good intenſe delight,
Through dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right.

And is not this the gloomy path,
Which you are treading now?
The path moſt gloomy leads to light,
When our proud paſſions bow:

When labouring under fancy'd ill,
My ſpirits to ſuſtain,
He kindly cur'd with ſovereign draughts
Of unimagin'd pain.

Pain'd ſenſe from fancy'd tyranny
Alone can ſet us free;
A thouſand miſeries we feel,
Till ſunk in miſery.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wiſh,
Our wiſh we reliſh leſs;
Succeſs, a ſort of ſuicide,
Is ruin'd by ſucceſs:

Sometimes he led me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Bid terror whiſper kind advice;
And taught the tomb to ſave:

To raiſe my thoughts beyond where worlds
As ſpangles o'er us ſhine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
My ſoul's delight reſign.

We to ourſelves, but through the means
Of mirrors, are unknown;
In this my fate can you deſcry
No features of your own?

And if you can, let that excuſe
Theſe ſelf-recording lines;
A record, modeſty forbids,
Or to ſmall bounds confines:

In grief why deep ingulph'd? You ſee
You ſuffer nothing rare;
Uncommon grief for common fate!
That wiſdom cannot bear.

When ſtreams flow backward to their ſource,
And humble flames deſcend,
And mountains wing'd ſhall fly aloft,
Then human ſorrows end;

But human prudence too muſt ceaſe,
When ſorrows domineer,
When fortitude has loſt its fire,
And freezes into fear:

The pang moſt poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight;
I ſee a fair creation riſe
From chaos, and old night.

From what ſeem'd horror, and deſpair,
The richeſt harveſt roſe;
And gave me in the nod divine
An abſolute repoſe.

Of all the plunders of mankind,
More groſs, or frequent, none,
Than in their grief and joy miſplac'd,
Eternally are ſhown.

But whither points all this parade?
It ſays, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
Which you ſhould greatly prize:

Of ſelf-peruſal, ſcience rare!
Few know the mighty gain;
Learn'd Prelates, ſelf-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain:

Self-knowledge, which from heaven itſelf
(So ſages tell us) came
What is it, but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme?

Unletter'd and untravel'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they conſult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind.

Enter your bosom; there you'll meet
A revelation new,
A revelation personal;
Which none can read but you.

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, through life,
To fresh remembrance brought,

A mighty Being! and in Him
A complicated friend,
A father, brother, spouse; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end:

Who such a matchless friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part:

As when o'erloaded branches beat
Large clusters big with wine,
We scarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.

My short advice to you may sound
Obscure or somewhat odd,
Though 'tis the best that man can give,—
"Ev'n be content with God."

Through love he gave you the deceas'd,
Through greater took him hence;
This reason fully could evince,
Though murmur'd at by sense.

This friend, far past the kindest kind,
Is past the greatest great;
His greatness let me touch in points
Not foreign to your state;

His eye, this instant, reads your heart;
A truth less obvious hear;
This instant its most secret thoughts
Are sounding in his ear:

Dispute you this? Oh! stand in awe,
And cease your sorrow; know,
That tears now trickling down, He saw
Ten thousand years ago;

And twice ten thousand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To reason's bound, will he behold
Your prudence with a smile;

A smile, which through eternity
Diffuses so bright rays,
The dimmest deifies e'en guilt,
If guilt, at last, obeys:

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When such a sovereign reigns)
Your guilt diminish; peace pursue;
How glorious peace in pains!

Here, then, your sorrows cease; if not,
Think how unhappy they,
Who guilt increase by streaming tears,
Which guilt should wash away;

Of tears that gush profuse restrain;
Whence burst those dismal sighs?
They from the throbbing breast of one
(Strange truth!) most happy rise;

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
Enjoy a larger share
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of God's impartial care;

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown;
For all his care as absolute,
As all had been but one,

And is He then so near! so kind!—
How little then, and great,
That riddle, man! O! let me gaze
At wonders in his fate;

His fate, who yesterday did crawl
A worm from darkness deep,
And shall, with brother-worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow sleep;

How mean!—And yet, if well obey'd
His mighty Master's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is doom'd a boon too small:

Too small the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the dust!
Account amazing! yet most true;
My song is bold, yet just:

Man born for infinite, in whom
Nor period can destroy
The power, in exquisite extremes,
To suffer, or enjoy;

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He's beggar'd, and undone!
Imprison'd in unbounded space!
Benighted by the sun!

For what the sun's meridian's blaze
To the most feeble ray
Which glimmers from the distant dawn
Of uncreated day?

'Tis not the Poet's rapture feign'd
Swells here, the vain to please;
The mind most sober kindles most
At truths sublime as these;

They warm e'en me.—I dare not say,
Divine ambition strove
Not to bless only, but confound,
Nay, fright us with its love;

And yet so frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd sun, and rising dead,
So formidable spoke?

And are we darker than that stone?
Than rocks more hard, and blind?
We are?—if not to such a God
In agonies resign'd.

Yes, e'en in agonies forbear
To doubt almighty love;
Whate'er endears eternity,
Is mercy from above;

What most embitters time, that most
Eternity endears,
And thus, by plunging in distress,
Exalts us to the spheres;

Joy's fountain head! where bliſs o'er bliſs,
O'er wonders wonders riſe,
And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wiſe:

Ambroſial banquet! rich in wines
Nectareous to the ſoul!
What tranſports ſparkle from the ſtream,
As angels fill the bowl!

Fountain profuſe of every bliſs!
Good-will immenſe prevails;
Man's line can't fathom its profound;
An angel's plummet fails.

Thy love and might, by what they know,
Who judge, nor dream of more;
They aſk a drop, how deep the ſea!
One ſand, how wide the ſhore!

Thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity!
The thouſandth part who comprehends,
A deity is He.

Now yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is ſown!
How tubes aſtoniſh us with thoſe
More deep in æther thrown!

And thoſe beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more?—
In lieu of anſwer, let us all
Fall proſtrate, and adore.

Since thou art Infinite in power,
Nor thy indulgence leſs;
Since man, quite impotent and blind,
Oft drops into diſtreſs;

Say, what is Reſignation? 'Tis
Man's weakneſs underſtood;
And wiſdom graſping, with an hand
Far ſtronger, every good.

Let raſh repiners ſtand appall'd,
In Thee who dare not truſt;
Thoſe abject ſouls, like demons dark,
Are murmuring in the duſt;

For man to murmur, or repine
At what by Thee is done,
No leſs abſurd, than to complain
Of darkneſs in the ſun.

Who would not, with an heart at eaſe,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wiſdom and goodneſs at the helm,
The roughеſt ocean plough?

What, though I'm ſwallow'd in the deep?
Though mountains o'er me roar?
Jehovah reigns! as Jonah ſafe,
I'm landed, and adore:

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its moſt tremendous form;
Roar, waves; rage, winds! I know, that Thou
Can'ſt ſave me by a ſtorm.

From Thee immortal ſpirits born,
To Thee, their fountain, flow.
If wiſe; as curl'd around to theirs
Meandring ſtreams below:

Not leſs compell'd by Reaſon's call,
To Thee our ſouls aſpire,
Than to thy ſkies, by nature's law,
High mounts material fire;

To Thee aſpiring they exult,
I feel my ſpirits riſe,
I feel myſelf thy ſon, and pant
For patrimonial ſkies;

Since ardent thirſt of future good,
And generous ſenſe of paſt,
To Thee man's prudence ſtrongly ties,
And binds affection faſt;

Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wiſeſt blind,
And bliſs our aim; pronounce us all
Diſtracted, or reſign'd;

Reſign'd through duty, intereſt, ſhame;
Deep ſhame! dare I complain,
When (wondrous Truth!) in heaven itſelf
Joy ow'd its birth to pain?

And pain for me! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl;
And ſhall one drop to murmur bold
Provoke my guilty ſoul?

If pardon'd this, what cauſe, what crime
Can indignation raiſe?
The ſun was lighted up to ſhine,
And man was born to praiſe;

And when to praiſe the man ſhall ceaſe,
Or ſun to ſtrike the view;
A cloud diſhonours both; but man's
The blacker of the two:

For oh! Ingratitude how black!
With muſt profound amaze
At love, which man belov'd o'erlooks,
Aſtoniſh'd angels gaze.

Praiſe cheers, and warms, like generous wine;
Praiſe, more divine than prayer;
Prayer points our ready path to heaven;
Praiſe is already there.

Let plauſive Reſignation riſe,
And baniſh all complaint;
All virtues thronging into one,
It finiſhes the ſaint;

Makes the man bleſs'd, as man can be;
Life's labours renders light;
Darts beams through fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our ſun by night;

'Tis nature's brighteſt ornament,
The richeſt gift of grace,
Rival of angels, and ſupreme
Proprietor of peace;

Nay, peace beyond, no ſmall degree
Of rapture 't will impart;
Know, Madam! when your heart 's in heaven,
"All heaven is in your heart."

But who to heaven their hearts can raiſe?
Deny'd divine ſupport,
All virtue dies; ſupport divine
The wiſe with ardour court;

When

When prayer partakes the ſeraph's fire,
'Tis mounted on his wing,
Burſts through heaven's cryſtal gates, and gains
Sure audience of its King:

The labouring ſoul from ſore diſtreſs
That bleſs'd expedient frees;
I ſee you far advanc'd in peace;
I ſee you on your knees:

How on that poſture has the beam
Divine for ever ſhone!
An humble heart, God's * other ſeat!
The rival of his throne:

And ſtoops Omnipotence ſo low!
And condeſcends to dwell,
Eternity's inhabitant,
Well pleas'd, in ſuch a cell?

Such honour how ſhall we repay?
How treat our gueſt divine?
The ſacrifice ſupreme be ſlain!
Let ſelf-will die: Reſign.

Thus far, at large, on our diſeaſe;
Now let the cauſe be ſhown,
Whence riſes, and will ever riſe,
The diſmal human groan:

What our ſole fountain of diſtreſs?
Strong paſſion for this ſcene;
That trifles make important, things
Of mighty moment mean:

When earth's dark maxims poiſon ſhed
On our polluted ſouls,
Our hearts and intereſts fly as far
Aſunder, as the poles;

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd,
Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims, and ſordid joys,
Our grandeur we diſgrace;

O! for an Archimedes new,
Of moſal powers poſſeſs'd,
The world to move, and quite expel
That traitor from the breaſt.

No ſmall advantage may be reap'd
From thought whence we deſcend;
From weighing well, and prizing weigh'd
Our origin, and end:

From far above the riſing ſun
To this dim ſcene we came;
And may, if wiſe, for ever bask,
In great Jehovah's beam:

Let that bright beam on Reaſon rouz'd
In aweful luſtre riſe,
Earth's giant-ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all diſquiet dies.

Earth's glories loſe their ſplendour loſe,
Thoſe phantoms charm no more;
Empire's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor:

Then levell'd quite, whilſt yet alive,
The monarch and his ſlave;
Not wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That leſſon from the grave:

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boaſt of glory more
Than ſparkles from a crown.

When human glory riſes high
As human glory can;
When, though the King is truly great,
Still greater is the Man;

The man is dead, where virtue fails;
And though the Monarch proud
In grandeur ſhines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy ſhroud.

Wiſdom! where art thou? None on earth,
Though graſping wealth, fame, power,
But what, O death! through thy approach,
Is wiſer every hour;

Approach how ſwift, how unconfin'd!
Worms feaſt on viands rare,
Thoſe little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare:

From kings what reſignation due
To that almighty will,
Which thrones beſtows, and, when they fail,
Can throne them higher ſtill?

Who truly great? The good and brave,
The maſters of a mind
The will divine to do reſolv'd,
To ſuffer it reſign'd.

Madam! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a ſolemn ſcene,
The border of the grave;

Where ſtrongly ſtrikes the trembling ſoul
Eternity's dread power,
As burſting on it through the thin
Partition of an hour;

Hear this, Voltaire! but this from me,
Runs hazard of your frown;
However, ſpare it; ere you die
Such thoughts will be your own.

In mercy to yourſelf forbear
My notions to chaſtiſe,
Leſt unawares the gay Voltaire
Should blame Voltaire the wiſe:

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,
Now, makes us diſagree;
When a far louder trumpet ſounds,
Voltaire will cloſe with me:

How ſhocking is that modeſty,
Which keeps ſome honeſt men
From urging what their hearts ſuggeſt,
When brav'd by folly's pen

Aſſaulting truths, of which in all
Is ſown the ſacred ſeed!
Our conſtitution's orthodox,
And cloſes with our creed:

What then are they, whoſe proud conceits
Superior wiſdom boaſt?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be loſt!

Though

* *Iſaiah*, lvii. 15.

Though Vice, by no ſuperior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay;
Through pure diſintereſted love
Of ruin they obey!

Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Though tempted by no prize;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lyes

From fancy's forge: gay fancy ſmiles
At reaſon plain, and cool;
Fancy, whoſe curious trade it is
To make the fineſt fool.

Voltaire! long life's the greateſt curſe
That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live;

Quite thoughtleſs of their day of death,
That birth-day of their ſorrow!
Knowing, it may be diſtant far,
Nor cruſh them till—to-morrow.

Theſe are cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd
Beneath an humble cot;
Not mine, your genius, or your ſtate,
No * caſtle is my lot:

But ſoon, quite level ſhall we lie;
And, what pride moſt bemoans,
Our parts, in rank ſo diſtant now,
As level as our bones;

Hear you that ſound? Alarming ſound!
Prepare to meet your fate!
One, who writes Finis to our works,
Is knocking at the gate;

Far other works will ſoon be weigh'd;
Far other judges ſit;
Far other crowns be loſt or won,
Than fire ambitious wit:

Their wit far brighteſt will be prov'd,
Who ſunk it in good ſenſe;
And veneration moſt profound
Of dread Omnipotence.

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of bleſt Eternity;
O! may'ſt thou, thou never, never loſe
That more than ‡ golden key!

Whate'er may ſeem too tough excuſe,
Your good I have at heart:
Since from my ſoul I wiſh you well;
As yet we muſt not part:

Shall you, and I, in love with life,
Life's future ſchemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjuſt,
That we are ſtill alive?

What have we left? How mean in man
A ſhadow's ſhade to crave!
When life, ſo vain! is vainer ſtill,
'Tis time to take your leave:

Happier, than happieſt life, is death,
Who falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes Vici, on his ſhield;

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize;
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Deſcends into the ſkies.

O! how diſorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix!
When nature ſtrikes no leſs than twelve,
And folly points at ſix!

To mend the moments of your heart,
How great is my delight
Gently to wind your morals up,
And ſet your hand aright!

That hand, which ſpread your wiſdom wide
To poiſon diſtant lands:
Repent, recant; the tainted age
Your antidote demands;

To Satan dreadfully reſign'd,
Whole herds ruſh down the ſteep
Of folly, by lewd wits poſſeſs'd,
And periſh in the deep.

Men's praiſe your vanity purſues;
'Tis well, purſue it ſtill;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you'll reſign the will;

And how ſuperior they to thoſe
At whoſe applauſe you aim;
How very far ſuperior they
In number, and in name!

* *Letter to Lord Lyttelton.*

‡ *Alluding to Pruſſia.*

POSTSCRIPT.

THUS have I written, when to write
No mortal ſhould preſume;
Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb:

The public frowns, and cenſures loud
My puerile employ;
Though juſt the cenſure, if you ſmile,
The ſcandal I enjoy;

But ſing no more—no more I ſing
Or reaſſume the lyre,
Unleſs vouchſaf'd an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir:

What myriads ſwell the concert loud!
Their golden harps reſound
High, as the footſtool of the throne,
And deep, as hell profound;

Hell (horrid contraſt!) chord and ſong
Of raptur'd angels drowns
In ſelf-will's peal of blaſphemies,
And hideous burſt of groans;

But drowns them not to me; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to ſpeak)
From echoing pole to pole!

While

Whilſt this grand chorus ſhakes the ſkies—
"Above, beneath the ſun,
"Through boundleſs age, by men, by gods,
"Jehovah's will be done."

'Tis done in heaven; whence headlong hurl'd
Self-will with Satan fell;
And muſt from earth be baniſh'd too,
Or earth's another hell;

Madam! ſelf-will inflicts your pains:
Self-will's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the diſmal ſhades,
And points the ſhafts of woe:

Your debt to nature fully paid,
Now virtue claims her due:
But virtue's cauſe I need not plead,
'Tis ſafe; I write to You:

You know, that virtue's baſis lies
In ever judging right;
And wiping error's clouds away,
Which dim the mental ſight:

Why mourn the dead? you wrong the grave,
From ſtorm that ſafe reſort;
We are ſtill toſſing out at ſea,
Our admiral in port.

Was death deny'd, this world, a ſcene
How diſmal and forlorn?
To death we owe, that 'tis to man
A bleſſing to be born;

When every other bleſſing fails,
Or ſapp'd by ſlow decay,
Or, ſtorm'd by ſudden blaſts of fate,
Is ſwiftly whirl'd away;

How happy! that no ſtorm, or time,
Of death can rob the juſt!
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the duſt!

Well-pleas'd to bear heaven's darkeſt frown,
Your utmoſt power employ;
'Tis noble chemiſtry to turn
Neceſſity to joy.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
My fate ſhall be my choice:
Determin'd am I, whilſt I breathe,
To praiſe and to rejoice;

What ample cauſe! triumphant hope!
O rich eternity!
I ſtart not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpſe of thee.

And thou! its great inhabitant?
How glorious doſt thou ſhine!
And dart through ſorrow, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine!

The void of joy (with ſome concern
The truth ſevere I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel:

Weigh this, ye pupils of Voltaire!
From joyleſs murmur free;
Or, let us know, which character
Shall crown you of the three.

Reſign, reſign: this leſſon none
Too deeply can inſtill;
A crown has been reſign'd by more,
Than have reſign'd the will;

Though will reſign'd the meaneſt makes
Superior in renown,
And richer in celeſtial eyes,
Than him who wears a crown;

Hence, in the boſom cold of age,
It kindled a ſtrange aim,
To ſhine in ſong; and bid me boaſt
The grandeur of my theme;

But oh! how far preſumption falls
Its lofty theme below!
Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
And numbers ceaſe to flow.

Firſt! greateſt! beſt! grant what I wrote
For others, ne'er may riſe
To brand the writer; thou alone
Can'ſt make our wiſdom wiſe;

And how unwiſe! how deep in guilt!
How infamous the fault!
"A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
"Indeed, beneath the taught!"

Means moſt infallible to make
The world an infidel;
And, with inſtructions moſt divine,
To pave a path to hell;

O! for a clean and ardent heart,
O! for a ſoul on fire,
Thy praiſe, begun on earth, to ſound
Where angels ſtring the lyre;

How cold is man? to him how hard
(Hard, what moſt eaſy ſeems)
"To ſet a juſt eſteem on that,
"Which yet he—moſt eſteems."

What ſhall we ſay, when boundleſs bliſs
Is offer'd to mankind,
And, to that offer when a race
Of rationals is blind?

Of human nature ne'er too high
Are our ideas wrought;
Of human merit ne'er too low
Depreſs'd the daring thought.

ON

THE LATE QUEEN'S DEATH,

AND

HIS MAJESTY'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE

INSCRIBED

TO JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

SECRETARY TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE LORDS JUSTICES.

MDCCXIV.

SIR, I have long, and with impatience, ſought
To eaſe the fullneſs of my grateful thought,
My fame at once, and duty to purſue,
And pleaſe the public, by reſpect to you.

Though

Though you, long since beyond Britannia known,
Have spread your country's glory with own;
To me you never did more lovely shine,
Than when so late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition, in great Anna's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human state.
Though you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Though rais'd in life, and greatness fade away,
Your lustre brightens: virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.
Know, sir, the great esteem and honour due,
I chose that moment to profess to you,
When sadness reign'd, when fortune, so severe,
Had warm'd our bosoms to be most sincere,
And when no motives could have force to raise
A serious value, and provoke my praise,
But such as rise above, and far transcend
Whatever glories with this world shall end,
Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall blot
The sun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.
I sing—but ah! my theme I need not tell,
See every eye with conscious sorrow swell;
Who now to verse would raise his humble voice,
Can only shew his duty, not his choice,
How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain!
We languish, and to speak is to complain.
Let us look back, (for who too oft can view
That most illustrious scene, for ever New!)
See all the seasons shine on Anna's throne,
And pay a constant tribute, not their own.
Her summer's heats nor fruits alone bestow,
They reap the harvest, and subdue the foe;
And when black storms confess the distant sun,
Her winters wear the wreaths her summers won.
Revolving pleasures in their turns appear,
And triumphs are the product of the year.
To crown the whole, great joys in greater cease,
And glorious victory is lost in peace.
Whence this profusion on our favour'd Isle?
Or partial fortune on our virtue smile?
Or did the sceptre, in great Anna's hand,
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?
Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundless claim,
Thy queen and thy good fortune are the same.
Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the sky;
'Tis Anna reigns! the Gallic squadrons fly.
We spread our canvass to the southern shore;
'Tis Anna reigns! the south resigns her store.
Her virtue smooths the tumult of the main,
And swells the field with mountains of the slain.
Argyll and Churchill but the glory share,
While millions lie subdued by Anna's prayer.
How great her zeal! how fervent her desire!
How did her soul in holy warmth expire!
Constant devotion did her time divide,
Not set returns of pleasure or of pride.
Not want of rest, or the sun's parting ray,
But finish'd duty, limited the day.
How sweet succeeding sleep! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and soften'd all her dreams!
Her royal couch descending angels spread,
And join'd their wings a shelter o'er her head.
Though Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cause reign'd mistress of her heart:
She saw, and griev'd to see, the mean estate
Of those who round the hallow'd altar wait;
She shed her bounty, piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in sacred use.
Thus on his furrow see the tiller stand,
And fill with genial seed his lavish hand;
He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain,
And providently scatters all his grain.
What strikes my sight? does proud Augusta rise
New to behold, and awfully surprize!
Her lofty brow more numerous turrets crown,
And sacred domes on palaces look down:
A noble pride of piety is shown,
And temples cast a lustre on the throne.
How would this work another's glory raise!
But Anna's greatness robs her of the praise.
Drown'd in a brighter blaze it disappears,
Who dry'd the widow's, and the orphan's tears?
Who stoop'd from high to succour the distrest,
And reconcile the wounded heart to rest?
Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,
Whoever sought, it was a queen that gave.
Misfortune lost her name, her guiltless frown
But made another debtor to the crown;
And each unfriendly stroke, from fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal store.
Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign shoot,
And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.
Ye numbers, who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
When first the dreadful blast of fame arriv'd,
Say what a shock, what agonies you felt,
How did your souls with tender anguish melt!
That grief which living Anna's love suppress,
Shook like a tempest every grateful breast.
A second fate our sinking fortunes try'd!
A second time our tender parents dy'd!
Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown.
His splendid wealth too rashly we admire,
Catch the disease, and burn with equal fire:
Wisely to spend, is the great art of gain;
And one reliev'd transcends a million slain.
When time shall ask, where once Ramillia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that swept whole troops away,
One drop of water, that refresh'd the dry,
Shall rise a fountain of eternal joy.
But ah! to that unknown and distant date;
Is virtue's great reward push'd off by fate;
Here random shafts in every breast are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.
August in native worth and regal state,
Anna sate arbitress of Europe's fate;
To distant realms did every accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
How small a spot contains the mighty queen!
No throng of suppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatness is compos'd in peace.
The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a stone tells us where the monarch lies.

Thus

Thus end matureſt honours of the crown!
This is the laſt concluſion of renown!
So when with idle ſkill the wanton boy
Breathes through his tube; he ſees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its riſing ſmall;
And by degrees expands the glittering ball.
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and ſhines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burſt at once, and diſappear.
'Tis not in ſorrow to reverſe our doom,
No groans unlock th' inexorable tomb!
Why then this fond indulgence of our woe!
What fruit can riſe, or what advantage flow!
Yes, this advantage; from our deep diſtreſs
We learn how much in George the Gods can bleſs.
Had a leſs glorious princeſs left the throne,
But half the hero had at firſt been ſhown:
An Anna falling all the king employs,
To vindicate from guilt our riſing joys:
Our joys ariſe and innocently ſhine,
Auſpicious monarch! what a praiſe is thine!
Welcome, great ſtranger, to Britannia's throne!
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain!
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.
With prayer we ſmooth the billows for thy fleet;
With ardent wiſhes fill thy ſwelling ſheet;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's ſhore,
We bending bleſs'd the Gods, and aſk'd no more.
What hand but thine ſhould conquer and compoſe,
Join thoſe whom intereſt joins, and chace our foes?
Repel the daring youth's preſumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatneſs give him fame?
Now in ſome foreign court he may ſit down,
And quit without a bluſh the Britiſh crown.
Secure his honour, though he loſe his ſtore,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.
Nor think, great ſir, now firſt, at this late hour,
In Britain's favour, you exert your power;
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The numerous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you choſe to thunder on the Rhine,
Inſpire grave councils, or in courts to ſhine;
In the more ſcenes your genius was diſplay'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid:
They all conſpir'd this mighty man to raiſe,
And your new ſubjects proudly ſhare the praiſe.
All ſhare; but may not we have leave to boaſt
That we contemplate, and enjoy it moſt?
This ancient nurſe of arts, indulg'd by fate
On gentle Iiis' bank, a calm retreat,
For many rolling ages juſtly fam'd,
Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd;
And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)
Her blood and treaſure to ſupport the throne!
For England's church her lateſt accents ſtrain'd;
And freedom with his dying hand retain'd,
No wonder then her various ranks agree
In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.
What though thy birth a diſtant kingdom boaſt,
And ſeas divide thee from the Britiſh coaſt?
The crown's impatient to encloſe thy head:
Why ſtay thy feet? the cloth of gold is ſpread.
Our ſtrict obedience through the world ſhall tell
That king's a Briton, who can govern well!

THE

INSTALMENT,

TO

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROB. WALPOLE,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

MDCCXXVI.

WITH invocations ſome their breaſts inflame;
I need no Muſe, a Walpole is my theme.
Ye mighty dead, ye garter'd ſons of praiſe!
Our morning ſtars! our boaſt in former days!
Which hovering o'er, your purple wings display,
Lur'd by the pomp of this diſtinguiſh'd day,
Stoop, and attend: by one, the knee be bound,
One, throw the mantle's crimſon folds around;
By that, the ſword on his proud thigh be plac'd;
This, claſp the diamond-girdle round his waiſt;
His breaſt, with rays, let juſt Godolphin ſpread;
Wiſe Burleigh plant the plumage on his head;
And Edward own ſince firſt he fix'd the race,
None preſt fair glory with a ſwifter pace.
When fate would call ſome mighty genius forth
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
Or aid ſome favourite king's illuſtrious toil,
It bids his blood with generous ardour boil;
His blood, from virtue's celebrated ſource,
Pour'd down the ſteep of time, a lengthen'd courſe;
That men prepar'd may juſt attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the ſcatter'd merits of his line
Collected to a point, intenſely ſhine.
See, Britain, ſee thy Walpole ſhine from far,
His azure ribbon, and his radiant ſtar;
A ſtar that, with auſpicious beams, ſhall glide
Thy veſſel ſafe, through fortune's roughеſt tide.
If peace ſtill ſmiles, by this ſhall commerce ſteer
A finiſh'd courſe, in triumph round the ſphere;
And, gathering tribute from each diſtant ſhore,
In Britain's lap the world's abundance pour.

If war's ordain'd, this ſtar ſhall dart its beams
Through that black cloud which riſing from the Thames,
With thunder, form'd of Brunſwick's wrath, is ſet
To claim the ſeas, and awe the continent.
This ſhall direct it, where the bolt to throw,
A ſtar for us, a comet to the foe.
At this the Muſe ſhall kindle, and aſpire:
My breaſt, O Walpole, glows with grateful fire.
The ſtreams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee
Refreſh the dry domains of poeſy.
My fortune ſhews, when arts are Walpole's care,
What ſlender worth forbids us to deſpair:
Be this thy partial ſmile from cenſure free;
'Twas meant for merit, though it fell on me.
Since Brunſwick's ſmile has authoriz'd my Muſe,
Chaſte be her conduct, and ſublime her views.
Falſe praiſes are the whoredoms of the pen,
Which proſtitute fair fame to worthleſs men:
This profanation of celeſtial fire
Makes fools deſpiſe, what wiſe men ſhould admire.
Let thoſe I praiſe to diſtant times be known,
Not by their author's merit, but their own.
If others think the taſk is hard, to weed
From verſe rank flattery's vivacious ſeed,
And rooted deep; one means muſt ſet them free
Patron! and patriot! let them ſing of thee.
While vulgar trees ignobler honours wear,
Not thoſe retain, when winter chills the year;
The generous Orange, favourite of the ſun,
With vigorous charms can through the ſeaſons run;
Defies the ſtorm with her tenacious green;
And flowers and fruits in rival pomp are ſeen:
Where bloſſoms fall, ſtill fairer bloſſoms ſpring;
And midſt their ſweets the feather'd poets ſing.
On Walpole, thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
At once her ornament and profit too;
The fruit of ſervice, and the bloom of fame,
Mature'd, and gilded by the royal beam.
Me, when the nipping blaſts of envy riſe,
As guilt can pity, and its rage deſpiſe;
Let all no honours, but ſecurely great
Unfaded holds the colour of his ſtate:
No winter knows, though ruſtling factions preſs;
By wiſdom deeply rooted in ſucceſs;
One glory ſhed, a brighter is diſplay'd *;
And the ſhelter'd Muſes ſhelter in his ſhade.
O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
The deep eternity to launch thy name!
Thy name in view, no rights of verſe I plead,
But what chaſte truth inſpires, old time ſhall read.
"Behold! a man of ancient faith and blood,
"Which, ſoon, beat high for arts, and public good;
"Whoſe glory great, but natural appears,
"The genuine growth of ſervices and years;
"No ſudden exhalation drawn on high,
"And fondly gilt by partial majeſty:
"One bearing greateſt toils with greateſt eaſe,
"One born to ſerve us, and yet born to pleaſe:
"Whom, while our rights in equal ſcales he lays,
"The prince may truſt, and yet the people praiſe;
"His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
"His tongue is flowing, and his heart ſincere,
"His council guides, his temper chears our iſle,
"And, ſmiling, gives three kingdoms cauſe to ſmile."

Joy then to Britain, bleſt with ſuch a ſon,
To Walpole joy, by whom the prize is won;
Who nobly conſcious meets the ſmiles of fate.
True greatneſs lies in daring to be great.
Let daſtard ſouls, or affectation, run
To ſhades, nor wear bright honours fairly won;
Such men prefer, miſled by falſe applauſe,
The pride of modeſty to virtue's cauſe.
Honours, which make the face of virtue fair,
'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wiſe to wear;
'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new;
Heightens the luſtre of our age and clime,
And ſheds rich ſeeds of worth for future time.
Proud chiefs alone, in fields of ſlaughter fam'd,
Of old, this azure bloom of glory claim'd,
As when ſtern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
The violet roſe, fair daughter of his blood.
Now rival wiſdom dares the wreath divide,
And both Minervas riſe in equal pride;
Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne,
Who ſhines illuſtrious not in wars alone.
Let fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes;
They coldly court deſert, who fame deſpiſe.
For what's ambition, but fair virtue's ſail?
And what applauſe, but her propitious gale?
When ſwell'd with that, ſhe fleets before the wind
To glorious aims, as to the port deſign'd;
When chain'd, without it, to the labouring oar,
She toils! ſhe pants! nor gains the flying ſhore,
From her ſublime purſuits, or turn'd aſide
By blaſts of envy, or by fortune's tide:
For one that has ſucceeded ten are loſt,
Of equal talents, ere they make the coaſt.
Then let renown to worth divine incite,
With all her beams, but throw thoſe beams aright.
Then merit droops, and genius downward tends,
When godlike glory, like our land, deſcends.
Cuſtom the garter long confin'd to few,
And gave to birth, exalted virtue's due:
Walpole has thrown the proud incloſure down;
And high deſert embraces fair renown.
Though rival'd, let the peerage ſmiling ſee
(Smiling, in juſtice to their own degree,)
This proud reward by majeſty beſtow'd
On worth like that whence firſt the peerage flow'd.
From frowns of fate Britannia's bliſs to guard,
Let ſubjects merit, and let kings reward.
Gods are moſt Gods by giving to excel,
And kings muſt like them, by rewarding well.
Though ſtrong the twanging nerve, and drawn aright,
Short is the winged arrow's upward flight;
But if an eagle it tranſfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound, it ſoars into the ſky.
Thus while I ſing thee with unequal lays,
And wound perhaps that worth I mean to praiſe;
Yet I tranſcend myſelf, I riſe in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.
No more: for in this dread ſuſpenſe of fate,
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
Weigh

* *Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.*

Weigh peace and war, now Europe's eyes are bent
On mighty Brunſwick, for the great event,
Brunſwick, of kings, the terror, or defence!
Who dares detain thee at a world's expence?

AN

EPISTLE.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEO. LORD LANSDOWNE.

" —Parnaſſia laurus
" Parva ſub ingenti matris ſe ſubjicit umbra."
VIRG.

MDCCXII.

WHEN Rome, my lord, in her full glory ſhone,
And great Auguſtus rul'd the globe alone,
While ſuppliant Kings in all their pomp and ſtate,
Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace gate;
Horace did oft' the mighty man detain,
And ſooth'd his breaſt with no ignoble ſtrain;
Now ſoar'd aloft, now ſtruck an humbler ſtring;
And taught the Roman genius how to ſing.
Pardon, if I his freedom dare purſue,
Who knows no want of Cæſar, finding you;
The Muſe's friend is pleas'd the Muſe ſhould preſs
Through circling crowds, and labour for acceſs,
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And ſhining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world induſtrious to proclaim
His love of Arts, and boaſt the glorious flame.
Long has the weſtern world reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her ſorrow, and bewail'd her dead;
Fell diſcord through her borders fiercely rang'd,
And ſhook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
By land and ſea its utmoſt rage employ'd;
Nor heaven repair'd ſo faſt as men deſtroy'd.
In vain kind ſummers plenteous fields beſtow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd;
Alarms from loaden boards all pleaſures chac'd,
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taſte;
The ſmiles of Nature could no bleſſing bring,
The fruitful autumn, or the flowery ſpring;
Time was diſtinguiſh'd by the ſword and ſpear,
Not by the various aſpects of the year;
The trumpet's ſound proclaim'd a milder ſky,
And bloodſhed told us when the ſun was nigh.
But now (ſo ſoon as Britain's bleſſings ſeen,
When ſuch as you are near her glorious Queen!)
Now peace, though long repuls'd, arrives at laſt,
And bids us ſmile on all our labours paſt;
Bids every nation ceaſe her wonted moan,
And every Monarch call his crown his own:
To valour gentler virtues now ſucceed;
No longer is the great man born to bleed;
Renown'd in councils, brave Argyle ſhall tell,
Wiſdom and proweſs in one breaſt may dwell:
Through milder tracks he ſoars to deathleſs fame,
And without trembling we reſound his name.

No more the riſing harveſt whets the ſword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord;
Who caſt the ſeed, the golden ſheaf ſhall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the maſter's name.
Each ſtream unſtain'd with blood more ſmoothly flows;
The brighter ſun a fuller day beſtows;
All nature ſeems to wear a chearful face,
And thank great Anna for returning peace.
The patient thus, when on his bed of pain,
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But riſes to new life; in every field
He finds Elyſium, rivers nectar yield;
Nothing ſo cheap and vulgar but can pleaſe,
And borrow beauties from his late diſeaſe.
Nor is it peace alone, but ſuch a peace,
As more than bids the rage of battle ceaſe,
Death may determine war, and reſt ſucceed,
'Cauſe nought ſurvives on which our rage may feed;
In faithful friends we loſe our glorious foes,
And ſtrifes of love exalt our ſweet repoſe.
See graceful Bollngbroke your friend advance,
Nor miſs his Lanſdowne in the court of France!
So well receiv'd, ſo welcome, ſo at home,
(Bleſs'd change of fate) in Bourbon's ſtately dome;
The monarch pleas'd, deſcending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own;
He claims a part, and looking round to find
Something might ſpeak the fulneſs of his mind,
A diamond ſhines, which oft had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
Now firſt with joy beheld, well pleas'd on one
Who makes him leſs regret his darling ſon;
So dear is Anna's miniſter, ſo great
Your glorious friend in his own private ſtate.
To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does nature interpoſe the raging main:
The Gallic ſhore to diſtant Britain grows,
For Lewis Thames, the Seine for Anna flows;
From conflicts paſs'd each other's worth we find,
And thence in cloſer friendſhip now are join'd;
Each wound receiv'd, now pleads the cauſe of love,
And former injuries endearments prove.
What Briton but muſt prize th' illuſtrious foe,
That cauſe of fear to Churchill could afford?
Who ſworn to Bourbon's ſceptre, but muſt feel
Vaſt thoughts of him, that could brave Talbot tame?
Thus generous hatred in affection ends,
And war, which rais'd the foes, compleats the friends.
A thouſand happy conſequences flow
(The dazzling proſpect makes my boſom glow!)
Commerce ſhall lift her ſwelling ſails, and roll
Her wealthy fleets ſecure from pole to pole;
The Britiſh merchant, who with care and pain
For many moons ſees only ſkies and main;
When now in view of his lov'd native ſhore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,
Cauſe to regret his wealth no more ſhall find,
Nor curſe the mercy of the ſea and wind;
By hardeſt fate condemn'd to ſerve a foe,
And give him ſtrength to ſtrike a deeper blow.
Sweet

Sweet Philomela providently flies
To diſtant woods and ſtreams, for ſuch ſupplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to ſing:
Mean while, the fowler ſpreads his ſecret ſnare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
Britannia's bold adventurer of late,
The foaming ocean plough'd with equal fate.
Goodneſs is greatneſs in its utmoſt height,
And power a curſe, if not a friend to right:
To conquer is to make diſſenſion ceaſe,
That man may ſerve the King of kings in peace.
Religion now ſhall all her rays diſpenſe,
And ſhine abroad in perfect excellence;
Elſe we may dread ſome greater curſe at hand,
To ſcourge a thoughtleſs and ungrateful land:
Now war is weary, and retir'd to reſt;
The meagre famine, and the ſpotted peſt,
Deputed in her ſtead, may blaſt the day,
And ſweep the relicks of the ſword away.
When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulneſs of his glory ſhone;
Wiſe Solomon, a ſtranger to the ſword,
Was born to raiſe a temple to the Lord.
Anne too ſhall build, and every ſacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's iſle.
Thoſe mighty ſouls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force, to bleſs
Th' almighty Author of their late ſucceſs.
And what is all the world ſubdued to this?
The grave ſets bounds to ſublunary bliſs;
But there are conqueſts to great Anna known,
Above the ſplendour of an earthly throne;
Conqueſts! whoſe triumph is too great, within
The ſcanty bounds of matter to begin;
Too glorious to ſhine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkneſs of the ſtars and ſun,
And ſhall whole ages paſt be ſtill, ſtill but begun.
Heroic ſhades! whom war has ſwept away,
Look down, and ſmile on this auſpicious day:
Now boaſt your deaths; to thoſe your glory tell,
Who or at Agincourt or Creſſy fell;
Then deep into eternity retire,
Of greater things than peace or war enquire;
Fully content, and unconcern'd to know
What farther paſſes in the world below.
The braveſt of mankind ſhall now have leave
To die but once, nor piece-meal ſeek the grave:
On gain or pleaſure bent, we ſhall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each ſtreet
(Owners of bones diſpers'd on Flandria's plain,
Or waſting in the bottom of the main);
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear,
Leſt it an inſult of their woes appear,
And make us grudge ourſelves that wealth, their blood
Perhaps preſerv'd, who ſtarve, or beg for food.
Devotion ſhall run pure, and diſengage
From that ſtrange fate of mixing peace with rage.
On heaven without a ſin we now may call,
And guiltleſs to our Maker proſtrate fall;
Be Chriſtians while we pray, nor in one breath
Aſk Mercy for ourſelves, for others Death.

But O! I view with tranſport arts reſtor'd,
Which double uſe to Britain ſhall afford;
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
And yet for future peace ſweet motives yield:
While we contemplate on the painted wall,
The preſſing Briton, and the flying Gaul,
In ſuch bright images, ſuch living grace,
As leave great Raphael but the ſecond place;
Our cheeks ſhall glow, our heaving boſoms riſe,
And martial ardors ſparkle in our eyes;
Much we ſhall triumph in our battles paſt,
And yet conſent thoſe battles prove our laſt;
Leſt, while in arms for brighter fame we ſtrive,
We loſe the means to keep that fame alive.
In ſilent groves the birds delight to ſing,
Or near the margin of a ſecret ſpring:
Now all is calm, ſweet muſic ſhall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurſe of love.
But what's the warbling voice, the trembling ſtring,
Or breathing canvaſs, when the Muſes ſing?
The Muſe, my Lord, your care above the reſt,
With riſing joy dilates my partial breaſt;
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
Ere Greece her godlike Poets taught to ſoar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal, was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bled;
For Janus ſhut, her *Io Pæans* rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil ſung.
A thouſand various forms the Muſe may wear
(A thouſand various forms become the fair;)
But ſhines in none with more majeſtic mien,
Than when in ſtate ſhe draws the purple ſcene;
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning beauty melt the crouded ſtage;
Charms back paſt ages, gives to Britain's uſe
The nobleſt virtues time did e'er produce:
Leaves fam'd hiſtorians' boaſted art behind;
They keep the ſoul alone, and that's confin'd,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy ſpeaks;
The hero's preſence deep impreſſion makes;
The ſcenes his ſoul and body reunite,
Furniſh a voice, produce him to the ſight;
Make our contemporary him that ſtood
High in renown, perhaps before the flood;
Make Neſtor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our ſervice draw his ſword.
More glory to an Author what can bring,
Whence nobler ſervice to his country ſpring,
Than from thoſe labours, which, in man's deſpight,
Poſſeſs him with a paſſion for the right?
With honeſt magic make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
Through all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguiſh fall in love?
Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wiſh the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your underſtanding, and their ſkill,
Can domineer at pleaſure o'er your will:
Nor is the ſhort-liv'd conqueſt quickly paſt;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert faſt.
How often have I ſeen the generous bowl
With pleaſing force unlock a ſecret ſoul,
And ſteal a truth, which every ſober hour
(The proſe of life) had kept within her power?

The

The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd:
Yet when the spirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the sentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confession charge the lye.

Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodness here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws
Could render advocates in virtue's cause,
Caught by the scene have unawares resign'd
Their wonted disposition of the mind;
By slow degrees prevails the pleasing tale,
As circling glasses on our senses steal;
Till throughly by the Muses' banquet warm'd,
The passions tossing, all the soul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots flush'd with glorious rage,
Rise in their seats, and scarce forbear the stage,
Assistance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poignard on some tyrant king.
How can they cool to villains? how subside
To dregs of vice, from such a godlike pride?
To spoiling orphans how to-day return,
Who wept last night to see Monimia mourn?
In this gay school of virtue, whom so fit
To govern, and control the world of wit,
As Talbot, Lansdowne's friend, has Britain known?
Him polish'd Italy has call'd her own;
He in the lap of elegance was bred,
And trac'd the Muses to their fountain head:
But much we hope, he will enjoy at home
What's nearer ancient than the modern Rome.
Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
When I the British genius would advance;
There too has Shrewsbury improv'd his taste;
Yet still we dare invite him to our feast:
For Corneille's sake I shall my thoughts suppress
Of Oroonoko, and presume him less:
What though we wrong him? Isabella's woe
Waters those bays that shall for ever grow.
Our foes confess, nor we the praise refuse,
The Drama glories in the British Muse.
The French are delicate, and nicely lead
Of close intrigue the *labyrinthian* thread;
Our genius more affects the grand, than fine,
Our strength can make the great plain action shine:
They raise a great curiosity indeed,
From his dark maze to see the hero freed;
We rouze th' affections, and that hero show
Gasping beneath some formidable blow:
They sigh: we weep: the *Gallic* doubt and care
We heighten into terror and despair;
Strike home, the strongest passions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience should be pleas'd too much.
What's great in nature we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.
The fate of Cæsar is a tale too plain
The fickle Gallic taste to entertain;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden *arras* with gay flowers of love:
We know Heaven made him a far greater man
Than any Cæsar, in a human plan,
And such we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To stand affected with what Heaven design'd.
To claim attention, and the heart invade,
Shakespeare but *wrote* the play th' Almighty *made*.
Our neighbour's stage-art too bare-fac'd betrays,
'Tis great Corneille at every scene we praise;
On Nature's surer aid Britannia calls,
None think of Shakespeare till the curtain falls;
Then with a sigh returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome.

France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our strong designs;
That oft they think more justly we must own,
Not antient Greece a truer sense has shown:
Greece thought but justly, they think justly too;
We sometimes err by striving more to do.
So well are Racine's meanest persons taught,
But change a sentiment, you make a fault;
Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame:
When we boast more, we own ourselves to blame.

And yet in Shakespeare something still I find,
That makes me less esteem all human-kind;
He made one nature, and another found,
Both in his page with master-strokes abound:
His witches, fairies, and inchanted isle,
Bid us no longer at our nurses smile;
Of lost historians we almost complain,
Nor think it the creation of his brain.
Who lives, when his Othello's in a trance?
With his great Talbot * too he conquer'd France.

Long we may hope brave Talbot's blood will run
In great descendants. Shakespeare has but one;
And him, my lord, permit me not to name,
But in kind silence spare his rival's shame:—
Yet I in vain that author would suppress,
What can't be greater, cannot be made less:
Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim,
And to himself great Agamemnon name.

Should Shakespeare rise unbless'd with Talbot's smile,
Ev'n Shakespeare's self would curse this barren isle:
But if that reigning star propitious shine,
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine;
Ev'n I, by far the meanest of your age,
Shall not repent my passion for the stage.

Thus did the Will-almighty disallow,
No human force could pluck the golden bough,
Which left the tree with ease at Jove's command
And spar'd the labour of the weakest hand.

Auspicious fate! that gives me leave to write
To you, the Muses glory and delight;
Who know to read, nor false encomiums raise,
And mortify an Author with your praise:
Praise wounds a noble mind, when 'tis not due,
But censure's self will please, my lord, from you;
Faults are our pride and gain, when you descend
To point them out, and teach us how to mend.
What though the great man set his coffers wide,
That cannot gratify the Poet's pride;
Whose inspiration, if 'tis truly good,
Is best rewarded, when best understood.

* *An ancestor of the duke of Shrewsbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakespeare.*

The Muſes write for glory not for gold,
'Tis far beneath their nature to be ſold:
The greateſt gain is ſcorn'd, but as it ſerves
To ſpeak a ſenſe of what the Muſe deſerves;
The Muſe, which from her Lanſdowne ſcars no wrong,
Beſt judge, as well as ſubject, of her ſong.
Should this great theme allure me farther ſtill,
And I preſume to uſe your patience ill,
The world would plead my cauſe, and none but you
Will take diſguſt at what I now purſue:
Since what is mean my Muſe can't raiſe, I'll chooſe
A theme that's able to exalt my Muſe.
For who, not void of thought, can Granville name,
Without a ſpark of his immortal flame?
Whether we ſeek the patriot, or the friend,
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna recommend;
Whether we chooſe to love or to admire,
You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.
Such native graces without thought abound,
And ſuch familiar glories ſpread around,
As more incline the ſtander-by to raiſe
His value for himſelf, than you to praiſe.
Thus you befriend the moſt heroic way,
Bleſs all, on none an obligation lay;
So turn'd by nature's hand for all that's well,
'Tis ſcarce a virtue when you moſt excel.
Though ſweet your preſence, graceful is your mien,
You to be happy want not to be ſeen;
Though priz'd in public, you can ſmile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own:
In throngs, not conſcious of thoſe eyes that gaze
In wonder fix'd, though reſolute to pleaſe;
You, were all blind, would ſtill deſerve applauſe;
The world's your glory's witneſs, not its cauſe;
That lies beyond the limits of the day,
Angels behold it, and their God obey.
You take delight in others excellence;
A gift, which Nature rarely does diſpenſe:
Of all that breathe 'tis you, perhaps, alone
Would be well pleas'd to ſee yourſelf outdone.
You wiſh not thoſe, who ſhew your name reſpect,
So little worth, as might excuſe neglect;
Nor are in pain leſt merit you ſhould know;
Nor ſhun the well-deſerver as a foe;
A troubleſome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with ſhame.
You wiſh your country's good; that told ſo well
Your powers are known, th' event I need not tell.
When Neſtor ſpoke, none aſk'd if he prevail'd;
That god of ſweet perſuaſion never fail'd:
And ſuch great fame had Hector's valour wrought
Who meant he conquer'd, only ſaid he fought.
When you, my lord, to ſylvan ſcenes retreat,
No crouds around for pleaſure, or for ſtate,
You are not caſt upon a ſtranger land,
And wander penſive o'er the barren ſtrand;
Nor are you by receiv'd example taught,
In toys to ſhun the diſcipline of thought;
But unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
You chooſe companions from all human race;
Converſe with thoſe the deluge ſwept away,
Or thoſe whoſe midnight is Britannia's day.
Books not ſo much in form, as give conſent
To thoſe ideas your own thoughts preſent;
Your only gain from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cauſe to like yourſelf the more:
In Grecian ſages you are only taught
With more reſpect to value your own thought:
Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
Thoſe precepts we behold alive in you:
Your life is ſo adjuſted to their ſchools,
It makes that hiſtory they meant for rules.
What joy, what pleaſing tranſport, muſt ariſe
Within your breaſt, and lift you to the ſkies,
When in each learned page that you unfold,
You find ſome part of your own conduct told!
So pleas'd, and ſo ſurpris'd, Æneas ſtood,
And ſuch triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
When far from Trojan ſhores the hero ſpy'd
His ſtory ſhining forth in all its pride;
Admir'd himſelf, and ſaw his actions ſtand
The praiſe and wonder of a foreign land.
He knows not half his being, who's confin'd
In converſe, and reflection on mankind:
Your ſoul, which underſtands her charter well,
Diſdains impriſon'd by thoſe ſkies to dwell;
Ranges Eternity without the leave
Of death, nor waits the paſſage of the grave.
When pains eternal, and eternal bliſs,
When theſe high cares your weary thoughts diſmiſs,
In heavenly numbers you your ſoul unbend,
And for your eaſe to deathleſs fame deſcend.
Ye kings! would ye true greatneſs underſtand,
Read Seneca grown rich in Granville's hand *.
Behold the glories of your life compleat!
Still at a flow, and permanently great;
New moments ſhed new pleaſures as they fly,
And yet your greateſt is, that you muſt die.
Thus Anna ſaw, and raiſed you to the ſeat
Of honour, and confeſs'd her ſervant great;
Confeſs'd, not made him ſuch; for faithful Fame
Her trumpet ſwell'd long ſince with Granville's name,
Though you in modeſty the title wear,
Your name ſhall be the title of your heir;
Farther than ermin make his glory known,
And caſt in ſhades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high diſtinction ſprings;
The ſoul's endowment from the King of kings.
Lo! one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten Granville's in five thouſand years;
Anna, be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and control the great;
But O! to bid thy Granville brighter ſhine!
To him that great prerogative reſign,
Who the ſun's height can raiſe at pleaſure higher,
His lamp illumine, ſet his flames on fire.
Yet ſtill one bliſs, one glory, I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my lord, whom you muſt blame,
That I grow thus familiar with your name,

* *See his Lordſhip's Tragedy intitled "Heroic Love."*

He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice,
Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice:
Vice he has none, or such as none wish less,
But friends indeed, good-nature in excess.
You cannot boast the merit of a choice,
In making him your own, 'twas nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood,
Pleading a tye far nearer than of blood;
Similitude of manners, such a mind,
As makes you less the wonder of mankind.
Such ease his common converse recommends,
As he ne'er felt a passion, but his friend's;
Yet fix'd his principles, beyond the force
Of all beneath the sun, to bend his course *.

Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air;
Salutes each passing breeze with head reclin'd;
The pliant branches dance in every wind:
But fix'd the stem her upright state maintains,
And all the fury of the North disdains.

How are you bless'd in such a matchless friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendship end;
O Harrison! I must, I will complain;
Tears sooth the soul's distress, though shed in vain;
Didst thou return, and bless thy native shore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more?—
Thy task was early done, and I must own
Death kind to thee, but ah! to thee alone.
But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
Strafford and Bolingbroke the loss perceive,
They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave.

With aching heart, and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When first inform'd of his approaching fate;
But reach'd the partner of my soul too late:
'Twas past, his cheek was cold, that tuneful tongue,
Which late charmed with its melodious song,
Now languish'd, wanted strength to speak his pain,
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and sunk again:
Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.
To what serv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,
But more to load that most unhappy hour?
Yet still prevail'd the greatness of his mind;
That, not in health, or life itself confin'd,
Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mounted to joy, and smil'd in death's embrace.
His spirit now just ready to resign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine,
He grasps my hand, his swimming eye-balls roll,
My hand he grasps, and enters in my soul;
Then with a groan—support me, O! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear †.

Pardon, my lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom seeks relief;
To better fate your love I recommend,
O! may you never lose so dear a friend!
May nothing interrupt your happy hours;
Enjoy the blessings peace on Europe showers:
Nor yet disdain those blessings to adorn;
To make the Muse immortal, you was born.
Sing; and in latest time, when story's dark,
This period your surviving fame shall mark;
Save from the gulph of years this glorious age,
And thus illustrate their historian's page.

The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And Anna Britain sway'd, when Granville sung:
That noted year Europa sheath'd her sword,
When this great man was first saluted lord.

TWO

EPISTLES

TO

MR. POPE.

CONCERNING

THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

MDCCXXX.

WHILST you at Twickenham plan the future wood,
Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,
Our senate meets; at parties, parties bawl,
And pamphlets stun the streets, and load the stall;
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight;
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And Codrus' prose works up, and Lico's strains.
Lo! what from *cellars* rise, what rush *from high*,
Where speculation roosted near the sky;
Letters, Essays, Sock, Buskin, Satire, Song,
And all the Garret thunders on the throng!

O Pope! I burst; nor can, nor will, refrain;
I'll write; let others, in their turn, complain:
Truce, truce, ye Vandals! my tormented ear
Less dreads a pillory than a pamphleteer;
I've *heard* myself to death; and, plagu'd each hour,
Shan't I return the vengeance in my power?
For who can write the true absurd like me?—
Thy pardon, Codrus! who, I mean, but thee?

Pope! if like mine, or Codrus', were thy style,
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file;
Merit less solid, less despite had bred;
They had not *bit*, and then they had not *bled*.
Fame is a public mistress, none enjoys,
But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys;
With *fame*, in just proportion, *envy* grows;
The man that makes a character, makes foes:
Slight, peevish insects round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To shew they live) they flutter, and they sting;
But

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* *His Lordship's Nephew, who took Orders.* YOUNG.

† *The Author here bewails that most ingenious gentleman, Mr. William Harrison, Fellow of New-College, Oxon.*—YOUNG.—[*See a more particular account of him in the "Supplement to Swift."*]

But as by depredations wasps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.
Shall we not censure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous, or champaign?
Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college sloven, or embroider'd spark;
The purple prelate, or the parish clerk;
The quiet Quidnunc, or demanding prig;
The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad;
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite;
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, taylors, tune the reeds,
And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds;
For bankrupts write, when ruin'd shops are shut,
As maggos crawl from out a perish'd nut.
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
By thriving men subsists each other trade;
Of every *broken* craft a writer's made:
Thus his material, Paper, takes its birth
From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.
Hail, fruitful *isle!* to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old song;
Thee well a land of liberty we name,
Where all are free to scandal and to shame;
Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,
And be mankind's contempt, whene'er they please;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
This heavy prose our injur'd reason tires;
Their verse immortal kindles loose desires:
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.
What glorious motives urge our Authors on,
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone!
One loses his estate, and down he sits,
To shew (in vain!) he still retains his wits:
Another marries, and his dear proves keen;
He writes as an Hypnotic for the spleen:
Some write, confin'd by physic; some, by debt;
Some, for 'tis Sunday; some, some because 'tis wet;
Through private pique some do the public right,
And love their king and country out of spight:
Another writes because his father writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.
Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound?
Neither: why write then? He wants twenty pound:
His belly, not his brains, this impulse give:
He 'll grow immortal; for he cannot live:
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no provision made, but of his theme;
Perhaps a *title* has his fancy smit,
Or a quaint *motto*, which he thinks has wit:
He writes, in inspiration puts his trust,
Though wrong his thoughts, the *gods* will make them just;
Genius directly from the *gods* descends,
And who by labour would distrust his *friends?*
Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
In immortality he dips his quill:
And, since blank paper is deny'd the press,
He mingles the whole alphabet by guess:
In various sets, which various words compose,
Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows.
So sounds spontaneous from the Sibyl broke,
Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke;
The priests found out the meaning, if they could;
And nations star'd at what none understood.
Clodio dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited, (the whole
And great concern of an immortal soul!)
Oft have I said, "Awake! exist! and strive
"For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"
As oft I overheard the *demon* say,
Who daily met the loiterer in his way,
"I'll meet thee youth, at White's:" the youth replies.
"I'll meet thee there," and falls his sacrifice;
His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To every bribe, and blind to every snare:
Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,
Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.
Such heroes have we! all, but life, they stake;
How must Spain tremble, and the German shake!
Such writers have we! all, but sense, they print;
Ev'n George's praise is dated from the Mint.
In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.
Reform your lives before you thus aspire,
And steal (for you *can steal*) cœlestial fire.
O! the just contrast! O! the beauteous strife!
'Twixt their cool writings, and *pindaric* life:
They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire;
They cheat the lender, and their *works* the buyer.
I reverence misfortune, not deride;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
For who so sad, but must some mirth confess
At gay Castruchio's miscellaneous dress?
Though there 's but one of the dull works he wrote,
There 's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.
These, nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their majestic dome;
They make a private study of the street;
And, looking full on every man they meet,
Run souse against his chaps; who stands amaz'd
To find they did not see, but only gaz'd.
How must these bards be rapt into the skies?
You need not *read*, you *feel* your ecstasies.
Will they persist? 'Tis madness; Lintot, run,
See them confin'd—"O, that 's already done."
Most, as by leases, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, possession of the Mint.
If you mistake, and pity these poor men,
Est ulubris, they cry, and write again.
Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,
And then pronounce just judges learning's foes;
O frail conclusion; the reverse is true;
If foes to learning, they 'd be friends to you:

Treat

Treat them, ye judges! with an honeſt ſcorn,
And weed the cockle from the generous corn:
There's true good-nature in your diſrelpect;
In juſtice to the good, the bad neglect:
For immortality, if hardſhips plead,
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.
But, O! what wiſdom can convince a fool,
But that 'tis dulneſs to conceive him dull?
'Tis ſad experience takes the cenſor's part,
Conviction, not from reaſon, but from ſmart.
A virgin-author, recent from the preſs,
The ſheets yet wet, applauds his great ſucceſs;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
Thoſe in his hand, and glory in his head:
'Tis joy too great; a fever of delight!
His heart beats thick, nor cloſe his eyes all night:
But, riſing the next morn to claſp his fame,
He finds that without ſleeping he could dream:
So ſparks, they ſay, take goddeſſes to bed,
And find next day the devil in their ſtead.
In vain *advertiſements* the town o'erſpread;
They 're epitaphs, and ſay the work is dead.
Who *preſs* for fame, but ſmall recruits will raiſe;
'Tis *volunteers* alone can give the bays.
A famous author viſits a great man,
Of his immortal work diſplays the plan,
And ſays, "Sir, I'm your friend; all fears diſmiſs;
"Your glory, and my own, ſhall live by this;
"Your power is fixt, your fame through time convey'd.
"And Britain Europe's Queen—if I am paid."
A Stateſman has his anſwer in a trice;
'Sir, ſuch a genius is beyond all price;
"What man can pay for this?"—Away he turns:
His work is folded, and his boſom burns:
His patron he will patronize no more;
But, ruthes like a tempeſt out of door.
Loſt is the patriot, and extinct his name!
Out comes the piece, another, and the ſame;
For A, his magic pen evokes an O,
And turns the tide of Europe on the foe:
He rams his quill with ſcandal and with ſcoff;
But 'tis ſo very foul, it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar;
But, when once publiſh'd, they are heard no more.
Thus diſtant bugbears fright, but, nearer draw,
The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.
Can thoſe oblige, whoſe heads and hearts are ſuch?
No; every party 's tainted by their touch.
Infected perſons fly each public place;
And none, or enemies alone, embrace:
To the foul fiend their every paſſion 's ſold:
They love, and hate, *extempore*, for gold:
What image of their fury can we form?
Dulneſs and rage, a puddle in a ſtorm.
Reſt they in peace? If you are pleas'd to *buy*,
To ſwell your ſails, like Lapland winds they fly:
Write they with rage? The tempeſt quickly flags;
A ſtaff Ulyſſes tames them with his bags;
Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew
For Chriſtian miniſters of ſtate are few.
Behind the curtain lurks the fountain head,
That pours his politics through pipes of lead;
Whilſt far and near ejaculate, and ſpout
O'er tea and coffee, poiſon to the rout:
But when they have beſpatter'd all they may,
The ſtateſman throws his filthy ſquirts away!
With *golden* forceps, theſe, another takes,
And ſtate elixirs of the vipers makes.
The *richeſt* ſtateſman wants wherewith to *pay*
A ſervile ſycophant, if well they weigh
How much it coſts the wretch to be ſo baſe;
Nor can the *greateſt* powers enough *diſgrace*,
Enough *chaſtiſe*, ſuch proſtitute applauſe,
If well they weigh how much it ſtains their cauſe.
But are our writers ever in the wrong?
Does virtue ne'er ſeduce the venal tongue?
Yes; if well brib'd, for virtue's ſelf they fight;
Still in the wrong, though champions for the right:
Whoe'er their crimes for intereſt only quit,
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds *commit*.
Nought but inconſtancy Britannia meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd ſheets:
From the ſame hand how various is the page!
What civil war their brother pamphlets wage!
Tracts battle tracts, ſelf-contradictions glare;
Say, is this lunacy?—I wiſh it were.
If ſuch our writers, ſtartled at the ſight,
Felons may bleſs their ſtars they cannot write!
How juſtly Proteus' tranſmigrations fit
The monſtrous changes of a modern wit!
Now ſuch a gentle *ſtream* of eloquence
As ſeldom riſes to the verge of ſenſe;
Now, by mad rage, tranſform'd into a *flame*,
Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame;
Now, on immodeſt traſh, the *ſwine obſcene*
Invites the town to ſup at Drury-lane;
A dreadful *lion*, now he roars at power,
Which ſends him to his brothers at the Tower;
He 's now a *ſerpent*, and his double tongue
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of thoſe he ſtung;
What knot can bind him, his evaſion ſuch?
One knot he well deſerves, which might do much.
The flood, flame, ſwine, the lion, and the ſnake
Thoſe fivefold monſters, modern authors make.
The Snake reigns moſt, Snakes, Pliny, ſays, are bred,
When the *brain* 's periſh'd in a human head.
Ye grovelling, trodden, whipt, ſtript, turncoat things,
Made up of venom, volumes, ſtains, and ſting!
Thrown from the Tree of Knowledge, like your curſt
To ſcribble in the duſt, was Snake the firſt.
What if the *figure* ſhould in *fact* prove true?
It did in Elkenah *, why not in you?
Poor Elkenah, all other changes paſt,
For bread in Smithfield *dragons* hiſt at laſt,
Spit ſtreams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners ſuited to his ſhape:

* *Settle, the city poet.*

Such is the fate of talents misapply'd;
So liv'd your Prototype; and so he dy'd.
Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
That gods there are is eminently seen:
Heav'n stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Through meagre jaws they draw their venal breath,
As ghastly as their brothers in Macbeth;
Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,
And oftener chang'd their principles than shirt.
The transient vestments of these frugal men,
Hastens to paper for our mirth again:
Too soon (O merry-melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble through a grate:
The mean lampoon'd forgets it at the sight;
The friend through pity gives, the foe through spite;
And, though full conscious of his injur'd purse,
Lintot relents, nor Curll can wish them worse.
So fare the men, who writers dare commence
Without their *patent*, probity and sense.
From *these*, their politics our Quidnuncs seek,
And Saturday 's the learning of the week;
These labouring wits, like saviours, mend our ways,
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat essays;
Ram their coarse nonsense down, though ne'er so dull;
And hem at every thump upon your scull;
These staunch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
And honest folly echoes to the lye.
O how I laugh, when I a blockhead see,
Thanking a villain for his *probity!*
Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer:
It tickles through my soul to hear the *cock's*
Sincere encomium on his friend the *fox*,
Sole *patron* of his *liberties* and *rights!*
While graceless Reynard listens—till he bites.
As, when the trumpet sounds, th' o'erloaded state
Discharges all her *poor* and *profligate*;
Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
And *prisons* pour their filth into the field;
Thus nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
Compose the *black militia* of the *pen*.

EPISTLE II.

FROM OXFORD.

ALL write at London; shall the rage abate
Here, where it most should shine, the Muses' *seat?*
Where, mortal, or immortal, as they please,
The learn'd may chuse eternity or ease?
Has not a † Royal Patron wisely strove
To woo the Muse in her Athenian grove?
Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
And given new tongues to those who spoke so well?

† *King George I.*

Let *these* instruct, with truth's illustrious ray,
Awake the world, and scare our owls away.
Mean while, O friend! indulge me, if I give
Some needful precepts how to *write*, and *live*:
Serious should be an author's final views;
Who write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.
An Author! 'Tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
Who shall stand up, *dictators* to mankind?
Nay, who dare *shine*, if not in *virtue's* cause,
That sole proprietor of just applause?
Ye restless men, who pant for letter'd praise,
With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—
With those great authors whose fam'd works you read?
'Tis well; go, then, consult the laurel'd shade,
What answer will the laurel'd shade return?
Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn
The noblest works his envy'd genius writ,
That boast of nought more excellent than *wit*.
If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
Woe to the page which has not *that* to plead!
Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote
The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:
Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of fame,
Condemn the charm of ages to the flame:
And in one point is all true wisdom cast,
To think *that early* we *must* think *at last*.
Immortal wits, ev'n *dead*, break nature's laws,
Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause;
And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Revers'd ambition!) pant to be *forgot*.
Thus ends your courted *fame*: does lucre then,
The sacred *thirst* of *gold*, betray your pen?
In prose 'tis blameable, in verse 'tis worse,
Provokes the Muse, extorts Apollo's curse;
His sacred influence never should be sold,
'Tis arrant *simony* to sing for gold:
'Tis immortality should fire your mind;
Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.
If bribes ye seek, know this, ye writing tribe!
Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe:
All 's on the party of the virtuous man;
The good will surely serve him, if they can;
The bad, when interest or ambition guide,
And 'tis at once their *interest* and their *pride*:
But should both fail to take him to their care,
He boasts a *greater* friend, and both may spare.
Letters to man uncommon light dispense;
And what is virtue, but superior sense?
In parts and learning ye who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes, *your* crimes are doubledy'd.
What is a scandal of the first renown,
But letter'd knaves, and *atheists* in a gown?
'Tis harder far to please than give offence;
The least misconduct damns the brightest sense;
Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impressions deep
On those that o'er a page of Milton sleep:
Nor in their dulness think to save your shame,
True, these are fools; but wise men say the same.

Wits are a despicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
And play the fool, because they're men of sense.
What instances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their *genius* brought!
Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone?
Nature has shewn, by making it so rare,
That *wit's* a jewel which we need not wear.
Of plain sound *sense* life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the most substantial trade.
Prudence protects and guides us, wit betrays;
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
A certain snare to miseries immense;
A gay prerogative from common sense;
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.
But grant your judgment equal to the best,
Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast;
Yet still forbear: your wit (consider well)
'Tis great to shew, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to seize the golden prize
Of place or power; but greater to despise.
If still you languish for an author's name,
Think private merit less than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deserve, and take, the great prerogative.
But ponder what it is; how dear 'twill cost,
To write one page which you may justly boast.
Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press;
Who write, an awful character profess;
The worldeas pupil of their wisdom claim,
And for their stipend an immortal fame:
Nothing but what is solid or refin'd,
Should dare ask public audience of mankind.
Severely weigh your learning and your wit:
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ;
No writer, fam'd in your own way, pass o'er;
Much trust example, but reflexion more:
More had the antients writ, they more had taught;
Which shews some work is left for modern thought.
This weigh'd perfection know; and, know
Toil, burn for that; but do not aim at more;
Above, beneath it, the just limits fix;
And zealously prefer four lines to six.
Write and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for its *swiftness* ne'er applaud your pen.
Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praise,
Slow runs the Pegasus that wins the bays.
Much time for *immortality* to pay,
Is just and wise; for *less* is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain;
Time is the father, and the midwife *pain*:
The same good sense that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impossibilities they seek:
What man can be immortal in a week?
Excuse no *fault*; though beautiful, 't will harm;
One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctness; Addison
And *you* this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once Achilles found,
The *whole* is mortal, if a *part's* unsound.
He that *strikes out*, and strikes not out the *best*,
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest.
Give e'er so little, if what's right be there,
We praise for what you *burn*, and what you *spare*;
The part you burn, smells sweet before the shrine,
And is as incense to the part divine.
Nor *frequent* write, though you can do it well:
Men may too *oft*, though not too *much*, excel.
A few good works gain fame, more sink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
They granted you writ well, what can they more,
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er?
Do *boldly* what you do; and let your page
Smile, if it smiles, and if it rages, rage.
So faintly Lucius censures and commends,
That Lucius has no foes, except his friends.
Let *satire* less engage you than *applause*:
It shews a generous mind to wink at flaws:
Is genius yours? Be yours a glorious end,
Be your *king's*, *country's*, *truth's*, *religion's* friend;
The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run posterity, in debt.
And since the fam'd alone make others live,
First *love* that glory you presume to *give*.
It satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good-breeding lends the satire to the heart.
Painters and surgeons may the *structure* scan;
Genius and *morals* be with you the *man*:
Defaults in those alone should give offence!
Who strikes the *person*, pleads his innocence.
My narrow-minded satire can't extend
To Codrus' form; I 'm not so much his friend:
Himself should publish that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin, or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.
Is that call'd *humour*? It has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit or sense.
Unless you boast the genius of a Swift,
Beware of *humour*, the dull rogue's *last shift*.
Can others write like you? Your task give o'er
'Tis printing what was published long before.
If aught peculiar through your labours run,
They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think close, read nature, turn
Mens manners o'er, and half your volumes burn
To nurse with quick reflection be your strife,
Thoughts born from present objects, warm from life;
When most unsought, such inspirations rise,
Slighted by fools, and cherish'd by the wise:
Expect peculiar fame from these alone;
These make an author, these are all your own.
Life, like their bibles, coolly men turn o'er;
Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.

True

True, all men think of courſe, as all men dream;
And if they ſlightly think, 'tis much the ſame.
Letters admit not of a half-renown;
They give you *nothing*, or they give a *crown*.
No work e'er gain'd *true* fame, or ever can,
But what did honor to the name of man.
Weighty the *ſubject*, cogent the *diſcourſe*,
Clear be the *ſtyle*, the very *ſound* of force,
Eaſy the *conduct*, ſimple the *deſign*,
Striking the *moral*, and the *ſoul* divine:
Let nature art, and judgment wit, exceed;
O'er learning reaſon reign; o'er that, your Creed:
Thus *virtue's ſeeds*, at once, and *laurel's*, grow;
Do thus, and riſe a Pope, or a Deſpreau:
And when your genius exquiſitely ſhines,
Live up to the full luſtre of your lines:
Parts but expoſe thoſe men who virtue quit;
A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
And they plead Lucifer's deteſted cauſe,
Who for bare talents challenge our applauſe.
Would you reſtore juſt honours, to the pen?
From able writers *riſe* to worthy men.
"Who 's this with nonſenſe, nonſenſe would
"reſtrain?
"Who 's this (they cry) ſo vainly ſchools the
"vain?
"Who damns our traſh, with ſo much traſh re-
"plete?
"As, three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at
"meat?"
Shall I with Bavius then my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault?
With huge *examens* overwhelm my page,
And darken reaſon with dogmatic rage?
As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
In proſe a duller could excuſe the crime?
Sure, next to writing, the moſt idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we ſing.
At that tribunal ſtands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe,
Time is the judge; Time has nor friend nor foe;
Falſe fame *muſt* wither, and the true *will* grow.
Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy;
For if I fall, by my *own* pen I die:
While ſnarlers ſtrive with proud but fruitleſs pain,
To *wound immortals*, or to *ſlay the ſlain*.
Sore preſt with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets level'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to ſerve me this campaign;
And ſafely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and ſleep behind my ſhield;
Unleſs dire Codrus rouſes to the fray
In all his might, and damns me—for a day.
As turns a flock of geeſe, and, on the green,
Poke out their fooliſh necks in awkward ſpleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to *hiſs*, not *bite*,
So war their quills, when *ſons of dulneſs* write.

AN EPISTLE

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

BY MR. DODDINGTON.

AFTERWARDS LORD MELCOMBE.

"—*Quæ cenſet Amiculus, ut ſi*
"*Cæcus iter monſtrare velit*—" HOR.

THOUGH ſtrength of genius, by experience taught,
Gives thee to ſound the depths of human thought,
To trace the various workings of the mind,
And rule the ſecret ſprings, that rule mankind;
(Rare gift!) yet, Walpole, wilt thou condeſcend
To liſten, if thy unexperienc'd friend
Can aught of uſe impart, though void of ſkill,
And win attention by ſincere good-will;
For friendſhip, ſometimes, want of parts ſupplies,
The heart may furniſh what the head denies.
As when the rapid Rhone, o'er ſwelling tides,
To grace old Ocean's court, in triumph rides,
Though rich his ſource, he drains a thouſand ſprings,
Nor ſcorns the tribute each ſmall rivulet brings.
So thou ſhalt, hence, abſorb each feeble ray,
Each dawn of meaning, in thy brighter day;
Shalt like, or, where thou canſt not like, excuſe,
Since no mean intereſt ſhall profane the Muſe,
No malice, wrapt in truth's diſguiſe, offend,
Nor flattery taint the freedom of the friend.
When firſt a generous mind ſurveys the great,
And views the crowds that on their fortune wait;
Pleas'd with the ſhow (though little underſtood)
He only ſeeks the power, to do the good;
Thinks, till he tries, 'tis godlike to diſpoſe,
And gratitude ſtill ſprings, where bounty ſows;
That every grant ſincere affection wins,
And where our wants have end, our love begins:
But thoſe who long the paths of ſtate have trod,
Learn from the clamours of the murmuring crowd,
Which cramm'd, yet craving ſtill, their gates beſiege,
'Tis eaſier far to give, than to oblige.
This of my conduct ſeems the niceſt part,
The chief perfection of the ſtateſman's art,
To give to fair aſſent a fairer face,
Or ſoften a refuſal into grace:
But few there are that can be truly kind,
Or know to fix their favours on the mind;
Hence, ſome, whene'er they would oblige, offend,
And while they make the fortune, loſe the friend;
Still give, unthank'd; ſtill ſquander, not beſtow;
For great men want not, what to give, but how.
The race of men that follow courts, 'tis true,
Think all they get, and more than all, their due;

Still

Still ask, but ne'er consult their own deserts,
And measure by their interest, not their parts:
From this mistake so many men we see,
But ill become the thing they wish'd to be;
Hence discontent, and fresh demands arise,
More power, more favour in the great man's eyes;
All feel a want, though none the cause suspects,
But hate their patron, for their own defects;
Such none can please, but who reforms their hearts,
And, when he gives them places, gives them parts.
As these o'erprize their worth, so sure the great
May sell their favour at too dear a rate;
When merit pines, while clamour is preferr'd,
And long attachment waits among the herd;
When no distinction, where distinction 's due,
Marks from the many the superior few;
When strong cabal constrains them to be just,
And makes them give at last—because they must;
What hopes that men of real worth should prize,
What neither friendship gives, nor merit buys?
The man who justly o'er the whole presides,
His well-weigh'd choice with wise affection guides;
Knows when to stop with grace, and when advance,
Nor gives through importunity or chance;
But thinks how little gratitude is ow'd,
When favours are extorted, not bestow'd.
When, safe on shore ourselves, we see the crowd
Surround the great, importunate, and loud;
Through such a tumult, 'tis no easy task
To drive the man of real worth to ask;
Surrounded thus, and giddy with the show,
'Tis hard for great men, rightly to bestow;
From h ence so few are skill'd, in either case,
To ask with dignity, or give with grace.
Sometimes the great, seduc'd by love of parts,
Consult our genius, and neglect our hearts;
Pleas'd with the glittering sparks that genius flings,
They list us, towering on their eagle's wings,
Mark out the flights by which themselves begun,
And teach our dazzled eyes to bear the sun;
'Till we forget the hand that made us great,
And grow to envy, not to emulate:
To emulate, a generous warmth implies,
To reach the virtues, that make great men r
But envy wears a mean malignant face,
And aims not at their virtues—but their place.
Such to oblige, how vain is the pretence!
When every favour is a fresh offence,
By w ich superior power is still imply'd,
And, while it helps their fortune, hurts their pride.
Slight is the hate, neglect or hardships breed;
But those who hate from envy, hate indeed.
"Since so perplex'd the choice, whom shall we trust?'
Methinks I hear thee cry—The brave and just;
The man by no mean fears or hopes control'd,
Who serves thee from affection, not for gold.

We love the honest, and esteem the brave,
Despise the coxcomb, but detest the knave;
No shew of parts the truly wise seduce,
To think that knaves can be of real use.
The man who contradicts the public voice,
And strives to dignify a worthless choice,
Attempts a task that on that choice reflects,
And lends us light to point out new defects.
One worthless man, that gains what he pretends
Disgusts a thousand unpretending friends:
And since no art can make a counterpass,
Or add the weight of gold to mimic brass,
When princes to bad ore their image join,
They more debase the stamp, than raise the coin
Be thine the care, true merit to reward,
And gain the good—nor will that task be hard;
Souls form'd alike so quick by nature blend,
An honest man is more than half thy friend.
Him, no mean views, or haste to rise, shall sway,
Thy choice to sully, or thy trust betray:
Ambition, here, shall at due distance stand;
Nor is wit dangerous in an honest hand:
Besides, if failings at the bottom lie,
We view those failings with a lover's eye;
Though small his genius, let him do his best,
Our wishes and belief supply the rest.
Let others barter servile faith for gold,
His friendship is not to be bought or sold:
Fierce opposition he, unmov'd, shall face,
Modest in favour, daring in disgrace,
To share thy adverse fate alone, pretend;
In power, a servant; out of power, a friend.
Here pour thy favours in an ample flood,
Indulge thy boundless thirst of doing good:
Nor think that good to him alone confin'd;
Such to oblige, is to oblige mankind.
If thus thy mighty master's steps thou trace,
The brave to cherish, and the good to grace;
Long shalt thou stand from rage and faction free
And teach us long to love the king, through thee
Or fall a victim dangerous to the foe,
And make him tremble when he strikes the blow;
While honour, gratitude, affection join
To deck thy close, and brighten thy decline;
(Illustrious doom!) the great, when thus displac'd,
With friendship guarded, and with virtue grac'd,
In awful ruin, like Rome's senate, fall,
The prey and worship of the wondering Gaul.
No doubt, to genius some reward is due,
(Excluding that, were satirizing you;)
But, yet, believe thy undesigning friend,
When truth and genius for thy choice contend,
Though both have weight when in the balance cast,
Let probity be first, and parts the last.
On these foundations if thou dar'st be great,
And check the growth of folly and deceit;
When party rage shall droop through length of days,
And calumny be ripen'd into praise,
Then future times shall to thy worth allow
That fame, which envy would call flattery now.

Thus far my zeal, though for the task unfit,
Has pointed out the rocks where others split;
By that inspir'd, though stranger to the Nine,
And negligent of any fame—but thine,
I take the friendly, but superfluous part;
You act from nature what I teach from art.

THE OLD MAN'S RELAPSE.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING EPISTLE.

"*— Sopitos suscitat ignes.*" VIRG.

I.

FROM man's too curious and impatient sight,
The future, heaven involves in thickest night,
Credit grey hairs: though freedom much we boast,
Some least perform, what they determine most,
What sudden changes our resolves betray?
To-morrow is a satire on to-day,
And shews its weakness. Whom shall men believe,
When constantly themselves, themselves deceive.

II.

Long had I bid my once-lov'd Muse adieu;
You warm old age; my passion burns anew.
How sweet your verse! how great your force of mind!
What power of words! what skill in dark mankind!
Polite the conduct; generous the design;
And beauty files, and strength sustains, each line.
Thus Mars and Venus are, once more, beset;
Your wit has caught them in its golden net.

III.

But what strikes home with most exalted grace
Is, haughty genius taught to know its place;
And, where worth shines, its humbled crest to bend,
With zeal devoted to that godlike end.
When we discern so rich a vein of sense,
Through the smooth flow of purest eloquence;
'Tis like the limpid streams of Tagus roll'd
O'er boundless wealth, o'er shining beds of gold.

IV.

But whence so finish'd, so refin'd a piece?
The tongue denies it to old Rome and Greece;
The Genius bids the moderns doubt their claim,
And slowly take possession of the fame.
But I not know, nor care by whom 'twas writ,
Enough for me that 'tis from human wit,
That sooths my pride: all glory in the pen
Which has done honor to the race of men.

V.

But this have others done; a like applause
An ancient and a [a] modern Horace draws.

[a] *Boileau.*

But they to glory by degrees arose,
Meridian lustre you, at once disclose.
'Tis continence of mind, unknown before,
To write so well, and yet to write no more.
More bright renown can human nature claim,
Than to deserve, and fly immortal fame?

VI.

Next to the godlike praise of writing well,
Is on that praise with just delight to dwell.
O, for some God my drooping soul to raise!
That I might imitate, as well as praise;
For all commend: ev'n foes your fame confess;
Nor would Augustus' age have priz'd it less;
An age, which had not held its pride so long,
But for the want of so compleat a song.

VII.

A golden period shall from you commence:
Peace shall be sign'd 'twixt wit and manly sense;
Whether your genius or your rank they view,
The Muses find their Halifax in you.
Like him succeed! nor think my zeal is shewn
For you; 'tis Britain's interest, not your own.
For lofty stations are but golden snares,
Which tempt the great to fall in love with cares.

VIII.

I would proceed, but age has chill'd my vein,
'Twas a short fever, and I'm cool again.
Though life I hate, methinks I could renew
Its tasteless, painful course, to sing of you.
When such the subject, who shall curb his flight?
When such your genius, who shall dare to write?
In pure respect, I give my rhyming o'er,
And, to commend you most, commend no more.

IX.

Adieu, whoe'er thou art! on death's pale coast
Ere long I'll talk thee o'er with Dryden's ghost;
The bard will smile. A last, a long farewell!
Henceforth I hide me in my dusky cell;
There wait the friendly stroke that sets me free,
And think of immortality and thee—
My strains are number'd by the tuneful Nine;
Each maid presents her thanks, and all present thee mine.

VERSES SENT BY LORD MELCOMBE TO DOCTOR YOUNG.

NOT LONG BEFORE HIS LORDSHIP'S DEATH[a].

KIND companion of my youth,
Lov'd for genius, worth, and truth!
Take what friendship can impart,
Tribute of a feeling heart;

[a] "*A Poetical Epistle from the late Lord Melcombe to the Earl of Bute, with corrections by the Author of the Night Thoughts,*" was published in 4to. 1776.

Take

Take the Muſe's lateſt ſpark*,
Ere we drop into the dark.
He, who parts and virtue gave,
Bad Thee look beyond the grave;
Genius ſoars, and Virtue guides;
Above, the love of God preſides.
There 's a gulph 'twixt us and God;
Let the gloomy path be trod:
Why ſtand ſhivering on the ſhore?
Why not boldly venture o'er?
Where unerring Virtue guides,
Let us have the winds and tides:
Safe, through ſeas of doubts and fears,
Rides the bark which Virtue ſteers.

SEA-PIECE:

CONTAINING

I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

THE DEDICATION.

TO MR. VOLTAIRE.

I.

MY Muſe, a bird of paſſage, flies
From frozen clime to milder ſkies;
From chilling blaſts ſhe ſeeks thy cheering beam,
A beam of favour, *here* deny'd;
Conſcious of faults, her bluſhing pride
Hopes an aſylum in ſo great a name.

II.

† To dive full deep in *ancient days*,
The *warrior's* ardent deeds to raiſe,
And *monarch's* aggrandize;—the glory, Thine;
Thine is the *drama*, how renown'd!
Thine, *Epic's* loftier trump to ſound;—
But let Arion's ſea-ſtrung harp be Mine:

III.

But where 's his *dolphin*? Know'ſt thou, where?—
May that be found in Thee, Voltaire!
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
How will thy name illuſtrious raiſe
My ſinking ſong! Mere *mortal* lays,
So patroniz'd, are reſcued from the grave.

IV.

"Tell me, ſay'ſt thou, who courſs my ſmile?
"What ſtranger ſtray'd from yonder iſle!—
No ſtranger, Sir! though born in foreign climes;
On Dorſet downs, when Milton's page,
With *Sin* and *Death*, provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, *who* ſooth'd with gentle rhymes?

V.

Who kindly couch'd thy cenſure's eye,
And gave thee clearly to deſcry
Sound judgment giving law to fancy ſtrong?
Who half inclin'd thee to confeſs,
Nor could thy modeſty do leſs,
That Milton's blindneſs lay not in his ſong?

VI.

But ſuch debates long ſince are flown;
For ever ſet the ſuns that ſhone
On airy paſtimes, ere our brows were grey:
How ſhortly ſhall we Both forget,
To thee my patron I my debt,
And thou to thine for Pruſſia's golden key.

VII.

The preſent, in oblivion caſt,
Full ſoon ſhall ſleep, as ſleeps the paſt;
Full ſoon the wide diſtinction die between
The frowns and favours of the great;
High fluſh'd ſucceſs, and pale defeat;
The Gallic gaiety, and Britiſh ſpleen.

VIII.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! ſtay:—
Oh friend! as deaf as rapid, they;
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls!—
Doſt thou not hear it? I can hear,
Though nothing ſtrikes the liſtening ear;
Time groans his laſt! Eternal loudly calls!

IX.

Nor calls in vain; the call inſpires
Far other counſels and deſires,
Than once prevail'd; we ſtand on higher ground;
What ſcenes we ſee!—Exalted aim!
With ardours *new*, our ſpirits flame;
Ambition bleſt! with more than *laurels* crown'd.

A SEA-PIECE.

ODE THE FIRST.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

I.

IN lofty ſounds let thoſe delight
Who brave the foe, but fear the fight;
And, bold in word, of arms decline the ſtroke:
'Tis mean to boaſt; but great to lend
To foes the counſel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence ariſe theſe loud alarms?
Why gleams the *Youth* with brandiſh'd arms?
War, bath'd in blood, from curſt ambition ſprings:
Ambition! mean, ignoble pride!
Perhaps their ardours may ſubſide,
When weigh'd the wonders Britain's ſailor ſings.

Hear,

* *See Mr. Cuſt's Life of Young.*

† *Annals of the Emperor Charles* XII. *Lewis* XIV.

III.

Hear, and revere.—At Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood
Haſte's the huge *oak*, or ſhadeleſs foreſt leaves;
The mountain *pines* aſſume new forms,
Spread canvaſs-wings, and fly through ſtorms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

IV.

She *nods* again: the labouring earth
Diſcloſes a tremendous birth;
In ſmoaking rivers runs her molten ore;
Thence monſters of enormous ſize,
And hideous aſpect, threatening riſe,
Flame from the deck, from trembling baſtions roar.

V.

Theſe miniſters of fate fulfil,
On empires wide, an *iſland's* will,
When thrones unjuſt wake vengeance: know, ye powers!
In ſudden night, and ponderous balls,
And floods of flame, the tempeſt falls,
When brav'd Britannia's awful ſenate lowers.

VI.

In her * grand council ſhe ſurveys,
In patriot picture, what may raiſe,
Of inſolent attempts, a warm diſdain;
From hope's triumphant ſummit thrown,
Like darted lightning, ſwiftly down
The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

VII.

Britannia ſheaths her courage keen,
And ſpares her nitrous magazine;
Her *cannon* ſlumber, till the proud aſpire,
And leave all law below them; then *they* blaze!
They thunder from reſounding ſeas,
Touch'd by their injur'd maſter's ſoul of fire,

VIII.

Then furies riſe! the battle raves!
And rends the ſkies! and warms the waves!
And calls a tempeſt from the peaceful deep,
In ſpite of nature, ſpite of Jove,
While all-ſerene, and huſh'd above,
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers ſleep.

IX.

A thouſand deaths the burſting bomb
Hurls from her diſembowel'd womb;
Main'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd by ſtrong, ſulphureous blaſts,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and maſts;
And leave ſing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks behind.

X.

Dwarf laurels riſe in tented fields;
The wreath immortal *ocean* yields,
Here war's whole ſting is ſhot, whole fire is ſpent,
Whole glory blooms: how pale, how tame,
How lambent is Bellona's flame?
How her ſtorms languiſh on the continent!

* *Houſe of Lords.*

XI.

From the dread front of *antient* war
Leſs terror frown'd; her ſcythed car,
Her caſtled elephant, and battering beam,
Stoop to thoſe engines which deny
Superior terror to the ſky,
And boaſt their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

XII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the ſea of blood,
Hoſts whirl'd in air, the yell of ſinking throngs,
The graveleſs dead, an *ocean* warm'd,
A firmament by mortals ſtorm'd,
To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream? Or do I rave?
Or ſee I Vulcan's ſooty cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
Thoſe ſwarthy gods of *toil* and *heat*,
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempeſts rouze the roaring flame.

XIV.

Ye ſons of Ætna! hear my call;
Unfiniſh'd let thoſe baubles fall,
Yon ſhield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
Your ſtrokes ſuſpend, ye brawny throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my ſong,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XV.

Begin: * and firſt take rapid *flight*,
Fierce *flame*, and clouds of thickeſt *night*,
And ghaſtly *terror*, paler than the dead;
Then borrow from the north his *roar*,
Mix *groans* and *death*; one *phial* pour
Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made;
Gaul ſtarts and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

ODE THE SECOND:

IN WHICH IS

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

I.

SO form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon ſhake;
If Britain's crimes ſupport not Britain's foes,
And edge their ſwords: O power divine!
If bleſt by Thee the bold deſign,
Embattled hoſts a ſingle arm o'erthrows.

II.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
In Britain's cauſe, by fame enroll'd
In deathleſs annal! deathleſs deeds inſpire;
From oozy beds, for Britain's ſake,
Awake, illuſtrious chiefs; awake;
And kindle in your ſons paternal fire.

* *Alluding to Virgil's Deſcription of Thunder.*

The

III.

The day commiſſion'd from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full ſhock too *feeble* to ſuſtain;
Or *firm* to ſtand its final blow,
When vital ſtreams of blood ſhall flow,
And turn to crimſon the diſcolour'd main;

IV.

That day 's arriv'd, that fatal hour!—
"Hear us, O hear, Almighty Power!
"Our guide in counſel, and our ſtrength in fight!
"Now war's important die is thrown,
"If left the day to man alone,
"How blind is wiſdom, and how weak is might!

V.

"Let proſtrate hearts, and awful fear,
"And deep remorſe, and ſighs ſincere
"For Britain's guilt, the wrath divine appeaſe;
"A wrath, more formidable far
"Than angry nature's waſteful war,
"The whirl of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas.

VI.

"From out the deep, to Thee we cry,
"To thee, at nature's helm on high!
"Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!
"To thee for ſuccour we reſort;
"Thy favour is our only port;
"Our only rock of ſafety, thy defence.

VII.

"O thou, to whom the lions roar,
"And, not unheard, thy boon implore!
"Thy throne our burſts of cannon loud invoke:
"Thou canſt arreſt the flying ball;
"Or ſend it back and bid it fall
"On thoſe, from whoſe proud deck the thunder broke.

VIII.

"Britain in vain extends her care
"To climes * remote, for aids in war;
"Still farther muſt it ſtretch to cruſh the foe;
"There 's one alliance, one alone,
"Can crown her arms, or fix her throne;
"And that alliance is not found below.

IX.

"Ally Supreme! we turn to Thee;
"We learn obedience from the ſea;
"With ſeas, and winds, henceforth, thy laws
"fulfil:
"'Tis thine our blood to freeze, or warm;
"To rouze, or hruſh the martial ſtorm;
"And turn the tide of conqueſt, at thy will.

X.

"'Tis Thine to beam ſublime renown,
"Or quench the glories of a crown;
"'Tis Thine to doom, 'tis Thine, from death to free;
"To turn aſide his level'd dart,
"Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:—
"*There* we caſt anchor, we confide in Thee.

* *Ruſſia.*

XI.

"Thou, who haſt taught the *ſwift* to roar
"And ſtreaming † lights nocturnal pour
"Of frightful aſpect! when proud foes invade,
"Their blaſted pride with dread to ſeize,
"Bid Britain's flags, as meteors, blaze;
"And George depute to thunder in thy ſtead.

XII.

"The *right* alone is bold and ſtrong;
"Black, hovering clouds appal the wrong
"With dread of vengeance: nature's awful fi
"Leſs than one moment ſhouldſt Thou fro
"Where is puiſſance and renown?
"Thrones tremble, empires ſink, or worlds
"pire.

XIII.

"Let George the juſt chaſtiſe the vain:
"Thou, who durſt curb the rebel main,
"To mount the ſhore when boiling billows ra
"Bid George repel a bolder tide,
"The boundleſs ſwell of Gallic pride;
"And check *ambition's* overwhelming wave.

XIV.

"And when (all milder means withſtood
"*Ambition*, tam'd by loſs of blood,
"Regains her reaſon; then, on angels wings,
"Let *peace* deſcend, and ſhouting greet,
"With peals of joy, Britannia's fleet,
"How richly freighted! It, triumphant, brin
"The poiſe of kingdoms, and the fate
"kings."

IMPERIUM PELAGI.

A

NAVAL LYRICK

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF

PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

PREFACE.

A Pindaric carries a *formidable* ſound; but th
is nothing formidable in the true nature
it; of which (with utmoſt ſubmiſſion) I conce
the critics have hitherto entertained a falſe id
Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not
familiar. As a fixt ſtar is as much in the bou
of nature, as a flower of the field, though
obvious, and of greater dignity. This is not t
received notion of Pindar; I ſhall therefore
ſupport at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very *noble* ſubject in itſelf; mo
proper than any for an Engliſhman; and par
cularly *ſeaſonable* at this juncture.

We have more ſpecimens of good *writing*
every province, than in the *ſublime*; our two
mous *Epic Poems* excepted. I was willing
make an attempt where I had feweſt rivals.

† *Aurora Borealis.*

If, on reading this Ode, any man has a fuller idea of the *real* interest, or *possible* glory of his country, than before; or a ſtronger *impreſſion from* it, or a warmer *concern for* it, I give up to the critic any farther reputation.

We have many *copies* and *tranſlations* that paſs for *originals*. This Ode I humbly conceive is an original, though it profeſſes imitation. No man can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his *particular* works; any more than like Raphael, by copying the *cartoons*. The genius and ſpirit of ſuch great men muſt be collected from the *whole*; and when thus we are poſſeſſed of it, we muſt exert its energy in *ſubjects* and *deſigns* of our own. Nothing is *ſo unpindarical* as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an *original*, and he muſt be ſo too, who would be like Pindar in *that* which is his greateſt praiſe. Nothing ſo unlike as a *cloſe copy*, and a noble *original*.

As for *length*, Pindar has an *unbroken* Ode of ſix hundred lines. Nothing is long or ſhort in writing, but *relatively* to the demand of the ſubject, and the manner of treating it. A *diſtich* may be long, and a folio *ſhort*. However, I have broken this Ode into Strains, each of which may be conſidered as a ſeparate Ode if you pleaſe. And if the variety and fullneſs of matter be conſidered, I am rather apprehenſive of danger from brevity in this Ode, than from length. But lank writing is what I think ought moſt to be declined, if for nothing elſe, for our plenty of it.

The *Ode* is the moſt ſpirited kind of poetry, and the *Pindaric* is the moſt ſpirited kind of *Ode*; this I ſpeak at my own very great peril: but truth has an eternal title to our confeſſion, though we be ſure to ſuffer by it.

THE MERCHANT.

ODE THE FIRST,

ON THE

BRITISH TRADE AND NAVIGATION.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

πλουτίαι πάντοθεν λογίοι-
σιν ἐπὶ πρόσοδος
πέφανε δυκλέᾳ τὰν-
δὶ πόσμιν. PIND. Nem. Od. VI.

THE PRELUDE.

The *Propoſition*. An addreſs to the veſſel that brought over the *King*. *Who* ſhould ſing on this occaſion. A *Pindaric* boaſt.

I.

FAST by the *forge* my limbs are ſpread,
The *naval oak* nods o'er my head;
The winds are loud; the waves tumultuous roll;
Ye winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye ſounding billows! ceaſe to roar;
The God deſcends; and tranſports warm my ſoul.

II.

The waves are huſh'd; the winds are ſpent!—
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in ſong—Fam'd Iſle! no leſs,
By nature's *favour*, from mankind,
Than by the foaming *ſea*, diſjoin'd;
Alone in bliſs! an *iſle*, in happineſs!

III.

Though Fate and Time have damp'd my ſtrains,
Though youth no longer fires my veins,
Though flow their ſtreams in this cold climate run;
The royal eye diſpels my cares,
Reveals the warmth of bloomihg years,
Returning George ſupplies the diſtant ſun.

IV.

Away, my ſoul! ſalute the * *Pine*,
That glads the heart of Caroline,
Its grand depoſit faithful to reſtore;
Salute the *bark* that ne'er ſhall hold
So rich a freight in gems or gold,
And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

V.

My ſoul! to thee, *ſhe* ſpreads her ſails;
Their boſoms fill with ſacred gales;
With inſpiration from the godhead warm;
Now bound for an *eternal* clime
O ſend her down the tide of Time,
Snatch'd from *oblivion*, and ſecure from *ſtorm*.

VI.

Or teach *this* bag, like *that* to ſoar,
Which Gods of old and Heroes bore;
Bid her a *Britiſh* conſtellation riſe—
The ſea ſhe ſcorns; and, *now*, ſhall bound
On lofty billows of ſweet ſound,
I am her pilot, and her port the *ſkies!*

VII.

Dare *you* to ſing, ye tinkling train!
Silence, ye wretched! ye profane!
Who ſhackle *proſe*, and boaſt of *abſent* Gods;
Who murder thought, and numbers maim,
Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
And labour ſtiff Anacreontic Odes.

VIII.

Ye *lawful* Sons of Genius riſe!
Of *genuine* title to the ſkies;
Ye *founts* of Learning! and ye *mints* of Fame!
You, who file off the mortal part
Of glowing thought, with Attic art,
And drink pure Delight from Cam's or Iſis' ſtream.

IX.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
Spontaneous ſtream from my unlabour'd breaſt,
As, when full-ripened teems the vine,
The generous burſts of willing wine
Diſtil nectareous from the grape *unpreſt*.

STRAIN

* *The veſſel that brought over the King.*

STRAIN THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

How the King attended. A *proſpect* of happineſs. *Induſtry*. A ſurpriſing inſtance of it in old Rome. The miſchief of *ſloth*. What happineſs is. *Sloth* its greateſt enemy. *Trade* natural to Britain. *Trade* invoked. *Deſcribed*. *What* the greateſt human excellence. The *praiſe* of wealth. Its *uſe*, *abuſe*, *end*. The *variety* of nature. The final *moral* cauſe of it. The benefit of man's *neceſſities*. Britain's naval ſtores. She makes *all Nature* ſerviceable to her ends. Of *reaſon*. Its *excellence*. *How* we ſhould form our *eſtimate* of things. *Reaſon*'s difficult taſk. *Why* the firſt glory hers. Her *effects* in old Britain.

I.

"OUR Monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
What ſhining forms ſurround his throne,
O Sun! as planets thee!—To my loud ſtrain
See Peace, by Wiſdom led, advance;
The Grace, the Muſe, the Seaſon, dance;
And Plenty ſpreads behind her flowing train!

II.

"Our Monarch comes! nor comes alone:"
Nero glories kindle round his throne,
The viſions riſe! I triumph as I gaze:
By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
The volume dark, the folds of Fate;
And, now, am preſent to the *future* blaze.

III.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
The mighty months in pomp proceed,
Fair daughters of the ſun!—O thou divine,
Bleſt Induſtry! a ſmiling earth
From thee *alone* derives its birth:
By thee the ploughſhare and its maſter ſhine.

IV.

From thee, *maſt*, *cable*, *amber*, *oar*,
From thee the *cannon* and his *roar*;
On *oaks* nurſt, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows;
O golden Fruit! *oak* well might prove
The ſacred tree, the tree of Jove;
All Jove can give, the *naval* oak beſtows.

V.

What cannot Induſtry compleat?
When Punick war firſt flam'd, the great,
Bold, active, ardent, Roman fathers meet:
"Fell all your groves," a Flamen cries;
As ſoon they fall; as ſoon they riſe;
One moon, a *foreſt*, and the next, a *fleet*.

VI.

Is *ſloth* indulgence? 'Tis a toil;
Enervates man, and damns the ſoil;
Defeats creation, plunges in diſtreſs,
Cankers our being, all devours;
A full exertion of our powers!
Thence, and thence only, flows our happineſs.

VII.

The ſtream may ſtagnate, yet be clear,
The ſun ſuſpend his ſwift career,
Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force;
Ere man, his active ſprings reſign'd,
Can ruſt in body and in mind,
Yet taſte of bliſs, of which he chouks the ſource.

VIII.

Where, Induſtry! thy daughter fair?
Recal her to her *native* air;
Here, was Trade born, here bred, here flouriſh
long:
And ever ſhall ſhe flouriſh *here*:
What though ſhe languiſh'd? 'twas but *fe*
She's ſound of heart; her conſtitution ſtrong.

IX.

Wake, fling her up. Trade! lean no mo
On thy fixt anchor, puſh from ſhore,
Earth lies before thee, every climate court.
And ſee, ſhe 's rous'd, abſolv'd from fear
Her brow, in cloudleſs azure, rears,
Spreads all her ſail, and opens every port.

X.

See, cheriſh'd by her ſiſter, Peace,
She levies gain on every place,
Religion, habit, cuſtom, tongue, and name!
Again, ſhe travels with the ſun,
Again, ſhe draws a golden zone
Round earth and main; bright zone of weal
and fame!

XI.

Ten thouſand active hands, that hung
In ſhameful ſloth with nerves unſtrung,
The nation's languid load, defy the ſtorms,
The ſheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
The long-moor'd veſſel wing to ſea,
Worlds, worlds ſalute, and peopled ocean ſwarm

XII.

His ſons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
Their ſedgy foreheads lift and ſmile;
Their urns inverted prodigally pour
Streams, charg'd with wealth, and vow to
Britannia for their great ally,
With climes paid down; what can the gods
more?

XIII.

Cold Ruſſia coſtly furs from far,
Hot China ſends her painted jar,
France generous wines to crown it, Arab ſwe
With gales of incenſe ſwells our ſails,
Nor diſtant Ind our merchant fails,
Her richeſt ore the *ballaſt* of our fleet.

XIV.

Luxuriant iſle! What tide that flows,
Or ſtream that glides, or wind that blows
Or genial ſun that ſhines, or ſhower that po
But flows, glides, breathes, ſhines,
for thee?
How every heart dilates to ſee
Each land's each ſeaſon blending on thy ſho

XV.

All these one British harvest make!
The servant Ocean for thy sake
Both sinks and swells: his arms thy bosom wrap;
And fondly give, in boundless dower,
To mighty George's growing power,
The wafted world into thy loaded lap.

XVI.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
Fair Virtue with the fairest renown:
A large *revenue*, and a large *expence*,
When hearts for others welfare glow,
And *spend* as free as gods bestow,
Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

XVII.

Glow then my breast; *abound* my store!
This, and this boldly I implore,
Their *want* and *apathy* let Stoicks boast:
Possess and *riches*, good or ill;
As us'd by man, demand our skill;
All blessings wound us, when discretion's lost.

XVIII.

Wealth, in the *virtuous* and the *wise*,
'Tis vice and folly to despise:
Let those in praise of poverty refine,
Whose heads or hearts pervert its use;
The *narrow-soul'd*, or the *profuse*,
The *thirty-grant* find *morals* in the mine;

XIX.

Happy the man! who large of heart,
Has learnt the rare illustrious *art*
Of being rich: stores *starve* us, or they *cloy*;
From *gold*, if more than *chemic* skill,
Extract not what is *brighter* still:
'Tis hard to *gain*, much harder to *enjoy*.

XX.

Plenty's a *means*, and joy her *end*:
Exalted minds their joys extend:
A Chandos shines, when others' joys are done:
As *lofty* turrets, by their height,
When humbler scenes resign their light,
Retain the rays of the declining sun.

XXI.

Pregnant with blessings, Britain! swear
No *sordid* son of thine shall dare
Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace;
Who *sees* his whole creation drains
To pour into thy tumid veins
That blood of nation! commerce and increase.

XXII.

How *various Nature!* tutgid *grain*
Here nodding floats the golden plain;
There, *worms* weave silken webs; *here*, glowing vines
Lay forth their purple to the sun;
Beneath the soil, *there* harvests run;
And kings' revenues ripen in the *mines*.

XXIII.

What's *various* Nature? Art divine
Man's soul to soften and refine;
Heaven different growths to different lands imparts;
That all may stand in need of all;
And *interest* draw around the ball,
A tie to *catch* and *join* all human hearts.

XXIV.

Thus has the great Creator's pen
His law *supreme*, to mortal men,
In their *necessities* distinctly writ:
Ev'n *appetite* supplies the place
Of absent virtue, absent grace,
And human want *performs* for human wit.

XXV.

Vast naval ensigns strow'd around
The wond'ring *foreigner* confound!
How stands the deep-aw'd continent aghast,
As her proud *sceptre'd* sons survey,
At every port, on every quay,
Huge mountains rise, of cable, anchor, mast!

XXVI.

The unwieldy tun! the ponderous bale!
Each prince his own clime set to sale
Sees *here*, by subjects of a British king:
How earth 's abridg'd! all nations tange
A narrow spot, our throng'd Exchange!
And send the streams of plenty from their springs.

XXVII.

Nor earth alone, all Nature bends
In aid to Britain's glorious ends:
Toils she in *trade*? or bleeds in honest *wars*?
Her keel each yielding *sea* entbrals,
Each willing *wind* her canvas calls,
Her pilot into service lists the stars.

XXVIII.

In size confin'd, and humbly made,
What though we creep beneath the shade,
And seem as emmets on this point, the ball?
Heaven lighted up the human soul,
Heaven bid its rays transpierce the whole,
And, giving godlike *Reason*, gave us *All*.

XXIX.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
Blest Reason! guide my life and pen;
All ills, like ghosts, fly trembling at thy light:
Who thee obeys, reigns over all;
Smiles, though the stars around him fall;
A God is nought but Reason Infinite.

XXX.

The man of Reason is a God
Who scorns to stoop to Fortune's nod;
Sole *Agent* he beneath the shining sphere,
Others are *passive*, are impell'd,
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, sunk, or swell'd;
As *accident* is pleas'd to *dominer*.

XXXI.

Our *hopes* and *fears* are much to blame;
Shall monarchs *awe*? or crowns *inflame*?
From gross mistake our idle tumult springs;
These men the silly world disarm,
Elude the *dart*, dissolve the *charm*,
Who know the *slender* worth of *men* and *things*.

XXXII.

The *present* object, *present* day,
Are idle *phantoms*; and away;
What 's *lasting* only does exist: Know *This*,
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, all;
Peace, Commerce, Freedom, nobly fall
To launch us on the flood of *endless* bliss.

How

XXXIII.

How *foreign* these, though *moſt* in view!
Go, look your *whole* exiſtence through;
Thence, form your *rule*; *thence* fix your eſtimate,
For ſo the Gods: but as the *goins*,
How great the *toil*! 'Twill coſt more pains,
To vanquiſh *Folly*, than reduce a *State*.

XXXIV.

Hence, *Reaſon*! the *firſt* palm is thine,
Old Britain learnt from thee to ſhine.
By thee, *Trade's* ſwarming throng, gay *Freedom's* ſmile,
Armies, in war of fatal frown,
Of peace the pride, *Arts* flowing down,
Enrich, *exalt*, *defend*, *inſtruct* our iſle.

STRAIN THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

Arts from Commerce. Why Britains ſhould purſue it. What wealth *includes*. An *Hiſtorical* digreſſion, which kind is moſt frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The *approach* of her ruin. The *cauſe* of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miſerable fall. The neighbouring kings juſt *reflection* on it. An awful Image of the Divine Power and Vengeance. From *what* Tyre fell, and how *deep* her calamity.

I.

COMMERCE gives *arts*, as well as gain;
By Commerce wafted o'er the main,
They barbarous climes enlighten as they run;
Arts, the rich traffick of the ſoul!
May travel, *thus*, from pole to pole,
And gild the world with Learning's *brighter* ſun.

II.

Commerce gives *learning*, *virtue*, *gold*!
Ply Commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
Inur'd to winds and ſeas! leſt Gods repent:
The Gods that thron'd you in the wave,
And, as the *trident's* ambient, gave
A triple realm, that awes the continent:

III.

And awes with wealth; for wealth is power:
When Jove deſcends a golden ſhower,
'Tis navies, armies, empire, all in one.
View, emulate, outſhine old Tyre;
In ſcarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
Her merchants, *princes*! every deck, a *throne*!

IV.

She ſate an empreſs! aw'd the flood!
Her *ſtable* column Ocean trod;
She call'd the *nations*, and ſhe call'd the *ſeas*,
By Both obey'd: the Syrian ſings;
The Cyprian's art her viol ſtrings;
Armagh's ſteed along her valley neighs.

V.

The fir of Senir makes her floor,
And Baſhan's oak, transform'd, her oar;
High Lebanon her maſt; far Dedan warms
Her mantled hoſt; Arabia feeds;
Her ſail of purple Egypt ſpreads;
Arvad ſends mariners; the Perſian, arms,

VI.

The world's laſt limit bounds her fame;
The *golden city* was her name!
Thoſe ſtars on *earth*, the *topaz*, *onyx*, blaze
Beneath her foot: *extent* of coaſt,
And rich as Nile's, let others boaſt;
Hers the far nobler *baroaſt* of the ſeas.

VII.

O merchant land! as Eden fair!
Antient of Empires! Nature's care!
The ſtrength of Ocean! *head* of Plenty, Spring!
The pride of Iſles! In *wars* rever'd!
Mother of *craft*! lov'd! courted! fear'd!
Pilot of kingdoms! and ſupport of kings!

VIII.

Great mart of nations!—But ſhe fell:
Her pamper'd ſons revolt! rebel!
Againſt his favourite iſle loud roars the *main*!
The tempeſt howls? her ſculptur'd dome
Soon, the *wolf's* refuge; *dragon's* home!
The land, one *altar*! a whole people, *ſlain*!

IX.

The deſtin'd *day* puts on her frown;
The fable *hour* is coming down;
She 's on her march from yon Almighty throne:
The *ſword* and *ſtorm* are in her hand;
She trumpets ſhrill her dread command:
Dark be the light of earth! the boaſt, *unknown*!

X.

For, oh! her ſins are red as blood,
As crimſon deep, outcry the flood;
The Queen of Trade is *bought*! once wife and
juſt,
Now, venal is her council's tongue:
How riot, violence, and wrong,
Turn gold to *duſt*, her bloſſom into *duſt*!

XI.

To things inglorious, far beneath
Thoſe high-born ſouls they proudly breathe!
Her ſordid *noble* ſunk her *mighty*, bow!
Is it for *this*, the groves around
Return the *tabret's* ſprightly ſound?
Is it for *this*, her great-ones toſs the brow?

XII.

What hurtling feuds 'twixt brothers reign
To *nuptials* cold, how *glows* the vein,
Confounding kindred, and miſleading right?
The *ſpurious* lord it o'er the land!
Bold Blaſphemy dares make a ſtand,
Aſſault the ſky, and brandiſh *all* her might:

XIII.

Tyre's *artizan*, (ſweet *orator*,
Her *merchant ſage*, *big man of war*,
Her *judge*, her *prophet*, nay her *hoary heads*,
Whoſe brows with *wiſdom* ſhould be crown'd
Her very *prieſts* in guilt abound;
Hence, the world's *cedar* all her honours ſhade.

Wh

XIV.

What death of *truth!* what thirst of *gold!*
Chiefs warm in *peace*, in *battle* cold!
What *youth* unletter'd! *base ones* lifted high!
What *public* boasts! what *private* views!
What *desert* temples! *crowded* stews!
What *women!*—practis'd but to rowl an eye!

XV.

O! foul of heart, her fairest dames
Decline the sun's intruding beams,
To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts:
Alas! there is, who sees them there;
There is, who flatters not the fair,
When *cymbals* tinkle, and the *virgin* chaunts.

XVI.

He sees, and thunders!—*Now*, in vain!
The courser paws, and foams the rein;
And chariots stream along the printed soil:
In vain! Her high, presumptuous air
In gorgeous vestments rich and rare,
O'er her proud shoulder throws the poor man's toil.

XVII.

In robes or gems, her coslly *stain*,
Green, scarlet, azure, shine, in vain!
In vain! their golden heads her turrets rear;
In vain! high-flavour'd foreign fruits,
Sydonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

XVIII.

In vain! wines flow in various streams,
With helm and spear each pillar gleams;
Damascus, vain! unfolds the glossy store;
The golden wedge from Ophir's coasts,
From Arab incense vain, she boasts,
Vain are her gods, and vainly *men* adore.

XIX.

Bell falls! the mighty Nebo bends!
The nations hiss! her glory ends!
To *foes*, her confidence! she flies from foes;
Foes meet her *there*: the wind, the wave,
That once aid, strength, and grandeur gave,
Plunge her in seas, from which her glory rose.

XX.

Her *ivory* deck, embroider'd sail,
And mast of *cedar* nought avail,
Or pilot *learn'd!* She sinks, nor sinks *alone*,
Her Gods sink with her! to the sky,
Which never more shall meet her eye,
She sends her soul out in one dreadful groan.

XXI.

What though so vast her naval might,
In *her* first dawn'd the British right?
All *flags* abas'd her sea-dominion greet:
What though she longer warr'd than Troy?
At length her foes that Isle destroy
Whose conquest sail'd, as far as sail'd her fleet.

XXII.

The kings she cloath'd in purple shake
Their awful brows: "O foul mistake!
"O fatal pride! (they cry) this, this is she,
"Who said—with my *own* art and arm,
"In the world's wealth I wrap me warm"—
And swell'd at heart, vain Empress of the Sea!

XXIII.

"This, This is she, who *meanly* soar'd:
"Alas! how *low*, to be *ador'd*,
"And stile herself a God!—Through stormy wars
"This Eagle-Isle her thunder bore,
"High-fed her young with *human* gore;
"And *would* have built her nest among the stars.

XXIV.

"But ah, frail man! how impotent
"To stand Heaven's vengeance, or prevent!
"To turn aside the great Creator's aim!
"Shall Island-kings with Him contend,
"Who makes the Poles beneath him bend?
"And shall drink up the sea herself with flame?

XXV.

"*Earth*, *Æther*, *Empyreum* bow,
"When from the brazen mountain's brow
"The God of Battles takes his mighty bow:
"Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
"Puts on his vesture dipt in blood,
"And marches out to scourge the world below.

XXVI.

"Ah! wretched Isle, once call'd the *great!*
"Ah! wretched Isle, and wise too late!
"The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out:
"Thy *luxury*, *corruption*, *pride*,
"And *freedom* lost, the realms deride,
"Ador'd thee *standing*, o'er thy ruins shout:

XXVII.

"To scourge with *war*, or peace *bestow*,
"*Was* thine, O fallen! fallen low!
"'*Twas* thine, of jarring thrones to still debates:
"How art thou fallen, down, down, down!
"Wide *waste*, and *night*, and *horror* frown,
"Where *Empire* stam'd in gold, and balanc'd states."

STRAIN THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

An *Inference* from this history. *Advice* to Britain. More *proper* to her than *other* Nations. How *far* the stroke of *tyranny* reaches. *What* supports our endeavours. The *unconsider'd* benefits of *liberty*. Britain's obligation to pursue *trade*. *Why* above half the globe is *sea*. Britain's grandeur from her *situation*. The *winds*, the *seas*, the *constellations*, described. Sir Isaac Newton's praise. Britain compared with *other* States. The Leviathan described. Britain's site, and ancient title to the *seas*. *Who* rivals her. Of Venice. Holland. *Some* despise *Trade* as mean. *Censured* for it. *Trade's* glory. The late Czar. Solomon. A surprizing instance of magnificence. The merchant's *dignity*. Compared with men of *letters*.

I.

HENCE learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
Our fortunes wither or endure:
Nations may *thrive*, or *perish* by the wave.
What storms from Jove's unwilling frown,
A people's crimes *solicit* down!
Ocean's the *womb* of riches, and the *grave*.

This

II.

This Truth, O Britain! ponder well;
Virtues should rise, as Fortunes swell:
What is large property?—The *sign* of good,
Of worth *superior*: if 'tis *less*,
Another's treasure we possess,
And charge the Gods with favours *misbestow'd*.

III.

This council suits Britannia's Isle,
High-flush'd with wealth, and Freedom's smile:
To vassals prison'd in the Continent,
Who starve, *at home*, on meagre toil,
And suck to death their mother soil,
'Twere useless caution, and a truth mis-spent.

IV.

Fell Tyrants strike beyond the bone,
And wound the soul; bow Genius down,
Lay Virtue waste! for worth or arts, who strain,
To throw them at a *monster's* foot?
'Tis *property* supports *pursuit*.
Freedom gives eloquence; and Freedom, gain.

V.

She pours the thought, and forms the style,
She makes the blood and spirits boil;
I feel her *now!* and rouse, and rise, and rave
In Theban song: O Muse, not *thine*,
Verse is gay Freedom's gift divine:
The man that can think greatly, is no slave.

VI.

Others may traffick if they please
Britain, fair daughter of the seas,
Is born for trade; to plough her field, the wave:
And reap the growth of every coast:
A speck of land! but let her boast,
Gods gave the *world*, when they the *waters* gave.

VII.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
Nor cover'd half with *solid* space,
Three parts are *fluid*; empire of the sea!
And why? for Commerce. Ocean streams
For *that*, through all his various *names*:
And, if for Commerce, Ocean flows for Thee.

VIII.

Britain, like some great potentate
Of Eastern clime, retires in state,
Shuts out the nations! Would a Prince draw nigh?
He passes her strong *guards*, the waves,
Of *servant* winds admission craves,
Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.

IX.

There are her friends; soft Zephyr there,
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
Rough Boreas bursting from the pole: all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil;
The Caspian, the broad Baltick boil,
And into life the dead Pacifick scourge.

X.

There are her friends, a marshal'd train:
A golden host! and azure plain!
By turns *do duty*, and by turns retreat:
They may retreat, but not from her;
The star that quits *this* hemisphere
Must quit the skies, to want a British fleet.

XI.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn;
For her, Orion's glory *burn*,
The Pleiads *gleam*. For Britons set and rise
The fair-fac'd sons of Mazaroth,
Near the deep chambers of the South,
The raging *Dog* that fires the *midnight* skies.

XII.

These nations Newton made his own
All *intimate* with him alone.
His mighty soul did, like a giant, run
To the vast volume's *closing* star;
Decypher'd every character:
His reason pour'd new light upon the sun.

XIII.

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and *barren* strand,
Not *such* the sea: let Fame's ancient line
Vast *tracts* and ample *kings* vaunt;
The camel *low*, *small* elephant—
O Britain! the Leviathan is thine.

XIV.

Leviathan! whom Nature's strife
Brought forth, her largest piece of life;
He *sleeps* an Isle! his sports the billows warm!
Dreadful Leviathan! thy spout
Invades the skies; the stars are out;
He drinks a *river*, and ejects a *storm*.

XV.

Th' Atlantic surge around our shore
German and Caledonian roar;
Their mighty Genii hold us in their lap.
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred;
"The seas are ours."—The monarch said,
The floods their hands, their hands the nations clap.

XVI.

Whence is a rival, then, to rise?
Can he be found beneath the skies?
No, *there*, they dwell, that can give Britain fear,
The powers of earth, by rival aim
Her grandeur but the more proclaim;
And prove their distance most, as they draw near.

XVII.

Proud Venice sits amid the waves;
Her foot ambitious Ocean laves:
Art's noblest boast! but O what wondrous odds
'Twixt Venice and Britannia's Isle!
'Twixt mortal and immortal toil!
Britannia is a Venice built by Gods.

XVIII.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes;
But not o'er friends by whom she rose;
The child of Britain! And shall she contend?
It were no less than parricide—
What wonders rise from out the tide!
Her *High and Mighty* to the rudder bends.

XIX.

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
Who think *trade* mean, and scorn to bow
So far beneath the state of *noble* birth?
Alas! these chiefs but little know
Commerce how high, *themselves* how low
The sons of *Nobles* are the sons of *earth*.

A

XX.

And what have earth's mean ſons to do,
But reap her fruits, and warm purſue
The world's *chief* good, not *glut* on others' toil?
High Commerce from the Gods came down,
With *compaſs*, *chart*, and *ſtarry crown*,
Their *delegate*, to make the nations *ſmile*.

XXI.

Bluſh, and behold the Ruſſian bow,
From forty crowns, his mighty *brow*
To *trade*.—To *that* he turns his glorious *hand*:
That arm, which ſwept the bloody field,
See! the huge *axe*, or *hammer*, wield;
While *ſceptres* wait, and *thrones* impatient ſtand.

XXII.

O ſhame to *ſubjects*! firſt renown,
Matchleſs example to the *crown*!
Old Time is *poor*: what age boaſts ſuch a ſight?
Ye *drones*! adore the man divine—
No; Virtue ſtill as *mean* decline,
Call Ruſſians barbarous, and yourſelves polite.

XXIII.

He too of Judah, great, as wiſe,
With Hiram ſtrove in merchandize:
Monarchs with monarchs ſtruggle for an *oar*!
That Merchant * ſinking to his grave,
A flood of treaſure ſwells the cave;
The king *left much*, the merchant *bury'd* more.

XXIV.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
No; fit for Pindar ſuch a theme,
Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
If words and thoughts to court my choice
Innumber'd *ſands*, I could not reach its height.

XXV.

Merchants o'er proudeſt heroes reign;
Thoſe trade in *bleſſing*, thoſe in *pain*,
At ſlaughter ſwell, and ſhout, while nations groan:
With purple Monarchs, Merchants vie;
If great to *ſpend*, what, to *ſupply*?
Prieſts pray for bleſſings; Merchants pour them down.

XXVI.

Kings, Merchants are in league and love;
Earth's odours *pay* ſoft *airs* above,
That o'er the teeming field publific range;
Planets are Merchants; take, return,
Luſtre and heat; by *traffick* burn;
The whole Creation is one vaſt Exchange.

XXVII.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
What ſay the ſons of *letter'd* fame,
Proud of their *volumes*, ſwelling in their *cells*?
In *open* life, in *change* of ſcene,
Mid *various* manners, *throngs* of men,
Experience, Arts, and *ſolid* Wiſdom dwells.

XXVIII.

Trade, Art's mechanick, Nature's ſtores
Well-weighs; to *ſtarry* Science ſoars:
Reads warm in *life* (dead-colour'd by the *pen*)
The paſſions, tongues, intereſts, of the ball:
Who ſtudies Trade, he ſtudies all;
Accompliſh'd Merchants are accompliſh'd Men.

* *Vaſt treaſure taken from Solomon's tomb* 1300 *years after his death.*

STRAIN THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pindar invoked. His praiſe. Britain ſhould decline *war*; but boldly aſſert her *trade*. Encouraged from the *throne*: Britain's condition without trade. Trade's *character*, and ſurprizing *deeds*. Carthage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's church. The *miſer's* character. The wonderful effects of trade. *Why* religion recommended to the *merchant*. What, *falſe* joy. What, *true*. What *religion* is to the merchant. *Why* trade more *glorious* in Britons than others. How *warmly*, and how *long*, to be purſued by us. The Briton's legacy. Columbus. His praiſe. America deſcribed. Worlds ſtill *unknown*. Queen Elizabeth. King George the Second. His glory *navally* repreſented.

I.

HOW ſhall I farther rouſe the ſoul?
How ſloth's laſcivious reign control
By verſe with undiſtinguiſh'd ardour wrought?
How every breaſt inflame with mine?
How bid my theme ſtill brighter ſhine,
With wealth of words, and unexhauſted thought?

II.

O thou Dircæan ſwan, on high,
Round whom familiar thunders fly!
While Jove attends a language like his *own*:
Thy *ſpirit* pour, like vernal ſhowers,
My *verſe* ſhall burſt out with the flowers,
While Britain's trade advances with her ſun.

III.

Though Britain was not born to fear,
Graſp not at bloody fame from *war*:
Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
Jove gathers tempeſt black as night;
Jove pours the golden flood of light;
Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

IV.

Britain a *comet*, or a *ſtar*,
In commerce this, or that in *war*,
Let Britons ſhout! earth, ſeas, and ſkies reſound!
Commerce to kindle, raiſe, preſerve,
And ſpirit dart through every nerve,
Hear from the *throne* † a voice through time renown'd.

V.

So fall from heaven the vernal ſhowers,
To chear the glebe, and wake the flowers;
The bloom call'd forth ſees azure ſkies diſplay'd;
The *bird* of voice is proud to ſing,
Induſtrious *bees* ply every wing,
Diſtend their cells, and urge their golden *trade*.

VI.

Trade once extinguiſh'd, Britain's ſun
Is gone out too; his race is run;
He ſhines in vain! her iſle 's an iſle *indeed*,
A *ſpot* too ſmall to be o'ercome;
Ah, dreadful ſafety! wretched doom!
No foe will *conquer* what no foe can *feed*.

† *The King's ſpeech.*

Trade

VII.

Trade's the ſource, ſinew, ſoul of all:
Trade's all herſelf; hers, hers the ball;
Where moſt unſeen, the goddeſs ſtill is there:
Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze;
The courtier's pomp the ſtudent's eaſe!
'Twas trade at Blenheim fought, and cloſe'd the war.

VIII

What Rome and all her gods defies?
The punic oar. Behold it riſe
And battle for the world! Trade gave the call;
Rich cordial from his *moral* art.
Sent the ſtrong ſpirits to his heart,
That bid the Afric Merchant graſp the ball.

IX.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home?
Trade mark'd the ſoil, and built the dome,
In which his Majeſty *firſt* deigned to dwell;
The walls with *ſilver* ſheets o'erlaid,
Rich, as the ſun, through gold *unweigh'd*,
Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column ſwell.

X.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon!
Methinks the labouring earth ſhould groan,
Beneath yon load *: *created* ſure, not *made*!
Servant and *rival* of the ſkies!
Heaven's arch alone can higher riſe:
What hand immortal raiſed thee?—*Humble* Trade.

XI.

Were hadſt thou been, if left at large,
Thoſe ſinewy arms that tugg'd the barge,
Had caught at *pleaſure* on the flow'ry green?
If they that watch'd the midnight ſtar
Had ſwung behind the rolling car,
Or *fill'd* it with diſgrace, where hadſt thou been?

XII.

As by retention men conſume,
Abundance is the miſer's *doom*;
Expend it *nobly*; he that lets it *ruſt*,
Which, paſſing numerous hands, would *ſhine*;
Is not a *man*, but living *mine*,
Foe to the *gods*, and rival to the *duſt*.

XIII.

Trade barbarous lands can poliſh fair;
Make *earth* well worth the *wiſe* man's care;
Call forth her foreſts, *charm* them into fleets;
Can make *one houſe* of human race;
Can bid the diſtant poles embrace;
Her's, every ſun; and India, India meets.

XIV.

Trade Monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
With bounty feeds, with laurel courts:
Trade gives fair Virtue fairer ſtill to ſhine;
Enacts thoſe guards of gain, the *laws*;
Exalts ev'n Freedom's glorious cauſe—
Trade! warn'd by Tyre, O make Religion thine!

XV.

You lend each other mutual aid:
Why is heaven's ſmile, in *wealth*, convey'd!
Not to place vice, but virtues in our power:
Pleaſure *declin'd*, is *luxury*,
Boundleſs in *time* and in *degree*:
Pleaſure *enjoy'd*, the *tumult* of an *hour*.

* *St. Paul's, built by the coal-tax* YOUNG.

XVI.

Falſe joy's a diſcompoſing thing,
That jars on nature's trembling ſtring,
Tempeſts the *ſpirits*, and untunes the *frame*:
True joy, the ſunſhine of the ſoul,
A bright *ſerene* that calms the whole;
Which *they* ne'er knew, *whom* other joys inflame.

XVII.

Merchant! *Religion* is the cauſe
To grow as *rich*—as angels are;
To know *falſe* coin from *true*; to ſweep the *main*,
The *mighty ſtake* ſecure, beyond
The ſtrongeſt *tie* of *field*, or *fund*:
Commerce gives gold, *Religion* makes it *gain*.

XVIII.

Join, then, Religion to thy ſtore,
Or India's mines will make thee *poor*;
Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind
Sea-ſovereign iſle! proud *war* decline,
Trade patronize! what glory thine,
Ardent to *bleſs*, who couldſt *ſubdue* mankind!

XIX.

Rich commerce ply with warmth divine
By day, by *night*; the *ſtars* are thine,
Wear out the ſtars in trade! eternal run
From age to age, the noble glow,
A *rage* to gain, and to *beſtow*,
While ages laſt! in trade burn out the ſun!

XX.

Trade, Britain's all, our ſires ſent down
With toil, blood, treaſure, ages won;
This, Edgar great bequeath'd; this, Edward bold
Let Forbiſhers, let Raleighs fire!
O let Columbus' ſhade inſpire!
New worlds diſcloſe, with Drake ſurround an *old*.

XXI.

Columbus! baſe inferior fame
For thee to *find*, than heaven to *frame*
That womb of gold and gem: her wide domain
An *univerſe*! her rivers, *ſeas*!
Her fruits, both men and gods to pleaſe!
Heaven's faireſt birth! and, but for thee, *in vain*.

XXII.

Worlds *ſtill unknown* deep ſhadows wrap;
Call wonders forth from nature's lap;
New glory pour on her Eternal Sire:
O noble ſearch! O glorious care!
Are ye not Britons? why deſpair?
New worlds are *due* to ſuch a godlike fire.

XXIII.

Swear by the great Eliza's ſoul,
That Trade, as long as waters roll—
Ah! no; the gods chaſtiſe my rath decree:
By great Eliza do not ſwear;
For thee, O George! the gods declare:
And thou for them! late time ſhall ſwear by thee.

XXIV.

Truth, bright as *ſtars*, with thee prevails;
Full be thy *fame*, as ſwelling *ſails*,
Conſtant, as tides, thy *mind*; as *maſts*, elate;
Thy *juſtice*, an unerring *helm*
To ſteer Britannia's fickle realm;
Thy *numerous race*, ſure *anchor* of her ſtate!

STRA

STRAIN THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

What *is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the moſt famed in hiſtory. The ſign Lyra.* What *the conſtellations are. Argo. The whale. The Dolphin. Eridanus. The lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice. The Britiſh ladies cenſured. The Moon.* What *the ſea is.* Apoſtrophe *to the Emperor. The Spaniſh armada. How Britain ſhould ſpeak her reſentment.* What *gives power.* What *navies do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China.* Who *maſter of the world.* What *the hiſtory of the world is. The* genealogy *of glory. Miſtakes about it. Peace the merchant's harveſt.* Ships *of* divine *origin.* Merchants *ambaſſadors. The Briton's voyage.* Praiſe *the food of glory. Britain's record.*

I.

BRITANNIA'S ſtate what bounds confine!
(Of riſing thought O golden mine!
Mountains, Alps, ſtreams, gulphs, oceans, ſet no bound;
She ſallies till ſhe ſtrikes the ſtar;
Expanding wide, and launching far
As wind can fly, or rolling wave refound.

II.

Small iſle! For Cæſars, for the ſon
Of Jove, who burſt from Macedon,
For gorgeous Eaſterns blazing o'er mankind;
Then, when they call'd the world their own,
Not equal fame from *fable* ſhone:
They roſe to *Gods*, in *half* thy ſphere confin'd.

III.

Here, no demand for fancy's wing;
Plain truth 's illuſtrious: as I ſing,
O hear yon *ſpangled harp* repeat my lay!
Your *ſtarry lyre* has caught the ſound,
And ſpreads it to the *planets* round,
Who beſt can tell where ends Britannia's ſway.

IV.

The ſkies (fair-printed page!) unfold
The *naval* fame of Heroes old;
As in a mirror ſhew th' adventurous throng:
The deeds of Grecian mariners
Are read by Gods, are writ in *ſtars*,
And noble *verſe*, that ſhall endure as long.

V.

The *ſkies* are *records* of the *main*,
Thence Argo liſtens to my ſtrain;
Chiron, for ſong renown'd, his noble rage
For *naval* fame and ſong renews,
As Britain's fame he *hears*, and *views*;
Chiron, the Shovell of a former age.

VI.

The Whale (for late I ſung his praiſe)
Pours *grateful* luſtre on my lays;
How ſmiles Arion's friend * with *partial* beams!
Eridanus would flatter too,
But jealouſies his ſmile ſubdue;
He fears a Britiſh rival in the Thames.

* *The Dolphin.*

VII.

In pride the Lion lifts his mane,
To ſee his Britiſh brothers reign
As ſtars below: the Balance, George! from Thine,
Which weighs the *nations*, learns to weigh
More accurate the *night* and *day*;
From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to ſhine.

VIII.

Of Britain's court, ye *leſſer* lights!
How could the wiſe-man gaze whole nights
On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's hair!
But, oh! ye practiſe *ſhameful* arts;
Your own *retain*, *ſeize* others' hearts,
Pirates, not merchants, are the Britiſh Fair.

IX.

This truth I ſwear by Cynthia's beam.
Pale Queen! be *ſhuſh'd* at Britain's fame;
And, rolling, tell the nations—"o'er the main
"To *ſhare* her empire is thy pride."
Ha, mighty power! who curbs the *tide*,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

X.

What is the *main!* Ye kings renown'd!
Britannia's *centre*, and your *bound:*
Auſtrian! where-e'er Leviathan can roll,
Is Britain's home! And Britain's mine,
Where-e'er the ripening ſun can ſhine,
Parts are for *emperors*; for her the *whole.*

XI.

Why, Auſtrian! wilt thou hover ſtill
On doubtful wing, and want the ſkill
To ſee *thy* welfare in the *world's*? Too late
Another Churchill thou may'ſt find,
Another Churchill, not ſo kind,
And other Blenheims, big with other *fate.*

XII.

Ill thou remember'ſt, ill doſt own,
Who reſcued an ungrateful throne;
Ill thou conſider'ſt, that the *kind* are *brave*;
Ill doſt thou weigh, that in Time's womb
A day may ſleep, a day of doom,
As great to *ruin*, as was that to *ſave.*

XIII.

How would'ſt thou ſmile to hear my ſtrain,
Whoſe boaſted inſpiration 's vain?
Yet what if my *prediction* ſhould prove *true*?
Know'ſt thou the *fatal pair* who ſhine
O'er Britain's trading empire *Thine*
As one *rejected*, what, if one *ſubdues*?

XIV.

What *naval* ſcene adorns the ſeat
Of awful Britain's high debate *,
Inſpires her *councils*, and records her *power*?
The nations know, in glowing balls
On ſinking thrones, the tempeſt falls,
When her auguſt aſſembled ſenates lour.

XV.

O language fit for thoughts ſo *bold!*
Would Britain have her anger told;
Ah! never let a *meaner* language ſound,
Than *that* which proſtrates human ſouls,
Through Heaven's dark vault impetuous rolls,
And nature rocks, when angry Jove has frown'd.

* *The Spaniſh armada in the Houſe of Lords.*

XVI.

Not realms *unbounded*, not a *flood*
Of natives, not *expence* of blood,
Or *reach* of counsel gives the world a *lord*:
Trade calls *him* forth, and sets him high,
As mortal man, o'er men can fly:
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keeneſt *ſword*.

XVII.

Nay, *her's* the ſword! For Fleets have *wings*;
Like lightning fly to *diſtant* kings;
Like Gods deſcend at *once* on trembling ſtates:
Is war proclaim'd? *Our* wars are hurl'd
To farthest confines of the world,
Surprize your ports, and *thunder* at your gates.

XVIII.

The king of tempeſts, Æolus,
Sends forth his *pinion'd people*, thus,
On rapid errands: as they fly, they *roar*,
And carry *ſable clouds*, and *ſweep*
The land, the deſert, and the deep!
Earth ſhakes! proud *cities* fall! and *thrones* adore!

XIX.

The *Fools of Nature* ever ſtrike
On bare *outſides*; and loath, or like,
As *glitter* bids; in endleſs error vie;
Admire the *purple* and the *crown*:
Of human *welfare* and *renown*,
Trade's the big *heart*; bright empire, but their *eye*.

XX.

Whence Tartar GRAND? or Mogul GREAT?—
Trade gilt their titles, pour'd their ſtate;
While Afric's black, laſcivious, ſlothful breed,
To claſp their *ruin*, fly from *toil*;
That meaneſt product on their ſoil,
Their *people* ſell: one half on t' other feed.

XXI.

Of Nature's Wealth from Commerce rent,
Afric's a glaring Monument:
Mid *citron* foreſts and *pomegranate* groves
(Curſt, in a paradiſe!) ſhe pines;
O'er *generous* glebe, o'er *golden* mines
Her *beggar'd*, *famiſh'd*, tradeleſs native roves:

XXII.

Not ſo thine, China, blooming-wide;
Thy numerous fleets might *bridge* the *tide*;
Thy *products* would exhauſt both India's mines;
Shut be *that* gate of trade! Or woe
To Britain's! Europe's will o'erflow.——
Ungrateful ſong! Her growth * *inſpires* thy lines.

XXIII.

Britain! To *theſe*, and ſuch as theſe,
The river broad, and foaming *ſeas*
Which *ſever* lands to morſals *leſs* renown'd,
Devoid of *naval* ſkill or might:
Thoſe ſever'd parts of earth *unite*:
Trade's the full *pulſe*, that ſends their vigour round.

XXIV.

Could, O! could one *engroſſing* hand
The various ſtreams of Trade command,
That, like the ſun, would gazing nations awe;
That awful Power the world would brave,
Bold War, and Empire proud, his ſlave;
Mankind his ſubjects; and his *Will*, their law.

* *Coffee.*

XXV.

Haſt thou look'd round the ſpacious earth?
From Commerce, Grandeur's humble birth:
To George from Noah, empires living, dead,
Their pride, their ſhame, their riſe, their fall,
Time's whole *plain chronicle* is all
One *bright encomium*, undeſign'd, on Trade.

XXVI.

Trade ſprings from Peace, and Wealth from Trade,
And Power from Wealth! of Power is made
The God on Earth: hail, then, the dove of Peace!
Whoſe olive ſpeaks the raging flood
Of war repreſs'd: what's loſs of blood?
War is the death of Commerce and Increaſe.

XXVII.

Then perish War!—Deteſted War!
Shall thou make Gods? light Cæſar's ſtar?
What calls a man fool ſo loud as this has done,
From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line?—
Why not adore too, as divine,
Wide-waſting ſtorms, before the genial ſun?

XXVIII.

Peace is the Merchant's ſummer clear!
His *harveſts* harveſt *round* the year!
For Peace with laurel *every maſt* be bound;
Each *deck* carouſe, each *flag* ſtream out,
Each *cannon* found, each *ſailor* ſhout!
For Peace let *every ſacred ſhip* be crown'd!

XXIX.

Sacred are ſhips, of birth divine!
An angel drew the firſt *deſign*;
With which the Patriarch Nature's *ruins* brav'd:
Two worlds aboard, an old and new,
He ſafe o'er foaming billows flew:
The *Gods made* Human race, a *Pilot*, *ſav'd*.

XXX.

How ſacred too the Merchant's name!—
When Britain blaz'd meridian Fame*;
Bright ſhone the *ſword*, but brighter trade gave law;
Merchants in *diſtant* courts rever'd,
Where prouder ſtateſmen ne'er appear'd,
Merchants Embaſſadors! and Thrones in awe.

XXXI.

'Tis *theirs* to know the *tides*, the *times*;
The *march* of ſtars; the *birth* of climes;
Summer and Winter theirs; theirs *land* and *ſea*,
Theirs are the *ſeaſons*, *months*, and *years*;
And each a different *garland* wears:—
O that my ſong could add Eternity!

XXXII.

Praiſe is the ſacred oil that feeds
The burning lamp of god-like deeds;
Immortal glory pays illuſtrious cares:
Whither, ye Britons! are ye *bound*?
O noble *voyage!* glorious *round!*
Launch from the Thames, and end among the ſtars:

XXXIII.

If to my *ſubject* roſe my *ſoul*,
Your fame ſhould laſt while oceans roll:

* *In Queen Elizabeth's Reign.*

When other worlds in depths of time shall rise,
As we the Greeks of mighty name,
May *they* Britannia's fleet proclaim,
Look up, and read her story in the skies.

XXXIV.

Ye Sirens, sing; ye Tritons, blow;
Ye Nereids, dance; ye Billows, flow;
Roll to my measures, O ye Starry Throng;
Ye Winds in concert breathe around;
Ye navies! to the concert bound
From Pole to Pole! To Britain all belong.

THE MORAL.

The most happy should be the most virtuous. Of Eternity. What Britain's arts should be. Whence slavery.

I.

BRITAIN! thus blest, thy blessing know;
Or *bliss*, in vain! the Gods bestow;
In *end* fulfil, *means* cherish, *source* adore:
Vain *swellings* of thy soul repress;
They most may *lose*, who most *possess*;
Then let bliss *awe*, and *tremble* at thy store.

II.

Nor be too fond of life, *at best*,
Her *chearful*, not *enamour'd* guest:
Let thought fly *forward*; 'twill gay prospects give;
Prospects immortal; that deride
A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,
And make it perfect *fortitude* to live.

III.

O for *Eternity!* a scene!
To fair *adventurers* serene?
O! on that *sea* to *deal* in pure renown!
Traffic with Gods! What transports roll;
What boundless *import* to the soul!
The poor man's *empire!* and the subjects *crown!*

IV.

Adore the Gods, and plough the seas:
These be thy arts, O Britain! these.
Let *others* pant for an immense *command*;
Let *others* breathe war's fiery God;
The proudest *victor* fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

V.

Glorious, while Heaven-born Freedom lasts,
Which Trade's soft spurious daughter blasts;
For what is Tyranny? A monstrous birth
From Luxury, by bribes caress'd,
By glowing power in *shades* compress'd,
Which *stalks* around, and chains the *groaning* earth.

THE CLOSE.

This subject now first sung. How sung. Preferable to Pindar's subjects. How Britain should be sung by All.

I.

THEE, Trade! I *first*, who boast no store,
Who owe the nought, *thus* snatch from shore,
The shore of Prose, where thou hast slumber'd long;
And send thy flag triumphant down
The tide of Time, to sure renown;
O bless my country! and thou pay'st my song.

II.

Thou art the Briton's noblest theme,
Why, then, unsung? My *simple* aim
To dress *plain sense*, and fire the *generous blood*;
Not sport imaginations vain,
But lift, with yon ethereal train,
The shining Muse, to serve the *public good*.

III.

Of *ancient art*, and *ancient praise*,
The *springs* are open'd in my lays:
Olympic heroes ghosts around me throng.
And think their glory sung anew;
Till chiefs of *equal* fame they view;
Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.

IV.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares,
As far surpast, as *useful* cares
Transcend diversion *light* and glory *vain*:
The wreath fantastic, shouting throng,
And panting steed, to him belong
The *charioteer's*, not *emperor's* golden rein.

V.

Nor, Chandos! thou the Muse despise
That *would* to glowing Ætna rise
(Such Pindar's breast) thou Theron of *our time!*
Seldom to man the Gods impart
A Pindar's head, or Theron's heart;
In life, or song, how rare the true *Sublime!*

VI.

None, *British-born*, will sure disdain
This new, bold, moral, patriot strain,
Though not with *genius* with *some* virtue crown'd;
(How vain the Muse!) the *lay* may last,
Thus twin'd around the British Mast,
The British Mast, with *nobler* laurels bound!

VII.

Weak *ivy* curls round naval *oak*,
And smiles at wind and storm unbroke;
By strength *not hers* sublime: thus, proud to soar,
To Britain's grandeur cleaves my *strain*;
And lives, and echoes through the *plain*,
While o'er the *billow* Britain's thunders roar.

VIII.

Be dumb, ye *groveling* Sons of Verse
Who *sing* not actions, but *rehearse*,
And *feel* the Muse with *impotent* desire;
Ye sacrilegious! who presume
To tarnish Britain's naval bloom,
Sing Britain's fame, with all her Hero's fire.

THE CHORUS.

" Ye Sirens, sing; ye Tritons, blow;
" Ye Nereids, dance; ye Billows, flow;
" Roll to my measures, O ye Starry Throng!
" Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
" Ye Navies! to the concert bound
" From Pole to Pole; to Britain all belong;
" Britain to Heaven; from Heaven descends my song.

THOMSON'S POEMS.

THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford. The season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and last on man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
O Hertford! fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.
And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets
Deform the day delightless; so that scarce
The bittern knows his time with bill ingulpht
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.
At last from Aries rolls the bounteous Sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life, and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding Heaven.
Forth fly the tepid Airs, and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost:
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.
White through the neighbouring fields the sower stalks
With measur'd step, and lib'ral throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.
Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year. Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the *rural* Maro sung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compar'd your insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.
Ye generous Britons! venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the sea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be the exhaustless granary of a world!
Nor only through the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the steaming power
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
United light and shade! where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new delight!
From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs;
And swells and deepens to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy grove
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,

Till the whole leafy foreſt ſtands diſplay'd
In full luxuriance to the ſighing gales;
Where the deer ruſtle through the twining brake,
And the birds ſing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By Nature's ſwift and ſecret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With laviſh fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimſon folds. Now from the town,
Buried in ſmoke, and ſleep, and noiſome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields, [drops
Where freſhneſs breathes, and daſh the trembling
From the bent buſh, as through the verdant maze
Of ſweet briar hedges I purſue my walk;
Or taſte the ſmell of dairy; or aſcend
Some eminence, Auguſta, in thy plains,
And ſee the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundleſs bluſh, one white-empurpled ſhower
Of mingled bloſſoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and hid beneath
The fair profuſion, yellow Autumn ſpies.
If, bruſh'd from Ruſſian wilds, a cutting gale
Riſe not, and ſcatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely froſt; before whoſe baleful blaſt
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage ſhrinks,
Joyleſs and dead, a wide dejected waſte.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, inſect armies waft
Keen in the poiſon'd breeze; and waſteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The ſacred ſons of vengeance; on whoſe courſe
Corroſive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague the ſkilful farmer chaff
And blazing ſtraw before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in ſmoke, the latent foe
From every cranny ſuffocated falls:
Or ſcatters o'er the blooms the pungent duſt
Of pepper, fatal to the froſty tribe;
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With ſprinkled water drowns them in their neſt;
Nor, while they pick them up with buſy bill,
The little trooping birds unwiſely ſcares.
Be patient, ſwains; theſe cruel-ſeeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repreſs'd
Thoſe deepening clouds on clouds, ſurcharg'd with
That o'er the vaſt Atlantic hither borne, [rain,
In endleſs train, would quench the ſummer-blaze,
And, cheerleſs, drown the crude unripen'd year.
The north-eaſt ſpends his rage; he now ſhut up
Within his iron cave, th' effuſive ſouth
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal ſhowers diſtent.
At firſt a duſky wreath they ſeem to riſe,
Scarce ſtaining æther; but by ſwift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour ſails
Along the loaded ſky, and mingled deep
Sits on th' horizon round a ſettled gloom:
Not ſuch as wintry-ſtorms on mortals ſhed,
Oppreſſing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope, and every joy,
The wiſh of Nature. Gradual ſinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the cloſing woods,
Or ruſtling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aſpin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glaſſy breadth, ſeem, through delufive lapſe,
Forgetful of their courſe 'Tis ſilence all,
And pleaſing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry ſprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling verdure. Huſh'd in ſhort ſuſpenſe
The plumy people ſtreak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moiſture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching ſign to ſtrike at once
Into the general choir. E'en mountains, vales,
And foreſts, ſeem impatient to demand
The promis'd ſweetneſs. Man ſuperior walks
Amid the glad creation, muſing praiſe,
And looking lively gratitude. At laſt
The clouds conſign their treaſures to the fields;
And, ſoftly ſhaking on the dimpled pool
Preluſive drops, let all their moiſture flow
In large effuſion o'er the freſhen'd world.
The ſtealing ſhower is ſcarce to patter heard
By ſuch as wander thro' the foreſt walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the ſhade, while Heaven deſcends
In univerſal bounty, ſhedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift Fancy fir'd anticipates their growth,
And, while the milky nutritive diſtils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.
Thus all day long the full-diſtended clouds
Indulge their genial ſtores, and well-ſhower'd
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life, [earth
Till in the weſtern ſky the downward ſun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the fluſh
Of broken clouds gay-ſhifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance inſtantaneous ſtrikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the foreſt ſtreams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow miſt,
Far ſmoaking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moiſt, bright, and green, the landſcape laughs around.
Full ſwell the woods; their every muſic wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert, with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the diſtant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows reſponſive from the vales,
Whence blending all the ſweeten'd zephyr ſprings:
Mean time, refracted from yon' eaſtern cloud,
Beſtriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immenſe, and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the ſky.
Here, awful Newton! the diſſolving clouds
Form, fronting on the ſun, thy ſhow'ry priſm,
And to the ſage-inſtructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee diſcloſ'd,
From the white mingling maze. Not ſo the boy;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but, amaz'd,
Beholds th' amuſive arch before him fly,
Then vaniſh quite away. Still night ſucceeds;
A ſoften'd ſhade, and ſaturated earth,
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd thro ten thouſand different plaſtic tubes,
The balmy treaſures of the former day.

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanist to number up their tribes,
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search, or thro' the forest, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way, or climbs the mountain rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With such a lib'ral hand has Nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nursing mould,
The moist'ning current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years, unfleshed in blood,
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

The first fresh dawn then waked the gladden'd
Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see [race
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam:
Nor their light slumbers gently fum'd away,
And up they rose as vig'rous as the sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful 'tendance of the flock.
Mean time the sung went round; and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
Their hours away; while in the rosy vale
Love breath'd his infant sighs from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss, save the sweet pain
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act nor surly deed
Was known among these happy sons of Heaven,
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature, too, look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful Sun
Shot his best rays; and still the gracious clouds
Dropp'd fatness down, as o'er the swelling mead
The herds and flocks commixing play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his fellow joy:
For music held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In confonance. Such were those prime of days.

But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their Golden Age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers
Which forms the soul of happiness, and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and Reason, half ex-
Or impotent, or else approving, sees [tinct,
The fatal disorder. Senseless and deform'd,
Convulsive Anger storms at large; or, pale
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base Envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Despondent Fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Even Love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid int'rest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and Grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells,
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind [grows
With endless storm; whence, deeply rankling,
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good:
Then dark Disgust, and Hatred, winding Wiles,
Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence:
At last, extinct each social feeling fell,
And joyless Inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature, disturb'd,
Is deem'd vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came;
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal burst, into the gulf,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast,
Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

The seasons since have, with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows, and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring before
Green'd all the year, and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
Pure was the temperate air; and even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms
Were taught to blow nor hurricanes to rage:
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
While tickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not relaxing on the springs of life.
But now of turbid elements the sport,
From clear to cloudy tost'd, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome head neglected dies,
Tho' with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of Art, 'tis copious blest:
For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd Man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drank her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece; nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er plough'd for him. They, too, are tamper'd high,
With hunger stung and wild necessity,

Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast:
But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep, while from her lap
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs
And fruits as num'rous as the drops of rain,
Or beams that gave them birth; shall he, fair Form! [heaven,
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed; but ye, ye Flocks!
What have ye done? ye peaceful People! what
To merit death? ye, who have given us milk
In lusicious streams, and heat us your own coat
Against the Winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal!
In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
Patient, and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest, shall he bleed,
And, struggling, groan beneath the cruel hands
E'en of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly suggest; but 'tis enough,
In this late age, advent'rous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the Samian sage:
High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
Whose will best will has fix'd us in a state
That must not yet to pure perfection rise.
Now, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam, now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds,
Which, by rapacious hunger swallowed deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.
When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair:
Chief should the Western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to the front, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little Naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly,
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or, urg'd by hunger, leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook;
Some lightly toying to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand, proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw: but should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly,
And oft' attempts to seize it, but as oft'
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear:
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death
With sullen plunge: at once he darts along,
Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line,
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode,
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now,
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;
Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gayly drag your unresisting prize.
Thus pass the temperate hours; but when the sun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
E'en shooting listless languor thro' the deeps,
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade;
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon' spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk,
High in the beetling cliff, his airy builds:
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Thro' rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song:
Or catch thyself the landscape, gilding swift
Athwart Imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream
Confus'd of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things,
Soothe every gust of passion into peace,
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.
Behold yon' breathing prospect bids the Muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can Imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like her's?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If Fancy, then,
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,

Ah! what shall Language do? ah! where find words
Ting'd with so many colours, and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round?
Yet, tho' successful, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye Virgins and ye Youths! whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song! 480
Form'd by the Graces, Loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart: 485
Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning-dews; and gather, in their prime,
Fresh blooming flowers, to grace the braided hair.
And thy lov'd bosom, that improves their sweets. 490
See where the winding vale its lavish stores
Irriguous spreads. See how the lily drinks
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
Of growth luxuriant, or the humid bank
In fair profusion decks. Long let us walk 495
Where the breeze blows from yon' extended field
Of blossom'd beans: Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence
Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 500
Full of fresh verdure and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide and wild,
Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious task the fervent bees, 505
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Thro' the soft air, the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
And oft with bolder wing they soaring dare 510
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.
At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye 515
Distracted wanders: now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps;
Now meets the bending sky; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake, 520
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far excursive? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon' mingled wilderness of flowers, 525
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet, darkly blue,
And Polyanthus, of unnumber'd dies;
The yellow wallflower, stain'd with iron brown,
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round.
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red. 535
Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks: from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run, and while they break
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand. 540
No gradual bloom is wanting from the bud,
First born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance: nor Narcissus fair, 545
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor, broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks;
Nor flower'd from every bush, the damask rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 550
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.
Hail, Source of beings! universal Soul
Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee: to Thee my thoughts
Continual climb, who with a master-hand
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live æther, and imbibe the dew:
By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks and swells
The juicy tide, a twining mass of tubes.
At thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance
And lively fermentation mounting, spreads
All this innumerous colour'd scene of things.
As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascends
My panting Muse: and hark! how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye Nightingales! oh! pour
The mazy-running soul of Melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckow sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, The passion of the groves.
When first the soul of Love is sent abroad
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing,
And try again the long forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbling; but no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows,
In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd and loud, the Messenger of Morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads

Of the coy choriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thruſh
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run thro' the ſweeteſt length
Of notes; when liſtening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purpoſes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whiſtles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bulfinch anſwers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profuſely, ſilent. Join'd to theſe,
Innumerous ſongſters, in the freſhing ſhade
Of new ſprung leaves, their modulations mix
Melliſluous: the jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harſh pipe, diſcordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert, while the ſtock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis Love creates the melody, and all
This waſte of muſic is the voice of Love;
That e'n to birds and beaſts the tender arts
Of pleaſing teaches: hence the gloſſy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtſhip to their maths
Pour forth their little ſouls. Firſt, wide around,
With diſtant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeav'ring by a thouſand tricks to catch
The cunning, conſcious, half-averted glance
Of their regardleſs charmer. Should ſhe ſeem
Softening, the leaſt approvance to beſtow,
Their colours burniſh, and, by hope inſpir'd,
They briſk advance; then on a ſudden ſtruck,
Retire diſorder'd; then again approach,
In fond rotation ſpread the ſpotted wing,
And ſhiver every feather with deſire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haſte away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleaſure, or food, or ſecret ſafety prompts,
That Nature's great command may be obey'd;
Nor all the ſweet ſenſations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly hedge
Neſtling repair, and to the thicket ſome;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offſpring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few;
Their food its inſects, and its moſs their neſts:
Others apart, far in the graſſy dale
Or roughening waſte their humble texture weave:
But moſt in woodland ſolitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms or ſtaggy banks,
Deep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whoſe murmurs ſoothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive ſtream,
They frame the firſt foundation of their domes,
Dry ſprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But reſtleſs hurry thro' the buſy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The ſwallow ſweeps
The ſlimy pool, to build the hanging houſe
Intent: and often from the careleſs back
Of herds and flocks a thouſand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft', when unobſerv'd,
Steal from the barn a ſtraw, till ſoft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam aſſiduous ſits,
Not to be tempted from her tender taſk,
Or by ſharp hunger or by ſmooth delight,
Tho' the whole looſen'd Spring around her blows,
Her ſympathizing lover takes his ſtand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaſeleſs ſings
The tedious time away; or elſe ſupplies
Her place a moment, while ſhe ſudden flits
To pick the ſcanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light;
A helpleſs family, demanding food
With conſtant clamour. O what paſſions then,
What melting ſentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents ſeize! away they fly
Affectionate, and, undeſiring, bear
The moſt delicious morſel to their young,
Which equally diſtributed, again
The ſearch begins, E'en ſo a gentle pair,
By Fortune ſunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breaſt,
In ſome lone cot amid the diſtant woods,
Suſtain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft' as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they ſcorn; exalting Love,
By the great Father of the Spring inſpir'd,
Gives inſtant courage to the fearful race,
And to the ſimple art. With ſtealthy wing
Should ſome rude foot their woody haunts moleſt,
Amid a neighbouring buſh they ſilent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling ſchoolboy. Hence around the head
Of wandering ſwain the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her ſounding flight, and then directly on,
In long excurſion, ſkims the level lawn
To tempt him from her neſt. The wild-duck hence
O'er the rough moſs, and o'er the trackleſs waſte
The heath-hen, flutters; pious fraud! to lead
The hot-purſuing ſpaniel far aſtray.

Be not the Muſe aſham'd here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd and boundleſs air.
Dull are the pretty ſlaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its bright'ning luſtre loſt;
Nor is that ſprightly wildneſs in their notes
Which, clear and vig'rous, warbles from the beach.
O then, ye Friends of love and love-taught ſong,
Spare the ſoft tribes! this barbarous art forbear!
If on your boſom Innocence can win,
Muſic engage, or Piety perſuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd

To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft' when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls,
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade,
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows thro' the night, and on the bough
Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe, till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.
But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain, and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky.
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown.
Unlavish'd Wisdom never works in vain.
'Tis on some ev'ning, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails; their pinions still
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse, till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The' surging air receives
Its plumy burden, and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight,
'Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And, once rejoicing, never know them more.
High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost Kilda's * shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire:
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages, of his empire, which in peace
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.
Should I my steps turn to the rural seat
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive, there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock,
Whose breast with ardour flames as on he walks,
Gracefull, and crows defiance. In the pond
The finely chequer'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud threat'ning, reddens; while the peacock spreads
His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.
While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes below rush furious into flame
And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels:
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot: or thro' the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud
Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense:
And oft', in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,
He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk:
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flash fury: to the hollowed earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix;
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
And, neighing, on the aërial summit takes
Th' exciting gale; then steep-descending cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
E'en where the madness of the straiten'd stream
Turns in black eddies round: such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.
Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep;
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
How, by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-resounding waste, in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves: but this the theme
I sing, enraptur'd, to the British fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun:
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,

* *The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.*

Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in frisktul glee
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth: when swift, the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill, the rampart once
Of iron War, in ancient barbarous times,
When disunited Britain, ever bled,
Loft in eternal broil; ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads,
And o'er our labours Liberty and Law
Impartial watch, the wonder of a world!
What is this mighty Breath, ye Sages! say,
That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven, and thro' their breasts
These arts of love diffuses? What, but God?
Inspiring God! who, boundless Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone
Seems not to work; with such perfection fram'd
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
But tho' conceal'd to every purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears,
Chief, lovely Spring! in thee, and thy soft scenes,
The smiling God is seen, while water, earth,
And air, attest his bounty, which exalts
The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.
Still let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature? can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye fordid Sons of Earth,
Hard and unfeeling of another's woe,
Or only lavish to yourselves: away!
But come, ye generous Minds! in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, creative bounty burns
With warmest beam, and on your open front
And liberal eye sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest Want; nor till invok'd
Can restless Goodness wait: your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd!
Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft'
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad! for you the teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world,
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head,
Life flows afresh, and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation still:
By swift degrees the Love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom, till at last sublim'd
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world!
These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart, inform'd by Reason's purer ray,
O Lyttleton, the friend! thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley-Park thou strayest,
Thy British Temple; there along the dale
With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
Whence on each hand the gush ing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dash ing fall,
Or gleam in lengthened vista thro' the trees,
You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts,
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted, oft'
You wander thro' the philosophic world,
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft', conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time,
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal, unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal, how from the venal gulph
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive:
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The Muses charm, while with sure taste refin'd,
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song,
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attun'd: then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love,
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Tost'd by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treasures forth
In varied converse, softening every theme,
You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meekened sense, and amiable grace,
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy;
Unutterable happiness! which Love
Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few.
Mean time you gain the height, from whose fair brow

The burſting proſpect ſpreads immenſe around,
And, ſnatch'd o'er hill, and dale, and wood, and lawn,
And verdant field, and dar'ning heath between,
And villages emboſom'd ſoft in trees,
And ſpiry towns by ſurging columns mark'd
Of houſehold ſmoke, your eye excurſive roams;
Wide ſtretching from the hall, in whoſe kind haunt
The hoſpitable Genius lingers ſtill,
To where the broken landſcape, by degrees
Aſcending, roughens into rigid hills,
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That ſkirt the blue horizon, duſky riſe.
Flush'd by the ſpirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a freſher bloom
Shoots, leſs and leſs, the live carnation round:
Her lips bluſh deeper ſweets; ſhe breathes of youth;
The ſhining moiſture ſwells into her eyes
In brighter flow; her wiſhing boſom heaves
With palpitations wild; kind tumults ſeize
Her veins, and all her yielding ſoul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecſtatic power, and ſick
With ſighing languiſhment. Ah then, ye Fair!
Be greatly cautious of your ſliding hearts;
Dare not the infectious ſigh; the pleading look,
Downcaſt, and low, in meek ſubmiſſion dreſt,
But full of guile; let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation ſmooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will: nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roſes ſhed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimſon curtains round,
Truſt your ſoft minutes with betraying Man.
And let th' aſpiring youth beware of love;
Of the ſmooth glance beware: for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-ſoftneſs pours:
Then wiſdom proſtrate lies, and fading fame
Diſſolves in air away: while the fond ſoul,
Wrapt in gay viſions of unreal bliſs,
Still paints th' illuſive form; the kindling grace,
Th' enticing ſmile, the modeſt-ſeeming eye,
Beneath whoſe beauteous beams, belying Heaven,
Lurk ſearchleſs cunning, cruelty, and death:
And ſtill falſe-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her ſiren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful ſhores, and meads of fatal joy.
E'en preſent, in the very lap of Love
Inglorious laid, while muſic flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours,
Amid the roſes fierce Repentance rears
Her ſnaky creſt: a quick-returning pang
Shoots thro' the conſcious heart, where honour ſtill,
And great deſign, againſt the oppreſſive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.
But abſent, what fantaſtic woes arous'd
Rage in each thought, by reſtleſs muſing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blaſt the bloom of life?
Neglected Fortune flies, and ſliding ſwift,
Prone into ruin fall his ſcorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around; the darken'd ſun
Loſes his light; the roſy-boſom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines, and yon' bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a duſky vault.
All Nature fades extinct, and ſhe alone
Heard, felt, and ſeen, poſſeſſes every thought,
Fills every ſenſe, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulneſs, tedious friends;
And ſad amid the ſocial band he ſits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfiniſh'd period falls: while borne away
On ſwelling thought his wafted ſpirit flies
To the vain boſom of his diſtant fair,
And leaves the ſemblance of a lower fix'd
In melancholy ſite, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he ſtarts,
Shook from his tender trance, and reſtleſs runs
To glimmering ſhades and ſympathetic glooms,
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling ſtream,
Romantic, hangs; there thro' the penſive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation loſt;
Indulging all to love; or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, ſwells the breeze
With ſighs unceaſing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in ſoft anguiſh he conſumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement till the moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy eaſt,
Enlightened by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle Hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languiſh of her beam,
With ſoftened ſoul, and woos the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his; or, while the world,
And all the ſons of Care, lie huſh'd in ſleep,
Aſſociates with the midnight ſhadows drear,
And, ſighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page
Meant for the moving meſſenger of love,
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With riſing frenzy fir'd: but if on bed
Delirious flung, ſleep from his pillow flies:
All night he toſſes, nor the balmy power
In any poſture finds; till the grey Morn
Lifts her pale luſtre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love; and then, perhaps,
Exhauſted Nature ſinks a while to reſt,
Still interrupted by diſtracted dreams,
That o'er the ſick imagination riſe,
And in black colours paint the mimic ſcene.
Oft' with th' enchantreſs of his ſoul he talks,
Sometimes in crouds diſtreſs'd; or, if retir'd
To ſecret-winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
Juſt as he, credulous, his endleſs cares
Begins to loſe in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Thro' foreſts huge, and long-untravell'd heath,
With deſolation brown, he wanders waſte,
In night and tempeſt wrapt, or ſhrinks, aghaſt,
Back from the bending precipice, or wades
The turbid ſtream below, and ſtrives to reach
The farther ſhore, where, ſuccourleſs and lone,
She with extended arms his aid implores,
But ſtrives in vain; borne by the outrageous flood
To diſtance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy ſinks.
Theſe are the charming agonies of love,
Whoſe miſery delights. But thro' the heart
Should Jealouſy its venom once diffuſe,
'Tis then delightful miſery no more,

But agony unmix'd, inceſſant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blaſting all
Love's Paradiſe. Ye fairy Proſpects, then,
Ye Beds of Roſes, and ye Bowers of Joy,
Farewell! ye Gleamings of departed Peace,
Shine out your laſt! the yellow-tinging plague
Internal viſion taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah, then! inſtead of love-enlivened cheeks,
Of ſunny features, and of ardent eyes,
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks ſucceed,
Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aſpect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poiſon'd ſoul malignant ſits,
And frightens Love away. Ten thouſand fears
Invented wild, ten thouſand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondneſs, eat him up
With fervent anguiſh and conſuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and reſolution frail,
Giving falſe peace a moment. Fancy pours
Afreſh her beauties on his buſy thought,
Her firſt endearments twining round the ſoul,
With all the witchcraft of enſnaring love.
Straight the fierce ſtorm involves his mind anew,
Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins,
While anxious doubt diſtracts the tortur'd heart;
For e'en the ſad aſſurance of his fears
Were eaſe to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom Love deludes into his thorny wilds
Thro' flowery tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture or of cruel care,
His brighteſt aims extinguiſh'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waſte.
But happy they! the happieſt of their kind!
Whom gentler ſtars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarſer tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itſelf,
Attuning all their paſſions into love,
Where Friendſhip full exerts her ſofteſt power,
Perfect eſteem, enlivened by deſire
Ineffable; and ſympathy of ſoul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundleſs confidence; for nought but love
Can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſecure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, conſume his nights and days;
Let barbarous nations, whoſe inhuman love
Is wild deſire, fierce as the ſuns they feel;
Let eaſtern tyrants from the light of heaven
Seclude their boſom-ſlaves, meanly poſſeſs'd
Of a mere lifeleſs, violated form,
While thoſe whom love cements in holy faith
And equal tranſport, free as Nature live,
Diſdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh?
Something than beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony, and love,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Mean time, a ſmiling offspring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees
The human bloſſom blows, and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new charm,
The father's luſtre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant Reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care.
Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enliv'ning ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh ſpeak the joy! ye whom the ſudden tear
Surpriſes often, while ye look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
All-various Nature preſſing on the heart:
An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
Eaſe and alternate labour, uſeful life,
Progreſſive virtue, and approving Heaven.
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love,
And thus their moments fly. The Seaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy, and conſenting Spring
Sheds her own roſy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild,
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance ſwells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they ſink in ſocial ſleep;
Together freed, their gentle ſpirits fly
To ſcenes where love and bliſs immortal reign.

SUMMER.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Doddington. An introductory reflexion on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country, which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

FROM bright'ning fields of æther fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth:
He comes attended by the sultry *hours*,
And ever-fanning *breezes*, on his way;
While from his ardent look the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
Hence let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders through the gloom,
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.
Come, Inspiration! from thy hermit-seat,
By mortals seldom found: may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and rapture'd glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.
And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the youthful graces all unite;
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit,
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man:
O, Doddington! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.
With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments, away.
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the seasons ever stealing round,
Minutely faithful. Such th' all-perfect Hand!
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.
When now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
Till far o'er æther spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
Brown Night retires: Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue through the dusk, the smoaking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
Falsely luxurious, will not Man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing through dissemper'd dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves: when every Muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk?
But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo, now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?
'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourne
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk

Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
Informer of the planetary train!
Without whose quick'ning glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit! from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.
The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn; while, round thy beaming car,
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains;
Of bloom ethereal, the light-footed Dews,
And, soften'd into joy, the surly Storms.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.
Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills, and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd;
But to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent hence the veiny marble shines;
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day; the noble works of Peace
Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.
Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
As these the ruby lights its deep'ning glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the sapphire, solid æther, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple streaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns:
Nor deeper verdure dies the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green em'rald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the tide varies in the gazer's hand.
The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the reluctent stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desart joys
Wildly through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!
How shall I then attempt to sing of Him!
Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, o'erflowing, all those lamps of Heaven,
That beam for ever through the boundless sky:
But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.
And yet was every faultering tongue of Man,
Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
E'en in the depth of solitary woods
By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
And to the choir celestial Thee resound,
Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!
To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd;
And to peruse its all-instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, rapture'd, to translate,
My sole delight; as through the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.
Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party colour'd bands, till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.
Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires:
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant Heat, dispreading through the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.
Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.
Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around

The chearful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks,
That the calm village in their verdant arms
Shelt'ring embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise,
Faint, underneath, the houshold fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-stretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song:
Not mean, though simple; to the sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.

Wak'd by his warm ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wint'ry storms, or rising from their tombs
To higher life, by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting salmon. Through the green wood glade
Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young, yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With pow'rless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strides backward, grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand.

Resounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon;
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading e'en the microscopic eye!
Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the *vital Breath*, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid streams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure
Within its winding citadel the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of Man: for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosal, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
Or swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the man, whose universal eye,
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;
Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings lessening down
From infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary *nothing*, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought recoiling turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,

Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
Ev'n so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.
Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead;
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose,
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping age is here; and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While, heard from dale to dale,
Wafting the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.
Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Emboldened then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labour to the farthest shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous press'd,
Head above head: and, rang'd in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round.
One, chief in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp their master's cypher ready stand;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robes bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.
A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,
The treasures of the sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, e'en now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.
'Tis raging noon; and vertical the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze,
In vain the sight, dejected, to the ground
Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither e'en the soul.
Echo no more returns the chearful sound
Of sharpening scythe; the mower sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd:
And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or thro' the unsheltered glade, impatient seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.
All-conquering Heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night:
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,

And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfy'd and sick, tosses in noon:
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.
Welcome, ye shades! ye Lowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool through the nerves your pleasing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh expanded eye
And ear resound their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.
Around th' adjoining brooks, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,
A various groupe the herds and flocks compose;
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd;
Here laid his scrip, with wholsome viands fill'd;
There, list'ning every noise, his watchful dog.
Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd,
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Through all the bright severity of noon;
While from their labouring breasts a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.
Oft' in this season too the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye,
And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
Luxuriant and erect, the seat of strength!
Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.
Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth,
That, forming high in air a woodland choir,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step
Solemn and slow the shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful listening gloom around.
These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath
Ecstatic felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent; to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul,
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His Muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily and nightly, zealous to perform.
Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd I feel
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
"Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
"From the same Parent-Power our beings drew,
"The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
"Once some of us, like thee, through storm and life,
"Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
"This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
"Where purity and peace immingle charms.
"Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
"Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
"By noisy folly and discordant vice,
"Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
"Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
"When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
"Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
"And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
"The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade;
"A privilege bestow'd by us alone
"On Contemplation, or the hallowed ear.
"Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain."
And art thou, * Stanley, of that sacred band
Alas, for us too soon! though rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe;
Who seeks thee still in many a former scene;
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense

* *A young lady, well known to the author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year* 1738.

Inspir'd; where moral wisdom mildly shone
Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,
In all her smiles, without forbidden pride.
But, Oh thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
Believe the Muse; the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beams of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.
Thus up the mount, in aëry vision wrapt,
I stray, regardless whither, till the sound
Of a near fall of water, every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought; swift shrinking back,
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.
Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thund'ring shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whit'ning by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose;
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts;
And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars
With upward pinions through the flood of day;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stock-dove only through the forest coos,
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing rom his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.
Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair, moss-lin'd, and over head
By flowering umbrage shaded, where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant-woodbine loads his little thigh.
Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,
Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the torrid Zone:
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See how at once the bright effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chaces from the sky
The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
The general Breeze, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that see each circling year,
Returning suns and double seasons pass;
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays;
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods
Prone rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning sands, that bank the shrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds
Quench my hot limbs: or lead me through the maze,
Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
Or, thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.
Or, stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboasted worth, above fastidious pomp.
Witness, thou best anana, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age!
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambrosial flores, and feast with Jove!
From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads

And vaſt ſavannahs, where the wand'ring eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean loſt.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer ſweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and ſhowers with ſudden hand
Exuberant ſpring; for oft theſe valleys ſhift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And ſwift to green again, as ſcorching ſuns,
Or ſtreaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.
Along theſe lonely regions, where, retir'd
From little ſcenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful ſolitude, and nought is ſeen
But the wild herds that own no maſter's ſtall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening ſeas:
On whoſe luxurious herbage, half conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diſtus'd his train,
Cas'd in green ſcales, the crocodile extends.
The flood diſparts: behold! in plaited mail,
* Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his ſide,
The darted ſteel in idle ſhivers flies:
He fearleſs walks the plain, or ſeeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmleſs ſtranger wondering gaze.
Peaceful, beneath primæval trees, that caſt
Their ample ſhade o'er Niger's yellow ſtream,
And where the Ganges rolls his ſacred wave,
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High-rais'd in ſolemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant, wiſeſt of brutes!
O truly wiſe! with gentle might endow'd;
Though powerful, not deſtructive! Here he ſees
Revolving ages ſweep the changeful earth,
And empires riſe and fall; regardleſs he
Of what the never-reſting race of men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'ſcape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his ſteps;
Or with his towery grandeur ſwell their ſtate,
The pride of kings! or elſe his ſtrength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Aſtoniſh'd at the madneſs of mankind.
Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid bloſſoms glowing from afar,
Thick ſwarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
That with a ſportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayeſt hues
Profuſely pours. But, if ſhe bids them ſhine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet, frugal ſtill, ſhe humbles them in † ſong.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whoſe legions caſt
A boundleſs radiance waving on the ſun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our ſhades,
Through the ſoft ſilence of the liſtening night,
The ſober-ſuited ſongſtreſs thrills her lay.
But come, my Muſe, the deſart-barrier burſt,
A wild expanſe of lifeleſs ſand and ſky;

And, ſwifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the ſecret bounds
Of jealous Abyſſinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who, beneath the maſk
Of ſocial commerce, com'ſt to rob their wealth;
No holy Fury thou, blaſpheming Heaven,
With conſecrated ſteel to ſtab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To ſpread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmleſs bee, may'ſt freely range,
From mead to mead, bright with exalted flowers;
From jaſmine grove to grove, may'ſt wander gay,
Though palmy ſhades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, inveſt the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy ſummit, ſpreading fair,
For many a league; or on ſtupendous rocks,
That from the ſun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas riſe;
And gardens ſmile around, and cultur'd fields;
And fountains guſh; and careleſs herds and flocks
Securely ſtray; a world within itſelf,
Diſdaining all aſſault: there let me draw
Ethereal ſoul, there drink reviving gales,
Profuſely breathing from the ſpicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at diſtance hear
The roaring floods and cataracts, that ſweep
From diſembowel'd earth the virgin gold;
And o'er the varied landſkip, reſtleſs, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
A land of wonders! which the ſun ſtill eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.
How chang'd the ſcene! In blazing height of noon,
The ſun, oppreſs'd, is plung'd in thickeſt gloom.
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of ſtrugling night and day malignant mix'd,
For to the hot equator crowding faſt,
Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
Admits their ſtream, inceſſant vapours roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd!
Or whirl'd tempeſtuous by the guſty wind,
Or ſilent borne along, heavy and ſlow,
With the big ſtores of ſteaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid theſe upper ſeas, condens'd
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together daſh'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Diſſolv'd the whole precipitated maſs
Unbroken floods and ſolid torrents pours.
The treaſures theſe hid from the bounded ſearch
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,

* *The Hippopotamus, or river-horſe.*

† *In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are obſerved to be leſs melodious than ours.*

Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure-swelling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,
That with unfading verdure smile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And, gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along:
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
The joyless desart, down the Nubian rocks,
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.
His brother Niger, too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind
Fall on Cor'mandel's coast, or Malabar;
From * Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines
With insect lamps, to where Aurora sheds
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower;
All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.
Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish moisture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his isles the branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
The mighty † Orellana. Scarce the Muse
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
The sea-like Plata; to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In silent dignity they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful desarts, worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles, and seasons teem in vain,
Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,
Thro' peopled plains they fair diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.
But avails this wondrous waste of wealth?
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wasting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
Th' ambrosial food, rich gums and spicy health,
Their forests yield? their toiling insects, what
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines,
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill-fated race! the soft'ning arts of Peace,
Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
The god-like wisdom of the temper'd breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world; the Light that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of man:
These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
Seem o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross: or worse; to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and hell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity; these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which e'en imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
In'orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds; and while, with threat'ning tongue,
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of fate,
Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful Nature! There, sublim'd
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd;
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
And, scorning all the taming arts of Man,
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufty isles

* *The river that runs through Siam; on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects, called fire-flies, make a beautiful appearance in the night.*

† *The river of the Amazons.*

That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
Innumerous glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awakened village starts,
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant-fang escaped,
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again;
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day, after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below,
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round æther mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds:
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless, while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual thro' the tedious night.
Yet here, e'en here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following thro' Numidian wilds,
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Ausonia pours,
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft', angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide-glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! e'en the camel feels,
Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blast:
Or from the black-red æther, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play:
Nearer and nearer still they darkning come,
Till with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise,
And by their noon-day mount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every heaving wave
Obeys the blast, the aerial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girds the globe,
The circling Typhon *, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
And dire Ecnephia * reign. Amid the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck †
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells,
Of no regard save to the skilful eye:
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force: a faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail; then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
Art is too slow: by rapid Fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
With such mad seas the daring Gama ‡ fought
For many a day and many a dreadful night,
Incessant lab'ring round the stormy Cape,
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold: for then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The rising world of trade; the Genius then
Of Navigation, that in hopeless sloth
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
For idle ages, starting, heard, at last,
The Lusitanian Prince*, who, Heaven-inspir'd,
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.
Increasing still the terrors of the storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank diseased and death,
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along,
And from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
The stormy Fates descend: one death involves
Tyrants and slaves; when straight their mingled limbs
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.
When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious steam from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,

* *Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.*

† *Called by sailors the One-eye, being in appearance, at first, no bigger.*

‡ *Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East-Indies.*

* *Don Henry, third son to John I. King of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.*

In vapours rank and blue, corruption wrapt,
Whose glomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce, then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease. A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man:
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd The British fire. You, gallant Vernon! saw
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye,
No more with ardour bright; you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;
Heard nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves
The frequent corse, while on each other fix'd,
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,
Silent, to ask whom Fate would next demand.
What need I mention those inclement skies,
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
Descends? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods†,
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields.
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
The brutes escape; man is her destin'd prey,
Intemperate man! and o'er his guilty domes
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death,
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze, and stain'd
With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
Of angry aspect. Princely Wisdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of Joy,
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world:
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The chearful haunt of men; unless escap'd
From the doom'd house where matchless Horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous Fear, the smitten wretch,
With pheneſy wild, breaks loose, and, loud to heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society.
Dependents, friends, relations, Love himself,
Scar'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care; the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air, is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
Extends her raven wing, while, to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.
Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year;
Fir'd by the torch of Noon to tenfold rage,
The infuriate hill, that shoots the pillar'd flame;
And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that rebellious shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulph.
But 'tis enough: return, my vagrant Muse;
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.
Behold! slow-settling o'er the lurid grove,
Unusual darkness broods, and, growing, gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds
Where sleep the mineral generations drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame
Pollute the sky; and in yon' baleful cloud
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment, till by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns
Dread thro' the dun expanse, save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone to the lowest vale the aërial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye, by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
'Tis listning fear and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud,
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds, till over-head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping æther in a blaze:
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
The unconquerable lightning struggles thro',
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine

* *These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject.*

Stands a ſad ſhatter'd trunk; and, ſtretch'd below,
A lifeleſs group the blaſted cattle lie:
Here the ſoft flocks, with that ſame harmleſs look
They wore alive, and ruminating ſtill
In fancy's eye, and there the frowning bull,
And ox half rais'd. Struck on the caſtled cliff,
The venerable tower and ſpiry fane
Reſign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flaſh, and from their deep receſs
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates ſhake.
Amid Caernarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercuſſive roar: with mighty cruſh,
Into the flaſhing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the ſky,
Tumble the ſmitten cliffs: and Snowden's peak,
Diſſolving, inſtant yields his wintry load.
Far ſeen the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulè bellows thro' her utmoſt iſles.
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought
And yet not always on the guilty head
Deſcends the fated flaſh. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchleſs pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The ſame, diſtinguiſh'd by their ſex alone:
Her's the mild luſtre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the riſen day.
They lov'd; but ſuch their guileleſs paſſion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of Innocence and undiſſembling Truth.
'Twas friendſhip, heighten'd by the mutual wiſh,
Th'enchanting hope, and ſympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer ſelf,
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the ſhades,
Still in harmonious intercourſe they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or ugh'd and look'd unutterable things.
So paſs'd their life, a clear united ſtream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempeſt caught them on the tender walk,
Heedleſs how far and where its mazes ſtray'd,
While with each other bleſt, creative Love
Still bade eternal Eden ſmile around.
Preſaging inſtant fate, her boſom heav'd
Unwonted ſighs, and ſtealing oft' a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her diſordered cheek.
In vain aſſuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repreſs'd her fear; it grew, and ſhook
Her frame near diſſolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying ſaints, his eyes compaſſion ſhed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he ſaid,
"Sweet Innocence! thou ſtranger to offence,
"And inward ſtorm! He who yon' ſkies involves
"In frowns of darkneſs, ever ſmiles on thee
"With kind regard. O'er thee the ſecret ſhaft
"That walks at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
"Of noon, flies harmleſs; and that very voic
"Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
"With tongues of ſeraphs whiſpers peace t
thine.
"'Tis ſafety to be near thee, ſure, and thus
"To claſp perfection!" From his void embrace
Myſterious Heaven! that moment to the ground
A blackened corſe, was ſtruck the beauteou
maid.
But who can paint the lover as he ſtood
Pierc'd by ſevere amazement, hating life,
Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint reſemblance! on the marble tomb
The well-diſſembled mourner ſtooping ſtands,
For ever ſilent, and for ever ſad.
As from the face of heaven the ſhatter'd cloud
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable ſky
Sublimer ſwells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Thro' the lighten'd air
A higher luſtre and a clearer calm,
Diffuſive tremble; while, as if in ſign
Of danger paſt, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Inveſts the fields, and Nature ſmiles, reviv'd.
'Tis beauty all and grateful ſong around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbing thro' the clover'd vale.
And ſhall the hymn be marr'd by thankleſs man,
Moſt favour'd, who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, ſo ſoon forgetful of the hand
That huſh'd the thunder, and ſerenes the ſky,
Extinguiſh'd feel that ſpark the tempeſt wak'd,
That ſenſe of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has loſt its fears?
Cheer'd by the milder beam, the ſprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whoſe cryſtal depth
A ſandy bottom ſhews. Awhile he ſtands,
Gazing th' inverted landſcape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below,
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His chon treſſes and his roſy cheek
Inſtant emerge, and thro' the obedient wave,
At each ſhort breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an eaſy-winding path,
While from his poliſh'd ſides a dewy light
Effuſes on the pleas'd ſpectators round.
This is the pureſt exerciſe of health,
The kind refreſher of the ſummer heats:
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightnin
flood,
Would I, weak-ſhivering, linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft' preſerv'd,
By the bold ſwimmer, in the ſwift illapſe
Of accident diſaſtrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the ſame Roman arm
That roſe victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
Firſt learn'd, while tender to ſubdue the wave.
Even from the body's purity the mind
Receives a ſecret ſympathetic aid.
Cloſe in the covert of an hazel copſe,
Where winded into pleaſing ſolitudes,
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon ſat,

Penſive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs;
There to the ſtream that down the diſtant rocks
Hoarſe-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze, that play'd
Among the bending willows, falſely he
Of Muſidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame: but deep within her breaſt,
In baſhful coyneſs, or in maiden pride,
The ſoft return conceal'd, ſave when it ſtole
In ſide-long glances from her downcaſt eye,
Or from her ſwelling ſoul in ſtifled ſighs.
Touch'd by the ſcene, no ſtranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay to try her heart,
And if an infant paſſion ſtruggled there,
To call that paſſion forth. Thrice happy ſwain!
A lucky chance, that oft' decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine:
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Muſidora ſought;
Warm in her cheek the ſultry ſeaſon glow'd;
And, rob'd in looſe array, ſhe came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreſhing ſtream.
What ſhall he do? In ſweet confuſion loſt,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of ſoul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breaſt, and urg'd him to retire;
But Love forbade. Ye Prudes in virtue ſay,
Say, ye Severeſt, what would you have done?
Mean time this fairer nymph than ever bleſt
Arcadian ſtream, with timid eye around
The banks ſurveying, ſtripp'd her beauteous limbs,
To taſte the lucid coolneſs of the flood.
Ah, then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted ſtronger, when aſide
The rival-goddeſſes the veil divine
Caſt unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou, as from the ſnowy leg
And ſlender foot th' inverted ſilk ſhe drew;
As the ſoft touch diſſolv'd the virgin zone,
And thro' the parting robe th' alternate breaſt,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawleſs gaze
In full luxuriance roſe. But, deſperate youth,
How durſt thou riſque the ſoul-diſtracting view,
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious ſwell'd by Nature's fineſt hand,
In folds looſe-floating fell the fainter lawn,
And fair-expos'd ſhe ſtood, ſhrunk from herſelf,
With fancy bluſhing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and ſtarting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood ſhe ruſh'd: the parted flood
As lovely gueſt with cloſing waves receiv'd,
And every beauty ſoft'ning, every grace
Luſtring anew, a mellow luſtre ſhed;
As ſhines the lily through the cryſtal mild,
Or as the roſe amid the morning dew,
Freſh from Aurora's hand, more ſweetly glows.
While thus ſhe wanton'd, now beneath the wave
Quite ill-conceal'd, and now with ſtreaming looks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Riſing again, the latent Damon drew
Such mad'ning draughts of beauty to the ſoul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at laſt,
By love's reſpectful modeſty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and, ſtruggling, from the ſhade
With headlong hurry fled: but firſt theſe lines
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw, "Bathe on, my Fair!
"Yet unbeheld, ſave by the ſacred eye
"Of faithful love. I go to guard thy haunt,
"To keep from thy receſs each vagrant foot,
"And each licentious eye." With wild ſurpriſe,
As if to marble ſtruck, devoid of ſenſe,
A ſtupid moment motionleſs ſhe ſtood:
So ſtands the ſtatue * that enchants the world;
So bending tries to veil the matchleſs boaſt,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, ſwift ſhe flew to find thoſe robes
Which bliſsful Eden knew not; and array'd
In careleſs haſte, th' alarming paper ſnatch'd:
But when her Damon's well-known hand ſhe ſaw,
Her terrors vaniſh'd, and a ſofter train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be deſcrib'd,
Her ſudden boſom ſeiz'd: ſhame, void of guilt,
The charming bluſh of innocence, eſteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modeſty exalted; e'en a ſenſe
Of ſelf-approving beauty ſtole acroſs
Her buſy thought. At length a tender calm
Huſh'd by degrees the tumult of her ſoul,
And on the ſpreading beech, that o'er the ſtream
Incumbent hung, ſhe with the ſylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confeſſion carv'd,
Which ſoon her Damon kiſs'd with weeping joy:
"Dear youth! ſole judge of what theſe verſes mean,
"By fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,
"Alas! not favour'd leſs, be ſtill, as now,
"Diſcreet: the time may come you need not fly."
The ſun has loſt his rage; his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth
And vital luſtre: that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, thoſe beauteous robes of Heaven,
Inceſſant roll'd into romantic ſhapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and ſwelling faſt
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the ſoft hour
Of walking comes, for him who lonely loves
To ſeek the diſtant hills, and there converſe
With Nature, there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic ſong to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy uniſon of ſoul,
To whoſe exulting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpſe,
Diſplays its charms, whoſe minds are richly fraught
With philoſophic ſtores, ſuperior light,
And in whoſe breaſt, enthuſiaſtic, burns
Virtue, the ſons of Intereſt deem romance,

* *The Venus of Medici.*

Now call'd abroad, enjoy the falling day;
Now to the verdant portico of woods,
To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk;
By that kind school where no proud master reigns,
The full free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport, which the fire
Of love, approving, heats, and calls it Good.
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse?
All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene *? Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the rapture'd eye,
Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send;
Now to the Sister-hills † that skirt her plain;
To lofty Harrow now; and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows:
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray;
Luxurious there rove thro' pendent woods,
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And, stooping thence to Ham's embow'ring walks,
Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queensb'ry yet laments his Gay,
And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing Muse.
Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing God ‡; to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Esher's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and senates, Pelham finds repose.
Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
On which the power of Cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.
Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.
Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy vallies float
With golden waves; and on thy mountain flocks
Bleat numberless; while roving round their sides
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth,
And Property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil.
Full are thy cities with the sons of Art,
And Trade and Joy in every busy street
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.
Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go, and first
Or on the listed plain or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories, too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius and substantial learning high;
For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim Oppression groan.
Thy sons of glory many! Alfred! thine,
In whom the splendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallowed name the Virtues saint,
And his own Muses love; the best of kings!
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine;
Names dear to Fame! the first who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her Genius still. In statesmen thou,
And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
Who, with a gen'rous, tho' mistaken, zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's direful rage;
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus, nobly poor,
A dauntless soul, erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal, and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then sam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak
The num'rous worthies of the Maiden reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd:
Raleigh! the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all

The sage, the patriot, and the hero, burn'd:
Nor sunk his vigour when a coward reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe,
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious or so base as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass,
The plume of War! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A Hampden, too, is thine, illustrious land!
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age,

* *The old name of Richmond, signifying a Sheen or Splendour.*

† *Highgate and Hampstead.*

‡ *In his last sickness.*

To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulg'd,
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where Russel lies, whose temper'd blood,
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign,
Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the British Cassius *, fearless bled,
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful Sages and in noble Bards,
Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
Thine is a Bacon, hapless in his choice,
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course; him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who, from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daugter of Heaven! that slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to Heaven again.
The generous Ashley† thine, the friend of man,
Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye.
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search
Amid the dark recesses of his works
The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke?
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Yet Newton, pure intelligence! whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's best?
Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius universal as his theme,
Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son,
Who like a copious river pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground;
For thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners painting verse,
Well moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
May my song soften as thy Daughters I,
Britannia! hail; for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance and taste: the faultless form,
Shap'd by the hand of Harmony; the cheek
Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
The look resistless piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when, dress'd in love,
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.
Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations, whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.
O Thou! by whose almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land
In bright patrol: white Peace and social Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of Mind;
Courage compos'd and keen; sound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
While in the radiant front superior shines
That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal,
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours, glorious, with some great design.
Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds,
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean, smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite and her 'tending nymphs
(So Grecian fable sung,) he dips his orb;
Now half immers'd, and now a golden curve,
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.
For ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void,
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank;
A sigh of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modest worth:

* *Algernon Sidney.*
† *Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.*

But to the generous ſtill-improving mind,
That gives the hopeleſs heart to ſing for joy,
Diffuſing kind beneficence around,
Boaſtleſs, as now deſcends the ſilent dew,
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.
Confeſs'd from yonder flow extinguiſh'd clouds,
All æther ſoft'ning, ſober Evening takes
Her wonted ſtation in the middle air,
A thouſand ſhadows at her beck. Firſt this
She ſends on earth, then that of deeper dye
Steals ſoft behind; and then a deeper ſtill,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To cloſe the face of things. A freſher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and ſtir the ſtream,
Sweeping with ſhadowy guſt the fields of corn,
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thiſtly lawn as ſwells the breeze,
A whitening ſhower of vegetable down
Amuſive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought diſdains; thoughtful to feed
Her loweſt ſons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd feeds ſhe wings.
His folded flock ſecure, the ſhepherd home
Hies merry-hearted, and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witleſs heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguiſh means,
Sincerely loves, by that beſt language ſhewn
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
Onward they paſs o'er many a panting height,
And valley ſunk, and unfrequented, where
At fall of eve the Fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry, to paſs
The ſummer-night, as village-ſtories tell:
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Againſt his own ſad breaſt to lift the hand
Of impious Violence. The lonely tower
Is alſo ſhun'd, whoſe mournful chambers hold,
So night-ſtruck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghoſt.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem, and thro' the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter-robe
Of maſſy Stygian woof, but looſe array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect ſurfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the ſtraining eye,
While wavering woods, and villages, and ſtreams,
And rocks, and mountains-tops, that long retain'd
Th' aſcending gleam, are all one ſwimming ſcene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary Viſion turns, where, leading ſoft
The ſilent hours of love, with pureſt ray
Sweet Venus ſhines; and from her genial riſe,
When day-light ſickens till it ſprings afreſh,
Unrival'd reigns the faireſt lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cheriſh'd gaze, the lambent lightnings ſhoot
Acroſs the ſky, or, horizontal dart
In wondrous ſhapes, by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the ſky,
The life-infuſing ſuns of other worlds,
Lo! from the dread immenſity of ſpace
Returning, with accelerated courſe
The ruſhing comet to the ſun deſcends,
And as he ſinks below the ſhading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Thoſe ſuperſtitious horrors that enſlave
The fond ſequacious herd, to myſtic faith
And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd
Whoſe godlike mind Philoſophy exalts,
The glorious ſtranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which, mounting, ſpurns
This duſky ſpot, and meaſures all the ſky;
While from his far excurſion thro' the wilds
Of barren æther, faithful to his time,
They ſee the blazing wonder riſe anew,
In ſeeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-ſuſtaining Love;
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to ſhake
Reviving moiſture on the numerous orbs
Thro' which his long ellipſis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining ſuns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.
With thee, ſerene Philoſophy! with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my ſong,
Effuſive ſource of evidence and truth!
A luſtre ſhedding o'er the ennobled mind,
Stronger than Summer-noon, and pure as that
Whoſe mild vibrations ſooth the parted ſoul
New to the dawning of celeſtial day.
Hence thro' her nouriſh'd powers, enlarg'd by
She ſprung aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling maſs of low deſires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of ſcience and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round
Or in the ſtarry regions or th' abyſs,
To Reaſon's and to Fancy's eye diſplay'd;
The firſt up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of cauſes and effects to him,
The world-producing Eſſence, who alone
Poſſeſſes being; while the laſt receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier ſenſe
Diffuſive painted on the rapid mind.
Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages, and informs the page
With muſic, image, ſentiment, and thought,
Never to die, the treaſure of mankind!
Their higheſt honour, and their trueſt joy!
Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man?
A ſavage roaming thro' the woods and wilds
In queſt of prey, and with th' unfaſhion'd fur
Rough clad, devoid of every finer art
And elegance of life. Nor happineſs
Domeſtic, mix'd of tenderneſs and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor ſocial bliſs,
Nor guardian law, were his; nor various ſkill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool

Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line, or dares the wintry pole;
Mother severe of infinite delights!
Nothing, save rapine, indolence and guile,
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse; but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace:
To live like brothers, and, conjunctive all,
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or, like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.
Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range, intent to gaze
Creation thro', and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the sole Being right, who spoke the word,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view
Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye, and instant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear,
Compound, divide, or into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train;
To reason then, deducing truth from truth,
And notion quite abstract, where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
So wills eternal Providence, sits deep:
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits,
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless love and perfect wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

AUTUMN.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry, raised by that view. Reaping. A Tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of Fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs frequent in the latter part of Autumn; whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and Western Isles of Scotland; hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, mean-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning; to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost
Nitrous prepar'd, the various-blossom'd Spring
Put in white promise forth, and Summer-suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.
Onslow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
Would from the Public Voice thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow,
While list'ning senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods sweeter than her song.
But she, too, pants for public virtue; she,
Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.
When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft' thro' lucid clouds
A pleasing calm, while broad and brown, below,
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky,
The clouds fly different, and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black, by fits, the shadows sweep along:
A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.
These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power!
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life:
Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite, but idle all.
Still unexerted in th' unconscious breast
Slept the lethargic powers; Corruption still,

Voracious, swallow'd whit the liberal hand
Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year;
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey, or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar: a shivering wretch!
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak North,
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost;
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled,
And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away:
For home he had not; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty; where
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Even desolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along!
A waste of time! till Industry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth;
His faculties unfolded, pointed out
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; shew'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent and the gather'd blast;
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
Taught him to chip the wood and hew the stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
Torn from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
The life-refining soul of decent Wit:
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity,
But still advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance and grace;
And breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
Set sciences, wisdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the Lord of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
And form'd a public, to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the patriot Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly represented Whole;
For this they plann'd the lasting guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.
Hence every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art! the City rear'd,
In beauteous pride, her tower-encircled head,
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built,
Rais'd the strong crane, chok'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty, and thy stream, O Thames
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent Toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.
Then too, the pillar'd dome magnific heav'd
Its ample roof, and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvas smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming Art, imagination-flush'd.
All is the gift of Industry; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter, cheer'd by him,
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
With him Summer were an arid waste,
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering song.
Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripened field the reapers stand
In fair array, each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
By nameless gentle offices, her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
While thro' their cheerful band the rural tale,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal, unfelt, the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shock,
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, Husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think!
How good the God of Harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of Fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, they give.
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.

For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
She with her widowed mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which Virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy Passion and low-minded Pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily or the mountain-snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground, dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close embow'ring woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild,
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling Patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was! the generous, and the rich!
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant Custom had not shackled Man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
It then, his fancy with Autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick,
With unaffected blushes, from his gaze,
He saw her charming; but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown:
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field;
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:
"What pity! that so delicate a form,
By Beauty kindled, where enlivening Sense,
And more than vulgar Goodness, seem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
"Recalls that patron of my happy life,
"From whom my liberal fortune took its rise,
"Now to the dust gone down, his hopes, his schemes,
"And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.
"'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
"Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
"Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
"His aged widow and his daughter live.
"Whom yet my restless search could never find.
"Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"
When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto, who can speak
The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And, as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, Gratitude, and Pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.
"And art thou, then, Acasto's dear remains?
"She whom my restless gratitude has sought
"So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,
"The soften'd image of my noble friend;
"Alive his every look, his every feature,
"More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring,
"Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
"That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, oh where,
"In what sequester'd desart hast thou drawn
"The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven!
"In such beauty spread, and blown so fair,
"Tho' poverty's cold mind, and crushing rain,
"Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
"O let me now into a richer soil
"Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and showers
"Diffuse their warmest, largest influence,
"And of my garden be the pride and joy!
"Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
"Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
"Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
"The father of a county, thus to pick
"The very refuse of those harvest fields,
"Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy;
"Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
"But ill apply'd to such a rugged taste:
"The fields, the master, all, my Fair! are thine,
"If to the various blessings which thy house
"Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
"That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"
Here ceas'd the youth; yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor wait'd he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet confusion lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away

The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate:
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours;
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair,
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.
Defeating oft' the labours of the year,
The sultry South collects a potent blast.
At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn:
But as the aërial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world:
Strain'd to the root the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves;
High beat, the circling mountains eddy in
From the bare wild the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd and naked to its utmost rage,
Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide, nor can evade,
Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force,
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste: and sometimes, too, a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad descends
In one continuous flood. Still over-head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens, till the fields around
Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave.
Sudden the ditches swell, the meadows swim,
Red from the hills innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar, and high above its banks
The river lift, before whose rushing tide
Herds, flocks and harvests, cottages and swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,
Helpless, beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of claimant children dear. Ye Masters! then
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,
Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride;
And, oh! be mindful of that sparing board
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle and your sense rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have swept away.
Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural game;
How in his mid-career the spaniel, struck
Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey.
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,
Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye,
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
Glanc'd just and sudden from the fowler's eye,
O'ertakes their sounding pinions, and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide dispers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.
These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song,
Then most delighted when the social sees
The whole mix'd animal creation round
Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her.
This falsely cheerful barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn:
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by Necessity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant Man,
Who, with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chace,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening Tribes! our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.
Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to some loose seat
Retir'd; the rushy fen, the ragged furze;
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath, the stubble chapt;
The thistly lawn, the thick-entangled broom;
Of the same friendly hue the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook:
Vain is her best precaution, thro' the slit,
Conceal'd, with folded ears, unsleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in,
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm:

But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, the springs amaz'd, and all
The savage soul of Game is up at once:
The pack full opening, various; the shrill horn
Resounded from the hills: the neighing steed,
Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's shout;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy.
The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed,
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight.
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
Exertion short! tho' fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen air'd mountains by the North
He hurries the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track,
The steaming, up behind him come again
The inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling thro' his every shift.
He sweeps the forest out, and, sobbing sees
The glades mild opening to the golden day,
Where in kind contest with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Now in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides;
Now seeks the herd; the watchful herd alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall we do? his once-so-vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course, but fainting, breathless toil,
Back, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay,
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish, while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.
Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chase, behold, despising flight,
The rous'd-up lion, resolute and slow,
Advancing full on the protended spear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern and the troubled wood.
See the grim wolf! on him his shaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die;
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
These Britain knows not. Give, ye Britons! then,
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold;
Him from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High-bound resistless; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way: into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round
From rock to rock, in circling echos tost;
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops,
Rush down the dangerous steep, and o'er the lawn,
In fancy swallowing up the space between,
Pour all your speed into the rapid game;
For happy he who tops the wheeling chase,
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
Relentless torn: O, glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof, and, spread
Round the drear walls, with antique figures fierce,
The stag's large front; he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils,
With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.
But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide:
The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
From side to side, in which, with desperate knife,
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
While hence they borrow vigour; or amain
Into the pasty plung'd at intervals,
If stomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chase.
Then fated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round,
A potent gale, delicious as the breath

Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years: and now his honest front,
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
E'en with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
To cheat the thirsty moments, whilst a while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke,
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
Is haul'd about in gallantry robust.
At last these puling idlenesses laid
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle, and set ardent in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but earnest brimming bowls
Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Mean-time, with sudden interruption, loud
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul,
And opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse, go round;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls,
So, gradual, sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to make up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their muddlin eyes
Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.
Then sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table e'en itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene: and wide below
Is heap'd the social slaughter; where astride
The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep 'till morn.
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all, and from his bury'd flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair.
Far be the spirit of the chase from them!
Uncomely courage, unbecoming skill;
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed;
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush,
And from the smallest violence to shrink
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
And by this silent adulation, soft,
To their protection more engaging man.
O may their eyes no miserable sight,
Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
Thro' love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,
In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress!
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to seize the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
Disclosing motion in its every charm,
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race
To rear their graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste;
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life;
This be the female dignity and praise!
Ye swains! now hasten to the hazel bank,
Where down you' dale the wildly winding brook
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
Fit for the thickets, and the tangling shrub,
Ye Virgins! come: for you their latest song
The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade,
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
With active vigour crushes down the tree,
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk;
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair;
Melinda! form'd with every grace complete,
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.
Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful error let us tread the maze
Of Autumn unconfin'd, and taste, reviv'd,

The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd,
Of temper'd sun and water, earth and air,
In ever-changing composition mixt.
Such falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen
Resides in their gelid pores; and active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:
Thy native theme, and boon inspirer, too,
Philips! Pomona's bard; the second thou
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
Sing British freedom, sing the British song;
How, from Silurian vats high sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
The wint'ry revels of the labouring hind;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.
In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
The sun shed equal o'er the meeken'd day,
Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
Of Dodington! thy seat, serene and plain,
Where simple Nature reigns, and every view,
Inclusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs
In boundless prospect, yonder shagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
Mean-time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
New beauties rise with each revolving day,
New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
New plants to quicken and new groves to green.
Full of thy genius all, the Muses' seat,
Where in the secret bower and winding walk,
Or virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay;
Here wand'ring oft', fir'd with the restless thirst
Of thy applause, I solitary court
The inspiring breeze, and meditate the Book
Of Nature, ever open; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought,
Presents the downy peach, the shining plum,
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine, and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine, too, here her curling tendrils shoots,
Hangs o'er her clusters glowing to the south,
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.
Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent,
Where, by the potent sun elated, high
The vineyard swells resulgent on the day,
Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse, and drinks among the sunny rocks.
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze
Low bend the weighty boughs; the clusters clear
Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while Perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray,
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull the Autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Thick comes the crushing swain, the country floats
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood,
That by degrees fermented and refin'd,
Round the reis'd nations pours the cup of joy:
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow tasted Burgundy, and, quick
As is the wit it gives, the gay Champaign.
Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdom rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary; thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen and slow, to roll the misty wave.
E'en in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft', with many a broaden'd orb
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic; till at last,
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, fits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world, and mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)
Light uncollected thro' the chaos urg'd
Its infant way, nor order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks,
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say, that where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd thro' the sandy stratum, every way
The waters with the sandy stratum rise,

Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten as they soak along:
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Tho' oft' amidst th' irriguous vale it springs,
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main it boils again
Fresh into day, and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream! why should the waters love
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
Inviting quiet and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind Ambition led astray,
They must aspire, why should they sudden stop
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
Th' attractive sand, that charm'd their course so long?
Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
The spoil of ages, would impervious choke
Their secret channels, or, by slow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
Old Ocean, too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's wat'ry times again.
Say, then, where lurk the vast eternal springs
That, like Creating Nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
Refresh the globe and all its joyous tribes?
O thou pervading Genius! given to man
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
O lay the mountains bare! and wide display
Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view:
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load,
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds!
Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
And high Olympus, pouring many a stream.
O, from the sounding summits of the North,
The Dofrine hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd
To farthest Lapland and the frozen main;
From lofty Caucasus, far-seen by those
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;
From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ
Believe the stony girdle* of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods,
O sweep th' eternal snows! Hung o'er the deep,
That ever works beneath his sounding base,
Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
His subterranean wonders spread! unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending Mountains of the Moon! †
O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth,

* *The Muscovites call the Riphean mountains Weliki Camenypoys, that is, The great stony girdle, because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.*

† *A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.*

Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose:
I see the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free!
I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd;
The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above, I see the sands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks, and mazy-running clefts,
That while the stealing moisture they transmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
The mighty reservoirs, of hardened chalk,
Or stiff-compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst,
And, swelling out, around the middle steep,
Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains that, to rain condens'd,
These vapours in continual current draw,
And send them o'er the far-divided earth
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gathered, play
The swallow people, and, toss'd wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feather'd eddy floats, rejoicing once
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire.
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats,
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back; for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The stork-assembly meets, for many a day
Consulting deep and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky:
And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings,
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figur'd flight ascends, and, rising high
The aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest Thulè, and the Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;

Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! till all the plume dark air,
And rude resounding shore, are one wild cry.
Here the plain, harmless native his small flock,
And herd diminutive, of many hues,
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or to the rocks
Bite-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
The plumage, rising soft, to form the bed
Of Luxury; and here a while the Muse,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees Caledonia in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main
Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
Ideal, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of wat'ry wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool translucent brimming flood
Wash'd lovely from the Tweed, (pure parent-stream,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
With, sylvan Jed! thy tributary brook,)
To where the north inflated tempest foams
O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:
Nurse of a people, in Misfortune's school
Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
She took her western flight. A manly race,
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave,
Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)
To hold a generous undiminish'd state;
Too much, in vain! hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil;
As from their own clear North, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.
Oh! is there not some patriot, in whose power
That best, that godlike luxury is plac'd,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul,
To cheer dejected Industry? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain,
And teach the labouring hind the sweets of toil?
How by the finest art the native robe
To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores;
How all-enlivening Trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe;
And thus in soul united as in name,
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep!
Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle!
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphur'ous War, on Teniers' dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of Peace inwreathes thy brow;
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mixt in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbes! too, whom every worth attends,
As Truth sincere, as weeping Friendship kind;
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
And seldom has she known a friend like thee.
But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan-declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the Season in its latest view.
Mean time, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded æther, whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current; while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And thro' their lucid veil his softned force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degen'rate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet,
To soothe the throbbing Passions into peace,
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft' let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And thro' the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse;
While congregated thrushes, linets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a full despondent flock,
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save scattering discord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,

Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!
The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft' startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles thro' the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams,
Till, choked and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields,
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign: even what remain'd
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree,
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.
He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
Of Philosophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild-dejected air,
The softened feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes,
Inflames imagination, thro' the breast
Infuses every tenderness, and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd fast into the Mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high: devotion raised
To rapture and divine astonishment;
The love of Nature unconfined, and, chief
Of human race, the large ambitious wish
To make them blest: the sigh for suffering Worth
Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve:
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;
The awakened throb for virtue and for fame;
The sympathies of love and friendship dear,
With all the social offspring of the heart.
Oh bear me, then, to vast embowering shades,
To twilight groves and visionary vales,
To weeping grottos and prophetic glooms,
Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep, along,
And voices more than human, thro' the void
Deep sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!
Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye Powers!
That o'er the garden and the rural seat
Preside, which shining thro' the cheerful land
In countless numbers blest Britannia sees,
O lead me to the wide extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe!*
Not Persian Cyrus, on Ionia's shore,
E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various art
By Genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious Art, that in the strife
All beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Pitt! thy country's early boast,
There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
Or in that temple † where, in future times,
Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;
And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land,
Will, from thy standard taste, refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the purest truth
Of Nature, or the unimpassion'd shades
Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
Shall drag the Tragic scene, instruct her, thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks: O thro' her strain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive Senate, charms, persuades, exalts;
Of honest Zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And shakes Corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and thro' Elysian vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
What pity, Cobham! thou thy verdant files
Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattled hosts! when the proud foe,
The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
Insulting Gaul, has roused the world to war;
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
The British youth would hail thy wise command,
Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran skill.
The western sun withdraws the shortened day,
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
The vapour throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Clutter the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, unbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,

* *The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.*

† *The temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.*

While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.
But, when half blotted from the sky, her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven,
Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white,
Oft, in this season, silent from the North
A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
The low skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,
And mix and thwart, extinguish and renew,
All azther emburing in a maze of light.
From look to look, contagious thro the crowd
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
The appearance throws: armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aerial spears and steeds of fire,
Till the long lines of full-extended war,
In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides swells the superstitious din,
Incontinent, and busy Frenzy talks
Of blood and battle, cities overturn'd,
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;
Of fallow famine, inundation, storm;
Of pestilence, and every great distress:
Empires subvers'd, when ruling Fate has struck
The unalterable hour: e'en Nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not so the man of philosophic eye,
And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance, beautiful and new.
Now black and deep the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all Beauty void;
Distinction lost: and gay Variety
One universal blot: such the fair power
Of Light to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the state of the benighted wreteh,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge;
Nor visited by one directive ray
From cottage streaming or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue
The wildfire scatters round, or, gather'd, trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss,
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph;
While still, from day to day, his pining wife
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the better Genius of the Night,
unoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits, and shews the narrow path
That, winding, leads thro' pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.
The lengthened night elaps'd, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last Autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And, hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.
Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd
Beneath the cloud of guilt concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur, while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people in their waxen cells
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor, rejoic'd
To mark, full-flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends,
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd,
Ceaseless, the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow, and, in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?
See where the stony bottom of their town
Looks desolate and wild, with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
(As late, Palermo! was thy fate,) is seiz'd
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame.
Hence every hurtful sight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm and high,
Infinite splendour! wide investing all.
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply tinged
With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd,
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up,
And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd:
While loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of Mirth,

Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-ſtrung youth,
By the quick ſenſe of muſic taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village toaſt,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks, and where her eye
Points an approving ſmile, with double force
The cudgel rattles, and the wreſtler twines.
Age, too, ſhines out, and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice, nor think
That, with to-morrow's ſun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceaſing round.
Oh knew he but his happineſs, of men
The happieſt he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleaſures of the rural life.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whoſe proud gate
Each morning vomits out the ſneaking crowd
Of flatterers falſe, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourſe! What tho' the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating looſe, or ſtiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppreſs him not?
What tho', from utmoſt land and ſea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his inſatiate table leaps
With luxury and death? what tho' his bowl
Flames not with coſtly juice? nor ſunk in beds,
Oft' of gay care, he toſſes out the night,
Or melts the thoughtleſs hours in idle ſtate?
What tho' he knows not thoſe fantaſtic joys
That ſtill amuſe the wanton, ſtill deceive;
A face of pleaſure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a ſolid life, eſtrang'd
To diſappointment and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits, whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven deſcends in ſhowers, or bends the bough,
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams,
Or in the Wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richeſt ſap;
Theſe are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, ſpread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of ſtreams,
And hum of bees, inviting ſleep ſincere
Into the guiltleſs breaſt, beneath the ſhade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught beſides of proſpect, grove, or ſong,
Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
Here, too, dwells ſimple Truth, plain Innocence,
Unſullied Beauty, ſound unbroken Youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd,
Health ever blooming, unambitious Toil,
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Eaſe.
Let others brave the flood in queſt of gain,
And beat, for joyleſs mouths, the gloomy wave.
Let ſuch as deem it glory to deſtroy
Ruſh into blood, the ſack of cities ſeek,
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's ſhriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let ſome, far diſtant from their native ſoil,
Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another ſun.
Let this thro' cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and eſtabliſh'd guile,
The ſocial ſenſe extinct, and that ferment
Mad into tumult the ſeditious herd,
Or melt them down to ſlavery; let theſe
Inſnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting diſcord, and perplexing right;
An iron race! and thoſe of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Deluſive pomp, and dark cabals, delight,
Wreath the deep bow, diffuſe the lying ſmile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of ſtate:
While he from all the ſtormy paſſions free
That reſtleſs men involve, hears, and but hears,
At diſtance ſafe, the human tempeſt roar,
Wrapt cloſe in conſcious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the cruſh of ſtates
Move not the man who, from the world eſcap'd,
In ſtill retreats and flowery ſolitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
Admiring ſees her in her every ſhape,
Feels all her ſweet emotions at his heart,
Takes what ſhe liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the burſting gems,
Marks the firſt bud, and ſucks the healthful gale
Into his freſhen'd ſoul; her genial hours
He full enjoys, and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening bloſſom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living ſhade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muſe of theſe,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers ſung,
Or what ſhe dictates writes; and oft', an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow luſtre gilds the world,
And tempts the tickled ſwain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart diſtends
With gentle throes, and thro' the tepid gleams
Deep muſing, then he beſt exerts his ſong.
E'en Winter wild to him is full of bliſs;
The mighty tempeſt and the hoary waſte,
Abrupt and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to ſolemn thought. At night the ſkies,
Diſcloſ'd and kindled by refining froſt,
Pour every luſtre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for Wiſdom. With ſwift wing
O'er land and ſea Imagination roams;
Or Truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breaſt heroic Virtue burns.
The touch of kindred, too, and love he feels;
The modeſt eye, whoſe beams on his alone
Ecſtatic ſhine; the little ſtrong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth

The fond parental ſoul. Nor purpoſe gay,
Amuſement, dance, or ſong, he ſternly ſcorns;
For happineſs and true philoſophy
Are of the ſocial ſtill and ſmiling kind.
This is the life which thoſe who fret in guilt
And guilty cities never knew; the life
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himſelf, with Man!
Oh, Nature! all ſufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven! thy rolling wonder there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profuſely ſcatter'd o'er the blue immenſe,
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to ſcan; thro' the diſcloſing deep
Lead my blind way; the mineral ſtrata there;
Thence, blooming, thence, the vegetable world;
O'er that the riſing ſyſtem, more complex,
Of animals; and, higher ſtill, the mind,
The varied ſcene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing paſſions endleſs ſhift:
Theſe ever-open to my raviſh'd eye,
A ſearch the flight of time can ne'er exhauſt!
But if to that unequal, if the blood,
In ſluggiſh ſtreams about my heart, forbid
That beſt ambition, under cloſing ſhades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whiſper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my ſong;
And let me never, never ſtray from Thee!

WINTER.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſs to the Earl of Wilmington. Firſt approach of Winter. According to it's natural courſe of the ſeaſon, various ſtorms deſcribed. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the ſnows: A man periſhing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miſeries of human life. The wolf deſcending from the Alps and Appennines. A wintry evening deſcribed: as ſpent by philoſophers; by the country people; in the city. Froſt. A view of Winter within the Polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future ſtate.

SEE, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and ſad, with all his riſing train,
Vapours, and clouds, and ſtorms. Be theſe my theme,
Theſe! that exalt the ſoul to ſolemn thought
And heavenly muſing. Welcome, kindred Glooms!
Congenial Horrors, hail! with frequent foot
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careleſs Solitude I liv'd,
And ſung of Nature with unceaſing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain,
Trod the pure virgin-ſnows, myſelf as pure,
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burſt,
Or ſeen the deep-fermenting tempeſt brew'd
In the grim evening ſky. Thus paſs'd the time
Till thro' the lucid chambers of the South
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out and ſmil'd.
To thee, the patron of her firſt eſſay,
The Muſe, O Wilmington! renews her Song.
Since has ſhe rounded the revolving year;
Skimm'd the gay Spring; on eagle pinions borne,
Attempted thro' the Summer blaze to riſe;
Then ſwept o'er Autumn with the ſhadowy gale;
And now among the Wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling ſtorm, ſhe tries to ſoar,
To ſwell her note with all the ruſhing winds,
To ſuit her ſounding cadence to the floods,
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy could ſhe ſill thy judging ear
With bold deſcription and with manly thought.
Nor art thou ſkill'd in awful ſchemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive;
But equal goodneſs, ſound integrity,
A firm, unſhaken, uncorrupted ſoul
Amid a fliding age, and, burning ſtrong,
Nor vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A ſteady ſpirit, regularly free:
Theſe, each exalting each, the ſtateſman light
Into the patriot; theſe the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muſe
Record what Envy dares not flattery call.
Now when the chearleſs empire of the ſky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius ſtains th' inverted year,
Hung o'er the fartheſt verge of heav'n, the ſun
Scarce ſpreads thro' æther the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams; and ineffectual ſhoot
His ſtruggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air, as cloth'd in cloudy ſtorm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he ſkirts the ſouthern ſky,
And, ſoon deſcending, to the long dark night,
Wide-ſhading all, the proſtrate world reſigns.
Nor is the night unwiſh'd, while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forſake.
Mean-time in ſable-cinfture ſhadows vaſt,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vaporous turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom, oppreſſive o'er the world,
Thro' Nature ſhedding influence malign,
And rouſes up the ſeeds of dire diſeaſe.
The ſoul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Freſh from the plough, the dun-diſcolour'd flocks,
Untended ſpreading, crop the wholeſome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the ſad Genius of the coming ſtorm;
And up among the looſe diſjointed cliffs,

And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, preſageful, ſend a hollow moan,
Reſounding long in liſtening Fancy's ear.
Then comes the Father of the tempeſt forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. Firſt joyleſs rains, obſcure,
Drive thro' the mingling ſkies with vapour foul,
Daſh on the mountain's brow, and ſhake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. The unſightly plain
Lies a brown deluge, as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhauſted ſtill
Combine, and, deepening into night, ſhut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven
Each to his home retire, ſave thoſe that love
To take their paſſime in the troubled air,
Or ſkimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the untaſted fields return,
And aſk, with meaning low, their wonted ſtalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous ſhade.
Thither the houſehold feathery people crowd,
The creſted cock, with all his female train,
Penſive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his ſimple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the ſtorm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent ſwell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erſpread,
At laſt the rous'd-up river pours along:
Reſiſtleſs, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain and the moſſy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and ſounding far,
Then o'er the ſanded valley floating ſpreads,
Calm, ſluggiſh, ſilent; till, again conſtrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it burſts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid ſtream;
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Nature! great parent! whoſe unceaſing hand
Rolls round the ſeaſons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majeſtic, are thy works!
With what a pleaſing dread they ſwell the ſoul!
That ſees aſtoniſh'd, and aſtoniſh'd ſings.
Ye too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow
With boiſterous ſweep, I raiſe my voice to you.
Where are your ſtores, ye powerful Beings! ſay,
Where your aërial magazines reſerv'd,
To ſwell the brooding terrors of the ſtorm?
In what far-diſtant region of the ſky,
Hush'd in deep ſilence, ſleep ye when 'tis calm?

When from the pallid ſky the ſun deſcends,
With many a ſpot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, ſtain'd, red fiery ſtreaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poiſe, as doubting yet
Which maſter to obey: while riſing ſlow,
Black, in the leaden-colour'd Eaſt, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
The ſtars obtuſe emit a ſhivered ray,
Or frequent ſeem to ſhoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in ſhort eddies plays the withered leaf,
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd noſtrils, to the ſky up turn'd,
The conſcious heifer ſnuffs the ſtormy gale.
E'en as the matron, at her nightly task,
With penſive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The waſted taper and the crackling flame
Foretel the blaſt. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the ſky, its changes ſpeak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their ſcanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And ſeek the cloſing ſhelter of the grove.
Aſſiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his ſad ſong. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and ſcreams along the land.
Loud ſhrieks the ſoaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling ſea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal preſs'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the ſhore,
Ate into caverns, by the reſtleſs wave,
And foreſt-ruſtling mountains, comes a voice
That, ſolemn ſounding, bids the world prepare.
Then iſſues forth the ſtorm with ſudden burſt,
And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down in a torrent. On the paſſive main
Deſcends th' ethereal force, and with ſtrong guſt
Turns from its bottom the diſcolour'd deep.
Thro' the black night, that ſits immenſe around,
Laſh'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thouſand raging waves to burn:
Mean-time the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult ſwell'd, ſurge above ſurge,
Burſt into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchored navies from their ſtations drive,
Wild as the winds, acroſs the howling waſte
Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
Straining they ſcale, and now impetuous ſhoot
Into the ſecret chambers of the deep,
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head:
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full exerted heaven they wing their courſe,
And dart on diſtant coaſts, if ſome ſharp rock,
Or ſhoal inſidious, break not their career,
And in looſe fragments fling them floating round.

Nor leſs at land the looſened tempeſt reigns:
The mountain thunders, and its ſturdy ſons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they ſhade.
Lone on the midnight ſteep, and all aghaſt,
The dark way-faring ſtranger breathleſs toils,
And, often falling, climbs againſt the blaſt.
Low waves the rooted foreſt, vex'd, and ſheds
What of its tarniſh'd honours yet remain,
Daſh'd down and ſcatter'd, by the tearing wind's
Aſſiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus ſtruggling thro' the diſſipated grove
The whirling tempeſt raves along the plain,
And on the cottage, thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen-faſtening, ſhakes them to the ſolid baſe.

Left frighted flee, and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
That, uttered by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.
Huge Uproar lords it wide. The clouds, commix'd
With flame, swift gliding, sweep along the sky. 196
All Nature reels: till Nature's King, who oft'
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm; 200
Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.
As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Low-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night, 205
And Contemplation, her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.
Where now, ye lying Vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating Train! 210
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215
With sense-hush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.
Father of Light and Life! thou Good Supreme!
Teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul 220
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!
The keener tempests rise; and, fuming dun
From all the livid East, or piercing North,
Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd. 226
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along,
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering, till at last the flakes 230
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white:
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods 235
Bow their hoar head: and ere the languid sun
Faint from the West emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox 240
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone, 245
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 250
Against the window beats, then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs 255
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks, 260
Urg'd on by fearless Want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb thro' heaps of snow.
Now, Shepherds! to your helpless charge be kind;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens, 266
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict; for from the bellowing East,
In this dire season, oft' the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks, 271
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest 'whelms, till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky.
As thus the snows arise, and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose revolving fields the swain
Disaster'd stands, sees other hills ascend
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes 280
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 285
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which Fancy feign'd 291
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of Man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, 300
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,

In the looſe marſh or ſolitary lake,
Where the freſh fountain from the bottom boils.
Theſe check his fearful ſteps, and down he ſinks
Beneath the ſhelter of the ſhapeleſs drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterneſs of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguiſh Nature ſhoots
Thro' the wrung boſom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unſeen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the veſtment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling ſtorm, demand their ſire
With tears of artleſs innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more ſhall he behold,
Nor friends, nor ſacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter ſeizes, ſhuts up ſenſe,
And, o'er his inmoſt vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the ſnows, a ſtiffen'd corſe,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blaſt.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the ſad variety of pain:
How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame! how many bleed,
By ſhameful variance betwixt man and man!
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs: how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery! ſore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of chearleſs Poverty! how many ſhake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe,
Whence, tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furniſh matter for the Tragic Muſe!
E'en in the vale, where Wiſdom loves to dwell,
With Friendſhip, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honeſt paſſions, droop
In deep retir'd diſtreſs! how many ſtand
Around the death-bed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh! Thought fond man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life,
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling Impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh Benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh,
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work.

And here can I forget the generous band*
Who, touch'd with human woe, redreſſive ſearch'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy gaol?
Unpitied, and unheard, where Miſery moans,
Where Sickneſs pines, where Thirſt and Hunger burn,
And poor Misfortune feels the laſh of Vice.
While in the land of Liberty, the land
Whoſe every ſtreet and public meeting glow
With open Freedom, like tyrants rag'd,
Snatch'd the lean morſel from the ſtarving mouth,
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed,
E'en robb'd them of the laſt of comforts, ſleep,
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the luſt of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleaſure mark'd him with inglorious ſtripes,
And cruſh'd out lives, by ſecret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd or bled.
O great deſign! if executed well,
With patient care, and wiſdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye ſons of Mercy! yet reſume the ſearch,
Drag forth the legal monſters into light,
Wrench from their hand Oppreſſion's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much ſtill untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law (what dark inſidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen ſimple juſtice into trade,)
How glorious were the day that ſaw theſe broke!
And every man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the ſhining Alps,
And wavy Appennine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out ſtupendous into diſtant lands,
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
Aſſembling wolves in raging troops deſcend,
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north wind ſweeps the glofſy ſnow.
All is their prize. They faſten on the ſteed,
Preſs him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or ſhake the murdering ſavages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the ſcreaming infant from her breaſt;
The Godlike face of Man avails him nought.
E'en Beauty, force divine! at whoſe bright glance
The gen'rous lion ſtands in ſoften'd gaze,
Here bleeds a hapleſs undiſtinguiſh'd prey.
But if, aparriz'd of the ſevere attack,
The country be ſhut up, lur'd by the ſcent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The diſappointed prowlers fail, and dig
The ſhrowded body from the grave, o'er which,
Mix'd with ſoul ſhades, and frighted ghoſts, they howl.

Among theſe hilly regions, where, embrac'd
In peaceful vales, the hapy Grifons dwell,
Oft', ruſhing ſudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of ſnow their gathering terrors roll.
From ſteep to ſteep, loud thundering, down they come,
A wintry waſte in dire commotion all,
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and ſwains

* *The Gaol Committee, in the year 1729.*

And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin 'whelm'd.
Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depths of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene,
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom. Then, studious, let me sit,
And hold high converse with the Mighty Dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-liv'd volume, and, deep musing, hail
The sacred shades that, slowly rising, pass
Before my wandering eyes. First Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,
Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
Invincible! calm Reason's holy law,
That voice of God within th' attentive mind,
Obeying, fearless, or in life or death;
Great moral teacher! wisest of mankind:
Solon the next, who built his commonweal
On Equity's wide base; by tender laws
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,
Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
And of bold freedom, they unequall'd shone,
The pride of smiling Greece and human-kind.
Lycurgus, then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
All human passions. Following him, I see,
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
The firm devoted Chief*, who prov'd, by deeds,
The hardest lesson which the other taught.
Then Aristides lifts his honest front,
Spotless of heart, to whom the unflattering voice
Of Freedom gave the honest name of Just;
In pure majestic poverty rever'd;
Who, e'en his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, swell'd a haughty Rival's† fame.
Rear'd by his care, of softer ray, appears
Cimon, sweet-soul'd, whose genius, rising strong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every spendid art;
Modest and simple in the pomp of wealth.
Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
Timoleon, happy temper! mild and firm,
Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.
And, equal to the best, the Theban Pair ‡,
Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
He, too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
And left a mass of sordid lees behind,
Phocion the Good, in public life severe,
To virtue still inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low industrious roof,

* *Leonidas.* † *Themistocles.*
‡ *Pelopidas and Epaminondas.*

Sweet Peace and happy Wisdom smooth'd his brow,
Not Friendship softer was, nor Love more kind.
And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt
To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw
E'en Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
The two Achaian heroes close the train;
Aratus, who awhile relum'd the soul
Of fondly lingering Liberty in Greece;
And he her darling, as her latest hope,
The gallant Philopœmen, who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain,
Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.
Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes, in those virtuous times
Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd.
Her better founder first, the light of Rome,
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons,
Servius the King, who laid the solid base
On which o'er earth the vast Republic spread.
Then the great Consuls venerable rise.
The public Father ‡ who the private quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
He whom his thankless country could not lose,
Camillus, only vengeful to her foes.
Fabricius, scorner of all conquering gold!
And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
Thy willing victim §, Carthage, bursting loose
From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid Faith
Imperious call'd, and Honour's dire command.
Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade
With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd.
Tully, whose powerful eloquence awhile
Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme.
And thou, unhappy Brutus! kind of heart,
Whose steady arm, by awful Virtue urg'd,
Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.
Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
Demand: but who can count the stars of heaven?
Who sing their influence on this lower world?
Behold who yonder comes! in sober state,
Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun—
'Tis Phœbus self, or else the Mantuan Swain!
Great Homer, too, appears, of daring wing,
Parent of song! and equal by his side
The British Muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.
Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
Pathetic drew the impassion'd heart, and charm'd
Transported Athens with the moral scene:
Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.
First of your kind! society divine!
Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,

‡ *Marcus Junius Brutus.* § *Regulus.*

And mount by soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallowed hour that none intrude,
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
Learning digested well, exalted faith,
Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the Muses' hill will Pope descend,
To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
And with the social spirit warm the heart?
For tho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.
Where art thou, Hammond! thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng;
Ah, why, dear Youth! in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?
What now avails that noble thirst of fame
Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name?
What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade, with softest light, thy virtues smile?
Ah! only shew'd to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!
Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
With them would search if Nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late rising from the void of night,
Or sprung eternal from the eternal Mind,
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds,
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the moral world,
Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order, fitted and impell'd
By Wisdom's surest hand, and issuing all
In general good. The sage Historic Muse
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time;
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd and fell,
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns,
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
The portion of divinity, that ray
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul,
Then, e'en superior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
Of rural life; or, snatch'd away by hope,
Thro' the dim spaces of futurity.
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
Of happiness and wonder, where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
Of frolic Fancy, and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise,
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.
Mean time the village rouses up the fire,
While well-attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;
The leap, the flap, the haul: and, shook to notes
Of native music, the responsive dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter-night.
The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of Riot flow
Down the loose stream of false unhausted joy
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortunes, headlong sink.
Up springs the dance along the lightsome dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp;
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves;
While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
The fop, light fluttering spreads his gaudy wings.
Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or else the Comic Muse
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises, sly, the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil* shew'd.
O thou! whose wisdom, solid, yet refin'd,
Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire

* *A character in the Conscious Lovers, written by Sir Richard Steele.*

Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
Across the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of polish'd life, permit the rural Muse,
O Chesterfield! to grace with thee her song!
Let to the shades again she humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition in thy train,
(For every Muse has in thy train a place,)
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind;
To mark that spirit which, with British scorn,
Rejects the allurements of corrupted power;
That elegant politeness, which excels,
Even in the judgment of presumptuous France,
The boasted manners of her shining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point,
And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
Plays through the soul, and without pain corrects:
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
When to the listening Senate, ardent, crowd
Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the soft robe of manly Persuasion wears;
Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
Her own enlighten'd thoughts, call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient Passions on thy voice attend;
And e'en reluctant Party feels a while
Thy gracious power, as thro' the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.
To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse;
For now, behold, the joyous Winter-days,
Frisky, succeed, and thro' the blue serene,
For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies,
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Leaving afresh with elemental life.
Close crowds the shining atmosphere, and binds
Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent feeds and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves
In fuller follies darting to the brain,
Where fits the Soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy Fire; and luculent along
The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.
What art thou, Frost! and whence are thy keen stores
Deriv'd, thou secret, all-invading Power,
Whom e'en th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
Thro' water, earth, and æther? Hence at eve,
Seam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
Rutiles no more, but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm, till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
The whole imprison'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise, while at his evening watch
The village-dog deters the nightly thief:
The heifer lows; the distant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls
Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on,
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eyes unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent Night;
Prone from the dripping cave and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle, the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues and fancy'd figures rise;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave,
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.
On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of Man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the rapture'd boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth, and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth, in bold contention, wheel
The long resounding course. Mean time, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.
Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day,
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
Broad o'er the South, hangs at his utmost noon,
And ineffectual strikes the gelid cliff;
His azure gleds the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;

Or from the foreſt falls the cluſtered ſnow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they ſcatter. Thick around
Thunders the ſport of thoſe who, with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the ſhot,
Worſe than the ſeaſon deſolate the fields,
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Diſtreſs the footed or the feather'd game.
But what is this? Our infant Winter ſinks,
Diveſted of his grandeur, ſhould our eye
Aſtoniſh'd ſhoot into the Frigid zone,
Where, for relentleſs months, continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waſte her ſtarry reign.
There, thro' the priſon of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from eſcape,
Wide roams the Ruſſian exile. Nought around
Strikes his ſad eye, but deſerts loſt in ſnow,
And heavy-loaded groves, and ſolid floods,
That ſtretch, athwart the ſolitary waſt,
Their icey horrors to the frozen main;
And chearleſs towns, far-diſtant, never bleſs'd,
Save when its annual courſe the caravan
Bends to the golden coaſt of rich Cathay*,
With news of human-kind: yet there life glows;
Yet, cheriſh'd there, beneath the ſhining waſte,
The furry nations harbour: tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, ſpotleſs as the ſnows they preſs;
Sables of gloſſy black; and dark embrown'd,
Or beauteous ſtreak'd with many a mingled hue,
Thouſands beſides, the coſtly pride of courts.
There, warm together preſs'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fall'n ſnows: and, ſcarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies ſlumb'ring, ſullen, in the white abyſs.
The ruthleſs hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of ſounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak againſt the mountain-heaps they puſh
Their heating breaſt in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' enſanguin'd ſnows,
And with loud ſhouts rejoicing bears them home.
There thro' the piny foreſt half-abſorpt,
Rough tenant of theſe ſhades, the ſhapeleſs bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, ſtalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and ſourer as the ſtorms increaſe,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with ſtern patience, ſcorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart againſt aſſailing want.
Wide o'er the ſpacious regions of the North,
That ſee Bootes urge his tardy wain,
A boiſterous race, by froſty Caurus† pierc'd,
Who little pleaſure know, and fear no pain,
Prolific ſwarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of loſt mankind in poliſh'd ſlavery ſunk,
Drove martial horde on horde ‡, with dreadful ſweep
Reſiſtleſs ruſhing o'er th' enfeebled South,
And gave the vanquiſh'd world another form.
Not ſuch the ſons of Lapland; wiſely they
Deſpiſe th' inſenſate barbarous trade of war;

They aſk no more than ſimple Nature gives;
They love their mountains and enjoy their ſtorms.
No falſe deſires, no pride-created wants,
Diſturb the peaceful current of their time;
And thro' the reſtleſs ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleaſure, or ambition, bid it rage.
Their rein-deer form their riches: theſe their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth,
Supply, their wholeſome fare, and chearful cups.
Obſequious at their call the docile tribe
Yield to the ſled their necks, and whirl them ſwift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanſe
Of marbled ſnow, as far as eye can ſweep,
With a blue cruſt of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaſeleſs ſhake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and ſtars that keener play
With double luſtre from the gloſſy waſte,
E'en in the depth of Polar Night, they find
A wondrous day; enough to light the chaſe,
Or guide their daring ſteps to Finland fairs.
Wiſh'd Spring returns, and from the hazy South,
While dim Aurora ſlowly moves before,
The welcome ſun, juſt verging up at firſt,
By ſmall degrees extends the ſwelling curve,
Till ſeen at large for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round his ſpiral courſe he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and re-aſcends the ſky.
In that glad ſeaſon, from the lakes and floods
Where pure Niemi's* fairy mountains riſe,
And fring'd with roſes, Tenglio †rolls his ſtream,
They draw the copious fry. With theſe, at eve,
They, chearful-loaded, to their tents repair,
Where, all day long in uſeful care employ'd,
Their kind unblemiſh'd wives the fire prepare.
Thrice happy race! by poverty ſecur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious power;
In whom fell Intereſt never yet has ſown
The ſeeds of Vice; whoſe ſpotleſs ſwains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor blaſted by the breath
Of faithleſs Love, their blooming daughters woo.
Still preſſing on beyond Tornea's lake,
And Hecla flaming thro' a waſte of ſnow,
And fartheſt Greenland, to the Pole itſelf,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muſe expands her ſolitary flight,
And, hovering o'er the wild ſtupendous ſcene,

* *The old name for China.*

† *The North-weſt wind.* ‡ *The wandering Scythian clans.*

* *M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the figure of the earth, after having deſcribed the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi in Lapland, ſays,*——"*From this height we had opportunity ſeveral times to ſee thoſe vapours riſe from the lake which the people of the country call Haltios, and which they "deem to be the guardian ſpirits of the mountains. We had been frighted with "ſtories of bears that haunted this place, but ſaw none. It ſeemed rather a "place of reſort for Fairies and Genii than bears.*"

† *The ſame author obſerves,*——"*I was ſurpriſed to ſee, upon the banks of "this river, (the Tenglio,) roſes as lively a red as any that are in "our gardens.*"

beholds new ſeas beneath another ſky *.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court,
and thro' his airy hall the loud miſrule
Of driving Tempeſt is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath,
Here arms his winds with all-ſubduing froſt,
moulds his fierce hail, and treaſures up his ſnows,
With which he now oppreſſes half the globe.
Thence winding eaſtward to the Tartar's coaſt,
he ſweeps the howling margin of the main,
Where undiſſolving, from the firſt of time,
nows ſwell on ſnows amazing to the ſky,
and icy mountains, high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the ſhivering ſailor from afar,
hapeleſs and white, an atmoſphere of clouds.
Projected huge and horrid o'er the ſurge,
Alps frown on Alps, or ruſhing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the deep, and ſhake the ſolid Pole.
Ocean itſelf no longer can reſiſt
The binding fury, but in all its rage
Of tempeſt taken by the boundleſs froſt,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
and bid to roar no more; a bleak expanſe,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, chearleſs, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conſcious ſouthward. Miſerable they
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their laſt look of the deſcending ſun!
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold froſt,
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's fate †,
As with firſt prow (what have not Britons dar'd!)
He for the paſſage ſought, attempted ſince
So much in vain, and ſeeming to be ſhut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In theſe fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the ſtony deep his idle ſhip
Immediate ſeal'd, he with his hapleſs crew,
Each full exerted at his ſeveral task,
Froze into ſtatues: to the cordage glu'd
The ſailors, and the pilot to the helm.
Hard by theſe ſhores, where ſcarce his freezing ſtream
Rolls the wild Oby, live the laſt of men;
And, half-enliven'd by the diſtant ſun,
That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
Here human nature wears its rudeſt form.
Deep from the piercing ſeaſon ſunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waſte the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs
Doze the groſs race: nor ſprightly jeſt, nor ſong,
For tenderneſs they know, nor aught of life
Beyond the kindred bears that ſtalk without.
Till Morn, at length, her roſes drooping all,
Leads a long twilight bright'ning o'er their fields,
And calls the quiver'd ſavage to the chaſe.

What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding Man! Wide-ſtretching from theſe ſhores,
A people ſavage from remoteſt time,
A huge neglected empire, one vaſt Mind,
By Heaven inſpir'd, from Gothic darkneſs call'd.
Immortal Peter! firſt of Monarchs! he
His ſtubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her ſens,
Her floods, her ſeas, her ill-ſubmitting ſons;
And while the fierce Barbarian he ſubdu'd,
To more exalted ſoul he rais'd the Man.
Ye ſhades of ancient heroes! ye who toil'd,
Thro' long ſucceſſive ages, to build up
A labouring plan of ſtate, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchleſs prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd, till then,
A mighty ſhadow of unreal power:
Who greatly ſpurn'd the ſlothful pomp of courts,
And roaming every land, in every port
His ſceptre laid aſide, with glorious hand
Unweary'd plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the ſeeds of trade, of uſeful arts,
Of civil wiſdom, and of martial ſkill.
Charg'd with the ſtores of Europe, home he goes;
Then cities riſe amid th' illumin'd waſte;
O'er joyleſs deſerts ſmiles the rural reign;
Far-diſtant flood to flood is ſocial join'd;
Th' aſtoniſh'd Exine hears the Baltic roar;
Proud navies ride on ſeas that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies ſtretch
Each way their dazzling files, repreſſing here
The frantic Alexander of the North,
And awing there ſtern Othman's ſhrinking ſons.
Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance and Vice,
Of old diſhonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the Royal Hand that rous'd the whole,
One ſcene of arts, of arms, of riſing trade;
For what his wiſdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
More potent ſtill, his great example ſhew'd.
Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-bluſtering from the South. Subdued,
The froſt reſolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains ſhine, looſe fleet deſcends,
And floods the country round. The rivers ſwell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thouſand ſnow-fed torrents ſhoot at once,
And, where they ruſh, the wide-reſounding plain
Is left one ſlimy waſte. Thoſe ſullen ſeas,
That waſh'd th' ungenial Pole, will reſt no more
Beneath the ſhackles of the mighty North,
But, roufing all their waves, reſiſtleſs heave.
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep; at once it burſts,
And piles a thouſand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, toſs'd amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the ſhelter of an icy iſle,
While night o'erwhelms the ſea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
The aſſembled miſchiefs that beſiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting wearineſs,

* *The other hemiſphere.*

† *Sir Hugh Willoughby, ſent by Queen Elizabeth to diſcover the North-eaſt Paſſage.*

The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, leviathan,
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosen'd brine; while thro' the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that ever-waking Eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of Fate.
'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of Man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating Word, and starts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To Reason's eye refin'd, clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft' arraign'd; see now the cause
Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd
And dy'd neglected; why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul;
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought
To form unreal wants; why heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superstition's scourge; why licens'd Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye Good distrest!
Ye noble Few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more;
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year;
And oft' Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft' at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown! tempest o'er tempest roll,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd,
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That as they still succeed they ravish still.
But wandering oft', with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres,
Works in the secret deep, shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring!
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day,
Feeds every creature, hurls the tempest forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join, and ardent raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal Gales!
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh talk of him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And Ye! whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom ye rage.
His praise, ye Brooks! attune, ye trembling Rills!
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong Torrents! rapid and profound!
Ye softer Floods! that lead the humid maze
Along the vale: and thou, majestic Main!
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds, to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye Forests! bend; ye Harvests! wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven! as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye Constellations! while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre,
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write, with every beam, his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate World,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye Hills! ye mossy Rocks!
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye Vallies! raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye Woodlands all! awake; a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela! charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn. In swarming cities vast,
Assembled Men! to the deep organ join.
The long-resounding voice, oft' breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base,
And as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if ye rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening East,
Be my tongue mute, my Fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full!
And where he vital breathes there must be joy.
When e'en at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there with new powers
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon' orbs, and all their suns,
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light Ineffable;
Come then, expressive Silence! muse His praise.

BRITANNIA.

A POEM.

—Et tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego—ſed motos præſtat componere fluctus.
Poſt mihi non ſimili pœna commiſſa luetis.
Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite veſtro:
Non illi imperium pelagi, ſævumque tridentem,
Sed mihi ſorte datum—— VIRG.

AS on the ſea-beat ſhore Britannia ſat,
Of her degenerate ſons the faded fame
Deep in her anxious heart revolving ſad,
Bare was her throbbing boſom to the gale,
That hoarſe and hollow from the bleak ſurge blew;
Looſe flow'd her treſſes, rent her azure robe.
Hung o'er the deep, from her majeſtic brow
She tore the laurel, and ſhe tore the bay;
Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek,
Nor ceas'd her ſobs to murmur to the main.
Peace diſcontented nigh, departing, ſtretch'd
Her dove-like wing; and War, tho' greatly rous'd,
Yet mourns her fetter'd hands; while thus the Queen
Of Nations ſpoke, and what ſhe ſaid the Muſe
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verſe.

E'en not you' fail, that from the ſky-mixt wave
Dawns on the ſight, and wafts the Royal Youth,*
A freight of future glory to my ſhore;
E'en not the flattering view of golden days,
And riſing periods yet of bright renown,
Beneath the Parents, and their endleſs line
Thro' late revolving time can ſooth my rage.
While, unchaſtis'd, the inſulting Spaniard dares
Infeſt the trading flood, full of vain war,
Deſpiſe my navies, and my merchants ſeize,
As, truſſing to falſe peace, they fearleſs roam
The world of waters wild, made by the toil
And liberal blood of glorious ages mine;
Nor burſts my ſleeping thunder on their head.
Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt?
This tame beſeeching of rejected peace?
This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,
To generous Britons never known before?
And ſail'd my fleets, for this, on Indian tides
To float, unactive, with the veering winds?
The mockery of war! while hot Diſeaſe,
And Sloth diſtemper'd, ſwept off burning crowds,
For action ardent, and amid the deep,
Inglorious ſunk them in a watery grave.
There now they lie beneath the rolling flood,
Far from their friends and country unaveng'd,
And back the drooping war-ſhip comes again,
Diſpirited, and thin: her ſons aſham'd
Thus idly to review their native ſhore;
With not one glory ſparkling in their eye,
One triumph on their tongue. A paſſenger,
The violated merchant comes along,
That far-fought wealth, for which the noxious gale
He drew and ſweat beneath Equator ſuns,
By lawleſs force detain'd; a force that ſoon
Would melt away, and every ſpoil reſign,
Were once the Britiſh Lion heard to roar.
Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,
In their own well-aſſerted element,
Dares rouze to wrath the maſters of the main?
Who told him that the big incumbent war
Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembli
ports
In ſmoky ruin? and his guilty ſtores,
Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
Yet unaton'd, ſunk in the ſwallowing deep,
Or led the glittering prize into the Thames?
There was a time (oh let my languid ſons
Reſume their ſpirit at the rouſing thought!)
When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet
Swell'd o'er the lab'ring ſurge; like a whole h
ven
Of clouds, wide roll'd before the boundleſs bree
Gaily the ſplendid armament along
Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
As ſunk the ſun o'er all the flaming Vaſt;
Tail, gorgeous, and elate, drunk with the dre
Of eaſy conqueſt; while their bloated War,
Stretch'd out from ſky to ſky, the gather'd forc
Of ages held in its capacious womb:
But ſoon, regardleſs of the cumbrous pomp,
My dauntleſs Britons came, a gloomy Few!
With tempeſt black the goodly ſcene deform'd,
And laid their glory waſte. The bolts of Fate
Reſiſtleſs thunder'd through their yielding ſid
Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
And ſeiz'd in horrid gaſp, or ſhatter'd wide
Amid the mighty waters, deep they ſunk.
Then, too, from ev'ry promontory chill,
Rank fen, and cavern, where the wild wave wor
I ſwept confederate winds, and ſwell'd a ſtorm
Round th' glad iſle, ſnatch'd by the vengeful bla
The ſcatter'd remnants drove; on the blind ſh
And pointed rock, that marks the indented ſhor
Relentleſs daſh'd, where loud the northern ma
Howls thro' the fractur'd Caledonian iſles.
Such were the dawnings of my watry reign;
But ſince how vaſt it grew, how abſolute,
E'en in thoſe troubled times, when dreadful Bla
Aw'd angry nations with the Britiſh name,
Let every humble ſtate, let Europe ſay,
Suſtain'd and balanc'd by my naval arm.
Ah! what muſt thoſe immortal ſpirits think
Of your poor ſhifts? thoſe, for their country's good
Who fac'd the blackeſt danger, knew no fear,
No mean ſubmiſſion, but commanded peace!
Ah! how with indignation muſt they burn!
(If aught but joy can touch ethereal breaſts)
With ſhame, with grief, to ſee their feeble ſons
Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd ſeas
For which their wiſdom plann'd, their council
glow'd,
And their veins bled, thro' many a toiling age!
Oh! firſt of human bleſſings, and ſupreme!
Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whoſe wide tie the kindred ſons of men
Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
And unſuſpicious faith; while honeſt Toil

* *Frederick Prince of Wales, then lately arrived.*

Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
Which idle barbarous Rapine but usurps.
Pure is thy reign, when, unaccurs'd by blood,
Nought save the sweetness of indulgent showers,
Trickling, distils into the vernant glebe;
Instead of mangled carcasses, sad-seen,
When the blithe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field;
When only shining shares, the crooked knife,
And hooks, imprint the vegetable wound;
When the land blushes with the rose alone,
The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.
Oh, Peace! thou source and soul of social life,
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports;
Blest be the man divine who gives us thee!
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who sheaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun
Into the well-pil'd armoury returns;
And, every vigour from the work of death
To grateful industry converting, makes
The country flourish, and the city smile.
Inviolated, him the virgin sings,
And him the smiling mother to her train:
Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chants: and, the treasures of his labour sure,
The husbandman of him, as at the plough
Or team he toils. With him the sailor sooths,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
And the full city, warm, from street to street,
And shop to shop, responsive, sings of him.
One joys one land alone; his praise extends
Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day,
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of Peace,
Till all the happy nations catch the song.
What would not, Peace! the patriot bear for thee?
What painful patience? what incessant care?
What mixt anxiety? what sleepless toil?
Pain from the rash, protected, what reproach?
For ie thy value knows, thy friendship, he,
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, sometimes the more
Invitable war: when ruffian Force
Awakes the fury of an injur'd state.
Even the good patient man, whom Reason rules,
Rous'd by bold insult, and injurious rage,
With sharp and sudden check th' astonish'd sons
Of Violence confounds; firm as his cause
His bolder heart; in awful justice clad,
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire;
And as he charges thro' the prostrate war,
His keen arm teaches faithless men no more
To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.
And what, my thoughtless Sons! should fire you more,
Than when your well earn'd Empire of the Deep
The least beginning injury receives?
What better cause can call your lightning forth?
Your thunder wake? your dearest life demand?
What better cause, than when your country sees
The fly destruction at her vitals aim'd?
For, oh! it most imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your trade entire, entire the force
And honour of your fleets; o'er that to watch,
E'en with a hand severe, and jealous eye.
In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,
By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair;
But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,
Unconquerable still; let none escape,
Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.
Is there the man, into the lion's den
Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away?
And is a Briton seiz'd, and seiz'd beneath
The slumbering terrors of a British fleet?
Then ardent rise! oh! great in vengeance rise!
O'erturn the proud, teach Rapine to restore;
And as you ride sublimely round the world,
Make every vessel stoop, make every state
At once their welfare and their duty know.
This is your glory; this your wisdom; this
The native power for which you were design'd
By Fate, when Fate design'd the firmest state
That e'er was seated on the subject sea;
A state alone where Liberty should live
In these late times, this evening of mankind,
When Athens, Rome, and Carthage, are no more!
The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.
For this these rocks around your coast were thrown;
For this your oaks peculiar harden'd, shoot
Strong into sturdy growth; for this your hearts
Swell with a sullen courage, growing still
As danger grows; and strength and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cherish this, this unexpensive power
Undangerous to the public, ever prompt,
By lavish Nature thrust into your hand;
And, unencumber'd with the bulk immense
Of conquests, whence huge empires rose and fell
Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore.
Where'er the wind your high behests can blow,
And fix it deep on this eternal base.
For should the sliding fabric once give way,
Soon slackened quite and past recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,
Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulf
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.
And should the big redundant flood of Trade,
In which ten thousand thousand labours join
Their several currents, till the boundless tide
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land,
Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point
Its course another way, o'er other lands
The various treasure would resistless pour,
Ne'er to be won again; its ancient tract
Left a vile channel, desolate, and dead,
With all around a miserable waste.
Not Egypt, were her better heaven, the Nile,
Turn'd in the pride of flow, when o'er his rocks
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach
Of dizzy Vision pil'd, in one wide flash
An Ethiopian deluge foams amain,

(Whence wondering fable trac'd him from the sky;)
E'en not that prime of earth, where harvests crowd
On untill'd harvests all the teeming year,
If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
Steril, and void, than, of her trade depriv'd,
Britons! your boasted isle: her princes sunk,
Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust,
Unnerv'd her force, her spirits vanish'd quite,
With rapid wing her riches fled away,
Her unfrequented ports alone the sign
Of what she was, her merchants scatter'd wide,
Her hollow shops shut up, and in her streets,
Her fields, woods, markets, villages and roads,
The chearful voice of labour heard no more.
Oh! let not, then, waste luxury impair
That manly soul of toil, which strings your nerves,
And your own proper happiness creates!
Oh! let not the soft penetrating plague
Creep on the free-born mind, and, working there,
With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart
Of Liberty, the high conception blast,
The noble sentiment, th' impatient scorn
Of base subjection, and the swelling wish
For general good erasing from the mind;
While nought save narrow selfishness succeeds,
And low design, the sneaking passions all
Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast.
Induc'd at last, by scarce perceiv'd degrees,
Snapping the very frame of government
And life, a total dissolution comes;
Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear,
Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes,
The human being almost quite extinct,
And the whole state in broad corruption sinks.
Oh! shun that gulf; that gaping ruin shun!
And countless ages roll it far away
From you, ye heaven-belov'd! May Liberty,
The light of life! the sun of human-kind!
Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
E'en where the keen depressive North descends,
Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers!
While slavish southern climates beam in vain.
And may a public spirit from the Throne,
Where every virtue sits, go copious forth,
Live o'er the land, the finer arts inspire,
Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive head,
Blow the fresh bay, bid Industry rejoice,
And the rough sons of lowest Labour smile;
As when, profuse of spring, the loosen'd West
Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes
Youth, life, and love, and beauty, o'er the world.
But haste we from these melancholy shores,
Nor to deaf winds and waves our fruitless plaint
Pour weak. The country claims our active aid;
That let us roam, and where we find a spark
Of public virtue, blow it into flame.
Lo! now, my sons, the sons of Freedom! meet
In awful senate: thither let us fly,
Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
In fearless truth, myself, transform'd, preside,
And shed the spirit of Britannia round.
This said, her fleeting form and airy train
Sunk in the gale, and nought but rugged rocks
Rush'd on the broken eye, and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

LIBERTY, A POEM.

IN FIVE PARTS.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condeſcenſion, that preventing generoſity, with which your Royal Highneſs received the following Poem under your protection, I can alone aſcribe it to the recommendation and influence of the ſubject. In you the cauſe and concerns of Liberty have ſo zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the leaſt tendency to promote them to the diſtinction of your favour; and who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleaſure far ſuperior to that of the fondeſt author, and of which all true lovers of their country muſt participate? To behold the nobleſt diſpoſitions of the prince and of the patriot united; and overflowing benevolence, generoſity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for Liberty, an intimate perſuaſion that on it depends the happineſs and glory of both kings and people; to ſee theſe ſhining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto ſmiled in all the ſocial lights and private accompliſhments of life, is a proſpect that cannot but inſpire a general ſentiment of ſatisfaction and gladneſs, more eaſy to be felt than expreſſed.

If the following attempt to trace Liberty from the firſt ages, down to her excellent eſtabliſhment in Great Britain, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to your Royal Highneſs, if it can in any degree anſwer the dignity of the ſubject, and of the name under which I preſume to ſhelter it, I have my beſt reward; particularly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greateſt zeal and reſpect,

Sir, Your Royal Highneſs's

Moſt obedient and moſt devoted Servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

ANCIENT & MODERN ITALY COMPARED.

PART I.

The following Poem is thrown into the form of a poetical Viſion. Its ſcene the ruins of ancient Rome. The goddeſs of Liberty, who is ſuppoſed to ſpeak through the whole, appears characteriſed as Britiſh Liberty, to verſe 44. Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory, to ver. 112. This contraſted by modern Italy; its vallies, mountains, culture, cities, people; the difference appearing ſtrongeſt in the capital city, Rome, to ver. 234. The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppreſſion; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, to ver. 256. The old Romans apoſtrophized, with regard to the ſeveral melancholy changes in Italy: Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tiber, Tuſculum, and Naples, to ver. 287. That once fineſt and moſt ornamented part of Italy, all along the Coaſt of Baiæ, how changed, to ver. 321. This deſolation of Italy applied to Britain, to ver. 344. Addreſs to the goddeſs of Liberty, that ſhe would deduce, from the firſt ages, her chief eſtabliſhments, the deſcription of which conſtitutes the ſubject of the following parts of this Poem. She aſſents, and commands what ſhe ſays to be ſung in Britain, whoſe happineſs ariſing from Freedom and a limited Monarchy ſhe marks, to ver. 391. An immediate Viſion attends, and paints her words. Invocation.

O My lamented Talbot! while with thee
The Muſe gay-rov'd the glad Heſperian round,
And drew the inſpiring breath of ancient arts,
Ah! little thought ſhe her returning verſe
Should ſing her darling ſubject to thy ſhade.
And does the myſtic veil from mortal beam
Involve thoſe eyes where every virtue ſmil'd,
And all thy father's candid ſpirit ſhone?
The light of reaſon, pure, without a cloud;
Full of the generous heart, the mild regard;
Honour diſdaining blemiſh, cordial faith,
And limpid truth, that looks the very ſoul.
But to the death of mighty nations turn
My ſtrain; be there abſorpt the pivate tear.
Muſing I lay, warm from the ſacred walks
Where at each ſtep Imagination burns;
While ſcatter'd wide around, awful and hoar,
Lies, a vaſt monument! once-glorious Rome,
The tomb of Empire! Ruins! that efface
Whate'er of finiſh'd modern pomp can boaſt.
Snatch'd by theſe wonders, to that world where thought
Unfetter'd ranges, Fancy's magic hand
Led me anew o'er all the ſolemn ſcene,
Still in the mind's pure eye more ſolemn dreſt;
When ſtraight, methought, the fair majeſtic Power
Of Liberty appear'd; not, as of old,
Extended in her hand the cap and rod,
Whoſe ſlave-enlarging touch gave double life;
But her bright temples bound with Britiſh oak,
And naval honours nodded on her brow.
Sublime of port, looſe o'er her ſhoulders flow'd
Her ſea-green robe, with conſtellations gay.
An iſland-goddeſs now; and her high care
The Queen of Iſles, the Miſtreſs of the Main.
My heart beat filial tranſport at the ſight,
And as ſhe mov'd to ſpeak, th' awaken'd Muſe
Liſten'd intenſe. A while ſhe look'd around,
With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd,
And then, her ſighs repreſſing, thus began.
Mine are theſe wonders, all thou ſeeſt is mine;
But, ah! how chang'd! the falling, poor remains
Of what exalted once the Auſonian ſhore.
Look back thro' time, and, riſing from the gloom,
Mark the dread ſcene that paints whate'er I ſay.
The great Republic ſee! that g'ow'd, ſublime,
With the mixt freedom of a thouſand ſtates,
Rais'd on the thrones of kings her curule chair,
And by her faſces aw'd the ſubject world.
See buſy millions quickening all the land,
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high;
For Nature then ſmil'd on her free-born ſons,
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to Men.

Behold, the country chearing, villas riſe
In lively proſpect, by the ſecret lapſe
Of brooks now loſt and ſtreams renown'd in ſong:
In Umbria's cloſing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the ſcented gale;
On Baiæ's viney coaſt, where peaceful ſeas,
Fann'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiſs the ſhore,
And ſuns unclouded ſhine thro' pureſt air;
Or in the ſpacious neighbourhood of Rome,
Far ſhining upward to the Sabine hills,
To Anio's roar and Tiber's olive ſhade,
To where Preneſte lifts her airy brow,
Or downward ſpreading to the ſunny ſhore,
Where Alba breathes the freſhneſs of the main.
See diſtant mountains leave their valleys dry,
And o'er the proud arcade their tribute pour,
To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, maſſy, firm, diverging every way,
With tombs of heroes ſacred, ſee her roads,
By various nations trod, and ſuppliant kings,
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.
Full in the centre of theſe wondrous works,
The pride of earth, Rome in her glory ſee;
Behold her demi-gods, in ſenate met,
All head to counſel, and all heart to act;
The Commonweal inſpiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd and bold,
Ere tame Corruption taught the ſervile herd
To rank obedient to a maſter's voice.
Her forum ſee, warm, popular and loud,
In trembling wonder huſh'd, when the two Sires, *
As they the private father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public fathers of the ſtate.
See Juſtice judging there in human ſhape!
Hark! how with Freedom's voice it thunders high,
Or in ſoft murmurs ſink to Tully's tongue.
Her Tribes, her Cenſus, ſee; her generous troops,
Whoſe pay was glory, and their beſt reward
Free for their country and for Me to die,
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.
Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
The higheſt pomp and loweſt fall of life.
Her feſtive games, the ſchool of heroes, ſee;
Her Circus, ardent with contending youth;
Her ſtreets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair Forms of Beauty's eldeſt born,
And of a people caſt in Virtue's mold;
While Sculpture lives around, and Aſian hills
Lend their beſt ſtores to heave the pillar'd dome;
All that to Roman ſtrength the ſofter touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this ſun, this centre of mankind,
Where every virtue, glory, treaſure, art,
Attracted ſtrong, in heighten'd luſtre met.
Need I the contraſt mark? unjoyous view!
A land in all, in government, in arts,
In virtue, genius, earth, and heaven, revers'd.
Who but, theſe far-fam'd ruins to behold,
Proofs of a people whoſe heroic aims
Soar'd far above the little ſelfiſh ſphere
Of doubting modern life; who but, inflam'd
With claſſic zeal, theſe conſecrated ſcenes
Of men and deeds to trace, unhappy Land!
Would truſt thy wilds, and cities looſe of ſway?
Are theſe the vales that, once, exulting ſtates
In their warm boſom fed? the mountains theſe
On whoſe high-blooming ſides My ſons, of old,
I bred to glory? theſe dejected towns,
Where, mean and ſordid, life can ſcarce ſubſiſt,
The ſcenes of ancient opulence and pomp?
Come! by whatever ſacred name diſguis'd,
Oppreſſion! come, and in thy works rejoice!
See Nature's richeſt plains to putrid fens
Turn'd by thy fury. From the chearful bounds
She raz'd th' enlivening village, farm, and ſeat.
Firſt rural Toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robb'd of his poor reward, reſign'd the plough,
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe:
'Tis thine entire. The lonely ſwain himſelf,
Who loves at large along the graſſy downs
His flocks to paſture, thy dear champaign flies:
Far as the ſickening eye can ſweep around,
'Tis all one deſert, deſolate, and grey,
Graz'd by the ſullen buffalo alone;
And where the rank uncultivated growth
Of rotting ages taints the paſſing gale,
Beneath the baleful blaſt the city pines,
Or ſinks enfeebled, or infected burns.
Beneath it mourns the ſolitary road,
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waſte,
While ancient ways, ingulf'd, are ſeen no more.
Such thy dire plains, thou Self-deſtroyer! ſee
To human-kind! Thy mountains, too, profuſe,
Where ſavage Nature blooms, ſeem their ſad plaint
To riſe againſt thy deſolating rpd.
There on the breezy brow, where thriving ſtates
And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd ſun
Far other ſcenes of riſing culture ſpread,
Pale ſhine thy ragged towns. Neglected round
Each harveſt pines, the livid, lean produce
Of heartleſs Labour; while thy hated joys,
Not proper pleaſure, lift the lazy hand.
Better to ſink in ſloth the woes of life,
Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.
Hence drooping Art almoſt to Nature leaves
The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant bluſh
Of orchard reddens in the warmeſt ray.
To weedy wildneſs run, no rural wealth
(Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine;
Nor juice Cœcubian nor Falernian more
Streams life and joy, ſave in the Muſe's bowl.
Unſeconded by Art, the ſpinning race
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows,
And flowering plants perfume the deſert gale.
Thro' the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines:
Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to ſong,
And long a ſtranger to the hero's brow.
Nor half thy triumph this: caſt from brute fields
Into the haunts of men thy ruthleſs eye,
There buxom Plenty never turns her horn;
The grace and virtue of exterior life,
No clean Convenience reigns; e'en Sleep itſelf

* *L. J. Brutus and Virginius.*

Laſt delicate of powers, reluctant, there
Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
Thy horrid walk! dead, empty, unadorn'd;
See ſtreets whoſe echoes never know the voice
Of chearful Hurry, Commerce many-tongu'd,
And Art mechanic at his various taſk,
Fervent employ'd. Mark the deſponding race,
Of occupation void, as void of hope;
Hope, the glad ray glanc'd from Eternal Good,
That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,
With views of fortune—madneſs all to them!
By thee relentleſs ſeiz'd their better joys,
To the ſoft aid of cordial airs they fly,
Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
And love and muſic melt their ſouls away.
From feeble Juſtice ſee how raſh Revenge,
Trembling, the balance ſnatches, and the ſword,
Fearful himſelf, to venal ruffians gives.
See where God's altar, nurſing Murder, ſtands
With the red touch of dark aſſaſſins ſtain'd.
But chief let Rome, the mighty City! ſpeak
The full-exerted genius of thy reign.
Behold her riſe amid the lifeleſs waſte,
Expiring Nature all corrupted round;
While the ſone Tiber, thro' the deſert plain
Winds his waſte ſtores, and ſullen ſweeps along.
Patch'd from my fragments, in unſolid pomp,
Mark how the temple glares, and, artful dreſt,
Amuſive, draws the ſuperſtitious train.
Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
Concealing often, in magnific jail,
Proud want; a deep unanimated gloom!
And oft' adjoining to the drear abode
Of Miſery, whoſe melancholy walls
Scorn its voracious grandeur to reproach.
Within the city-bounds the deſert ſee:
See the rank vine o'er ſubterranean roofs
Indecent ſpread, beneath whoſe fretted gold
It once exulting flow'd. The people mark,
Matchleſs, while fir'd by Me; to public good
Inexorably firm; juſt, generous, brave;
Afraid of nothing but unworthy life;
Elate with glory, and heroic ſoul
Known to the vulgar breaſt; behold them now
A thin deſpairing number, all-ſubdu'd,
The ſlaves of ſlaves, by ſuperſtition fool'd,
By vice unmann'd, and a licentious rule,
In guile ingenious, and in murder brave.
Such in one land, beneath the ſame fair clime,
Thy ſons, Oppreſſion! are, and ſuch were Mine.
E'en with thy labour'd pomp, for whoſe vain
ſhow
Deluded thouſands ſtarve, all age begrim'd,
Torn, robb'd, and ſcatter'd in unnumber'd ſacks,
And by the tempeſt of two thouſand years
Continual ſhaken, let My ruins vie.
Theſe roads, that yet the Roman hand aſſert,
Beyond the weak repair of modern toil;
Theſe fractur'd arches, that the chiding ſtream
No more delighted hear; theſe rich remains
Of marbles now unknown, where ſhines, imbib'd,
Each parent ray; theſe maſſy columns hew'd
From Afric's fartheſt ſhore; one granite all
Theſe obeliſks high-towering to the ſky,
Myſterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore;
Theſe endleſs wonders that this ſacred Way
Illumine ſtill, and conſecrate to fame;
Theſe fountains, vaſes, urns, and ſtatues, charg'd
With the fine ſtores of art-completing Greece
Mine is, beſides, thy every later boaſt;
Thy Buonarotis, thy Palladios, Mine;
And Mine that fair deſigns which Raphael's ſoul
O'er the live canvaſs, emanating, breath'd.
What would you ſay, ye Conquerors of earth!
Ye Romans! could you raiſe the laurel'd head?
Could you the country ſee, by ſeas of blood,
And the dread toil of ages, won ſo dear,
Your pride, your triumph, your ſupreme delight!
For whoſe defence oft', in the doubtful hour,
You ruſh'd with rapture down the gulph of Fate,
Of death ambitious! till by awful deeds,
Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,
The Queen of Nations roſe, poſſeſt of all
Which Nature, Art and Glory, could beſtow!
What would you ſay, deep in the laſt abyſs
Of ſlavery, vice, and unambitious want,
Thus to behold her ſunk? Your crowded plains
Void of their cities, unadorn'd your hills,
Ungrac'd your lakes, your ports to ſhips unknown,
Your lawleſs floods, and your abandon'd ſtreams,
Theſe could you know? theſe could you love
again!
Thy Tiber, Horace! could it now inſpire
Content, poetic eaſe, and rural joy,
Soon burſting into ſong, while thro' the groves
Of headlong Anio, daſhing to the vale,
In many a tortur'd ſtream, you mus'd along?
You' wild retreat, where Superſtition dreams,
Could, Tully! you your Tuſculum believe?
And could you deem you' naked hills, that form,
Tam'd in old ſong, the ſhip-forſaken bay,
Your Formian ſhore, once the delight of earth,
Where Art and Nature, ever-ſmiling, join'd
On the gay land to laviſh all their ſtores?
How chang'd, how vacant, Virgil! wide around,
Would now your Naples ſeem? diſaſter'd leſs
By black Veſuvius, thundering o'er the coaſt
His midnight earthquakes and his mining fires,
Than by deſpotic rage; that inward gnaws,
A native foe; a foreign tears without.
Firſt from your flatter'd Cæſars this began,
Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
Thin peopled ſpreads, at laſt, the Tyrren plain,
That the dire ſoul of Hannibal diſarm'd,
And wrapt in weeds the ſhore of Venus lies.
There Baiæ ſees no more the joyous throng,
Her banks all beaming with the pride of Rome;
No generous vines now halk along the hills,
Where ſport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main:
With baths and temples mixt, no villas riſe;
Nor, art-ſuſtain'd amid reluctant waves,
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep:
No ſpreading ports their ſacred arms extend;
No mighty moles, the big intruſive ſtorm,
From the calm ſtation, roll reſounding back.
An almoſt total-deſolation ſits.
A dreary ſtillneſs, ſaddening o'er the coaſt;
Where, when ſoft ſuns and tepid winter's roſe,

Rejoicing crowds inhal'd the balm of peace;
Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze;
And where, with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
A genial ſtrife. Her youthful form, robuſt,
E'en Nature yields, by fire and earthquake rent;
Whole ſtately cities in the dark aprupt
Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbiſh laid,
A neſt for ſerpents; from the red abyſs
New hills, exploſive, thrown; the Lucrine lake
A reedy pool; and all to Cuma's point
The ſea recovering his uſurp'd domain,
And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome.
Hence, Britain! learn, My beſt-eſtabliſh'd laſt,
And, more than Greece or Rome, My ſteady reign;
The land where, king and people equal bound
By guardian laws, my fulleſt bleſſings flow,
And where My jealous unſubmitting ſoul,
The dread of tyrants! burns in every breaſt;
Learn hence, if ſuch the miſerable fate
Of an heroic race, the maſters once
Of human kind, what, when depriv'd of Me,
How grievous muſt be thine? In ſpite of climes,
Whoſe ſun-enliven'd æther wakes the ſoul
To higher powers, in ſpite of happy ſoils,
That, but by Labour's ſlighteſt aid impell'd,
With treaſures teem to thy cold clime unknown,
If there deſponding fail the common arts
And ſuſtenance of life, could life itſelf,
Far leſs a thoughtleſs tyrant's hollow pomp,
Subſiſt with thee? Againſt depreſſing ſkies,
Join'd to full ſpread Oppreſſion's cloudy brow,
How could thy ſpirits hold? where vigour find?
Forc'd fruits to tear from their unnative ſoil?
Or, ſtoring every harveſt in thy ports,
To plough the dreadful all-producing wave?
Here paus'd the goddeſs; by the pauſe aſſur'd,
In trembing accents thus I mov'd my prayer.
"Oh! firſt, and moſt benevolent of powers!
"Come from eternal ſplendours, here on earth,
"Againſt deſpotic pride, and rage, and luſt,
"To ſhield mankind, to raiſe them to aſſert
"The native rights and honour of their race;
"Teach me, thy loweſt ſubject, but in zeal
"Yielding to none, the progreſs of thy reign,
"And with a ſtrain from thee enrich the Muſe.
"As thee alone ſhe ſerves, her patron, thou,
"And great inſpirer, be! then will ſhe joy
"Tho' narrow life her lot, and private ſhade;
"And when her venal voice ſhe barters vile,
"Or to thy open or thy ſecret foes,
"May ne'er thoſe ſacred raptures touch her more,
"By ſaviſh hearts unfelt! and may her ſong
"Sink in oblivion with the nameleſs crew!
"Vermin of ſtate! to thy o'erflowing light
"That owe their being, yet betray thy cauſe."
Then, condeſcending kind, the heavenly power
Return'd.—"What here, ſuggeſted by the ſcene,
"I ſlight unfold, record and ſing at home,
"In that bleſt iſle where (ſo we ſpirits move)
"With one quick effort of My will I am:
"There Truth, unlicens'd, walks, and dares accoſt
"E'en kings themſelves, the monarchs of the Free!
"Fix'd on my rock, there an an indulgent race
"O'er Britons wield the ſceptre of their choice;
"And there to finiſh what his fire began,
"A prince behold! for Me who burns ſincere,
"E'en with a ſubject's zeal. He my great work
"Will, parent-like, ſuſtain, and added give
"The touch the Graces and the Muſes owe:
"For Britain's glory ſwells his panting breaſt,
"And ancient arts he emulous revolves;
"His pride to let the ſmiling heart abroad,
"Thro' clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man;
"To pleaſe his pleaſure, bounty his delight;
"And all the ſoul of Titus dwells in him."
Hail, glorious theme! But how, alas! ſhall verſe,
From the crude ſtores of mortal language drawn,
How, faint and tedious, ſing what, piercing deep,
The goddeſs flaſh'd at once upon my ſoul?
For, clear preciſion all, the tongue of gods
Is harmony itſelf, to every ear
Familiar, known like light to every eye,
Mean time diſcloſing ages, as ſhe ſpoke.
In long ſucceſſion pour'd their empires forth;
Scene after ſcene the human drama ſpread,
And ſtill th' embodied picture roſe to ſight.
Oh Thou! to whom the Muſes owe their flame,
Who bidd'ſt, beneath the pole, Parnaſſus riſe,
And Hippocrene flow, with thy bold eaſe,
The ſtriking force, the lightning of thy thought,
And thy ſtrong phraſe, that rolls profound and clear,
Oh! gracious Goddeſs! re-inſpire my ſong,
While I, to nobler than poetic fame
Aſpiring, thy commands to Britons bear.

GREECE.

LIBERTY.

PART II.

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THUS spoke the goddess of the fearless eye,
And at her voice, renew'd, the Vision rose.
First, in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,
In woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd,
While on from plain to plain they led their flocks,
In search of clearer spring, and fresher field.
These, as increasing families disclos'd
The tender state, I taught an equal sway.
Few were offences, properties, and laws.
Beneath the rural portal, palm-o'erspread,
The father senate met. There Justice dealt,
With reason then and equity the same,
Free as the common air, her prompt decree;
Nor yet had stain'd her sword with subjects blood.
The simpler arts were all their simpler wants
Had urg'd to light; but instant, these supply'd,
Another set of sonder wants arose,
And other arts with them of finer aim,
Till, from refining want to want impell'd,
The Mind by thinking push'd her latent powers,
And life began to glow, and arts to shine.
At first, on brutes alone the rustic war
Launch'd the rude spear; swift as he glar'd along,
On the grim lion or the robber wolf!
For then young sportive Life was void of toil,
Demanding little, and with little pleas'd;
But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,
Led on by equal toils, the bosom fir'd,
Lewd lazy Rapine broke primeval Peace,
And, hid in caves and idle forests drear,
From the lone pilgrim and the wandering swain
Sciz'd what he durst not earn. Then brother's blood
First, horrid, smoak'd on the polluted skies.
Awful in justice, then the burning youth,
Led by their temper'd fires, on lawless men,
The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,
Turn'd the keen arrow and the sharpen'd spear.
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose,
Who, scorning coward self, for others liv'd,
Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled.
West with the living day to Greece I came:
Earth smild beneath my beam; the Muse before
Sonorous flew, that low, till then, in woods
Had tun'd the reed, and sigh'd the shepherd's pain;
But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.
For Greece my sons of Egypt I forsook,
A bashful race, that in the vain abyss
Of fabling ages lov'd to lose their source,
And with their river trac'd it from the skies.
While there my laws alone despotic reign'd,
And kings as well as people proud obey'd;
I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts;
By poets, sages, legislators sought,
The school of polish'd life and human-kind:
But when mysterious Superstition came,
And, with her Civil Sister leagu'd, involv'd
In study'd darkness the desponding mind,
Then tyrant Power the righteous scourge unloos'd;
For yielded reason speaks the fool a slave.
Instead of useful works, like Nature's great,
Enormous, cruel wonders crush'd the land,
And round a tyrant's tomb, who none deserv'd,
For one vile carcass perish'd countless lives.
Then the great Dragon, couch'd amid his floods,
Swell'd his fierce heart, and cry'd—"This flood is mine,
"'Tis I that bid it flow"—But, undeceiv'd,
His frenzy soon the proud blasphemer felt:
Felt that, without My fertilizing power,
Suns lost their force, and Niles o'erflow'd in vain.
Nought could retard me; nor the frugal state
Of rising Persia, sober in extreme,
Beyond the pitch of man, and thence revers'd
Into luxurious waste: nor yet the ports
Of old Phœnicia, first for letters fam'd
That paint the voice, and silent speak to sight,
Of arts prime source and guardian! by fair stars,
First tempted out into the lonely deep,
To whom I first disclos'd mechanic arts,
The winds to conquer, to subdue the waves,
With all the peaceful power of ruling trade;
Earnest of Britain. Nor by these retain'd,
Nor by the neighbouring land, whose palmy shore
The silver Jordan laves: before Me lay
The promis'd Land of Arts, and urg'd my flight.
Hail, Nature's utmost boast! unrival'd Greece!
My fairest reign! where every power benign
Conspir'd to blow the flower of human-kind,
And lavish'd all that Genius can inspire,
Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main,
Ionian or Ægean, temper'd kind:
Light airy soils, a country rich and gay,
Broke into hills, with balmy odours crown'd,
And, bright with purple harvests, joyous vales:
Mountains and streams where verse spontaneous flow'd;
Whence deem'd by wondering men the seat of gods,
And still the mountains and the streams of song.
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and My restless arts
Frame into finish'd life. How many states,
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds!
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægean waves,
To where the deep-adorning Cyclade isles
In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
Of farthest Crete resounds the Lybian main.
O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,
And balanc'd all. Spread on Eurota's bank,

Amid a circle of soft-rising hills,
The patient Sparta one; the sober, hard,
And man-subduing city, which no shape
Of pain could conquer, or of pleasure charm.
Lycurgus there built, on the solid base
Of equal life, so well a temper'd state,
Where mix'd each government in such just poise,
Each power so checking and supporting each,
That firm for ages, and unmov'd it stood,
The sort of Greece! without one giddy hour,
One shock of faction, or of party rage.
For, drain'd the springs of wealth, corruption there
Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice happy land!
Had not neglected Art, with weedy Vice
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts
Lov'd not the soil, yet there the calm abode
Of Wisdom, Virtue, philosophic Ease,
Of manly Sense and Wit, in frugal phrase
Confin'd, and press'd into laconic force.
There, too, by rooting thence still treacherous Self,
The public and the private grew the same:
The children of the nursing Public all,
And at its table fed; for that they toil'd,
For that they liv'd entire, and e'en for that
The tender mother urg'd her son to die.
Of softer genius, but no less intent
To seize the palm of empire, Athens arose;
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus spread, amid the scented sky,
His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,
And to botanic hand the stores of health.
Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,
Between Ilissus and Cephisses glow'd
This hive of Science, shedding sweets divine,
Of active arts and animated arms.
There, passionate for Me, an easy-mov'd,
A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft' on the brink
Of ruin, hurry'd by the charm of speech,
Inforcing hasty counsel immature,
Totter'd the rash Democracy, unpois'd,
And by the rage devour'd that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
Solon, at last, their mild restorer, rose,
Allay'd the tempest, to the calm of laws
Reduc'd the settling whole, and, with the weight
Which the two Senates to the public lent,
As with an anchor, fix'd the driving state.

Nor was My forming care to these confin'd;
For emulation thro' the whole I pour'd,
Noble contention! who should most excel
In government well pois'd, adjusted best
To public weal; in countries culture'd high;
In ornamented towns, where Order reigns,
Free social life, and polish'd manners fair;
In exercise and arms; arms only drawn
For common Greece, to quell the Persian pride;
In moral science, and in graceful arts.
Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all.
By contest brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflam'd,
Felt every ardour burn; their great reward
The verdant wreath which sounding Pisa gave.
Hence flourish'd Greece, and hence a race of men,
As gods by conscious future times ador'd,
In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,
Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature. Spartan valour, hence,
At the fam'd pass firm as an isthmus stood,
And the whole eastern ocean, waving far
As eye could dart its vision, nobly check'd;
While in extended battle at the field
Of Marathon, My keen Athenians drove
Before their ardent hand an host of slaves.
Hence thro' the continent ten thousand Greeks
Urg'd a retreat, whose glory not the prime
Of victories can reach. Deserts in vain
Oppos'd their course; and hostile lands, unknown;
And deep rapacious floods; dire-bank'd with death;
And mountains, in whose jaws destruction grinn'd;
Hunger and toil, Armenian shows and storms,
And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
Their steady column pierc'd the scattering herds
Which a whole empire pour'd, and held its way
Triumphant, by the sage exalted Chief
Fir'd and sustain'd. Oh! light and force of mind
Almost almighty, in severe extremes!
The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen,
Kind hearted transport round their captains threw
The soldiers' fond embrace, o'erflow'd their eyes
With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice
To cries resounding loud—The sea! The sea!
In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits,
Shone thick as stars the Milky Way of Greece!
And tho' gay Wit and pleasing Grace was theirs,
All the soft Modes of Elegance and Ease,
Yet was not Courage less, the patient touch
Of toiling Art, and Disquisition deep.
My spirit pours a vigour thro' the soul,
Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,
Invincible in arms, in the bright field
Of nobler Science, as in that of Arms.
Athenians thus not less intrepid burst
The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn'd
The Persian chains; while thro' the city, full
Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
Incessant struggled taste refining taste,
And friendly free discussion, calling forth
From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.
O'er all shone out the great Athenian Sage,
And Father of Philosophy; the sun
From whose white blaze, emerg'd, each various sect
Took various tents, but with diminish'd beam.
Tutor of Athens! he in every street
Dealt priceless treasure; goodness his delight,
Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep thro' the human heart, with playful art,
His simple question stole, as into truth
And serious deeds he smiles the laughing race;
Taught moral happy life whate'er can bless

O

Or grace mankind, and what he taught he was.
Compounded high, tho' plain, his doctrine broke
In different Schools. The bold poetic phrase
Of figur'd Plato, Xenophon's pure strain,
Like the clear brook that steals along the vale,
Dissecting truth, the Stagyrite's keen eye,
Th' exalted Stoic pride, the Cynic sneer,
The flow-consenting Academic doubt;
And, joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease
Of Epicurus, seldom understood.
They, ever candid, reason still oppos'd
To reason, and, since virtue was their aim,
Each by sure practise try'd to prove his way
The best. Then stood untouch'd the solid base
Of Liberty, the liberty of mind;
For systems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds,
Sent with the monsters of succeeding times.
From priestly darkness sprung the enlightening arts
Of fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid names.
O Greece! thou sapient nurse of finer Arts!
Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore,
Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,
In these hast led the way, in these excell'd,
Crown'd with the laurel of assenting Time.
In thy full language, speaking mightier things,
Like a clear torrent close, or else diffus'd
Abroad majestic stream, and rolling on
Thro' all the winding harmony of sound,
In it the power of Eloquence, at large,
Breath'd the persuasive or pathetic soul,
Still'd by degrees the democratic storm,
Or bade it threatning rise, and tyrants shook,
Flush'd at the head of their victorious troops.
In it the Muse, her fury never quench'd,
By mean unyielding phrase, or jarring sound,
Her unconfin'd divinity display'd,
And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will,
Or soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan,
Or rais'd it swelling to the tongue of gods.
Heroic Song was thine, the fountain hard,
Whence each poetic stream derives it course.
Thine the dread Moral Scene, thy chief delight!
Where idly Fancy durst not mix her voice,
When reason spoke august; the fervent heart
Or plain'd or storm'd, and in the impassion'd man,
Concealing art with art, the poet sunk.
This potent school of manners, but when left
To loose neglect, a land corrupting plague,
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
And boundless cost, by thee, whose every son,
E'en last mechanic, the true taste possess'd
Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.
The sweet enforcer of the poet's straine,
Thine was the meaning Music of the heart;
Not the vain thrill that, void of passion, runs,
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears,
But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,
To which responsive shakes the varied soul.
Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,
The boast of well pleas'd Nature! Sculpture seiz'd,
And bad them ever smile in Parian stone.
Selecting Beauty's choice, and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left e'en Nature's self behind.
From those far different, whose prolific hand
Peoples a nation, they for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil,
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
Thro' the live features of one breathing stone.
There, beaming full, it shone, expressing gods;
Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
The fierce atrocious frown of finew'd Mars,
Or the sly graces of the Cyprian Queen.
Minutely perfect all! each dimple sunk,
And every muscle swell'd, as Nature taught.
In tresses, braided gay, the marble wav'd,
Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils;
Sprung into motion, soften'd into flesh,
Was fir'd to passion, or refin'd to soul.
Nor less thy pencil, with creative touch,
Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames
Assembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd.
And when Appelles, who peculiar knew
To give a grace that more than mortal smil'd,
The soul of Beauty! call'd the Queen of Love
Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms,
E'en such enchantment then thy pencil pour'd,
That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch
Dash'd to the ground, and, rather than destroy
The patriot picture, let the city 'scape.
First elder Sculpture taught her sister Art
Correct design, where great ideas shone,
And in the secret trace expression spoke:
Taught her the graceful attitude, the turn,
And beauteous airs of head; the native act,
Or bold or easy, and cast free behind,
The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow.
Then the bright Muse, their eldest Sister, came,
And bade her follow where she led the way!
Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise,
And copious act on on the canvas glow;
Gave her gay Fable, spread Invention's store,
Enlarg'd her view, taught composition high,
And just arrangement, circling round one point,
That starts to sight, binds and commands the whole.
Caught from the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,
And scorning the soft trade of mere delight,
O'er all thy temples, porticoes, and schools,
Heroic deeds she trac'd, and warm display'd
Each mortal beauty to the ravish'd eye.
There, as th' imagin'd presence of the God
Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd
Calm Contemplation, or assembled youth
Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,
The living lesson stole into the heart
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
These rouze to glory, while to rural life
The softer canvas oft' repos'd the soul.
There gaily broke the sun-illumin'd cloud;
The less'ning prospect, and the mountain blue,
Vanish'd in air; the precipice frown'd, dire;
White down the rock the rushing torrent dash'd;
The sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main;
The tempest foam'd, immense; the driving storm
Sudden'd the skies; and from the doubling gloom,

On

On the ſcath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;
In cloſing ſhades, and where the current ſtrays,
With Peace and Love, and Innocence, around,
Pip'd the lone ſhepherd to his feeding flock;
Round happy parents ſmil'd their younger ſelves,
And friends convers'd, by death divided long.
To public virtues thus the ſmiling Arts,
Unblemiſh'd handmaids! ſerv'd; the Graces they
To dreſs this faireſt Venus. Thus rever'd,
And plac'd beyond the reach of ſordid care,
The high awarders of immortal fame,
Alone for glory thy great maſters ſtrove;
Courted by kings, and by contending ſtates
Aſſum'd the boaſted honour of their birth.
In Architecture, too, thy rank ſupreme!
That art where moſt magnificent appears
The little builder Man; by thee refin'd,
And, ſmiling high, to full perfection brought.
Such thy ſure rules, that Goths of every age,
Who ſcorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
With labour'd heavy monuments of ſhame:
Not thoſe gay domes that o'er thy ſplendid ſhore
Shot, all proportion up. Firſt unadorn'd
And nobly plain, the manly Doric roſe;
Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heav'd; luxuriant laſt,
The rich Corinthian ſpread her wanton wreath:
The whole ſo meaſur'd true, ſo leſſen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to reſiſt the ſtill or ſtormy waſte
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
That from the magic wand aerial riſe.

Theſe were the wonders that illumin'd Greece
From end to end.—Here interrupting warm,
Where are they now? (I cry'd) ſay, Goddeſs! where?
And what the land thy darling thus of old?
Sunk! ſhe reſum'd; deep in the kindred gloom
Of ſuperſtition and of Slavery ſunk!
No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
By looſe dejected ſloth and ſervile fear;
No ſcience pierce the darkneſs of their minds;
No nobler art the quick ambitious ſoul
Of imitation in their breaſt awake.
E'en to ſupply the needful arts of life
Mechanic toil denies the hopeleſs hand:
Scarce any trace remaining, veſtige grey,
Or nodding column, on the deſart ſhore,
To point where Corinth or where Athens ſtood.
A faithleſs land of violence and death!
Where commerce parleys, dubious, on the ſhore;
And his wild impulſe curious ſearch reſtrains,
Afraid to truſt th' inhoſpitable clime.
Neglected Nature fails; in ſordid want
Sunk, and debas'd, their beauty beams no more.
The ſun himſelf ſeems angry, to regard,
Of light unworthy, the degen'rate race,
And fires them off with peſtilential rays;
While earth, blue poiſon ſteaming on the ſkies,
Indignant ſhakes them from her troubled ſides.
But as from man to man, Fate's firſt decree,
Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,
So ſtates muſt die, and Liberty go round.
Fierce was the ſtand ere Virtue, Valour, Arts,
And the Soul fir'd by Me, (that often ſtung
With thoughts of better times and old renown,
From hydra-tyrants try'd to clear the land,)
Lay quite extinct in Greece, their works effac'd,
And groſs o'er all unfeeling Bondage ſpread.
Sooner I mov'd My much reluctant flight,
Pois'd on the doubtful wing, when Greece with Greece,
Embroil'd in foul contention, fought no more
For common glory and for common weal,
But, falſe to freedom, fought to quell the free;
Broke the firm bond of peace, and ſacred love,
That lent the whole irrefragable force,
And, as around the partial trophy bluſh'd,
Prepare the way for total overthrow.
Then to the Perſian power, whoſe pride they ſcorn'd,
When Xerxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,
Sparta by turns, and Athens, vilely ſu'd;
Su'd to be venal parricides, to ſpill
Their country's braveſt blood, and on themſelves
To turn their matchleſs mercenary arms.
Peaceful in Suſa, then, ſat the Great King,
And by the trick of treaties, the ſtill waſte
Of ſly corruption and barbaric gold,
Effected what his ſteel could ne'er perform.
Profuſe he gave them the luxurious draught,
Inflaming all the land; unbalanc'd wide
Their tottering ſtates; their wild aſſemblies rul'd,
As the winds turn'd at every blaſt the ſeas,
And by their liſted orators, whoſe breath
Still with a factious ſtorm infeſted Greece,
Rous'd them to Civil war, or daſh'd them down
To ſordid peace—Peace! that, when Sparta ſhook
Aſtoniſh'd Artaxerxes on his throne,
Gave up, fair-ſpread o'er Aſia's ſunny ſhore,
Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.
What could ſo baſe, ſo infamous a thought
In Spartan hearts inſpire? Jealous, they ſaw
Reſpiring Athens rear again her walls,
And the pale fury fir'd them once again
To cruſh this rival city to the duſt.
For now no more the noble ſocial ſoul
Of Liberty My families combin'd,
But by ſhort views and ſelfiſh paſſions broke,
Dire as when friends are rankled into foes,
They mix'd ſevere, and wag'd eternal war;
Nor felt they, furious, their exhauſted force;
Nor, with falſe glory, diſcord, madneſs blind,
Saw how the blackning ſtorm from Thracia came.
Long years roll'd on, by many a battle ſtain'd,
The bluſh and boaſt of Fame! where courage, art,
And military glory, ſhone ſupreme:
But let deteſting ages from the ſcene
Of Greece, ſelf-mangled, turn the ſickening eye.
At laſt, when bleeding from a thouſand wounds
She felt her ſpirits fail, and in the duſt
Her lateſt heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,
Ageſilaus, and the Theban Friends,
The Macedonian Vulture mark'd his time,
By the dire ſcent of Cheronæa lur'd,
And, fierce deſcending, ſeiz'd his hapleſs prey.

Thus tame ſubmitted to the victor's yoke
Greece! once the gay, the turbulent, the bold,
For every Grace, and Muſe, and Science, born;
With

With arts of war, of government, elate;
To tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the best;
Whom I Myself could scarcely rule; and thus
The Persian fetters, that inthrall'd the mind,
Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.
Unless Corruption first dejects the pride
And guardian vigour of the Free-born soul,
The rude attempts of Violence are vain;
For firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by Force was Freedom overcome.
But soon as Independence stoops the head,
To vice enslav'd, and vice created wants,
Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste
These heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds,
From man to man the slackening ruin runs,
Till the whole State, unnerv'd, in slavery sinks.

ROME.

LIBERTY.

PART III.

THE CONTENTS.

AS this part contains a description of the establishment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies settled in the southern parts of Italy, which, with Sicily, constituted the Great Greece of the Ancients. With these colonies the spirit of Liberty and of Republics spreads over Italy, to ver. 32. Transition to Pythagoras and his philosophy, which he taught through these free states and cities, to ver. 71. Amidst the many small republics in Italy, Rome the destined seat of Liberty. Her establishment there dated from the expulsion of the Tarquins. How differing from that in Greece, to ver. 88. Reference to a view of the Roman Republic given in the First Part of this Poem, to mark its rise and fall the peculiar purport of This. During its first ages, the greatest force of Liberty and virtue exerted, to ver. 103. The source whence derived the heroic virtues of the Romans. Enumeration of these virtues. Thence their security at home; their glory, success, and empire, abroad, to ver. 226. Bounds of the Roman Empire geographically described, to ver. 257. The states of Greece restored to liberty by Titus Quintus Flaminius, the highest instance of public generosity and beneficence, to ver. 328. The loss of Liberty in Rome. Its causes, progress, and completion, in the death of Brutus, to ver. 485. Rome under the Emperors, to ver. 513. From Rome the Goddess of Liberty goes among the Northern nations, where, by infusing into them her spirit and general principles, she lays the ground-work of her future establishments; sends them in vengeance on the Roman Empire, now totally enslaved; and then, with Arts and Sciences in her train, quits earth during the dark ages; to ver. 550. The celestial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

HERE melting mix'd with air th' ideal forms,
That painted still whate'er the goddess sung,
Then I, impatient,—"From extinguish'd Greece,
"To what new region stream'd the Human Day?"
She, softly sighing, as when Zephyr leaves,
Resign'd to Boreas, the declining year,
Resum'd,—Indignant, these last scenes I fled,
And long ere then Leucadia's cloudy cliff,
And the Cerunian hills behind me thrown,
All Latium stood arous'd. Ages before,
Great mother of Republics! Greece had pour'd,
Swarm after swarm, her ardent youth around;
On Asia, Africa, Sicily, they stoop'd,
But chief on fair Hesperia's winding shore,
Where from Lacinium to Etrurian vales
They roll'd increasing colonies along,
And lent materials for My Roman reign.
With them my spirit spread, and numerous states
And cities rose, on Grecian models form'd,
As its parental policy and arts
Each had imbib'd. Besides, to each assign'd,
A Guardian genius o'er the public weal,
Kept an unclosing eye; try'd to sustain,
O more, sublime the soul infus'd by Me;
And strong the battle rose, with various wave,
Against the tyrant demons of the land.
Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew,
Their flows of fortune, and receding times,
But almost all below the proud regard
Of Story vow'd to Rome, on deeds intent,
That truth beyond the flight of fable bore.
Not so the Samian Sage; to him belongs
The brightest witness of recording fame.
For these free states his native isle forsook,
And a vain tyrant's transitory smile,
He sought Crotona's pure salubrious air,
And thro' Great Greece his gentle wisdom taught;
Wisdom that calm'd for listening years the mind,
Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal
His mental eye first launch'd into the deeps
Of boundless æther, where unnumber'd orbs,
Myriads on myriads, thro' the pathless sky
Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.
There he the full consenting choir beheld,
There first discern'd the secret hands of love,
The kind attraction that to central suns
Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.
Instructed thence, he great ideas form'd
Of the whole-moving all-informing God,
The Sun of beings! beaming unconfin'd
Light, life, and love, and ever acting power;
Whom naught can image, and who best approves
The silent worship of the moral heart,
That joys in bounteous Heaven, and spreads the joy.
Nor scorn'd the soaring sage to stoop to life,
And bound his reason to the sphere of Man.
He gave the four yet reigning virtues name;
Inspir'd the study of the finer arts,
That civilize mankind, and laws devis'd,

Where with enlighten'd juſtice mercy mix'd.
He e'en, into his tender ſyſtem, took
Whatever ſhares the brotherhood of life.
He taught that life's indiſſoluble flame,
From brute to man, and man to brute again,
For ever ſhifting, runs th' eternal round;
Thence try'd againſt the blood-pol uted meal,
And limbs yet quivering with ſome kindred ſoul,
To turn the human heart. Delightful truth!
Had he beheld the living chain aſcend,
And not a circling form, but riſing whole.

Amid theſe ſmall Republics one aroſe,
On yellow Tiber's bank, almighty Rome!
Fated for Me. A nobler ſpirit warm'd
Her ſons; and, rous'd by tyrants, nobler ſtill
It burn'd in Brutus; the proud Tarquins chas'd,
With all their crimes; bade radiant eras riſe,
And the long honours of the Conſul line.

Here from the fairer, not the greater, plan
Of Greece I vary'd, whoſe unmixing ſtates,
By the keen ſoul of Emulation pierc'd,
Long wag'd alone the bloodleſs war of Arts,
And their beſt empire gain'd; but to diffuſe
O'er men an empire was My purpoſe now;
To let My martial Majeſty abroad;
Into the vortex of One State to draw
The whole mix'd force and liberty on earth;
To conquer tyrants, and ſet nations free.

Already have I given, with flying touch,
A broken view of this My ampleſt reign:
Now while its firſt, laſt, periods you ſurvey,
Mark how it kab'ring roſe, and rapid fell.

When Rome in noon-tide empire graſp'd the world,
And, ſoon as her reſiſtleſs legions ſhone,
The nations ſtoop'd around; tho' then appear'd
Her grandeur moſt, yet in her dawn of power,
By many a jealous equal people preſs'd,
Then was the toil, the mighty ſtruggle then;
Then for each Roman I an hero told,
And every paſſing ſun and Latian ſcene
Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds,
That or ſurpaſs the faith of modern times,
Or, if believ'd, with ſacred horror ſtrike.

For then, to prove My moſt exalted power,
I to the point of full perfection puſh'd,
To fondneſs and enthuſiaſtic zeal,
The great, the reigning paſſion of the Free!
That godlike paſſion! which the bounds of Self
Divinely burſting, the whole public takes
Into the heart, enlarg'd, and burning high
With the mix'd ardour o unnumber'd ſelves;
Of all who ſafe beneath the voted laws
Of the ſame parent ſtate, fraternal, live,
From this kind ſun of moral Nature flow'd
Virtues that ſhine the light of human kind,
And, ray'd thro' ſtory, warm remoteſt time.
Theſe virtues, too, reflected to their ſource,
Increas'd its flame. The ſocial charm went round,
The fair idea, more attractive ſtill,
As more by virtue mark'd, till Romans, all
One band of friends, unconquerable grew.

Hence, when their country rais'd her plaintive voice,
The voice of pleading Nature was not heard,
And in their hearts the fathers throbb'd no more;
Stern to themſelves, but gentle to the whole.
Hence, ſweeten'd pain, the luxury of toil;
Patience that baffled Fortune's utmoſt rage;
High minded Hope, which at the loweſt ebb,
When Brennus conquer'd, and when Cannæ bled,
The braveſt impulſe felt, and ſcorn'd deſpair,
Hence Moderation a new conqueſt gain'd
As on the vanquiſh'd, like deſcending Heaven,
Their dewy mercy dropp'd, their bounty beam'd,
And by the labouring hand were crowns beſtow'd.
Fruitful of men, hence hard-laborious life,
Which no fatigue can quell, no ſeaſon pierce:
Hence Independence, with his little plean'd,
Serene, and ſelf-ſufficient, like a god,
In whom Corruption could not lodge one charm,
While he his honeſt roots to gold preferr'd;
While truly rich, and by his Sabine field
The man maintain'd, the Roman's ſplendor all
Was in the public wealth and glory plac'd;
Or ready, a rough ſwain, to guide the plough,
Or elſe, the purple o'er his ſhoulder thrown,
In long majeſtic flow, to rule the ſtate,
With Wiſdom's pureſt eye, or clad in ſteel,
To drive the ſteady battle on the foe.
Hence every paſſion, e'en the proudeſt, ſtoop'd
To common-good: Camillus! thy revenge;
Thy glory, Fabius! All ſubmiſſive, hence
Conſuls, Dictators, ſtill reſign'd their rule,
The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
Tho' conqueſt o'er them clapp'd her eagle-wings,
Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her ſiluwy ſteeds
To the triumphal car, ſoon as expir'd
The lateſt hour of ſway, taught to ſubmit,
(A harder leſſon that than to command,)
Into the private Roman ſunk the chief.
If Rome was ſerv'd, and glorious, careleſs they
By whom: their country's fame they deem'd their own;
And, above envy, in the rivals train,
Sung the loud Ios by themſelves deſerv'd.
Hence matchleſs courage: on Cremera's bank
Hence fell the Fabii: hence the Decii dy'd;
And Curtius plung'd into the flaming gulf:
Hence Regulus the wavering Fathers firm'd,
By dreadful counſel never given before;
For Roman honour ſu'd, and his own doom;
Hence he ſuſtain'd to dare a death prepar'd
By Punic rage: on earth his manly look,
Relentleſs fix'd, he from a laſt embrace,
By chains polluted, put his wife aſide,
His little children climbing for a kiſs;
Then dumb thro' rows of weeping wondering friends,
A new illuſtrious exile! preſs'd along.
Nor leſs impatient did he pierce the crowds
Oppoſing his return, than if eſcaped
From long litigious ſuits he glad forſook
The noiſy town a while, and city cloud,
To breathe Venafrian or Tarentine air.
Need I theſe high particulars recount?
The meaneſt boſom felt a thirſt for fame:
Flight their worſt death, and ſhame their only fear.

Life had no charms, nor any terrors fate,
When Rome and Glory call'd. But, in one view,
Mark the rare boaſt of unequal'd times.
Ages revolv'd unfully'd by a crime;
Aſtrea reign'd, and ſcarcely needed laws
To bind a race elated with the pride
Of virtue, and diſdaining to deſcend
To meanneſs, mutual violence, and wrongs.
While war around them rag'd, in happy Rome
All peaceful ſmil'd, all ſave the paſſing clouds
That often hang on Freedom's jealous brow,
And fair unblemiſh'd centuries elaps'd,
When not a Roman bled but in the field.
Their virtue ſuch that an unbalanc'd ſtate,
Still between Noble and Plebeian toſs'd,
At flow'd the wave of fluctuating power,
Was thence kept firm, and with triumphant prow
Rode out the ſtorm. Oft' tho' the native feuds,
That from the firſt their conſtitution ſhook,
(A latent ruin, growing as it grew,)
Stood on the treat'ning point of Civil war
Ready to ruſh, yet could the lenient voice
Of Wiſdom, ſoothing the tumultuous ſoul,
Thoſe ſons of Virtue calm. Their generous hearts,
Unpetrify'd by Self, ſo naked lay,
And ſenſible to truth, that o'er the rage
Of giddy faction, by Oppreſſion ſwell'd,
Prevail'd a ſimple fable, and at once
To peace recover'd the divided ſtate.
But if their often-cheated hopes refus'd
The ſoothing touch, ſtill in the love of Rome
The dread Dictator found a ſure reſource.
Was he aſſaulted? was her glory ſtain'd?
One common quarrel wide-inflam'd the whole.
Foes in the Forum in the field were friends,
By ſocial danger bound; each fond for each,
And for their deareſt country all, to die.
Thus up the hill of Empire flow they toil'd,
Till, the bold ſummit gain'd, the Thouſand States
Of proud Italia blended into one;
Then o'er the nations they reſiſtleſs ruſh'd,
And touch'd the limits of the falling world.
Let Fancy's eye the diſtant lines unite,
See that which borders wild the weſtern main,
Where ſtorms at large reſound, and tides immenſe;
From Caledonia's dim cerulean coaſt,
And moiſt Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodg'd,
Amid the reſtleſs clouds and leaning heaven,
Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.
Mark that oppoſ'd, where firſt the ſpringing Morn
Her roſes ſheds, and ſhakes around her dews;
From the dire deſerts by the Caſpian lav'd,
To where the Tigris and Euphrates join'd,
In ſtrenuous tear the Babylonian plain,
And bleſt Arabia aromatic breathes.
See that dividing far the watery North,
Parent of floods! from the majeſtic Rhine,
Drunk by Battavian meads, to where, ſeven mouth'd,
In Euxine waves the flaſhing Danube roars:
To where the frozen Tanais ſcarcely ſtirs
The dead Meotic pool, or the long Rha
In the black Scythian ſea his torrent throws.
Laſt that beneath the burning zone behold:
See where it runs, from the deep loaded plains
Of Mauritania to the Libyan ſands,
Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waſte
A verdant iſle, with ſhade and fountain freſh,
And farther to the full Egyptian ſhore,
To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
His never-drain'd ethereal urn, deſcends.
In this vaſt ſpace what various tongues and ſtates!
What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods, and ſeas!
What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations freed!
O'er Greece deſcended chief, with ſtealth divine,
The Roman bounty in a flood of day,
As at her Iſthmian games, a fading pomp!
Her full aſſembled youth innumerous ſwarm'd.
On a tribunal rais'd Flaminius ſate;
A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd
Of Iron-coted Macedon, and back
The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repell'd.
In the high thoughtleſs gaiety of game,
While ſport alone their unambitious hearts
Poſſeſs'd, the ſudden trumpet, ſounding hoarſe,
Bade ſilence o'er the bright aſſembly reign.
Then thus a herald:—"To the ſtates of Greece
"The Roman people, unconfin'd, reſtore
"Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws;
"Taxes remit, and garriſons withdraw."
The crowd, aſtoniſh'd half, and half inform'd,
Star'd dubious round; ſome queſtion'd, ſome exclaim'd,
(Like one who, dreaming, between hope and fear
Is loſt in anxious joy. Be that again,
Be that again, proclaim'd, diſtinct, and loud.
Loud and diſtinct it was again proclaim'd;
And ſtill as midnight in the rural ſhade,
When the gale ſlumbers, they the words devour'd.
A while ſevere amazement held them mute;
Then, burſting broad, the boundleſs ſhout to heaven
From many a thouſand hearts ecſtatic ſprung.
On every hand rebellow'd to their joy
The ſwelling ſea, the rocks, and vocal hills:
Thro' all her turrets ſtately Corinth ſhook,
And, from the void above of ſhatter'd air,
The flitting bird fell breathleſs to the ground.
What pier'cing bliſs! how keen a ſenſe of fame
Did then, Flaminius! reach thy inmoſt ſoul!
And with what deep-felt glory didſt thou then
Eſcape the fondneſs of tranſported Greece!
Mix'd in a tempeſt of ſuperior joy.
They left the ſports; like Bacchanals they flew,
Each other ſtraining in a ſtrict embrace,
Nor ſtrain'd a ſlave; and loud acclaims till night
Round the Proconſul's tent repeated rung.
Then, crown'd with garlands, came the feſtive hours;
And muſic, ſparkling wine, and converſe warm,
Their raptures wak'd anew.—"Ye Gods!" they cry'd,
"Ye guardian Gods of Greece! And are we free?
"Was it not madneſs deem'd the very thought?
"And is it true? How did we purchaſe chains?

" At what a dire expence of kindred blood?
" And are they now diſſolv'd? and ſcarce one drop
" For the fair firſt of bleſſings have we paid?
" Courage and conduct in the doubtful field,
" When rages wide the ſtorm of mingling war,
" Are rare indeed; but how to generous ends
" To turn ſucceſs and conqueſt, rarer ſtill;
" That the great Gods and Romans only know.
" Lives there on earth, almoſt to Greece unknown,
" A people ſo magnanimous, to quit
" Their native ſoil, traverſe the ſtormy deep,
" And by their blood and treaſure, ſpent for us,
" Redeem our ſtates, our liberties, and laws!
" There does! there does! oh! Saviour Titus! Rome!"
Thus thro' the happy night they pour'd their ſouls,
And in My laſt-reflected beams rejoic'd.
As when the ſhepherd, on the mountain brow,
Sits piping to his flocks and gameſome kids,
Mean time the ſun, beneath the green earth ſunk,
Slants upward o'er the ſcene a parting gleam,
Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,
Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the ſwain;
To weſtern worlds irrevocably roll'd
Rapid, the ſource of light recalls his ray.

Here, interpoſing, I,—" Oh, Queen of Men!
" Beneath whoſe ſceptre in eſſential rights
" Equal they live tho' plac'd, for common good,
" Various, or in ſubjection or command,
" And that by common choice; alas! the ſcene,
" With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
" Streams into blood, and darkens into woe."
Thus ſhe purſued.—Near this great æra, Rome
Began to feel the ſwift approach of Fate,
That now her vitals gain'd; ſtill more and more
Her deep diviſions kindling into rage,
And war with chains and deſolation charg'd.
From an unequal balance of her ſons
Theſe fierce contentions ſprung, and, as increas'd
This hated inequality, more fierce
They flam'd to tumult. Independence fail'd,
Here by luxurious wants, by real there;
And with this virtue every virtue ſunk,
As with the ſliding rock the pile ſuſtain'd.
A laſt attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,
To fix the flying ſcale, and poiſe the ſtate.
On one ſide ſwell'd ariſtocratic pride,
With Uſury, the villain whoſe fell gripe
Bends by degrees to baſeneſs the free ſoul;
And Luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,
Mother of vice! while on the other crept
A populace in want, with pleaſure fir'd,
Fit for proſcriptions, for the darkeſt deeds,
As the proud feeder bade; inconſtant, blind;
Deſerting friends at need, and dup'd by foes;
Loud and ſeditious, when a chief inſpir'd
Their headlong fury; but of him depriv'd,
Already ſlaves that lick'd the ſcourging hand
This firm Republic, that againſt the blaſt
Of Oppoſition roſe, that (like an oak,
Nurs'd on ferocious Algidum, whoſe boughs
Still ſtronger ſhoot beneath the rigid axe)
By loſs, by ſlaughter, from the ſteel itſelf
E'en force and ſpirit drew, ſmit with the calm,
The dead ſerene of proſperous fortune, pin'd.
Nought now her weighty legions could oppoſe.
Her terror once on Afric's tawny ſhore,
Now ſmoak'd in duſt, a ſtabling now for wolves;
And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.
Beſides, deſtructive, from the conquer'd Eaſt,
In the ſoft plunder come that worſt of plagues,
That peſtilence of mind, a fever'd thirſt
For the falſe joys which Luxury prepares;
Unworthy joys! that waſteful leave behind
No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
No ſecret ray to glad the conſcious ſoul;
At once involving in one ruin wealth
And wealth-acquiring powers; while ſtupid Self,
Of narrow guſt and hebetating ſenſe,
Devour the nobler faculties of bliſs.
Hence Roman virtue ſlacken'd into ſloth,
Security relax'd the ſoftning ſtate,
And the broad eye of Goverment lay cloſ'd.
No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
And public weal no more; but party rag'd;
And partial power, and licenſe unreſtrain'd,
Let Diſcord thro' the deathful City looſe.
Firſt, mild Tiberius! on thy ſacred head
The Fury's vengeance fell; the firſt whoſe blood
Had ſince the Conſuls ſtain'd contending Rome;
Of precedent pernicious! With thee bled
Three hundred Romans; with thy brother, next,
Three thouſand more; till into battles turn'd
Debates of peace, and forc'd the trembling laws,
The Forum and Comitia horrid grew,
A ſcene of barter'd power or reeking gore;
When, half-atham'd, Corruption's thieviſh arts,
And ruffian Force, began to ſap the mounds
And majeſty of laws; if not in time
Repreſs'd ſevere, for human aid too ſtrong,
The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.

Thus luxury, diſſenſion, a mix'd rage
Of boundleſs pleaſure and of boundleſs wealth,
Want wiſhing change, and waſte repairing war,
Rapine for ever loſt to peaceful toil,
Guilt unatoned, profuſe of blood Revenge,
Corruption all avow'd, and lawleſs Force,
Each heightning each, alternate ſhook the ſtate.
Mean time Ambition, at the dazzling head
Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd
And ſpoil of nations, in one circling blaſt
Combin'd invarious ſtorm, and from its baſe
The broad Republic tore. By Virtue built,
It touch'd the ſkies, and ſpread o'er ſhelter'd earth
An ample roof; by Virtue, too, ſuſtain'd,
And balanc'd ſteady, every tempeſt ſung
Innoxious by, or bade it firmer ſtand:
But when, with ſudden and enormous change,
The firſt of mankind ſunk into the laſt,
Aſonce in virtue, ſo in vice extreme,
This univerſal fabric yielded looſe,
Before Ambition ſtill; and thundering down,
At laſt, beneath its ruins cruſh'd a world.
A conquering people, to themſelves a prey,
Muſt ever fall, when their victorious troops,
In blood and rapine ſavage grown, can find

No land to sack and pillage but their own.
By brutal Marius and keen Sylla first
Efflus'd the deluge dire of civil blood,
Unceasing woes began, and this or that
(Deep drenching their revenge) nor virtue spar'd,
Nor sex, nor age, nor quality, nor name;
Till Rome, into an human shambles turn'd,
Made deserts lovely.—Oh! too well earn'd chains!
Devoted race!—If no true Roman then,
No Scævola, there was, to raise for Me
A vengeful hand; was there no father, robb'd
Of blooming youth to prop his wither'd age?
No son a witness to his hoary fire
In dust and gore defil'd? No friend, forlorn?
No wretch that doubtful trembled for himself?
None brave, or wild, to pierce a monster's heart,
Who, heaping horror round, no more deserv'd
The sacred shelter of the laws he spurn'd?
No: sad o'er all profound Dejection sate,
And nerveless Fear. The slave's asylum theirs;
Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back
Turns weak to slaughter, or partaken guilt.
In vain from Sylla's vanity I drew,
An unexampled deed. The power resign'd,
And all unhop'd the Commonwealth restor'd,
Amaz'd the public, and efface'd his crimes.
Thro' streets yet streaming from his murderous hand
Unarm'd he stray'd, unguarded, unassail'd,
And on the bed of peace his ashes laid;
A grace which I to his dismission gave.
But with him died not th' despotic soul:
Ambition saw that stooping Rome could bear
A Master, nor had virtue to be free.
Hence for succeeding years My troubled reign,
No certain peace, no spreading prospect, knew.
Destruction gathered round. Still the black soul
Or oft a Cataline or Rullus swell'd
With fell designs, and all the watchful art
Of Cicero demanded, all the force,
All the state-wielding magic of his tongue,
And all the thunder of My Cato's zeal.
With these I linger'd, till the flame anew
Burst out in blaze immense, and wrapt the world.
The shameful contest sprung to whom mankind
Should yield the neck; to Pompey, who conceal'd
A rage impatient of an equal name;
Or to the nobler Cæsar, on whose brow
O'er daring Vice deluding Virtue smil'd,
And who no less a vain superior seem'd.
Both bled, but bled in vain, New traitors rose.
The venal will be bought, the base have lords.
To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves
And from Philippi's field, from where in dust
The last of Romans, matchless Brutus! lay,
Spread to the North, untam'd, a rapid wing.

What tho' the first smooth Cæsars arts caress'd,
Merit and Virtue, simulating Me?
Severely tender! cruelly humane!
The chain to clench, and make it softer sit
On the new broken still ferocious state.
From the dark Third, succeeding, I beheld
Th' imperial monsters all—A race on earth
Vindictive sent, the scourge of human kind!
Whose blind profusion drain'd a bankrupt world,
Whose lust to forming Nature seems disgrace,
And whose infernal rage bade every drop
Of ancient blood that yet retain'd my flame,
To that of Pætus in the peaceful bath,
O'er Rome's affrighted streets inglorious flow.
But almost just the meanly-patient death
That waits a tyrant's unprevented stroke.
Titus, indeed, gave one short evening gleam;
More cordial felt, as in the midst it spread
Of storm and horror the delight of men!
He who the day, when his o'erflowing hand
Had made no happy heart, concluded lost;
Trajan and he, with the mild Sire and Son,
His son of virtue! eas'd a while mankind,
And Arts reviv'd beneath their gentle beam.
Then was their last effort; what Sculpture rais'd
To Trajan's glory, following triumphs stole,
And mixt with Gothic forms, (the chissel's shame,)
On that triumphal arch, the forms of Greece.

Mean time o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales
Of gelid Hæmus, I pursu'd my flight,
And, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept
Sarmatia, travers'd by a thousand streams:
A sullen land of lakes, and fens immense,
Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
And cruel deserts, black with sounding pine,
Where Nature frowns; tho' sometimes into smiles
She softens, and immediate, at the touch
Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe
Luxuriant pasture and a waste of flowers.
But, cold compress, when the whole loaded heaven
Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt
Lies undistinguish'd earth; and, seiz'd by frost,
Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans, sleep.
Yet there life glows; the furry millions there
Deep-dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows;
And there a race of men prolific swarms,
To various pain, to little pleasure, us'd;
On whom, keen parching, beat Riphæan winds,
Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce,
The nursery of nations!—These I rous'd,
Drove land on land, on people people pour'd,
Till from almost perpetual night they broke,
As if in search of day, and o'er the banks
Of yielding Empire, only slave-sustain'd,
Resistless rag'd, in vengeance urg'd by Me.

Long in the barbarous heart the bury'd seeds
Of Freedom lay for many a wintry age,
And tho' My spirit work'd by slow degrees,
Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appear'd:
Then was the night of time that parted worlds,
I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes
Aerial, warn'd of rising winter, ride
Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne;
So Arts, and each good Genius in My train,
I cut the closing gloom, and soar'd to heaven.

In the bright regions there of purest day,
Far other scenes and palaces arise,
Adorn'd profuse with other arts divine.
All beauty here below, to them compar'd,
Would, like a rose before the mid-day sun,
Shrink up its bloſſom; like a bubble break
The paſſing poor magnificence of kings:
For there the King of Nature, in full blaze,
Calls every ſplendour forth; and there his court
Amid ethereal powers and virtues holds;
Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,
Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds.
But ſacred be the veil that kindly clouds
A light too keen for mortals, wraps a view
Too ſoftening fair, for thoſe that here in duſt
Muſt chearful toil out their appointed years.
A ſenſe of higher life would only damp
The ſchoolboy's taſk, and ſpoil his playful hours;
Nor could the child of Reaſon, feeble Man!
With vigour thro' this infant being drudge,
Did brighter worlds, their unimagin'd bliſs
Diſcloſing, dazzle and diſſolve his mind.

BRITAIN.

LIBERTY.

PART IV.

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STRUCK with the riſing ſcene, thus I, amazed:

"Ah! Goddeſs, what a change! Is earth the ſame?
"Of the ſame kind the ruthleſs race ſhe feeds?
"And does the ſame fair ſun and aether ſpread
"Round this vile ſpot their all-enlivening ſoul?
"Lo! Beauty fails; loſt in unlovely forms
"Of little pomp, Magnificence no more
"Exalts the mind, and hids the Public ſmile;
"While to rapacious intereſt Glory leaves
"Mankind, and every grace of life is gone."

To this the power whoſe vital radiance calls
From the brute maſs of man an ordered world:

"Wait till the morning ſhines, and from the depth
"Of Gothic darkneſs ſprings another day.
"True, Genius droops; the tender ancient taſte
"Of Beauty, then freſh-blooming in her prime,
"But faintly trembles thro' the callous ſoul,
"And Grandeur, or of morals or of life,
"Sinks into ſafe purſuits and creeping cares.
"E'en cautious Virtue ſeems to ſtoop her flight,
"And aged Life to deem the generous deeds
"Of youth romantic, yet in cooler thought
"Well-reaſon'd, in reſearches piercing deep
"Thro' Nature's works, in profitable arts,
"And all that calm Experience can diſcloſe,
"Slow guide, but ſure, behold the world anew
"Exalted riſe, with other honours crown'd;
"And, where My ſpirit wakes the finer powers,
"Athenian laurels ſtill afreſh ſhall bloom."

Oblivious ages paſs'd, while Earth, forſook
By her beſt Genii, lay to Demons foul,
And unchain'd Furies, an abandon'd prey.
Contention led the van; firſt ſmall of ſize,
But, ſoon dilating, to the ſkies ſhe towers:
Then wide as air the livid fury ſpread,
And, high her head above the ſtormy clouds,
She blaz'd in omens, ſwell'd the groaning winds
With wild ſurmiſes, battlings, ſounds of war:
From land to land the madd'ning trumpet blew,
And pour'd her venom thro' the heart of man.
Shook to the Pole, the North obey'd her call.
Forth ruſh'd the bloody Power of Gothic war,
War againſt human-kind; Rapine, that led
Millions of raging robbers in his train;
Unliſtening, barbarous Force, to whom the ſword
Is reaſon, honour, law; the Foe of Arts
By monſters follow'd, hideous to behold,
That claim'd their place. Outrageous mix'd with theſe
Another ſpecies of tyrannic rule,
Unknown before, whoſe cancerous ſhackles ſeiz'd
Th' envenom'd ſoul; a wilder Fury, ſhe
E'en o'er her elder Siſter tyranniz'd;
Or if, perchance, agreed, inflam'd her rage.
Dire was her train, and loud: the Sable Band
Thundering—"Submit, ye Laity! ye Profane!

"Earth is the Lord's, and therefore Ours: let kings
"Allow the common claim, and half be theirs;
"If not, behold! the sacred light'ning flies!"
Scholastic Discord, with an hundred tongues,
For science utt'ring gargling words obscure,
Where frighted Reason never yet could dwell;
Of peremptory feature, Cleric Pride,
Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears;
And Holy Slander, his associate firm,
On whom the Lying Spirit still descends;
Mother of tortures! Persecuting Zeal,
High-flashing in her hand the ready torch,
Or poignard bath'd in unbelieving blood;
Hell's fiercest fiend; of saintly brow demure,
Assuming a celestial seraph's name,
While she beneath the blasphemous pretence
Of pleasing Parent Heaven, the Source of Love!
Has wrought more horrors, more detested deeds,
Than all the rest combin'd. Led on by her,
And wild of head to work her fell designs,
Came Idiot Superstition; round with ears
Innumerous strow'd, ten thousand Monkish forms
With legends ply'd them, and with tenets, meant
To charm or scare the simple into slaves,
And poison reason! gross, she swallows all,
The most absurd believing ever most:
Broad o'er the whole her universal night,
The gloom still doubling, Ignorance diffus'd.
Nought to be seen but visionary Monks
To councils strolling, and embroiling creeds:
Bandetti Saints, disturbing distant lands,
And unknown Nations, wandering for a home.
All lay revers'd: the sacred arts of rule
Turn'd to flagitious leagues against mankind,
And arts of plunder more and more avowed;
Pure plain Devotion to a solemn farce;
To holy dotage Virtue, e'en to guile,
To murder, and a mockery of oaths;
Brave ancient Freedom to the rage of slaves,
Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains;
Dishonour'd Courage to the bravo's trade,
To civil broil; and Glory to romance.
Thus human life unhing'd to ruin reel'd,
And giddy Reason totter'd on her throne
At last Heaven's best inexplicable scheme,
Disclosing bade new brightening eras smile
The high command gone forth, Arts in My train,
And azure-mantled Science, swift we spread
A sounding pinion. Eager Pity, mix
With indignation, urg'd her downward flight.
On Latium first we stopped, for doubtless life
That panted, sunk beneath unnumber'd woes.
Ah! poor Italia! what a bitter cup
Of vengeance hast thou drain'd! Goths, Vandals, Huns,
Lombards, Barbarians broke from every land,
How many a ruffian form hast thou beheld!
What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone
Was all thy frighted ear could comprehend!
How frequent by the red inhuman hand,
Yet warm with brothers', husbands', fathers' blood,
Hast thou thy matrons and thy virgins seen
To violation dragg'd, and mingled death!
What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
Have turn'd thy cities into stony wilds,
And succourless and bare the poor remains
Of wretches forth to Nature's common cast!
Added to these, the still continued waste
Of inbred foes, that on thy vitals prey,
And double tyrants, seize the very soul.
Where hadst thou treasures for this rapine all?
These hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
Heap'd sack on sack, and bury'd in their rage
Wonders of Art? whence this grey scene a mine
Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,
Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome, united glow.
Here Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, lent
From ancient models to restore their arts,
Remain'd. A little trace we how they rose.
Amid the hoary ruins Sculpture first,
Deep digging, from the cavern dark and damp,
Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,
And old Remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
As she the pleasing resurrection saw.
In leaning site respiting from his toils,
The well-known hero, who deliver'd Greece,
His ample chest, all tempested with force,
Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,
Breathing the hero, small of Grecian size,
Scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck;
The spreading shoulders, muscular, and broad;
The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd
Into harmonious shape; she saw, and joy'd.
The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd
His beauteous front, and thro' the finish'd whole
Shows what ideas fail'd of old in Greece.
Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth
The Gladiator. Pitiless his look,
And each keen sinew brac'd, the storm of war,
Rustling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
The dying Other from the gloom she drew,
Supported on his shorten'd arms he leans,
Prone agonizing; with incumbent fate
Heavy declines his head, yet dark beneath
The suffering feature sullen vengeance lowers,
Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage,
And still the cheated eye expects his fall.
All-conquest flush'd, from prostrate Pythen came
The Quivered God. In graceful acts he stands,
His arm extended with the slacken'd bow.
Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
A manly-softened form. The bloom of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave:
His features yet heroic ardour warms;
And sweet subsiding to a native smile,
Mixt with the joy elating conquest gives,
A scatter'd frown exalt his matchless air.
On Flora mov'd, her full proportion'd limbs
Rose thro' the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
The Queen of Love arose, as from the deep
She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms,
Bashful she bends; her well-taught look aside
Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix
Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love.
The gazer grows enamour'd, and the stone,
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.

So turn'd each limb, so swell'd with so tening art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
At last her utmost Masterpiece she found,
That Maro fir'd; the miserable sire,
Wrapt with his sons in Fate's severest grasp.
The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds
Inextricable tie. Such passion here!
Such agonies! such bitterness of pain!
Seem so to tremble thro' the tortur'd stone,
That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.
Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass
That ever Greece beheld; and, seen alone,
On the rapt eye th' imperious passions seize;
The father's double pangs, both for himself
And sons convuls'd: to Heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half-accusing, cast;
His fell despair with indignation mixt,
As the strong-curling Monsters from his side
His full-extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons,
All the soft rage of younger passions show:
In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppress'd,
While, yet unpierc'd, the frighted other tries
His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.

She bore no more, but straight from Gothic rust
Her chissel clear'd, and dust and fragments drove
Impetuous round. Successive as it went
From son to son, with more enlivening touch,
From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form,
Till, in a legislator's awful grace
Dress'd, Buonaroti bid a Moses rise,
And, looking love immense, a Savour God.
Of these observant, Painting felt the fire
Burn inward. Then ecstatic she diffus'd
The canvass, seiz'd the pallet, with quick hand
The colours brew'd, and on the void expanse
Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.
Poor was the manner of her eldest race,
Barren and dry, just struggling from the taste,
That had for ages scar'd in cloister dim
The superstitious herd; yet glorious then
Were deem'd their works, where undevelop'd lay
The future wonders that enrich'd mankind,
And a new light and grace o'er Europe cast.
Arts gradual garher streams. Enlarging this
To each his portion of her various gifts
The goddess dealt, to none indulging all;
No, not to Raphael. At kind distance still
Perfection stands, like Happiness, to tempt
Th' eternal chase. In elegant design
Improving Nature, in ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
In attitude, expression, airs divine.
Her sons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
To those of Venice she the magic art
Of colours melting into colours gave.
Theirs, too, it was, by one embracing mass
Of light and shade, that settles round the whole,
Or varies tremulous from part to part,
O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
To raise the picture and repose the sight,
The Lombard school succeeding mingled both.

Mean time dread fanes and palaces around
Rear'd the magnific front. Music again
Her universal language of the heart
Renew'd; and, rising from the plaintive vale,
To the full concert spread, and solemn quire.
E'en bigots smil'd, to their protection took
Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp:
For in a tyrant's garden these a while
May bloom, tho' Freedom be their parent soil.
And now confest, with gently growing gleam
The morning shone, and westward stream'd its light.
The Muse awoke. Not sooner on the wing
Is the gay bird of dawn: artless her voice,
Untaught, and wild, yet warbling through the woods
Romantic lays; but as her northern course
She, with her tutor Science, in My train
Ardent pursu'd, her strains more noble grew;
While Reason drew the plan, the Heart inform'd
The moral page, and Fancy lent it grace.
Rome and her circling deserts cast behind,
I pass'd not idle to my great sojourn.
On Arno's fertile plain, where the rich vine
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliss,
I small republics rais'd. Thrice happy they!
Had social Freedom bound their peace, and Arts,
Instead of ruling Power, ne'er meant for them,
Employ'd their little cares, and sav'd their fate.
Beyond the ragged Apennines, that roll
Far thro' Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path, too, I with public blessings strow'd;
Free states and cities, where the Lombard plain,
In spite of culture negligent and gross,
From her deep bosom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden lies.
The barren rocks themselves, beneath my foot,
Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian shore.
Thick-swarming people there, like emmets, seiz'd,
Amid surrounding cliffs, the scatter'd spots,
Which Nature left in her destroying rage,
Made their own fields, nor sigh'd for other lands.
There, in white prospect, from the rocky hill
Gradual descending to the shelter'd shore,
By Me proud Genoa's marble turret's rose;
And while My genuine spirit warm'd her sons,
Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, she
Vy'd for the trident of the narrow seas,
Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.
Nor be the then triumphant State forgot,
Where, push'd from plunder'd earth, a remnant still,
Inspir'd by Me, thro' the dark ages kept
Of my old Roman flame some sparks alive;
The seeming god-built city, which My hand
Deep in the bosom fix'd of wondering seas.
Astonish'd mortals sail'd, with pleasing awe,
Around the sea-girt walls, by Neptune fenc'd,
And down the briny-street, where on each hand,
Amazing seen amid unstable waves,
The splendid palace shines, and rising tides,
The green steps marking, murmur at the door.
To this fair Queen of Adria's stormy gulf,

The mart of nations! long obedient seas
Roll'd all the treasure of the radiant East;
But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse
(Whose shar'd oppression lightens as diffus'd)
Each subject tearing, many tyrant's rose;
The least the proudest. Join'd in dark cabal,
They jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,
Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains:
The softer shackles of luxurious ease
They likewise added, to secure their sway.
Thus Venice fainter shines, and Commerce thus,
Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail:
Bursting, besides, his ancient bounds, he took
A larger circle, found another seat,
Opening a thousand ports, and, charm'd with toil,
Whom nothing can dismay, far other sons.

The mountains, then, clad with eternal snow,
Confess'd My power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
By Nature thrown insuperable round,
I planted there a League of friendly states;
And bade plain Freedom their ambition be.
There in the vale, where rural plenty fills,
From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her horn,
Chief where the Leman pure emits the Rhone,
Rare to be seen! unguilty cities rise,
Cities of brothers form'd; while equal life,
Accorded gracious with revolving power,
Maintains them free, and in their happy streets
Nor cruel deed nor misery is known:
For valour, Faith, and innocence of life,
Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,
And press their culture on retiring snows,
But, to firm order train'd and patient war,
They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss
Of mercenary force, how to defend
The tasteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.

E'en, chear'd by Me, their shaggy mountains charm,
More than our Gallic or Italian plains;
And sick'ning Fancy oft', when absent long,
Pines to behold their Alpine views again:
The hollow-winding stream, the vale, fair spread
Amid an amphitheatre of hills,
Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden tempest springs;
From steep to steep ascending, the gay train
Of fogs, thick roll'd into romantic shapes;
The flitting cloud, against the summit dash'd,
And, by the sun illumin'd, pouring bright
A gemmy shower; hung o'er amazing rocks,
The mountain-ash, and solemn-sounding pine;
The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes, toss'd
Down to the clear ethereal lake below;
And, high o'er-topping all the broken scene,
The mountain fading into sky, where shines
On winter Winter shivering, and whose top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.

From these descending, as I wav'd my course
O'er vast Germania, the ferocious nurse
Of hardy men and hearts affronting death,
I gave some favour'd cities there to lift
A nobler brow, and thro' their swarming streets,
More busy, wealthy, chearful, and alive,
In each contented face to look My soul.

Thence the loud Baltic passing, black with storm,
To wintry Scandinavia's utmost bound,
There I the manly race, the parent hive
Of the mixt kingdoms, form'd into a state
More regularly free. By keener air
Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by frost,
Tempest and toil their nerves, the sons of those
Whose only terror was a bloodless death;
They, wise and dauntless, still sustain My cause.
Yet there I fix'd not: turning to the South,
The whispering zephyrs sigh'd at my delay.

Here, with the shifted Vision, burst my joy.
"O the dear prospect! O majestic view!
"See Britain's Empire! Lo! the watery vast
"Wide waves, diffusing the cerulean plain.
"And now, methinks, like clouds at distance seen,
"Emerging white from deeps of æther, dawn,
"My kindred cliffs; whence, wafted in the gale,
"Ineffable, a secret sweetness breathes.
"Goddess! forgive—My heart, surpriz'd, o'erflows
"With filial fondness for the land you bless."
As parents to a child complacent deign
Approvance, the celestial Brightness smil'd;
Then thus—As o'er the wave-resounding deep,
To My near reign, the happy Isle, I steer'd
With easy wing, behold! from surge to surge
Stalk'd the tremendous Genius of the Deep;
Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung;
Thick-flashing meteors crown'd his starry head;
And ready thunder redden'd in his hand,
Or from it stream'd compress the gloomy cloud.
Where'er he look'd the trembling waves recoil'd;
He needs but strike the conscious flood, and, shook
From shore to shore, in agitation dire,
It works his dreadful will. To Me his voice
(Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern howls
Mixt with the murmurs of the falling main)
Address'd, began—"By Fate commission'd, go,
"My Sister Goddess, now, to yon' blest Isle,
"Henceforth the partner of my rough domain.
"All my dread walks to Britons, open lie.
"Those that refulgent, or with rosy morn
"Or yellow evening flame; those that profuse,
"Drunk by equator suns, severely shine;
"Or those that, to the poles approaching, rise
"In billows rolling into Alps of ice;
"E'en yet, untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs
"The vast Pacific, that on other worlds,
"Their future conquest, rolls resounding tides.
"Long I maintain'd, inviolate, my reign;
"Around them ages, on the groaning mast,
"Nor Alexanders me, nor Cæsars, brav'd.
"Still in the crook of shore, the coward sail
"Till now low crept, and peddling Commerce ply'd
"Between near-joining lands. For Britons, chief,
"It was reserv'd, with star directed prow
"To dare the middle deep, and drive assur'd

" To diſtant nations thro' the pathleſs main.
" Chief for their fearleſs hearts the glory waits,
" Long months from land, while the black ſtor-
my night
" With unſhook knee to know their giddy way;
" To ſing, unquell'd, amid the laſhing wave;
" To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,
" By deep Invention's keen pervading eye,
" The heart of Courage: and the hand of Toil,
" Each conquer'd ocean ſtaining with their blood,
" Inſtead of treaſure robb'd by ruffian War,
" Round ſocial earth to circle fair exchange,
" And bind the nations in a golden chain.
" To theſe I honour'd ſloop, ruſhing to light
" A race of men behold! whoſe daring deeds,
" Will in renown exalt my nameleſs plains
" O'er thoſe of fabling Earth, as her's to mine
" In terror yield. Nay, could my ſavage heart
" Such glories check, their unſubmitting ſoul
" Would all my fury brave, my tempeſt climb,
" And might in ſpite of me my kingdom ſcree."
Here waiting no reply, the ſhadowy Power
Eas'd the dark ſky, and to the deeps return'd;
While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,
Auſpicious, ſhook opponent Gallia's ſhore.

Of this encounter glad, My way to land
I quick purſu'd, that from the ſmiling ſea
Receiv'd Me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard;
And muſic more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
With pleas'd aſtoniſhment the lab'ring hind,
Who for a while th' unfiniſh'd furrow left,
And let the liſtening ſteer forget his toil.
Unſeen by groſſer eye, Britannia breath'd,
And her aërial train, theſe ſounds of joy;
For of old time, ſince firſt the ruſhing flood,
Urg'd by Almighty pow'r, this favour'd Iſle
Turn'd flaſhing from the continent aſide,
Indented ſhore to ſhore reſponſive ſtill,
Its guardian ſhe—The goddeſs whoſe ſtaid eye
Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn.
Her treſſes, like a flood of ſoften'd light,
Thro' clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.
Warm on her cheek ſits Beauty's brighteſt roſe.
Of high demeanour, ſtately, ſhedding grace
With every motion. Full her riſing cheſt;
And new ideas, from her finiſh'd ſhape,
Charm'd Sculpture taking, might improve her art,
Such the fair guardian of an Iſle that boaſts,
Profuſe as vernal bloom, the faireſt dames.
High-ſhining on the promontory's brow,
Awaiting Me, ſhe ſtood; with hope inflam'd,
By My mixt ſpirit burning in her ſons,
To firm, to poliſh, and exalt the ſtate.

The native Genii round her radiant ſmil'd.
Courage, of ſoft deportment, aſpect calm,
Unboaſtful, ſuffering long, and, till provok'd,
As mild and harmleſs as the ſporting child;
But, on juſt reaſon, once his fury rous'd,
No lion ſprings more eager on his prey:
Blood is a paſtime! and his heart, elate,
Knows no depreſſing fear. That Virtue known
By the relenting look, whoſe equal heart
For others feels, as for another ſelf:
Of various name, as various objects wake,
Warm into action the kind ſenſe within;
Whether the blameleſs poor, the nobly maim'd,
The loſt to reaſon, the declin'd in life,
The helpleſs young that kiſs no mother's hand,
And the grey ſecond infancy of age,
She gives in public families to live,
A ſight to gladden heaven! whether ſhe ſtands
Fair beck'ning at the hoſpitable gate,
And bids the ſtranger take repoſe and joy;
Whether, to ſolace honeſt labour, ſhe
Rejoices thoſe that make the land rejoice;
Or whether to Philoſophy and Arts
(At once the baſis and the finiſh'd pride
Of government and life) ſhe ſpreads her hand,
Nor knows her gift profuſe, nor ſeems to know,
Doubling her bounty, that ſhe gives at all.
Juſtice to theſe her awful preſence join'd,
The mother of the ſtate! No low revenge,
No turbid paſſions in her breaſt ferment;
Tender, ſerene, compaſſionate of vice,
As the laſt woe that can afflict mankind,
She puniſhment awards; yet of the good
More piteous ſtill, and of the ſuffering whole,
Awards it firm. So fair her juſt decree,
That, in his judging peers, each on himſelf
Pronounces his own doom. O happy land!
Where reigns alone this juſtice of the Free!
Mid the bright group Sincerity his front,
Diffuſive, rear'd; his pure untroubled eye,
The fount of Truth. The thoughtful Power, apart,
Now, penſive, caſt on earth his fix'd regard.
Now, touch'd celeſtial, launch'd it on the ſky.
The Genius he whence Britain ſhines ſupreme,
The land of light, and rectitude of mind,
He too, the fire of Fancy feeds intenſe.
With all the train of paſſions thence deriv'd;
Not kindling quick, a noiſy tranſient blaze,
But gradual, ſilent, laſting, and profound,
Near him Retirement pointing to the ſhade,
And Independence, ſtood: the generous pair
That ſimple life, the quiet whiſpering grove,
And the ſtill raptures of the freeborn ſoul,
To cares prefer by Virtue bought, not earn'd;
Proud y prefer them to the ſervile pomp
And to the heart embitter'd joys, of ſlaves.
Or ſhould the latter, to the public ſcene
Demanded, quit his ſylvan friend a while,
Nought can his firmneſs ſhake, nothing ſeduce
His zeal, ſtill active for the common weal;
Not ſtormy tyrants, nor Corruption's tools,
Foul miniſters, dark working by the force
Of ſecret-ſapping gold. All their vile arts,
Their ſhameful honours, their perfidious gifts,
He greatly ſcorns; and if he muſt betray
His plunder'd country, or his power reſign,
A moment's parley were eternal ſhame:
Illuſtrious into private life again,
From dirty levees he unſtain'd aſcends,
And firm in ſenates ſtands the patriot's ground,
Or draws new vigour in the peaceful ſhade.
Aloof the baſhful Virtue hover'd coy,
Proving by ſweet diſtruſt diſtruſted worth;
Rough Labour clos'd the train; and in his hand
Rude, callous, ſinew-ſwell'd, and black with toil,
Came manly Indignation. Sour he ſeems,

And more than seems, by lawless pride assail'd:
Yet kind at heart, and just, and generous, there
No vengeance lurks, no pole insidious gall:
E'en in the very luxury of rage,
He, soft'ning, can forgive a gallant foe;
The nerve, support, and glory of the land!
Nor be Religion, rational and free,
Here pass'd in silence, whose enraptur'd eye
Sees heaven with earth connected, human things
Link'd to divine; who not from servile fear,
By rites for some weak tyrant incense fit,
The God of Love adores, but from a heart
Effusing gladness, into pleasing awe
That now all-hush'd swells, now in a calm
Of fearless confidence that smiles serene;
That lives devot on, one continual hymn,
And then most grateful, when Heaven's bounty most
Is right enjoy'd. This ever-chearful Power
O'er the rais'd circle ray'd superior day.

I joy'd to join the Virtues whence My reign
O'er Albion was to rise. Each cheering each,
And, like the planets circling from the sun,
All borrowing beams from Me, a heighten'd zeal
Impatient fir'd us to commence our toils,
Or pleasures rather. Long the pungent time
Pass'd not in mutual hails, but thro' the land
Darting our light, we shone the fogs away.

The Virtues conquer with a single look,
Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,
Live in their presence, stream in every glance,
That the soul, won, enamour'd, and refin'd,
Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.
Hence the foul Demons, that oppose our reign,
Would still from us deluded mortals wrap:
Or in gross shades they drown the visual ray;
Or by the fogs of Prejudice, where mix
Falsehood and truth confounded, foil the sense
With vain refracted images of bliss.
But chief around the court of flatter'd kings
They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall
Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade
Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den
Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things obscene,
That vex the swain, and waste the country round,
Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud:
Yet there We sometimes send a searching ray.
As at the sacred opening of the morn
The prowling race retire, so pierc'd severe,
Before our potent blaze these Demon's fly,
And all their works dissolve.—The whisper'd Tale,
That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows;
Fair-fac'd Deceit, whose wily conscious eye
Ne'er looks direct; the Tongue that licks the dust,
But, when it falsely dares, as prompt to sting;
Smooth crocodile Destruction, whose fell tears
Ensnare; the Janus face of courtly Pride,
One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,
On hapless Worth the other scowls disdain;
Checks that for some weak tenderness alone,
Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush; the Laugh
Profane, when midnight bowls disclose the heart,
At starving Virtue, and at Virtue's fools;

Determin'd to be broke, the plighted Faith:
Nay, more, Godless Oath, that knows no tie;
Soft-buzzing Slander; silky moths, that eat
An honest name; the harpy hand and maw
Of avaracious Luxury, who makes
The throne his shelter, venal laws his fort,
And, by his service, who betrays his king.

Now turn your view, and mark, from Celtic night
To present grandeur, how My Britain rose.

Bold were those Britons who, the careless sons
Of Nature, roams the forest-bounds, at once
Their verdant city, high embowering fane,
And the gay circle of their wood-land wars;
For by the Druid taught, that death but shifts
The vital scene, they that prime fear despis'd;
And, prone to rush on steel, disdain'd to spare
An ill-sav'd life, that must again return
Erect from Nature's hand, by tyrant Force,
And still more tyrant Custom unsubdu'd,
Man knows no master save creative Heaven,
Or such as choice and common good ordain.
This general sense, with which the nations I
Promiscous fire, in Britons burn'd intense,
Of future time prophetic. Witness, Rome!
Who saw'st thy Cæsar, from the naked land,
Whose only fort was British hearts, repell'd,
To seek Pharsalian wreaths. Witness the toil,
The blood of ages, bootless to secure,
Beneath an Empire's yoke, a stubborn Isle,
Disputed hard, and never quite subdu'd.
The North remain'd untouch'd, where these who scorn'd
Yielding at last, recoil'd the Roman power.
From sea to sea desponding legions rais'd
The wall immense, and yet, on summer's eve,
While sport his Lambkins round, the shepherd's gaze.
Continual o'er it bursts the northern storm,
As often, check'd, receded, threatning hoarse
A swift return. But the devouring flood
No more endur'd controul, when, to support
The last remains of empire, was recall'd
The weary Roman, and the Briton lay
Unnerv'd, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk.
Great proof, how men enfeeble into slaves!
The sword behind him flash'd, before him roar'd,
Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around
He roll' his eye, not sparkling ardent flame,
As when Caractacus to battle led
Siberian swains, and Boadicea taught
Her raging troops the miseries of slaves.
Then (sad relief!) from the bleak coast that hears
The German ocean roar, deep blooming, strong,
And yellow-hair'd, the blue eyd Saxon came.
He came implor'd, but came with other aim
Than to protect: for conquest and defence
Suffices the same arm. With the fierce race
Pour'd in a fresh invigorating stream,
Blood where, unquell'd, a mighty spirit glow'd:
Rash war and perilous battle their delight;
And immature, and red with glorious wounds,
Unpeaceful death their choice: deriving thence
A right to feast, and drain immortal bowls,
In Odin's hall, whose blazing roof resounds

The genial uproar of those shades who fall
In desperate fight, or by some brave attempt;
And thro' more polish'd times the martial creed
Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives.
Nor were the surly gifts of war their all:
Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent Laws,
The calm gradations of art-nursing Peace,
And matchless Orders, the deep basis still
On which ascends My British reign. Untam'd
To the refining subtleties of slaves.
They brought an happy government along,
Form'd by that Freedom which, with secret voice,
Impartial Nature teaches all her sons,
And which of old thro' the whole Scythian mass
Strong inspir'd. Monarchical their state,
But prudently confin'd, and mingled wise
Of each harmonious power, only too much
Imperious War into their rule infus'd,
Prevail'd the General-king, and Chieftain-thanes.

In many a field, by civil fury stain'd,
Bled the discordant Heptarchy, and long
(Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd,
Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons saw
Egbert and Peace on one united throne.

No sooner dawn'd the fair-disclosing calm
Of brighter days, when, lo! the North anew,
With stormy nations black, on England pour'd
Woes the severest e'er a people felt.
The Danish Raven, lur'd by annual prey,
Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet
Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,
Far seen, the Demon of devouring Flame,
Rapine and Murder, all with blood besmear'd,
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart;
While close behind them march'd the sallow Power
Of desolating Famine, who delights
In grass-growing cities, and in desert fields;
And purple-spotted Pestilence, by whom
E'en friendship fear'd, in sickening horror sinks
Each social sense and tenderness of life.
Fixing at last, the sanguinary race
Spread from the Humber's loud-resounding shore,
To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,
And with superior arm the Saxon aw'd.
But superstition first, and Monkish dreams,
And Monk-directed cloister-seeking kings,
Had ate away his vigour, ate away
His edge of courage, and depress'd the soul
Of conquering Freedom, which he once respir'd.
Thus cruel ages pass'd, and rare appear'd
White-mantled Peace, exulting o'er the vale,
As when, with Alfred, from the wilds she came
To polic'd cities and protected plains.
Thus by degrees the Saxon Empire sunk,
Then fell entire in Hastings' bloody field.

Compendious war! (on Britain's glory bent,
So Fate ordain'd) in that decisive day
The haughty Norman seiz'd at once an Isle,
For which thro' many a century, in vain,
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and bled.
Of Gothic nations this the final burst;
And, mix'd the genius of these people all,
Their virtues mix'd in one exalted stream,
Here the rich tide of English blood grew full.

A while My spirit slept: the land a while,
Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic rage.
Instead of Edward's equal gentle laws,
The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
All prostrate lay; and in the secret shade,
Deep stung, but fearful, Indignation gnash'd
His teeth. Of freedom, property, despoil'd,
And of their bulwark, arms; with castles crush'd,
With ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land,
The shivering wretches, at the curfew sound,
Dejected shrunk into their sordid beds,
And thro' the mournful gloom of ancient times
Mus'd sad, or dreamt of better. E'en to feed
A tyrant's idle sport the peasant starv'd:
To the wild herd the pasture of the game,
The cheerful hamlet, spiry town, was given,
And the brown forest roughened wide around.

But this so dead, so vile submission, long
Endur'd not. Gathering force, My gradual flame
Shook off the mountain of tyrannic sway.
Unus'd to bend, impatient of controul,
Tyrants themselves the common tyrant check'd.
The Church, by kings intractable and fierce,
Deny'd her portion of the plunder'd state,
Or tempted by the timorous and weak,
To gain new ground, first taught their rapine law.
The Barons next a nobler league began;
Both those of English and of Norman race,
In one fraternal nation blended now,
The nation of the Free! press'd by a band
Of patriots, ardent as the summer's noon,
That looks delighted on, the tyrant see!
Mark! how with feign'd alacrity he bears
His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
And gives the Charter by which life, indeed,
Becomes of price, a glory to be man.

Thro' this and thro' succeeding reigns affirm'd
These long-contested rights, the wholesome winds
Of Opposition hence began to blow,
And often since have left the country life.
Before their breath Corruption's insect-blights,
The darkening clouds of evil council, fly;
Or should they sounding swell, a putrid court,
A pestilential ministry, they purge,
And ventilated states renew their bloom.

Tho' with the temper'd monarchy here mix'd
Aristocratic sway, the people still,
Flatter'd by this or that, as interest lean'd,
No full protection knew. For Me reserv'd,
And for my Commons, was that glorious turn.
They crown'd my first attempt, in senates rose
The fort of Freedom! Slow, till then alone,
Had work'd that general Liberty, that soul
Which generous Nature breathes, and which, when left
By Me to bondage was corrupted Rome,
Thro' the Northern nations wide diffus'd:
Hence many a people, fierce with Freedom, rush'd
From the rude iron regions of the North,
To Lybian deserts, swarm protruding swarm,
And pour'd new spirits thro' a slavish world.
Yet o'er these Gothic states the king and chiefs
Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
And with enormous property engross'd

The mingled power. But on Britannia's shore,
Now present, I to raise My reign began
By rising the democracy, the third
And broadest bulwark of the guarded state.
Then was the full, the perfect plan disclos'd
Of Britain's matchless Constitution, mixt
Of mutual checking and supporting powers,
King, Lords, and Commons; not the name of Free
Deserving while the Vassal many droop'd:
For since the moment of the whole they form,
So, as deprest as rais'd, the balance they
Of public welfare and of glory cast,
Mark from this period the continual proof.

When kings of narrow genius, minion rid,
Neglecting faithful worth for fawning slaves,
Proudly regardless of their peoples' plaints,
And poorly passive of insulting foes;
Double, not prudent; obstinate, not firm;
Their mercy fear, necessity their faith;
Instead of generous fire, presumptuous, hot;
Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform;
Tyrants at once, and slaves; imperious, mean;
To want rapacious joining shameful waste,
By counsels weak and wicked, sly rous'd
To paltry schemes of absolute command,
To seek their splendour in their sure disgrace,
And in a broken ruin'd people wealth;
When such o'ercast the state, no bond of love,
No heart, no soul, no unity, no nerve,
Combin'd the loose disjointed public, lost
To fame abroad, to happiness at home.

But when an Edward and an Henry breath'd
Thro' the charm'd whole one all-exerting soul,
Drawn sympathetic from his dark retreat,
When wide attracted Merit round them glow'd;
When counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,
Amid the maze of state, determin'd kept
Some ruling point in view; when, on the stock
Of public good and glory grafted, spread
Their palms, their laurels; or, if thence they stray'd,
Swift to return, and patient of restraint;
When regal state, pre eminence of place,
They scorn'd to deem pre-eminence of ease,
To be luxurious drones, that only rob
The busy hive, as in distinction, power,
Indulgence, honour, and advantage, first;
When they, too, claim'd in virtue, danger, toil,
Superior rank, with equal hand prepar'd
To guard the subject and to quell the foe;
When such with Me their vital influence shed,
No matter'd grievance, hopeless sigh, was heard;
No foul distrust thro' wary senates ran,
Confin'd their bounty, and their armour quench'd;
On aid, unquestion'd, liberal aid was given;
Safe in their conduct, by their valour fir'd,
Fond where they led victorious armies rush'd;
And Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt proclaim
What kings, supported by almighty Love,
And people, fir'd with Liberty, can do.
Be veil'd the savage reigns, when kindred rage
The numerous once Plantagenet devour'd,
A race to vengeance vow'd! and when, oppress'd
By private feuds, almost extinguish'd lay
My quivering flame; but in the next, behold!
A cautious tyrant lend it oil anew.

Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold
As how to fix his throne he jealous cast
His crafty views around, pierc'd with a ray,
Which on his timid mind darted full,
He mark'd the Barons of excessive sway,
At pleasure making and unmaking kings;
And hence, to crush these petty tyrants, plann'd
A law that let them, by the silent waste
Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuse,
And with that wealth their implicated power.
By soft degrees a mighty change ensu'd,
E'en working to this day. With streams deduc'd
From these diminish'd floods the country smil'd:
As when impetuous from the snow-heap'd Alps,
To vernal suns relenting, pours the Rhine;
While undivided, oft' with wasteful sweep,
He foams along; but thro' Batavian meads,
Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows,
Waters a thousand fields; and culture, trade,
Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix'd,
A rich, a wondrous landscape, rises round.

His furious son the soul-enslaving chain,
Which many a doting venerable age
Had link by link strong-twisted round the land,
Shook off. No longer could be borne a power,
From Heaven pretended, to deceive, to void
Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds,
To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind!
And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea
Of blood and horror. The returning light,
That first thro' Wickliff streak'd the priestly gloom,
Now burst in open day. Barr'd to the blaze,
Forth from the haunts of Superstition crawl'd
Her motley sons, fantastic figures all,
And, wide dispers'd, their useless fetid wealth
In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.
Trade join'd to these, on every sea display'd
A daring canvass, pour'd with every tide
A golden flood. From other worlds were roll'd
The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms
By the plain Indian happily despis'd
Yet work'd his woe; and to the blissful groves,
Where Nature liv'd herself among her sons,
And Innocence and Joy for ever dwelt,
Drew rage unknown to Pagan climes before,
The worst the zeal-inflam'd Barbarian drew.
Be no such horrid commerce, Britain! thine,
But want for want, with mutual aid, supply.

The Commons, thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,
Against the Barons weigh'd. Eliza then,
Amid these doubtful motions, steady gave
The beam to fix. She! like the Secret Eye
That never closes on a guarded world,
So fought, so mark'd, so seiz'd the public good,
That, self-supported, without one ally,
She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes,
Inspir'd by Me, beneath her sheltering arm,
In spite of raging universal sway,
And raging seas repress'd, the Belgic states,
My bulwark on the continent, arose,
Matchless in all the spirit of her days!

With confidence unbounded, fearless love
Elate, her fervent people waited gay,
Chearful demanded the long-threatened Fleet,
And dash'd the pride of Spain around their isle.
Nor ceas'd the British thunder here to rage:
The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call;
In fire and smoak Iberian ports involv'd,
The trembling foe e'en to the centre shook
Of their new conquer'd world, and sculking stole
By veering winds, their Indian treasure home.
Mean time, peace, plenty, justice, science, arts,
With softer laurels crown'd her happy reign

As yet uncircumscrib'd the regal power,
And wild and vague Prerogative remain'd,
A wide voracious gulf, where swallow'd oft'
The helpless subject lay. This to reduce
To the just limit was My great effort.

By means that evil seems to narrow man,
Superior beings work their mystic will:
From storm and trouble thus a settled calm
At last, effulgent, o'er Britannia smil'd.

The gathering tempest, Heaven-commission'd came,
Came in the Prince who, drunk with flattery, dreamt
His vain pacific counsels rul'd the world;
Tho' scorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
Of fruitless treaties, while at home enslav'd,
And by a worthless crew infatuate, drain'd,
He lost his peoples' confidence and love:
Irreparable loss! whence crowns become
An anxious burden. Years inglorious press'd;
Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd;
Abandon'd Frederick pin'd, and Raleigh bled:
But nothing that to these internal broils.
That rancour, he began: that lawless Sway
He, with his slavish Doctors, try'd to rear,
On metaphysic, on enchanted ground,
And all the many quibbles of the schools!
As if for one, and sometimes for the worst,
Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.
Vain the pretence! not so the dire effect,
The fierce, the foolish, discord thence deriv'd,
That tears the country still, by party-rage
And ministerial clamour kept alive.
In action weak, and for the wordy war
Best fitted, saint this prince pursu'd his claim:
Content to teach the subject-herd how great,
How sacred he! how despicable they!

But his unyielding son these doctrines drank
With all a bigot's rage, (who never damps
By reasoning his fire,) and what they taught,
Warm and tenacious, into practice push'd.
Senates, in vain, their kind restraint apply'd:
The more they struggled to support the laws,
His justice-dreading ministers the more
Drove him beyond their bound. Tir'd with the check
Of faithful Love, and with the flattery pleas'd
Of false designing Guilt, the fountain he
Of public Wisdom and of Justice shut.
Wide mourn'd the land. Straight to the voted aid,
A cordial, large, of never failing source,
Th' illegal imposition follow'd harsh,
With execration given, or ruthless squeez'd
From an insulted people, by a band
Of the worst ruffians, those of tyrant power.
Oppression walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
Her unrelenting train, informers, spies,
Bloodhounds, that sturdy Freedom to the grove
Pursue; projectors of aggrieving schemes,
Commerce to load for unprotected seas,
To sell the starving many to the few,
And drain a thousand ways th' exhausted land.
E'en from that place whence healing peace should flow,
And gospel truth, inhuman bigots shed
Their poison round: and on the venal bench,
Instead of Justice, Party held the scale,
And Violence the sword. Afflicted years,
Too patient, felt at last their vengeance full.

Mid the low murmurs of submissive fear
And mingled rage, My Hampden rais'd his voice,
And to the laws appeal'd; the laws no more
In judgment sate, behov'd some other ear;
When instant from the keen resentive North,
By long oppression, by religion rous'd,
The guardian army came. Beneath its wing
Was call'd, tho' meant to furnish hostile aid,
The more than Roman senate. There a flame
Broke out, that clear'd, consum'd, renew'd the land.
In deep emotion hurl'd, nor Greece, nor Rome,
Indignant burst the tyrant's chain,
While, full of Me, each agitated soul
Strung every nerve, and flam'd in every eye,
Had e'er beheld such light and heat combin'd!
Such heads and hearts! such dreadful zeal, led on
By calm majestic wisdom, taught its course
What nuisance to devour; such wisdom fir'd
With unabating zeal, and aim'd sincere
To clear the weedy state, restore the laws,
And for the future to secure their sway

This, then, the purpose of My mildest sons:
But man is blind. A nation once inflam'd
(Chief should the breath of factious Fury blow,
With the wild rage of mad enthusiast swell'd)
Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,
From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix
In heighten'd blaze, and, ever wise and just,
High Heaven to gracious ends directs the storm,
Thus in one conflagration Britain wrapt,
And by Confusion's lawless sons despoil'd,
Kings, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the ground,
Successive, rush'd.—Lo! from their ashes rose,
Gay-beaming radiant youth, the Phœnix-state.

The grievous yoke of vassalage, the yoke
Of private life, lay by those flames dissolv'd;
And from the wasteful, the luxurious king,
Was purchas'd that which taught the young to bend.
Stronger restor'd, the Commons tax'd the whole
And built on that eternal rock their power.
The crown, of its hereditary wealth
Despoil'd, on Senates more dependant grew.

And they more frequent, more assur'd. Yet liv'd,
And in full vigour spread that better root,
The passive doctrines, by their patrons first
Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themselves.

This wild delusive cant, the rash cabal
Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey,
The bigot, restless in a double chain
To bind a-new the land, the constant need
Of finding faithless means, of shifting forms,
And flattering senates to supply his waste;
These tore some moments from the careless Prince,
And in his breast awak'd the kindred plan.
By dangerous softness long he min'd his way;
By subtle arts, dissimulation deep;
By sharing what Corruption shower'd profuse;
By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive.

At last subsided the delirious joy,
On whose high billow, from the saintly reign,
The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,
Against his country brib'd by Gallic gold,
The port pernicious sold, the Scylla since,
And fell Charybdis, of the British seas;
Freedom attack'd abroad, with surer blow
To cut it off at home; the Saviour League
Of Europe broke; the progress e'en advanc'd
Of universal Sway, which to reduce
Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost;
The millions by a generous people given,
Or squander'd vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,
And awe the land with forces not their own,
Employ'd; the darling Church herself betray'd:
All these, broad glaring, op'd the general eye,
And wak'd My Spirit, the resisting soul.
Mild was, at first, and half-asham'd, the check,
Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream
Of absolute submission, tenets vile!
Which slaves would blush to own, and which reduc'd
To practice, always honest Nature shock.
Not e'en the mask remov'd, and the fierce front
Of Tyranny disclos'd, nor trampled laws,
Nor seiz'd each badge of Freedom thro' the land,
Nor Sidney bleeding for th' unpublish'd page,
Nor on the bench avow'd Corruption plac'd,
And murderous Rage itself, in Jefferies' form,
Nor endless acts or arbitrary power,
Cruel and false, could raise the public arm.
Distrustful, scatter'd, of combining chiefs
Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious War,
The patient Public turns not, till impell'd
To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rous'd
The bigot king, and hurry'd fated on
His measures immature. But chief his zeal,
Our flaming Rome herself, portentous fear'd
The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days
To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare
Of Smithfield lighten'd in its eyes anew
Yet silence reign'd. Each on another's scowl'd
Rueful amazement, pressing down his rage;
As, muttering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,
Awfully still, waiting the high command
To spring. Straight from his country, Europe sav'd,
To save Britannia, lo! my darling son,
Than hero more! the patriot of mankind!
Immortal Nassau came. I hush'd the deep,
By demons rous'd, and bade the listed winds,
Still shifting as behov'd, with various breath,
Waft the Deliverer to the longing shore
See! wide alive, the forming channel bright
With swelling sails, and all the pride of War,
Delightful view! when Justice draws the sword:
And mark! diffusing ardent soul around,
And sweep contempt of death, My streaming flag,
E'en adverse navies blest'd the binding gale,
Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joy'd.
Arriv'd, the pomp, and not the waste of arms,
His progress mark'd. The faint opposing host,
For once in yielding their best victory found,
And by desertion prov'd exalted faith;
While his, the bloodless conquest of the heart,
Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.

Then dawn'd the period destin'd to confine
The surge of wild Prerogative to raise
A mound restraining its imperious rage,
And bid the raving deep no farther flow;
Nor were, without that fence, the swallow'd state
Better than Belgian plains without their dykes,
Sustaining weighty seas. This often sav'd
By more than human hand, the Public saw,
And seiz'd the white-wing'd moment. Pleas'd to yield
Destructive power, a wise heroic prince
E'en lent his aid.—Thrice happy! did they know
Their happiness, Britannia's bounded kings
What tho' not theirs the boast, in dungeon glooms
To plunge bold Freedom? or to chearless wilds
To drive him from the cordial face of friends?
Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour,
By mandate blind, not Justice, that delights
To dare the keenest eye of open day?
What tho' no glory to controul the laws,
And make injurious will their only rule,
They deem it? what tho', tools of wanton power,
Pestiferous armies swarm not at their call?
What tho' they give not a relentless crew
Of Civil Furies proud Oppression's fangs?
To tear at pleasure the dejected land,
With starving Labour pampering idle Waste?
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guilt-less tear from lone Affliction's eye!
To raise bid Merit, set the alluring light
Of Virtue high to view; to nourish arts,
Direct the thunder of an injur'd state,
Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,
Bless human kind, and thro' the downward depth
Of future times to spread that better sun
Which lights up British souls: for deeds like these
The dazzling fair career unbounded lies
While (still superior bliss!) the dark abrupt
Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.
Oh! luxury divine! Oh! poor to this,
Ye giddy glories of despotic Thrones!
By this, by this indeed, is magn'd Heaven,
By boundless good, without the power of ill.

And now, behold! exalted as the cope
That swells immense o'er many-peopled earth,

And like it free, My fabric ſtands complete,
The Palace of the Laws to the four heavens,
Four gates impartial thrown, unceaſing crowds,
With kings themſelves the hearty peaſant mix'd,
Pour urgent in; and tho' to different ranks
Reſponſive place belongs, yet equal ſpreads
The ſhelt'ring roof o'er all; while Plenty flows,
And glad Contentment echoes round the whole.
Ye Floods! deſcend; ye winds! confirming, blow;
Nor outward tempeſt, nor corroſive time,
Nought but the felon undermining hand
Of dark Corruption, can its frame diſſolve,
And lay the toil of ages into duſt.

THE PROSPECT.

LIBERTY.

PART V.

THE CONTENTS.

THE Author addreſſes the Goddeſs of Liberty; marking the happineſs and grandeur of Great Britain, as ariſing from her influence, to ver. 88. She reſumes her diſcourſe, and points out the chief virtues which are neceſſary to maintain her eſtabliſhment there, to ver. 374. Recommends, as its laſt ornament and finiſhing, Sciences, fine Arts, and public Works. The encouragement of theſe urg'd from the example of France, though under a deſpotic government, to ver. 549. The whole concludes with a proſpect of future times, given by the Goddeſs of Liberty; this deſcribed by the Author, as it paſſes in Viſion before him.

HERE interpoſing, as the goddeſs paus'd,
" Oh! bleſt Britannia! in thy preſence bleſt.
" Thou guardian of mankind! whence ſpring, alone,
" All human grandeur, happineſs, and fame:
" For Foil, by the protected, feels no pain;
" The poor man's lot with milk and honey flows;
" And, gilded with thy rays, e'en death looks gay.
" Let other lands the potent bleſſings boaſt
" Of more exalting ſuns: let Aſia's woods,
" Unwonded, yield the vegetable fleece;
" And let the little inſect artiſt form,
" On higher life intent, its ſilken tomb:
" Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, diſcloſe
" The various tinctur'd children of the Sun:
" From the prone beam let more delicious fruits
" A flavour drink, that in one piercing taſte
" Bids each combine; let Gallic vineyards burſt
" With floods of joy; with mild balſamic juice
" The Lucan olive: let Arabia breathe
" Her ſpicy gale; her vital gums diſtil:
" Turbid with gold, let ſouthern rivers flow,
" And orient woods draw foft o'er pearls, their maze:
" Let Afric vaunt her treaſures: let Peru
" Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed
" The yellow traitor, that her bliſs betray'd;
" Unequall'd bliſs! and to unequall'd rage!
" Yet nor the gorgeous Eaſt, nor golden South,
" Nor, in full prime, that new-diſcover'd world,
" Where flames the falling day in wealth and praiſe,
" Shall with Britannia vie, while, Goddeſs! ſhe
" Derives her praiſe from Thee, her matchleſs charms.
" Her hearty fruits the hand of Freedom own;
" And, warm with culture, her thick cluſt'ring fields
" Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns
" Her meads; her gardens ſmile eternal ſpring:
" She gives the hunter-horſe, unquell'd by toil,
" Ardent, to ruſh into the rapid chaſe:
" She, whitening o'er her downs, diffuſive, pours
" Unnumber'd flocks: ſhe weaves the fleecy robe
" That wraps the nations: ſhe to luſty droves
" The richeſt paſture ſpreads; and her's deep-wave
" Autumnal ſeas of pleaſing plenty round.
" Theſe her delights; and by no baneful herb,
" No darting tiger, no grim lions glare,
" No fierce-deſcending wulf, no ſerpent, roll'd
" In ſpires immenſe progreſſive o'er the land,
" Diſturb'd Enlivening theſe, add cities full
" Of wealth, of trade, of chearful toiling crowds;
" Add thriving towns; add villages and farms,
" Innumerous ſow'd along the lively vale,
" Where bold unrivall'd peaſants happy dwell:
" Add ancient ſeats, with venerable oaks
" Imboſom'd high, while kindred floods below
" Wind thro' the mead; and thoſe of modern hand
" More pompous, add, that ſplendid ſhine afar.
" Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers, name,
" Where ſwarm'd the finny race? Thee, chief, O Thames!
" On whoſe each tide, glad with returning ſails,
" Flows in the mingled harveſt of mankind?
" And thee, thou Severn! whoſe prodigious ſwell,
" And waves, reſounding, imitate the main?
" Why need I name her deep capacious ports,
" That point around the world? and why her ſeas?
" All ocean is her own, and every land
" To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears.
" She, too, the mineral feeds: th' obedient lead,
" The warlike iron, nor the peaceful teſs,
" Forming of life art-civiliz'd the bond;
" And that the Tyrian merchant ſought of old,
" Not dreaming then of Britain's brighter fame.
" She rears to Freedom an undaunted race:
" Compatriot zealous, hoſpitable, kind.
" Her's the warm Cambrian: her's the lofty Scot,
" To hardſhip tam'd, active in arts and arms,
" Fir'd with a reſtleſs an impatient flame,
" That leads him rapture'd where Ambition calls:
" And Engliſh Merit her's, where meet, combin'd,
" Whate'er high fancy, ſound judicious thought,
" An ample generous heart, uncrooping ſoul,
" And firm tenacious valour, can beſtow.

" Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, she!
" Great nurse of men! By Thee, O Goddess! taught,
" Her old renown I trace, disclose her source
" Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons sing
" A strain the Muses never touch'd before." 85
" But how shall this thy mighty Kingdom stand?
" On what unyielding base? how finish'd shine?"
At this her eye, collecting all its fire,
Beam'd more than human; and her awful voice
Majestic thus she rais'd —" To Britons bear 90
" This closing strain, and with intenser note
" Loud let it sound in their awaken'd ear."
On Virtue can alone My Kingdom stand,
On Public Virtue, every Virtue join'd;
For lost this social cement of mankind, 95
The greatest empires, by scarce felt degrees,
Will moulder soft away, till, tottering loose,
They prone at last to total ruin rush.
Unbiest by Virtue, Government a league
Becomes, a circling junto of the great, 100
To rob by law; Religion mild a yoke
To tame the stooping soul, a trick of state
To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.
What are without it Senates, save a face
Of consultation deep and reason free, 105
While the determin'd voice and heart are sold?
What boasted Freedom, save a sounding name?
And what Election, but a market vile
Of slaves self-barter'd? Virtue! without thee
There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states; 110
War has no vigour, and no safety peace:
E'en justice warps to party, laws oppress,
Wide thro' the land their weak protection fails;
First broke the balance, and then scorn'd the sword.
Thus nations sink, society dissolves; 115
Rapine, and Guile, and Violence, break loose,
Exerting life, and turning love to gall;
Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
And Libya's hissing sands to him are tame.
By those three virtues be the frame sustain'd
Of British Freedom; Independent Life; 121
Integrity in Office; and, o'er all
Supreme, A Passion for the Common-weal.
Hail, independence! hail! Heaven's next best gift,
To that of life and an immortal soul! 125
The life of life! that to the banquet high
And sober meal gives taste; to the bow'd roof
Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.
O public Freedom, hail, thou secret Source!
Whose streams, from every quarter confluent form
My better Nile, that nurses human life. 131
By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous fed,
The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth
Abundant flows, and bloom with each delight
That Nature craves. Its happy master there,
The only Freeman, walks his pleasing round,
Sweet-featur'd Peace attending; fearless Truth,
Firm Resolution; Goodness, blessing all
That can rejoice; Contentment, surest friend;
And, still fresh stores from Nature's book deriv'd,
Philosophy, companion ever new. 141
These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,
When into action call'd, his busy hours.
Mean time true judging moderate desires,
Economy and taste, combin'd, direct 145
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those
Whom Fortune heaps, without these Virtues, reach
That truce with pain, that animated ease,
That self-enjoyment springing from within, 150
That Independence, active or retir'd,
Which makes the soundest bliss of man below;
But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,
A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train: 155
Tho' rich, are beggars, and tho' noble, slaves.
Lo! damn'd to wealth, at what a gross expence
They purchase disappointment, pain, and shame!
Instead of hearty hospitable cheer,
See how the hall with brutal riot flows! 160
While in the foaming flood, fermenting, steep'd,
The country maddens into party-rage
Mark those disgraceful piles of wood and stone,
Those parks and gardens, where, his haunts be-trimm'd,
And Nature by presumptuous Art oppress'd, 165
The woodland Genius mourns. See the full board
That steams disgust, and bowls that give no joy;
No Truth invited there to feed the mind,
Nor Wit the wine rejoicing reason quaffs.
Hark how the dome with insolence resounds, 170
With those retain'd by Vanity to scare
Repose and friends. To tyrant Fashion mark
The costly worship paid, to the broad gaze
Of fools. From still delusive day to day,
Led an eternal round of lying hope, 175
See, self-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
Dash'd o'er the town, a miserable wreck!
Then to adore some warbling eunuch turn'd,
With Midas' ears they crowd; or to the buzz
Of Masquerade unblushing; or, to show 180
Their scorn of Nature, at the Tragic scene
They mirthful sit, or prove the Comic true.
But, chief, behold! around the rattling board,
The civil robbers rang'd; and e'en the fair,
The tender Fair! each sweetness laid aside, 185
As fierce for plunder as all-licens'd troops
In some sack'd city. Thus dissolv'd their wealth,
Without one generous luxury dissolv'd,
Or quarter'd on it many a needless want.
At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe; 190
With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er,
Each smooth as those that mutually deceive,
And for their falsehood each despising each,
Till shook their patron by the wintry winds,
Wide flies the wither'd shower, and leaves him bare. 195
O far superior Afric's sable sons,
By merchant pilfer'd, to these willing slaves!
And rich as unsees'd favourite to them,
Is he who can his Virtue boast alone!
Britons! be firm, nor let Corruption sly 200
Twine round your heart indissoluble chains!
The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds

By Cæsar cast o'er Rome; but still remain'd
The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,
And other Cæsars rose. Determin'd, hold
Your Independance; for that once destroy'd,
Unfounded, Freedom is a morning dream,
That flits aerial from the spreading eye.

Forbid it, Heaven! that ever I need urge
Integrity in Office on my sons!
Inculcate common honour—not to rob—
And whom?—the gracious, the confiding hand,
That lavishly rewards: the toiling poor,
Whose cup with many a bitter drop is mixt;
The guardian public; every face they see,
And every friend: nay, in effect, themselves.
As in familiar life the villain's fate
Admits no cure, so when a desperate age
At this arrives, I the devoted race
Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away.

But ah! too little known to modern times!
Be not the noblest passion past unsung;
That ray peculiar, from unbounded Love
Effus'd, which kindles the heroic soul,
Devotion to the public. Glorious flame!
Celestial ardour! in what unknown worlds,
Profusely scatter'd thro' the blue immense,
Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in Rome,
Old virtuous Rome! so many deathless names
From thee their lustre drew? since, taught by Thee
Their poverty put splendour to the blush,
Pain grew luxurious, and e'en death delight?
O wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,
With blaze direct, on this my last retreat?

'Tis not enough, from self right understood
Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart;
Tho' Virtue not disdains appeals to self,
Dreads not the trial, all her joys are true,
Nor is there any real joy save her's
Far less the tepid, the declaiming race,
Foes to corruption, to its wages friends,
Or those whom private passions, for a while,
Beneath My standard list, can they suffice
To raise and fix the glory of My reign?

An active flood of universal love
Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide,
The restless spirit roves creation round,
And seizes every being; stronger then,
It tends to life, whate'er the kindred search
Of bliss allys; then, more collected still,
It urges human-kind; a passion grown,
At last, the central parent public calls
Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,
The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,
This awful pant, shook from sublimer powers
Than those of Self, this heaven infus'd delight,
This moral invitation, rushing forth
To press the public good, My system soon,
Traverse, to several selfish centres drawn,
Will reel to ruin, while for ever shut
Stand the bright portals of desponding Fame.

From sordid self shoot up the shining deeds,
None of those ancient lights that gladdens earth,
Give grace to being, and arouse the brave
To just ambition, Virtue's quickening fire!
Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling round,
Fill'd up with action animal and mean.
A dull gazette! Th' impatient reader scorns
The poor historic page, till kindly comes
Oblivion, and redeems a peoples' shame
Not so the times when, emulation stung,
Greece shone in Genius, Science, and in Arts,
And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told!
To live was glory then! and charm'd mankind,
Thro' the deep periods of devolving time
Those, rapture'd, copy; those, astonish'd, read.

True, a corrupted state, with every vice
And every meanness foul, this passion damps.
Who can, unshock'd, behold the cruel eye?
The pale inveigling smile? the ruffian front?
The wretch abandon'd to relentless Self,
Equally vile if miser or profuse?
Powers not of God, assiduous to corrupt?
The fell-deputed tyrant, who devours
The poor and weak, at distance from redress?
Delirious Faction bellowing loud My name?
The false fair-seeming patriot's hollow boast?
A race resolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,
My sacred rights a merchandise alone
Esteeming, and to work their feeder's will
By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepar'd,
As were the dregs of Romulus of old?
Who these indeed, can undetesting see:
But who unpitying? To the generous eye
Distress is virtue; and, tho' self-betray'd,
A people struggling with their fate must rouse
The hero's throb. Nor can a land, at once
Be lost to virtue quite. How glorious, then!
Fit luxury for gods! to save the good,
Protect the feeble, dash bold Vice aside,
Depress the wicked, and restore the frail!
Posterity, besides, the young are pure,
And sons may tinge their father's cheek with shame.

Should then the time arrive (which Heaven avert!)
That Britons bend unnerv'd, not by the force
Of arms, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,
But by Corruption's soul dejecting arts,
Arts impudent! and gross! by their own gold,
In part bestow'd to bribe them to give all;
With party raging, or immers'd in sloth,
Should they Britannia's well fought laurels yield
To slily conquering Gaul, e'en from her brow
Let her own naval oak be basely torn,
By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,
And nerveless sink while others sing rejoic'd;
Or (darker prospect! scarce one gleam behind
Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague
Breathe from the city to the farthest hut,
That sits serene within the forest-shade,
The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants
And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage,
That, were a buyer found, they stand prepar'd
To sell their birthright for a cooling draught;
Should shameless pens for plain Corruption plead,
The hir'd assassins of the commonweal!
Deem the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome,
Should Public Virtue grow the public scoff,
Till Private, falling, staggers thro' the land;

Till round the City loose mechanic Want,
Dire-prowling nightly, makes the chearful haunts
Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds,
Nor from its fury sleeps the vale in peace,
And murders, horrors, perjuries abound;
Nay, till to lowest deeds the highest stoop,
The rich, like starving wretches, thirst for gold,
And those on whom the vernal showers of Heaven
All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,
A power to live to Nature and themselves,
In sick attendance wear their anxious days,
With fortune joyless, and with honours mean.
Mean time, perhaps, profusion flows around,
The waste of war, without the works of peace;
No mark of millions in the gulph absorpt
Of uncreating Vice; none but the rage
Of rous'd Corruption still demanding more:
That very portion which (by faithful skill
Employ'd) might make the smiling public rear
Her ornamented head, drill'd thro' the hands
Of mercenary tools, serves but to nurse
A locust band within, and in the bud
Leaves stem'd each work of dignity and use.
I paint the worst: but should these times arrive,
If any nobler passion yet remains,
Let all My sons all parties fling aside,
Despise their nonsense, and together join!
Let Worth and Virtue, scorning low despair,
Exerted full, from every quarter shine,
Commix'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flash'd to light,
Moral or intellectual, more intense
By giving glows; as on pure winter's eve,
Gradual, the stars effulge, fainter, at first,
They struggling rise; but when the radiant host
In thick profusion pour'd, shine out immense,
Each casting vivid influence on each,
From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays,
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.
But why to Britons this superfluous train?
Good-nature, honest truth, e'en somewhat blunt,
Of crooked baseness an indignant scorn,
A zeal unyielding in their country's cause,
And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them—
Nor only wont—Wide o'er the land diffus'd,
In many a blest retirement still they dwell.
To softer prospect turn we now the view,
To laurell'd Science, Arts, and Public Works,
That lend My finish'd fabric comely pride,
Grandeur and grace. Of fullen genius be!
Cars'd by the Muses! by the Graces loath'd!
Who deems beneath the Public's high regard
These last enlivening touches of My reign.
However puff'd with power, and gorg'd with wealth,
A nation be; let trade enormous rise,
Let East and South their mingled treasure pour;
Till, swell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
Burst o'er the City, and devour the land;
Yet these neglected, these recording Arts,
Wealth rots, a nuisance! and, oblivious sunk,
That nation must another Carthage lie.
If not by them on monumental brass,
On sculptur'd marble, on the deathless page,
Imprest, renown had left no trace behind;
In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,
The legislator plann'd, the hero found
A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain:
Th' awarders they of Fame's immortal wreath:
They rouse Ambition, they the mind exalt,
Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,
Delight the general eye; and, dress by them,
The moral Venus glows with double charms.
Science, My close associate, still attends
Where'er I go. Sometimes in simple guise
She walks the furrow with some Consul-swain,
Whispering unletter'd wisdom to the heart,
Direct; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe
Of Fancy drest, she charms Athenian wits,
And a whole sapient city round her burns.
Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod.
With Xenophon, sometimes, in dire extremes,
She breathes deliberate soul, and makes retreat
Unequall'd glory. With the Theban sage,
Epaminondas, first and best of men!
Sometimes she bids the deep embattled host,
Above the vulgar reach resistless form'd,
March to sure conquest—never gain'd before!
Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state
Unskilful she: when the triumphant tide
Of high-swoln Empire wears one boundless smile,
And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,
Sometimes, with Scipio, she collects her sail,
And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease;
Where, but the Aonian maids, no Sirens sing:
Or should the deep-brew'd tempest mustering rise,
While rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around,
With Tully she her wide-reviving light
The senates holds, a Catiline confounds,
And saves a while from Cæsar sinking Rome.
Such the kind power whose piercing eye dissolves
Each mental fetter, and sets reason free;
For Me inspiring an enlighten'd zeal,
The more tenacious as the more convinc'd
How happy Freemen, and how wretched Slaves.
To Britons not unknown, to Britons full
The goddess spreads her stores, the secret soul
That quickens Trade, the breath unseen that wafts
To them the treasures of a balanc'd world:
But finer arts (save what the Muse has sung
In daring flight, above all modern wing)
Neglected droop the head, and Public Works,
Broke by Corruption into Private Gain,
Not ornament, disgrace; not serve, destroy.
Shall Britons, by their own joint wisdom rul'd,
Beneath one Royal head, whose vital power
Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole;
In finer arts, and Public Works, shall they
To Gallia yield? yield to a land that bends,
Deprest and broke, beneath the will of one?
Of one who, should th' unkingly thirst of gold,
Or tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,
Calls locust-armies o'er the blasted land;
Drains from its thirsty bounds the springs of wealth,
His own insatiate reservoir to fill;
To the lone desert Patriot merit frowns,
Or into dungeons Arts, when they their chains,
Indignant, bursting, for their nobler works

All other license scorn but Truth's and Mine? 455
Oh! shame to think! shall Britons, in the field
Unconquer'd still, the better laurel lose?
E'en in that monarch's reign* who vainly dreams,
By giddy power betray'd, and flatter'd pride,
To grasp unbounded sway; while, swarming round, 460
His armies dar'd all Europe to the field;
To hostile hands, while treasure flow'd profuse,
And, that great source of treasure subjects' blood,
Inhuman squander'd, sicken'd every land;
From Britain, chief, while My superior sons, 465
In vengeance rushing, dash'd his idle hopes,
And bade his agonizing heart be low;
E'en then, as in the golden calm of peace!
What Public Works, at home, what Arts arose!
What various Science shone! what Genius glow'd! 470

'Tis not for me to paint, diffusive shot
O'er fair extents of land, the shining Road;
The flood-compelling Arch! the long Canal,†
Thro' mountains piercing, and uniting seas;
The Dome ‡ resounding sweet with infant joy, 475
From Famine sav'd, or cruel-handed Shame,
And that where Valour counts his noble scars; ‡
The land where social pleasure loves to dwell,
Of the fierce demon, Gothic Duel, freed;
The Robber from his farthest forest chas'd; 480
The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
Into sure peace the best Police refin'd,
Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
Let Gallic bards record how honour'd Arts
And Science, by despotic bounty bless'd, 485
At distance flourish'd from My parent eye;
Restoring ancient taste, how Boileau rose;
How the big Roman soul shook, in Corneille,
The trembling stage; in elegant Racine,
How the more powerful, tho' more humble, voice 490
Of Nature-painting Greece resistless breath'd
The whole awaken'd heart; how Moliere's scene,
Chastis'd and regular, with well-judg'd wit,
Not scatter'd wild, and native humour, grac'd,
Was life itself; to public honours rais'd 495
How learning in warm seminaries ‖ spread;
And, more for glory than the small reward,
How Emulation strove; how their pure tongue
Almost obtain'd what was deny'd their arms;
From Rome, a while, how Painting, courted long, 500
With Poussin came; ancient Design, that lifts
A fairer front, and looks another soul;
How the kind Art § that, of unvalu'd price,
The fam'd and only picture easy gives,
Refin'd her touch, and, thro' the shadowed piece, 505
All the liv'd spirit of the painter pour'd;
Coyest of arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd
A look, and bade her Girardon arise;
How lavish Grandeur blaz'd the barren waste,
Astonish'd, saw the sudden palace swell, 510
And fountains spout amid its arid shades;
For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,
How forests in majestic gardens smil'd;
How menial Arts, by their gay sisters taught,
Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd 515
In joyous figures o'er the silky lawn,
The palace cheer'd, illum'd the story'd wall,
And with the pencil vy'd the glowing loom.*
These laurels, Louis! by the droppings rais'd
Of thy profusion, its dishonor shade, 520
And green thro' future times shall bind thy brow;
While the vain honours of perfidious war
Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion lost.
With what prevailing vigour had they shot,
And stole a deeper root, by the full side 525
Of war-sunk millions fed? superior still,
How had they branch'd luxuriant to the skies,
In Britain planted, by the potent juice
Of Freedom swell'd? Forc'd is the bloom of Arts,
A false uncertain spring, when Bounty gives, 530
Weak without Me, a transitory gleam.
Fair shine the slippery days, enticing skies
Of favour smile, and courtly breezes blow,
Till Arts, betray'd, trust to the flattering air
Their tender blossom; then malignant rise 535
The blights of Envy, of those insect-clouds
That, blasting merit, often cover courts:
Nay, should, perchance, some kind Maecenas aid
The doubtful beamings of his prince's soul,
His wav'ring ardour fix, and unconfin'd 540
Diffuse his warm beneficence around;
Yet death, at last, and wintry tyrants, come,
Each sprig of genius killing at the root:
But when with Me imperial Bounty joins,
Wide o'er the Public blows eternal Spring, 545
While mingled Autumn every harvest pours
Of every land; whate'er Invention, Art,
Creating Toil, and Nature, can produce.
Here cam'd the goddess, and her ardent wings,
Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow, 550
Stood waving radiance round, for sudden flight
Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burst my prayer:
"Oh! forming Light of Life! Oh! better Sun!
"Sun of mankind! by whom the cloudy North,
"Sublim'd, not envies Languedocian skies, 555
"That, unstain'd ether all, diffusive smile,
"When shall we call these ancient laurels ours?
"And when Thy work complete?" Straight with her hand,
Celestial red, she touch'd my darken'd eyes:
As at the touch of day the shades dissolve, 560
So quick, methought, the misty circle clear'd,
That dims the dawn of being here below;
The future shone disclos'd, and, in long view,
Bright rising eras instant rush'd to light.
"They come! Great Goddess! I the times behold, 565
"The times our fathers, in the bloody field,

* *Lewis XIV.*
† *The canal of Languedoc.*
‡ *The hospitals for Foundlings and Invalids.*
‖ *The academies of Science, of the* Belles Lettres, *and of Painting.*
§ *Engraving.*

* *The tapestry of Gobelins.*

" Have earn'd so dear, and, not with less renown,
" In the warm struggles of the Senate sight:
" The times I feel whose glory to supply,
" For toiling ages, Commerce round the world
" Has wing'd unnumber'd sails, and from each land
" Materials heap'd, that, well employ'd, with Rome
" Might vie our grandeur, and with Greece our art.
" Lo! princes I behold contriving still,
" And still conducting firm some brave design;
" Kings! that the narrow joyless circle scorn,
" Burst the blockade of false designing men,
" Of treacherous smiles, of adulation fell,
" And of the blinding clouds around them thrown,
" Their court rejoicing millions! worth alone,
" And virtue, dear to them: their best delight,
" In just proportion to give general joy;
" Their jealous care Thy kingdom to maintain;
" The public glory theirs: unsparing love
" Their endless treasure; and their deeds their praise.
" With Thee they work. Nought can resist Your force:
" Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats;
" Strong spar'd the blooms of Genius, Science, Art:
" His bashful bonds disclosing Merit breaks:
" And, big with fruits of glory, Virtue blows
" Expansive o'er the land. Another race
" Of Generous Youths, of Patriot Sires, I see!
" Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze
" Of court, and ball, and play; those venal souls,
" Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands,
" That, to their vices slaves, can ne'er be free.
" I see the fountain purg'd, whence life derives
" A clear or turbid flow; see the young mind
" Not fed impure by Chance, by flattery fool'd,
" Or by Scholastic Jargon bloated proud,
" But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of Truth:
" Then, beam'd thro' fancy the reviving ray,
" And pouring on the heart, the passions feel
" At once informing light and moving flame;
" Till moral, public, graceful action, crowns
" The whole. Behold! the fair contention glows,
" In all that mind or body can adorn,
" And form to life. Instead of barren heads,
" Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,
" And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits,
" Men, Patriots, Chiefs, and Citizens, are form'd.
" Lo! Justice, like the liberal light of Heaven,
" Unpurchas'd shines on all, and from her beam,
" Appalling guilt, retire the savage crew
" That prowl amid the darkness they themselves
" Have thrown around the laws. Oppression grieves;
" See how her Legal Furies bite the lip,
" While Yorks and Talbots their deep snares detect,
" And seize swift Justice thro' the clouds they raise.
" See! social Labour lifts his guarded head,
" And men not yield to government in vain.
" From the sure land is rooted ruffian force,
" And, the lewd nurse of villains, idle Waste.
" Lo! rais'd their haunts, down wash'd their mad-dening bowl,
" A nation's poison! beauteous Order reigns!
" Manly Submission, unimposing Toil,
" Trade without guilt, Civility that marks,
" From the foul herd of brutal slaves, thy sons.
" And fearless Peace. Or should affronting War,
" To slow but dreadful vengeance rouse the just,
" Unfailing fields of Freemen I behold!
" That know, with their own proper arm, to guard
" Their own blest Isle against a leaguing world.
" Despairing Gaul her boiling youth restrains,
" Dissolv'd her dream of universal sway.
" The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain,
" And not a sail, but by permission, spreads.
" Lo! swarming southward on rejoicing suns,
" Gay Colonies extend, the calm retreat
" Of undeserv'd Distress, the better home
" Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands.
" Not built on rapine, servitude, and woe,
" And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey;
" But, bound by social Freedom, firm they rise;
" Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd,
" And, crouding round, the charm'd Savannah sees.
" Horrid with want and misery, no more
" Our streets the tender Passenger afflict;
" Nor shivering Age, nor sickness, without friend,
" Or home, or bed, to bear his burning load;
" Nor agonizing Infant, that ne'er earn'd
" Its guiltless pangs: I see the stores profuse,
" Which British bounty has to these assign'd,
" No more the sacrilegious riot swell
" Of Cannibal devourers! Right apply'd,
" No starving wretch the land of Freedom stains:
" If poor, employment finds; if old, demands,
" If sick, if maim'd, his miserable due;
" And, will, if young, repay the fondest care.
" Sweet sets the sun of stormy life, and sweet
" The morning shines, in Mercy's dews array'd.
" Lo! how they rise! these families of Heaven!
" That! chief, (but why—ye Bigots!—why so late?)
" Where blooms and warbles glad a rising age:
" What smiles of praise! and, while their song ascends,
" The listening seraph lays his lute aside.
" Hark! the gay Muse raise a nobler strain,
" With active Nature, warm impassion'd truth,
" Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
" Of various string, and heart-felt image, fill'd.
" Behold! I see the dread delightful school
" Of temper'd passions, and of polish'd life,
" Restor'd. Behold! the well-dissembled scene
" Calls from embellish'd eyes the lovely tear,
" Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again.
" Lo! vanish Monster-land! lo! driven away,
" Those, that Apollo's sacred walks profane,
" Their wild creation scatter'd, where a world
" Unknown to Nature, chaos more confus'd,
" O'er the brute scene its Ouran-Outangs pours;

" Detested forms! that, on the mind imprest,
" Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.
" Behold! all thine again the Sister Arts,
" Thy Graces they, knit in harmonious dance:
" Nurs'd by the treasure from a nation drain'd
" Their works to purchase, they to nobler rouze
" Their unsam'd genius, their unfetter'd thought!
" Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming Monks,
" The gaudy tools and prisoners no more.
" Lo! numerous Domes a Burlington confess.
" For kings and senates fit, the Palace see!
" The Temple, breathing a religious awe:
" E'en fram'd with elegance, the plain retreat,
" The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
" Taste never idly working, saves expence.
" See! sylvan scenes, where Art, alone, pretends
" To dress her mistress, and disclose her charms,
" Such as a Pope in miniature has shown,
" A Bathurst o'er the widening forest spreads,
" And such as form a Richmond, Chiswick, Stowe.
" August, around, what Public Works! see!
" Lo! stately Streets! lo! Squares that court the breeze,
" In spite of those to whom pertains the care,
" Ingulphing more than sounded Roman ways.
" Lo! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land,
" Connecting sea to sea, the solid Road.
" Lo! the proud Arch (no vile exacter's stand)
" With easy sweep bestrides the chafing flood.
" See! long Canals and deepened Rivers join
" Each part with each, and with the circling main
" The whole enliven'd isle. Lo! Ports expand,
" Free as the winds and waves, their shelt'ring arms.
" Lo! streaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
" On every pointed coast the Lighthouse tow'rs;
" And, by the broad imperious Mole repell'd,
" Hark! how the baffled storm indignant roars."
As thick to view these Varied Wonders rose,
Shook all my soul with transport; unassur'd,
The Vision broke, and on my waking eye
Rush'd the still Ruins of dejected Rome.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO I.

The Castle high of Indolence,
And its false luxury,
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

I.

O MORTAL Man! who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great.
For tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavyer bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

II.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared e'en for play.

III.

Was nought around but images of rest,
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest
From poppies breath'd, and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Mean time unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled every-where their wafers sheen,
That, as they bicker'd thro' the sunny glade,
Tho' restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;
And now and then sweet Philamel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

V.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn, forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancy'd in her dreaming mood;
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, by waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror thro' the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

VI.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of Dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay Castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky;
There eke the soft Delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness thro' the breast,
And the calm Pleasures, always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance or unrest,
Was far, far off, expell'd from this delicious nest.

VII.

The landſcape ſuch, inſpiring perfect eaſe,
Where Indolence (for ſo the wizard hight)
Cloſe-hid his Caſtle mid embowering trees,
That half-ſhut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of chequer'd day and night.
Meln while, unceaſing at the maſſy gate,
Beneath a ſpacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd, and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harſh, complain'd, lamenting mans' eſtate.

VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded ſtill,
From all the roads of earth that paſs there by;
For as they chanc'd to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freſhneſs of this valley ſmote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till cluſtering round th' enchanter falſe they hung,
Ymolten with his ſyren melody,
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords theſe tempting verſes ſung:

IX.

" Behold, ye Pilgrims of this earth! behold,
" See all but man with unearn'd pleaſure gay;
" See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
" Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
" What youthful bride can equal her array?
" Who can with her for eaſy pleaſure vie?
" From mead to mead with gentle wing to ſtray,
" From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
" Is all ſhe has to do beneath the radiant ſky.

X.

" Behold the merry minſtrels of the Morn,
" The ſwarming ſongſters of the careleſs grove,
" Ten thouſand throats, that, from the flowering thorn,
" Hymn their good God, and carol ſweet of love,
" Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
" They neither plough nor ſow; ne, fit for flail,
" E'er to the barn the nodded ſheaves they drove,
" Yet theirs each harveſt dancing in the gale,
" Whatever crowns the hill, or ſmiles along the vale.

XI.

" Outcaſt of Nature, Man! the wretched thrall
" Of bitter dropping ſweat, of ſweltry pain,
" Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
" And of the vices an inhuman train,
" That all proceed from ſavage thirſt of gain;
" For when hard-hearted Intereſt firſt began
" To poiſon earth, Aſtræa left the plain;
" Guile, Violence, and Murder, ſeiz'd on man,
" And, for ſoft milky ſtreams, with blood the rivers ran.

XII.

" Come, ye! who ſtill the cumbrous load of life
" Puſh hard up hill, but as the fartheſt ſteep
" Ye truſt to gain, and put an end to ſtrife,
" Down thunders back the ſtone with mighty ſweep,
" And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
" For ever vain: come, and, withouten fee,
" I in oblivion will your ſorrows ſteep,
" Your cares, your toils; will ſteep you in a ſea
" Of full delight: O come, ye weary Wights! to me.

XIII.

" With me you need not riſe at early dawn,
" To paſs the joyleſs day in various ſtounds;
" Or, ſhouting low, on upſtart Fortune fawn,
" And ſell fair honour for ſome paltry pounds;
" Or thro' the city take your dirty rounds,
" To cheat, and dun, and lye, and viſit pay,
" Now flattering baſe, now giving ſecret wounds;
" Or prowl in courts of Law for human prey,
" In venal ſenate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

XIV.

" No cocks, with me, to ruſtic labour call,
" From village on to village ſounding clear;
" To tardy ſwain no ſhrill-voic'd matrons ſquall;
" No dogs, no babes, no wives, to ſtun your ear;
" No hammers thump; no horrid blackſmith ſear,
" No noiſy tradeſman your ſweet ſlumbers ſtart
" With ſounds that are a miſery to hear;
" But all is calm, as would delight the heart
" Of Sybarite of old, all Nature, and all Art.

XV.

" Here nought but Candour reigns, indulgent Eaſe,
" Good-natur'd Lounging, ſauntering up and down:
" They who are pleas'd themſelves muſt always pleaſe;
" On others' ways they never ſquint a frown,
" Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:
" Thus, from the ſource of tender Indolence,
" With milky blood the heart is overflown,
" Is ſooth'd and ſweeten'd by the ſocial ſenſe;
" For intereſt, envy, pride, and ſtrife, are baniſh'd hence.

XVI.

" What, what is virtue, but repoſe of mind,
" A pure ethereal calm, that knows no ſtorm,
" Above the reach of wild Ambition's wind,
" Above thoſe paſſions that this world deform,
" And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
" But here, inſtead, ſoft gales of paſſion play,
" And gently ſtir the heart, thereby to form
" A quicker ſenſe of joy; as breezes ſtray
" Acroſs th' enliven'd ſkies, and make them ſtill more gay.

XVII.

" The beſt of men have ever lov'd repoſe;
" They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
" Where the foul ſours, and gradual rancour grows,
" Imbitter'd more from peeviſh day to day.
" E'en thoſe whom Fame has lent her faireſt ray,

" The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
" From a base world at last have stol'n away:
" So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
" Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

XVIII.

" But if a little exercise you choose,
" Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here:
" Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,
" Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
" Or, softly stealing, with your watry gear,
" Along the brooks, the crimson spotted fry
" You may delude; the whilst, amus'd, you hear
" Now the hearse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
" Attuned to the birds and woodland melody.

XIX.

" O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
" Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
" When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,
" And gives the untasted portion you have won,
" With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
" To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
" There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun:
" But sure it is of vanities most vain,
" To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

XX.

He ceas'd, but still their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching song,
That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipt along
In silent ease; as when beneath the beam
Of summer moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
The soft-embodied Fays thro' airy portal stream.

XXI.

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty first began;
Though some there were who would not further pass,
And his alluring baits suspected han.
The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man.
Yet thro' the gate they cast a wishful eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
For do their very best they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
With sudden spring he leap'd upon them straight,
And soon as touch'd by his unhallowed paw,
They found themselves within the cursed gate,
Full hard to be repass'd, like that of Fate.
Not stronger were of old the giant crew,
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state;
Tho' feeble wretch he seem'd, of sallow hue,
Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue.

XXIII.

For whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace,
As lithe they grow as any willow wand,
And of their vanish'd force remains no trace
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is seized in some losel's hoe embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
Then, sighing, yields her up to love's delicious harms.

XXIV.

Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
A comely, full-spread porter, swoln with sleep;
His calm, broad, thoughtless, aspect breath'd repose,
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Nor could himself from ceaseless yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Thro' which his half-wak'd soul would faintly peep,
Then taking his black staff, he call'd his man,
And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call:
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play, who minded nought at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this same limber page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Mean-time the master-porter wide display'd
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns,
Wherewith he those who enter'd in array'd,
Loose as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undress! best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir Porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

XXVII.

Thus easy robb'd, they to the fountain sped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew;
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew,
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare,
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasaunce grew,
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair glorious waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

XXVIII.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made;
" Ye sons of Indolence! do what you will,
" And wander where you list, thro' hall or glade;

" Be no man's pleaſure for another ſtaid;
" Let each as likes him beſt his hours employ,
" And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
" Here dwells kind eaſe and unreproving joy:
" He little merits bliſs who others can annoy."

XXIX.

Strait of theſe endleſs numbers, ſwarming round,
As thick as idle motes in ſunny ray,
Not one eſtſoons in view was to be found,
But every man ſtroll'd off his own glad way;
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be ſeen to ſtray,
While ſolitude and perfect ſilence reign'd.
So that to think you dreamt you almoſt was conſtrain'd.

XXX.

As when a ſhepherd of the Hebrid-iſles*,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aerial beings ſometimes deign
To ſtand embodied to our ſenſes plain,)
Sees on the naked hill or valley low,
The whilſt in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vaſt aſſembly moving to and fro,
Then all at once in air diſſolves the wondrous ſhow.

XXXI.

Ye Gods of Quiet and of Sleep profound!
Whoſe ſoft dominion o'er this Caſtle ſways,
And all the widely-ſilent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen diſplays
What never yet was ſung in mortal lays.
But how ſhall I attempt ſuch arduous ſtring,
I who have ſpent my nights and nightly days
In this ſoul-deadening place, looſe loitering?
Ah! how ſhall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

XXXII.

Come on, my Muſe! nor ſtoop to low deſpair,
Thou imp of Jove! touch'd by celeſtial fire,
Thou yet ſhalt ſing of war and actions fair,
Which the bold ſons of Britain will inſpire;
Of ancient bards thou yet ſhalt ſweep the lyre;
Thou yet ſhalt tread in Tragic pall the ſtage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The ſage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Daſhing corruption down thro' every worthleſs age.

XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no ſhrill alarming bell,
No curſed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Perſia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets ſpread,
And couches ſtretch'd around in ſeemly band,
And endleſs pillows riſe to prop the head;
So that each ſpacious room was one full-ſwelling bed.

XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables ſtood,
With wines high flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever ſprightly juice or taſteful food
On the green boſom of this earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unſeen theſe ſilently diſplay'd,
E'en undemanded by a ſign or ſound;
You need but wiſh, and, inſtantly obey'd,
Fair rang'd the diſhes roſe, and thick the glaſſes play'd.

XXXV.

Here Freedom reign'd without the leaſt alloy;
Nor goſſip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor ſlimſy Spleen, durſt murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleaſures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each ſhould work his own deſire,
And eat, drink, ſtudy, ſleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muſes might inſpire.

XXXVI.

The rooms with coſtly tapeſtry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
Such as of old the rural poets ſung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale;
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the ſweetly-tortur'd heart,
Or, ſighing tender paſſion, ſwell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to reſound their ſmart,
While flocks, woods, ſtreams, around, repoſe and peace impart.

XXXVII.

Thoſe pleas'd the moſt where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the Patriarchal age,
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And paſtur'd on from verdant ſtage to ſtage,
Where fields and fountains freſh could beſt engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beaſts the ſylvan war to wage,
And o'er vaſt plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Bleſt ſons of Nature they! true Golden Age indeed!

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landſcapes riſe,
Or autumn's varied ſhades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempeſt ſtrikes the aſtoniſh'd eyes;
Now down the ſteep the flaſhing torrent flies;
The trembling ſun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the ſkies;
Whate'er Lorrain light-touch'd with ſoftening hue,
Or ſavage Roſa daſh'd, or learned Pouſſin drew.

XXXIX.

Each ſound, too, here to languiſhment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak boſom, and induced eaſe;

* *Thoſe iſlands on the weſtern coaſt of Scotland called the Hebrides.*

Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft', by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

XL.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind;
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But side-long, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd;
From which, with airy-flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The God of Winds drew sounds of deep delight,
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus * it hight.

XLI.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such fad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
They breath'd, in tender musings, thro' the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands an hymn impart;
Wild-warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art!

XLII.

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store,
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore:
When Science was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
Chear'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft' began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell;
At doors and windows threat'ning seem'd to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all,
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

XLIV.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tint and grace,
O'er which was shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And form'd a rosier smile on Nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So flush with clouds the purer ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

XLV.

No, fair illusions! artful Phantoms! no,
My Muse will not attempt your Fairy land;
She has no colours that like you can glow;
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Pour'd all th' Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And blest them oft' besides with more substantial lights.

XLVI.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
E'en feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends whom blood and broils delight,
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulphs, where sullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep,
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep.

XLVII.

Ye guardian Spirits! to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom!
Angels of Fancy and of Love! be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart;
But chief a while, O! lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

XLVIII.

Or are you sportive?—Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth,
To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supply'd,
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wandering wide,
My Muse! resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,

* *This is not an imagination of the Author, there being in fact such an instrument, called Æolus's harp, which, when placed against a little rushing or current of air, produces the effect here described.*

† *The Arabian caliphs had poets among the officers of their court, whose office it was to do what is here mentioned.*

Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taſte:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater
waſte?

L.

Of Vanity the Mirrour this was call'd.
Here you a muck-worm of the town might ſee,
At his dull deſk, amid his legers ſtall'd,
Ate up with carking care and penurie,
Moſt like to carcaſe parch'd on gallow-tree.
"A penny ſaved is a penny got;"
Firm to this ſcoundrel-maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire and baniſhed his pot.

LI.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy ſpendthrift heir,
All glaſſy gay, enamell'd all with gold,
The ſilly tenant of the ſummer air,
In folly loſt, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, ſtewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradeſmen, him among them ſhare;
His father's ghoſt from Limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him
pile.

LII.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page
Backwards and forwards; oft' they ſnatch the pen,
As if inſpir'd, and in a Theſpian rage,
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, Authors! all this ſcrawl and ſcribbling
ſore?
To loſe the preſent, gain the future age,
Praiſed to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame when uſeleſs worldly
ſtore?

LIII.

Then would a ſplendid city riſe to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all:
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew.
See how they daſh along from wall to wall!
At every door, hark how they thundering call!
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall,
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
And make new tireſome parties for the coming
night.

LIV.

The puzzling ſons of Party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met,
And now they whiſper'd cloſe, now ſhrugging
rear'd
Th' important ſhoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward ſet.
No ſooner Lucifer † recalls affairs,
Than forth they various ruſh in mighty fret;
When, lo! puſh'd up to power, and crown'd their
cares,
In comes another ſett, and kicketh them down
ſtairs.

† *The Morning Star.*

LV.

But what moſt ſhew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly ſtrife,
Moſt Chriſtian kings, inflam'd by black deſire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cauſe war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this ſad work when each begins to tire,
They ſit them down juſt where they were before,
Till for new ſcenes of woe peace ſhall their force
reſtore.

LVI.

To number up the thouſands dwelling here,
An uſeleſs were, and eke an endleſs taſk;
From kings, and thoſe who at the helm appear,
To gipſies brown in ſummer-glades who baſk.
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmaſk,
Whoſe deſk and table make a ſolemn ſhow,
With tape-ty'd traſh, and ſuits of fools, that aſk
For place or penſion, laid in decent row:
But theſe I paſſen by, with nameleſs numbers moe.

LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of ſpecial grave remark;
A certain tender gloom o'erſpread his face,
Penſive, not ſad; in thought involv'd, not dark:
As ſoot this man could ſing as morning lark,
And teach the nobleſt morals of the heart;
But theſe his talents were yburied ſtark;
Of the fine ſtores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting
Art.

LVIII.

To noontide ſhades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with ſleep-inviting ſound,
Or when Dan Sol to ſlope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he baſk'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and cammomil are found:
There would he linger till the lateſt ray
Of light ſace trembling on the welkin's bound,
Then homeward thro' the twilight ſhadows ſtray,
Sauntering and ſlow: ſo had he paſſed many a day.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtleſs ſlumber were they paſt:
For oft' the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the ſleeping embers, mounted faſt,
And all its native light anew reveal'd:
Oft' as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thouſand glorious ſyſtems would he build,
Ten thouſand great ideas fill'd his mind:
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace
behind.

LX.

With him was ſometimes join'd, in ſilent walk,
(Profoundly ſilent, for they never ſpoke)
One ſhyer ſtill, who quite deteſted talk;
Oft' ſtung by ſpleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine and broad o'erſhadowing oak;
There inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,

And on himſelf his penſive fury woke,
Ne ever utter'd word, ſave when firſt ſhone
The glittering ſtar of eve—"Thank Heaven! the day is done."

LXI.

Here lurk'd a wretch who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal ſeen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad,
And ſure his linen was not very clean.
Through ſecret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt and rough, of ſqualid face and mien,
Our Caſtle's ſhame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One day there chaunc'd into theſe halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at firſt ſight;
Him the wild wave of pleaſure hither drove,
Before the ſprightly tempeſt toſſing light:
Certes, he was a moſt engaging wight,
Of ſocial glee, and wit humane, tho' keen,
Turning the night to day, and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

LXIII.

But not e'en pleaſure to exceſs is good:
What moſt elates then ſinks the ſoul as low:
When ſpring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher ſtill th' exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us grovelling on the dreary ſhore.
Taught by this ſon of Joy, we found it ſo,
Who, whilſt he ſtaid, kept in a gay uproar,
Our madden'd Caſtle all, the abode of Sleep no more.

LXIV.

As when in prime of June a burniſh'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he ſweeps along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital ſky,
Tunes up amid theſe airy halls his ſong,
Soothing at firſt the gay repoſing throng;
And oft' he ſips their bowl; or, nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And ſcares their tender ſleep, with trump profound,
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

LXV.

Another gueſt there was, of ſenſe refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had:
Serene, yet warm; humane, yet firm his mind;
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
Him thro' their inmoſt walks the Muſes lad,
To him the ſacred love of Nature lent,
And ſometimes would he make our valley glad;
When as we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better ſort this friendly meſſage ſent:

LXVI.

'Come, dwell with us, true ſon of Virtue! come;
'But if, alas! we cannot thee perſuade
'To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
'Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade,
'Yet when at laſt thy toils, but ill repaid,
'Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly ſpark,
'Thou wilt be glad to ſeek the rural ſhade,
'There to indulge the Muſe, and Nature mark;
'We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park.'

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' Æſopus * of the age,
But call'd by Fame, in ſoul ypricked deep,
A noble pride reſtor'd him to the ſtage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his ſleep.
E'en from his ſlumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd ſcene he wakes,
Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum. Now the heart he ſhakes,
And now with well-urg'd ſenſe th' enlighten'd judgment takes.

LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beſeems,
† Who, void of envy, guile, and luſt of gain,
On virtue ſtill, and Nature's pleaſing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated ſtrain:
The world forſaking with a calm diſdain,
Here laugh'd he careleſs in his eaſy ſeat:
Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous train,
Oft' moralizing ſage; his ditty ſweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

LXIX.

Full oft' by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote eſpy;
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguiſh twinkle in his eye,
And ſhone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damſel chaunc'd to trippen by;
Which when obſerv'd, he ſhrunk into his mew,
And ſtrait would recollect his piety anew.

LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but ſtate-affairs;
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought,
And on their brow ſat every nation's cares.
The world by them is parcell'd out in ſhares,
When in the Hall of Smoke they congreſs hold,
And the ſage berry ſun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, ſmoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth myſterious as of old.

LXXI.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made reſort,
Where, from groſs mortal care and buſineſs free,
They lay, pour'd out in eaſe and luxury:
Or ſhould they a vain ſhew of work aſſume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twiſt, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is caſt the diſtaff, ſpinning-wheel, and loom.

* *Mr. Quin.*

† *The following lines of this ſtanza were writ by a friend of the Author's.*

LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
And labour dire it is, and weary woe:
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow:
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

LXXIII.

Slow must I mark the villainy we found;
But, ah! too late, as shall ensuing be shewn.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,
Unpity'd uttering many a bitter groan;
For of these wretches taken was no care;
Fierce fiends and hags of hell their only nurses were.

LXXIV.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where Sickness toss'd alway.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
To stir him from his trance it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straitway;
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

LXXV.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy:
Unwieldy man! with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply:
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft' with ugly fit;
And some her frantic deem'd, and some her doem'd a wit.

LXXVI.

A lady, proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft' her fear her pride made crouchen low;
She felt, or fancy'd, in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the spittles know,
And sought all physick which the shops bestow,
And still new leaches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro;
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

LXXVII.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings:
The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks;
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;
Whilst Apoplexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher fells an ox.

CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Industry,
And his achievements fair,
That by his Castle's overthrow
Securd and crowned were.

I.

ESCAP'D the Castle of the fire of Sin;
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness savouring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view; but now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false enchanter Indolence complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who swink and moil;
But a fell tribe th' Aonian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft' rob the painful bee:
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
Ne for the Muses other meed decree,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

III.

I care not, Fortune! what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Thro' which Aurora shews her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

IV.

Come then, my Muse! and raise a bolder song;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loath,
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth:
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the sons of Sickness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

V.

In Fairy-land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of features stern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,
A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither sow'd nor reap'd
Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January sore,
He still in woods pursu'd the hobbard and the boar.

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd thro' the forest to dislodge his prey,
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,

With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,
That from the beating rain and wintry fray
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found Dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy;
Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

VII.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muckel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan gang,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem:
The same to him glad summer or the winter breme.

VIII.

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run:
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the forest seem'd to be the son,
And certes had been utterly undone,
But that Minerva pity on him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the foil and rule the crook;
Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

IX.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In every science and in every art,
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
That can or use, or joy, or grace, impart,
Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elastic force with firmness hard:
Was ever knight on ground mote be with him compar'd.

X.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roseate breath of orient day;
Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear;
Or darting on the gaol, outstripp'd the gale;
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid career;
Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

XI.

At other times he pry'd thro' Nature's store,
Whate'er she in th' ethereal round contains,
Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
Or else he scann'd the globe, those small domains,
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd from sleep
Those mortal seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

XII.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly Truth, and practise what she taught.
Vain is the tree of Knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon-earth is fraught;
Sometimes he ply'd the strong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
And oft' he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

XIII.

To solace then these tougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling canvass into life;
With Nature his creating pencil vy'd,
With Nature, joyous at the mimic strife;
Or, to such shapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble; or with varied fire,
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife;
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire;
Or verses fram'd that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

XIV.

Accomplish'd thus, he from the woods issu'd,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold enterprise;
The work which long he in his breast had brew'd
Now to perform he ardent did devise,
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild,
Nought to be seen but savage wood and skies;
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man;
On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd;
The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe,
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To swear he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers Divine, it should no more be so!

XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my song,
To say how this best sun, from orient climes,
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimes,
And calls forth Arts and Virtues with his ray:
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden times
Successive had; but now in ruins gray
They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

XVII.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
A sylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost.

All careless rambling where it lik'd them most:
Their wealth the wild deer bounding thro' the glade;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at Nature's cost;
Save spear and bow, without en other aid,
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd.

XVIII.

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.
Be this my seat, my chosen Isle (he cries,)
This, whilst my labours Liberty sustains,
This Queen of Ocean all assault disdains.
Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and persevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest, firmest hand.

XIX.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
Whatever Arts and Industry can frame;
Whatever finish'd Agriculture knows,
Fair Queen of Arts! from Heaven itself who came
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame:
And still with her sweet Innocence we find,
And tender Peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind:
Nature and Art at once, delight and use combin'd.

XX.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bid the fervent city glow with toil;
Bad social Commerce raise renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,
While o'er the encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.

XXI.

The drooping Muses then he westward call'd,
From the fam'd City* by Propontic sea,
What time the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd,
Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,
And brought them to another Castalie,
Where Isis many a famous nourisling breeds;
Or where old Cam soft-paces o'er the lea
In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,
The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.
For why? they are the quintessence of all,
The growth of labouring time, and slow increase;
Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,
That mighty patrons the coy Sisters call
Up to the sun-shine of uncumber'd ease,
Where no rude care the mourning thought may thrall,
And where they nothing have to do but please:
Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no other fees.

XXIII.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now e'en grudge that little claim,
Except to such as fleek the soothing rhyme;
And yet, forsooth, they wear Maecenas' name,
Poor sons of puff-up Vanity, not Fame.
Unbroken spirits, cheer! still, still remains
Th' eternal Patron, Liberty! whose flame,
While she protects, inspires the noblest strains.
The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

XXIV.

When as the knight had fram'd, in Britain land,
A matchless form of glorious government,
In which the sovereign laws alone command,
Laws stablish'd by the public free consent,
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then sought he from the tollsome scene to part,
And let life's vatant eve breathe quiet thro' the heart.

XXV.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long allies peep'd upon the main:
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale;
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain,
The happy monarch of his sylvan train;
Here, aided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain:
His days, the days of unstain'd Nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

XXVI.

Witness, ye lowing Herds! who gave him milk;
Witness, ye Flocks! whose woolly vestments far
Exceeds soft India's cotton or her silk;
Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star,
Or of September moons the radiance mild:
O hide thy head, abominable War!
Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child:
From heaven this life sprung, from hell thy glories vild.

XXVII.

Nor from this deep retirement banish'd was
Th' amusing care of rural Industry:
Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,
New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,
And all th' enliven'd country beautify:

* *Constantinople.*

Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;
O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store,
And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the shore.

XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He polish'd Nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durst not Art encroach;
'Tis Art's alone these beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled o'er the land,
Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
Here, too, brisk gales the rude wild common fann'd,
An happy place; where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature stray'd.

XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can last for aye?
That soul-enfeebling wizard Indolence,
I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was his curs'd influence:
Of public virtue much he dull'd the sense,
E'en much of private; ate our spirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices; whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout;
Not, as old Fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and stout.

XXX.

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast;
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wish each must be blest,
With joy be fever'd, snatch it as he can.
Thus Vice the standard rear'd; her arrier-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,
'Mind, mind yourselves! why should the vulgar man,
'The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord?
'Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford.'

XXXI.

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,
The gold old Knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.
'Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on thee call;
'Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close!
'The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows.'
On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows
Of venerable eld; his eye full-speaks
His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

XXXII.

I will (he cry'd) so help me, God! destroy
That villain Archimage.—His page then strait
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt Dispatch. 'My steed be at the gate;
'My bard attend: quick, bring the net of Fate.'
This net was twisted by the Sisters three,
Which when once cast o'er hardened wretch, too late
Repentance comes, replevy cannot be
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful Destiny.

XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little Druid-wight,
Of wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen,
With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,
As is his * sister of the copses green,
He crept along, unpromising of mien.
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon' azure sheen.
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.

XXXIV.

Come (quoth the Knight) a voice has reach'd mine ear:
The demon Indolence threats overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, Philomelus! let us instant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his Castle low.
Those men, those wretched men! who will be slaves,
Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe;
But some there be thy song, as from their graves,
Shall raise. Thrice happy he! who without rly gour saves.

XXXV.

Issuing forth, the Knight bestrode his steed,
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
Shone blazing bright; sprung from the generous breed
That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He prane'd along, disdaining gate or bar.
Meantime the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honest sober beast, that did not mar
His meditations, but full softly trode;
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

XXXVI.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss;
What else so fit for man to settle well?
And still their long researches met in this,
This truth of truths, which nothing can refel;
'From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
'Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious soul;
'While vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell,
'The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole
'Will, thro' the tortur'd breast, their fiery torrent roll.'

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits rear:
On the cool height a while our palmers stay,
And, spite e'en of themselves, their senses cheer;

* *The nightingale.*

Then to the vizard's wonne their steps they steer;
Like a green isle it broad beneath them spred,
With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,
Sweet airs and song; and without hurry all seem'd glad.

XXXVIII.

'As God shall judge me, Knight! we must forgive,
'(The half enraptur'd Philomelus cry'd)
'The frail good man, deluded, here to live,
'And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
'Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd
'That virtue still some tincture has of vice,
'And vice of virtue. What should then betide,
'But that our charity be not too nice?
'Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice.

XXXIX.

'Ay, sicker, (quoth the Knight,) all flesh is frail,
'To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;
'But let not brutish vice of this avail,
'And think to 'scape deserved punishment.
'Justice were cruel, weakly to relent;
'From Mercy's self she got her sacred glaive;
'Grace be to those who can and will repent,
'But penance, long and dreary, to the slave,
'Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit lave.'

XL.

Thus holding high discourse, they came to where
The cursed carle was at his wonted trade,
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
In witching wise, as I before have said:
But when he saw, in goodly geer array'd,
The grave majestic Knight approaching nigh,
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
His count'nance fell; yet oft' his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

XLI.

Nathless, with feign'd respect he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind:
Struck with the noble swain, they were not slack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he resum'd his song, and, unconfin'd,
Pour'd all his music, raz thro' all his strings;
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.
What pity base his song who so divinely sings!

XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight;
But they instead, as if transmew'd to stone,
Marvell'd he could with such sweet art unite
The lights and shades of manners wrong and right.
Meantime the silly crowd the charm devour,
Wide pressing to the gate. Swift on the Knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who back'ning shunn'd his touch, for well he knew its power.

XLIII.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
The wary Retiarius * trapp'd his foe,
E'en so the Knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the Net of Woe,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Enrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He sat him selly down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around;
Black stormy clouds destroy'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
As of infernal sprights in cavern bound;
A solemn sadness every creature shook,
And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the ground;
Huge crowds on crowds outpour'd with blemish'd look,
As if on time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

XLV.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was yspent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Industry the first calm moment stole.
'There must (he cry'd) amid so vast a shoal,
'Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
'Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl;
'Come then, my Bard! thy heavenly fire impart:
'Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start.'

XLVI.

The bard obey'd; and taking from his side,
Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
His British harp, its speaking strings he try'd,
The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,
Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung:
Then as he felt the Muses come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his rising song;
The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round him throng.

XLVII.

Thus ardent, burst his strain—'Ye hapless Race!
'Dire-labouring here to smother Reason's ray,
'That lights our Maker's image in our face,
'And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway,
'What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection? say:
'What, but eternal never-resting soul,
'Almighty power, and all-directing day,
'By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll;
'Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

* *A gladiator, who made use of a net, called it, to throw over his adversary.*

XLVII.

'Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold!
'Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence, alone,
'We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
'To seraphs burning round th' Almighty's throne,
'Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
'Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
'In universal Nature this clear shown,
'Nor needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
'To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

XLIX.

'Is not the field, with lively culture green,
'A sight more joyous than the dead morass?
'Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
'And fann'd by sprightly Zephyrs, far surpass
'The foul November-fogs, and slumb'rous mass,
'With which sad Nature veils her drooping face?
'Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
'Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
'The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

L.

'It was not by vile loitering in ease,
'That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
'That soft, yet ardent, Athens learn'd to please,
'To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
'In all supreme! complete in every part!
'It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
'And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
'For Sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
'Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

LI.

'Had unambitious mortals minded naught
'But in loose joy their time to wear away,
'Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
'Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
'Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day;
'No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
'No arts had made us opulent and gay;
'With brother brutes the human race had graz'd,
'None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been, none prais'd.

LII.

'Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
'To thirst of glory and heroic deeds;
'Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
'Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:
'The wits of modern time had told their beads,
'And Monkish legends been their only strains;
'Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
'Our Shakespeare strolled and laugh'd with Warwick swains,
'Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's plains.

LIII.

'Dumb, too, had been the sage historic Muse,
'And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;
'Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
'Though the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
'Had all been lost with such as have no name.
'Who then had scorn'd his ease for sordid gold?
'Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
'Who in the public breach devoted stood,
'And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?

LIV.

'But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
'If right I read, you pleasure all require;
'Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
'How best enjoy'd this Nature's wide desire.
'Toil, and be glad! let Industry inspire
'Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
'Who does not act is dead: absorpt entire
'In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
'O leaden-hearted Men, to be in love with death!

LV.

'Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
'When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
'How tasteless then whatever can be given?
'Health is the vital principle of bliss,
'And exercise of health. In proof of this,
'Behold the wretch who flags his life away
'Soon swallow'd in Disease's sad abyss,
'While he whom Toil has brac'd, or manly play,
'As light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

LVI.

'O who can speak the vigorous joys of health!
'Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind;
'The morning rises gay with pleasing stealth,
'The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
'In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
'See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
'As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind:
'Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds;
'Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce breeds?

LVII.

'But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,
'Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.
'Come then, my kindred Spirits! do not spill
'Your talents here. This place is but a low,
'Whose charms delude you to the den of Woe:
'Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
'Where Pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
'Sincere as sweet; come, follow this good Knight,
'And you will bless the day that brought him your sight.

LVIII.

'Some he will lead to courts, and some to camp
'To senate some, and public sage debates,
'Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamp
'The world is pois'd, and musing mighty states
'To high discovery some, that new-creates
'The face of earth; some to the thriving mart
'Some to the rural reign and softer fates;
'To the sweet Muses some, who raise the heart
'All glory shall be yours, all Nature, and all Art.

LIX.

'There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
'Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
'All may be done, (methinks I hear them say,)
'E'en death despis'd, by generous actions fair;
'All, but for those who to these bowers repair.
'Their every power dissolv'd in luxury,
'To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
'And from the powerful arms of Sloth get free.
'Tis rising from the dead—Alas!—it cannot
'be!

LX.

'Would you then learn to dissipate the band
'Of these huge threat'ning difficulties dire,
'That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
'His soul appall, and damp his rising fire?
'Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
'Exert that noble privilege, alone,
'Here to mankind indulg'd; controul desire;
'Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign throne,
'Speak the commanding word—I Will!—and it
'is done.

LXI.

'Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful
'wise,
'Your few important days of trial here?
'Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
'Through endless states of being, still more near
'To bliss approaching, and perfection clear,
'Can you renounce a fortune so sublime?
'Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to
'steer,
'And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and
'slime?
'No! no!—your heaven-touch'd hearts disdain
'the sordid crime!'

LXII.

'Enough! enough!' they cry'd—Strait, from the crowd,
The better sort on wings of transport fly;
As when amid the lifeless summit proud
Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
Snows pil'd on snows in wintry torpor lie,
The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,
Rous'd into action, lively leap away,
Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new being gay.

LXIII.

[illegible] life, the vivid joy serene,
[illegible] lighted up these new-created men,
[illegible] that which wings th' exulting spirit clean,
[illegible] just deliver'd from this fleshly den,
[illegible] soaring seeks its native skies again;
[illegible] light its essence! how incloag'd its powers,
[illegible] fond the blazon of my mortal pen!
[illegible] so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,
[illegible] such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours.

LXIV.

[illegible] far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
[illegible]-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove.

'Ye sons of Hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
'What brought you to this seat of peace and love?
'While with kind Nature, here amid the grove,
'We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,
'What to disturb it could, fell men, emove
'Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a crime?
'Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon' heaven
'sublime.'

LXV.

'Ye impious Wretches!' (quoth the Knight in wrath)
'Your happiness behold?'—Then straight a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
Sudden the landscape sinks on every hand;
The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand;
And o'er the weedy, foul, abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature, crawls around.

LXVI.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scath'd,
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung,
Or in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,
They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent rowl'd;
These by distemper'd blood to madness stung,
Had doom'd themselves; whence oft', when night controul'd
The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

LXVII.

Mean time a moving scene was open laid;
That lazar-house I whilom in my lay
Depainted have, its horrors deep-display'd.
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
Soon as of sacred light th' unwonted smile
Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,
The sick up-rais'd their heads, and drop'd their woes awhile.

LXVIII.

'O heaven!' (they cry'd,) 'and do we once more see
'Yon' blessed sun, and this green earth so fair?
'Are we from noisome damps of pest-house free?
'And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?
'O thou! or Knight or God! who holdest there
'That fiend, oh! keep him in eternal chains!
'But what for us, the children of Despair,
'Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?
'Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains.'

LXIX.

The gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,
Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
'Certes (quoth he) it is not e'en in Grace
'T' undo the past, and eke your broken years,
Nathless, to nobler worlds Repentance rears,
'With humble hope, her eye; to her is giv'n
'A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;

'She quells the brand by which the rocks are
'riven;
'She more than merely softens, she rejoices Hea-
'ven.

LXX.

'Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,
'And by these sufferings purify the mind:
'Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd,
'Or pious die, with penitence resign'd;
'And to a life more happy and refin'd,
'Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.
'Till then, you may expect in me to find
'One who will wipe your sorrows from your eyes,
'One who will sooth your pangs, and wing you to
'the skies.'

LXXI.

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears.
'For you,' (resum'd the Knight with sterner tone;)
'Whose hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon
'seaze,
'That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan;
'In dol'rous mansion long you must bemoan
'His fatal charms, and weep your stains away;
'Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,
'You feel a perfect change; then who can say
'What grace may yet shine forth in Heaven's
'eternal day?'

LXXII.

This said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew:
Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,
The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue,
Sweet Love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly;
When, lo! a goodly hospital ascends,
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the sick-bed smoothe of that sad company.

LXXIII.

It was a worthy edifying sight,
And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
To see kind hands attending day and night,
With tender ministry, from place to place:
Some prop the head; some, from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak Nature sheds;
Some teach the healing draught; the whilst, to
chase
The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds
Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven
dispreds.

LXXIV.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of those he rescu'd had from gaping hell,
Then turn'd the Knight, and to his hall again
Soft pacing, sought of Peace the mossy cell;
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
There left through delves and deserts dire to yell;
Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,
And spreading wide their hands they mock repentance feign'd.

LXXV.

But, ah! their scorned day of grace was past;
For (horrible to tell) a desert wild
Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast,
With gibbets, bones, and carcases, defil'd.
There nor trim field, nor lively culture smil'd;
Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;
But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd,
Through which they floundering toil'd with painful care,
Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fir'd the cloudless air.

LXXVI.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
The sadden'd country a gray waste appear'd,
Where nought but putrid steams and noisome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard;
Or else the ground by piercing Caurus sear'd,
Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow;
Through these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,
By cruel fiends still hurry'd to and fro,
Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds moe.

LXXVII.

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
Of morbid hue his features, sunk, and sad;
His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile;
Direful to see! an heart-appalling sight!
Mean time foul scurf and blotches him defile,
And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the while.

LXXVIII.

The other was a fell despightful fiend;
Hell hold's none worse in baleful bow'r below;
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour keen'd;
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe:
With nose up-turn'd, he always made a show
As if he smelt some nauseous scent; his eye
Was cold, and keen, like blast from boreal snow;
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

LXXIX.

E'en so through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of bristly swine is prick'd along;
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song,
And oft' they plunge themselves the mire among;
But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne never find they rest from their unfeeling foes.

A POEM

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Inſcribed to the

RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

SHALL the great ſoul of Newton quit this earth
To mingle with his ſtars, and every Muſe,
Aſtoniſh'd into ſilence, ſhun the weight
Of honours due to his illuſtrious name?
But what can man?—E'en now the ſons of Light,
In ſtrains high warbled to ſeraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coaſt of bliſs.
Yet am not I deterr'd, tho' high the theme,
And ſung to harps of angels; for with you,
Ethereal Flames! ambitious, I aſpire
In Nature's general ſymphony to join.
And what new wonders can ye ſhow your gueſt?
Who, while on this dim ſpot, where mortals toil,
Clouded in duſt, from Motion's ſimple laws
Could trace the ſecret hand of Providence,
Wide-working thro' this univerſal frame.
Have ye not liſten'd while he bound the Suns
And Planets to their ſpheres! th' unequal taſk
Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft' diſgrac'd
The pride of ſchools, before their courſe was known
Full in its cauſes and effects to him,
All-piercing ſage! who ſat not down, and dream'd
Romantic ſchemes, defended by the din
Of ſpecious words and tyranny of names,
But, bidding his amazing Mind attend,
And with heroic Patience years on years
Deep-ſearching, ſaw at laſt the Syſtem dawn,
And ſhine, of all his race, on him alone.
What were his raptures then! how pure! how ſtrong!
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
By his diminiſh'd, but the pride of boys
In ſome ſmall play victorious! when, inſtead
Of ſhatter'd parcels of this earth uſurp'd
By violence unmanly, and ſore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herſelf
Stood all ſubdu'd by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.
All intellectual eye! our ſolar round
Firſt gazing thro', he, by the blended power
Of Gravitation and Projection, ſaw
The whole in ſilent harmony revolve;
From unaſſiſted viſion hid, the Moons,
To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were ſeen.
He alſo fix'd our wandering Queen of Night,
Whether ſhe wanes into a ſcanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale ſhadowy light,
In a ſoft deluge overflows the ſky.
Her every motion clear-diſcerning, he
Adjuſted to the mutual main, and taught
Why now the mighty maſs of water ſwells
Reſiſtleſs, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning, till again
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
A yellow waſte of idle ſands behind.
Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Thro' the blue infinite, and every ſtar
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye or aſtronomic tube,
Far-ſtretching, ſnatches from the dark abyſs,
Or ſuch as farther in ſucceſſive ſkies
To Fancy ſhine alone, at his approach
Blaz'd into ſuns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious ſyſtem; all combin'd,
And rul'd unerring, by that ſingle power
Which draws the ſtone projected to the ground.
O unprofuſe Magnificence divine!
O Wiſdom truly perfect! thus to call
From a few cauſes ſuch a ſcheme of things,
Effects ſo various, beautiful, and great,
An univerſe complete! and, O belov'd
Of Heaven! whoſe well-purg'd penetrative eye
The myſtic veil tranſpiercing, inly ſcann'd
The riſing, moving, wide-eſtabliſh'd frame.
He, firſt of men, with awful wing purſu'd
The Comet thro' the long elliptic curve,
As round innumerous worlds he wound his way,
Till to the forehead of our evening ſky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations ſhakes diſmay.
The heavens are all his own, from the wild rule
Of whirling vortices and circling ſpheres
To their firſt great ſimplicity reſtor'd.
The Schools aſtoniſh'd ſtood, but found it vain
To combat ſtill with demonſtration ſtrong,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
Of Truth. At once their pleaſing viſions fled,
With the gay ſhadows of the morning mix'd,
When Newton roſe, our philoſophic ſun.
Th' aërial flow of Sound was known to him,
From whence it firſt in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the meſſage in.
Nor could the darting beam of Speed immenſe
Eſcape his ſwift purſuit and meaſuring eye.
E'en Light itſelf, which every thing diſplays,
Shone undiſcover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwiſted all the ſhining robe of day:
And, from the whitening undiſtinguiſh'd blaze
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. Firſt the flaming Red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny Orange next;
And next delicious Yellow; by whoſe ſide
Fell the kind beams of all-refreſhing Green:
Then the pure Blue, that ſwells autumnal ſkies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of ſadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepened Indico, as when
The heavy-ſkirted evening droops with froſt;
While the laſt gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting Violet away.
Theſe, when the clouds diſtil the roſy ſhower,
Shine out diſtinct adown the watʼry bow,
While o'er our heads the dewy viſion bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from theſe reſult,

And myriads still remain; infinite source
Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever-new!
Did ever poet image aught so fair,
Dreaming in whispering groves by the hoarse brook!
Or prophet, to whose rapture Heaven descends!
E'en now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beauteous the refractive law.
The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stemmed alone, and to the source (involv'd
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, rais'd
His lights at equal distances, to guide
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.
But who can number up his labours? who
His high discoveries sing? when but a few
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew? In Fancy's lighter thought,
How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty theme?
What wonder, thence, that his devotion swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge! For could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd university of things
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that Power
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?
Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few!
Who saw him in the softest lights of life,
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
Oh, speak the wondrous Man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good;
How firm establish'd on eternal truth;
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for perfection; far above
Those little cares and visionary joys
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.
And you, ye hopeless, gloomy-minded Tribe!
You who, unconscious of those nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Against the prime endearing privilege
Of being dare contend, say, can a soul
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits dancing thro' their tubes a while,
And then for ever lost in vacant air?
But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when some awful change is come,
Sound thro' the world—"'Tis done—The measure's full;
"And I resign my charge."—Ye mouldering Stones!
That build the towering pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
The worshipp'd name of hoar Antiquity,
Down to the dust! what grandeur can ye boast,
While Newton lifts his column to the skies,
Beyond the waste of time? Let no weak drop
Be seed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear
And elegiac song: but Newton calls
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders thro' those endless worlds,
He here so well descried, and wandering talks,
And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.
O Britain's boast! whether with angels thou
Sitest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,
Who joy to see the honour of their kind;
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparings things with things, in rapture lost,
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind be ow,
From Light himself; Oh! look with pity down
On human-kind, a frail, erroneous race!
Exalt the spirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected Country chief preside,
And be her Genius call'd! her studies raise,
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth:
For, tho' deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,
And glories in thy name; she points thee out
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star;
While in expectance of the second life,
When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

A POEM

TO

THE MEMORY

OF

The Right Honourable

THE LORD TALBOT,

LATE CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN,

ADDRESSED TO HIS SON.

WHILE, with the public, you, my Lord, lament
A friend and father lost, permit the Muse,
The Muse assign'd of old a double theme,
To praise dead worth, and humble living pride,
Whose generous task begins where int'rest ends:
Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay
This cordial verse sincere, by Truth inspir'd,
Which means not to bestow, but borrow fame.
Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now—
Unhappy that she may.—But where begin?
How from the diamond single out each ray,
Where all, tho' trembling with ten thousand hues,
Effuse one dazzling undivided light?
Let the low-minded of these narrow days
No more presume to deem the lofty tale

Of ancient times, in pity to their own,
Romance. In Talbot we united saw
The piercing eye, the quick-enlighten'd soul,
The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece,
Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome.
Eternal Wisdom, that all-quick'ning sun,
Whence every life, in just proportion, draws
Directing light, and actuating flame,
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams
Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence steady, calm,
Diffusive, deep, and clear, his reason saw,
With instantaneous view, the truth of things;
Chief what to human life and human bliss
Pertains, that noblest science, fit for man;
And hence, responsive to his knowledge, glow'd
His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice
In concert foul agree, each heightening each,
While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.
What grand, what comely, or what tender sense,
What talent, or what virtue, was not his?
What that can render man or great or good,
Give useful worth or amiable grace?
Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,
In soft retirement, indolently pleas'd
With selfish peace. The Siren of the wise,
(Who steals th' Aonian song, and in the shape
Of Virtue woos them from a worthless world,)
Tho' deep he felt her charms, could never melt
His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm
As silent Night, yet active as the day.
The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
Press to usurp the reins of power, the more
Behoves it Virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views
Of sneaking int'rest, or luxurious vice,
The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,
And dart a livelier vigour thro' the soul,
Than those that, mingled with our truest good,
With present honour, and immortal fame
Involve the good of all? An empty form
Is the weak virtue that amid the shade
Lamenting lies, with future schemes amus'd,
While Wickedness and Folly, kindred powers,
Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,
Sprung ardent into action, that disdain'd
To lose in death-like sloth one pulse of life
That might be sav'd; disdain'd, for coward Ease
And her insipid pleasures, to resign
The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil,
And those high joys that teach the truly great
To live for others, and for others die.
Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.
Not breathing more beneficence, the Spring
Leads in her swelling train the gentle Airs;
While gay, behind her, smiles the kindling waste
Of ruffian storms and winter's lawless rage.
In him Astræa, to this dim abode
Of ever-wandering men, return'd again;
To bless them his delight, to bring them back,
From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong,
Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
Of happiness and justice. All his parts,
His virtues all, collected, sought the good
Of human-kind. For that he, fervent, felt
The throb of patriots when they model states;
Anxious for that, nor needful sleep could hold
His still-awaken'd soul; nor friends had charms
To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour;
Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.
Thus with unwearied steps, by Virtue led,
He gain'd the summit of that sacred hill
Where, rais'd above black Envy's dark'ning clouds,
Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.
Be nam'd, victorious Ravagers! no more;
Vanish, ye human Comets! shrink your blaze,
Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,
As o'er the gazing desolated earth
Ye scatter famine, pestilence, and war!
Vanish before this vernal sun of Fame;
Effulgent sweetness! beaming life and joy.
How the heart listen'd while he pleading spoke!
While on the enlighten'd mind, with winning art,
His gentle reason so persuasive stole,
That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.
Ah! when, ye studious of the laws! again
Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear?
When shall again the darkest truths, perplext,
Be set in ample day? when shall the harsh
And arduous open into smiling ease?
The solid mix with elegant delight?
His was the talent, with the purest light
At once to pour conviction on the soul,
And warm with lawful flame th' impassion'd heart.
That dangerous gift with him was safely lodg'd
By Heaven. He, sacred to his country's cause,
To trampled Want and Worth, to suffering Right,
To the lone Widow's and her Orphan's woes,
Refery'd the mighty charm. With equal brow,
Despising then the smiles or frowns of Power,
He all that noblest eloquence effus'd,
Which generous passion, aught by reason, breathes.
Then spoke the man, and over barren Art
Prevail'd abundant Nature. Freedom then
His client was, Humanity and Truth.
Plac'd on the seat of justice, there he reign'd
In a superior sphere of cloudless day,
A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
No dark emotion, no intemp'rate heat,
No passion e'er disturb'd the clear serene
That round him spread. A zeal for right alone,
The love of justice, like the steady sun,
Its equal ardour lent; and sometimes rais'd
Against the sons of Violence, of Pride,
And bold Deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
Yet still by sober dignity restrain'd.
As intuition quick, he snatch'd the truth,
Yet with progressive patience, step by step,
Self-diffident, or to the slower kind,
He thro' the maze of falsehood trac'd it on,
Till, at the last, evolv'd, it full appear'd,
And e'en the loser own'd the just decree.
But when, in senates, he, to freedom firm,
Enlighten'd freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,
His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,
His insight deep into Britannia's weal,

Spontaneous seem'd from simple sense to flow,
And the plain patriot smooth'd the brow of law.
No specious swell, no frothy pomp of words,
Fell on the cheated ear: no study'd maze
Of declamation, to perplex the right,
He darkening threw around: safe in itself,
In its own force, all powerful Reason spoke;
While on the great, the ruling point, at once
He stream'd decisive day, and show'd it vain
To lengthen farther out the clear debate.
Conviction breathes conviction; to the heart,
Pour'd ardent forth in eloquence unbid,
The heart attends; for let the venal try
Their every hard'ning stupifying art,
Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,
And Nature, skilful touch'd, is honest still.
Behold him in the councils of his prince,
What faithful light he lends! How rare, in courts,
Such wisdom! such abilities! and, join'd
To virtue so determin'd, public zeal,
And honour of such adamantine proof,
As e'en Corruption, hopeless, and o'eraw'd,
Durst not have tempted! Yet of manners mild,
And winning every heart, he knew to please,
Nobly to please; while equally he scorn'd
Or adulation to receive or give.
Happy the state where wakes a ruling eye
Of such inspection keen, and general care!
Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,
Toil may resign his careless head to rest,
And ever-jealous Freedom sleep in peace.
Ah! lost untimely! lost in downward days!
And many a patriot counsel with him lost!
Counsels that might have humbled Britain's foe,
Her native foe, from eldest time by Fate
Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.
Let Learning, Arts, let universal Worth,
Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge.
Unlike the sons of Vanity, that, veil'd
Beneath the patron's prostituted name,
Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,
And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.
When he conferr'd a grace, it seem'd a debt
Which he to merit, to the public, paid,
And to the great all-bounteous Source of good.
His sympathising heart itself receiv'd
The generous obligation he bestow'd.
This, this indeed, is patronising worth.
Their kind protector him the Muses own,
But scorn with noble pride the bestial aid
Of tasteless Vanity's insulting hand.
The gracious stream that cheers the letter'd world,
Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,
Whose sudden current from her naked root
Washes the little soil which yet remain'd,
And only more dejects the blushing flowers:
No, 'tis the soft-descending dews at eve,
The silent treasures of the vernal year,
Indulging deep their stores the still night long,
Till, with returning morn, the freshen'd world
Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and song.
Still let me view him in the pleasing light
Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
And where the plain unguarded soul is seen.
There, with that truest greatness he appear'd,
Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
In the soft graces of the friendly scene,
Inspiring social confidence and ease:
As free the converse of the wise and good,
As joyous, disentangling every power,
And breathing mix'd improvement with delight,
As when amid the various-bloom'd spring,
Or gentle-beaming autumn's pensive shade,
The philosophic mind with Nature talks.
Say ye, his Sons! his dear Remains! with whom
The father laid superfluous state aside,
Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,
With friendship rais'd it, with esteem, with love.
Beyond the ties of blood, ah! speak the joy,
The pure serene, the cheerful wisdom mild,
The virtuous spirit, which his vacant hours,
In semblance of amusement, sharp'ned breath
Infus'd. And thou, O Rundle!* lend thy strain,
Thou darling friend! thou brother of his soul!
In whom the head and heart their stores unite;
Whatever fancy paints, Invention pours,
Judgment digests, the well-tun'd bosom feels,
Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,
The Virtues dictate, or the Muses sing.
Lend me the plaint which to the lonely main,
With Memory conversing, you will pour,
As on the pebbled shore you, pensive, stray,
Where Derry's mountains a bleak crescent form,
And mid their ample round receive the waves,
That, from the frozen Pole resounding, rush
Impetuous. Tho' from native sunshine driven,
Driven from your friends, the sunshine of the soul,
By slanderous Zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth, yet will you bless your lot,
Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,
Whence Talbot's friendship glows to future times,
Intrepid, warm: of kindred tempers born;
Nurs'd, by experience, into slow esteem,
Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
And the sweet light from mingled minds disclos'd,
From mingled chymic oils as bursts the fire.
I, too, remember well that cheerful bowl
Which round his table flow'd. The serious there
Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain;
Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth,
And wit its honey lent, without the sting.
Not simple Nature's unaffected sons,
The blameless Indians, round their forest cheer,
In sunny lawn or shady covert set,
Hold more unspotted converse; nor of old,
Rome's awful consuls, her dictator-swains,
As on the product of their Sabine farms
They far'd, with stricter virtue fed the soul:
Nor yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,
Where Socrates presided, fairer truth,
More elegant humanity, more grace,

* *Dr. Rundle, late Bishop of Derry in Ireland.*

Wit more refin'd, or deeper ſcience, reign'd.
But, far beyond the little vulgar bounds
Of family, or friends, or native land,
By juſt degrees, and with proportion'd flame,
Extended his benevolence; a friend
To human-kind, to parent Nature's works.
Of free acceſs, and of engaging grace,
Such as a brother to a brother owes,
He kept an open judging ear for all,
And ſpread an open countenance, where ſmil'd
The fair effulgence of an open heart;
While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
With equal ray, his ready goodneſs ſhone:
For nothing human foreign was to him.
Thus to a dread inheritance, my Lord,
And hard to be ſupported, you ſucceed:
But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
It will, thro' lateſt time, enrich your race,
When groſſer wealth ſhall moulder into duſt,
And with their authors in oblivion ſunk
Vain titles lie, the ſervile badges oft'
Of mean ſubmiſſion, not the meed of worth.
True genuine honour its large patent holds
Of all mankind, thro' ev'ry land and age,
Of univerſal Reaſon's various ſons,
And e'en of God himſelf, ſole perfect Judge!
Yet know theſe nobleſt honours of the mind
On rigid terms deſcend: the high-plac'd heir,
Scann'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,
Malignant ſeeks out faults, cannot thro' life,
Amid the nameleſs inſects of a court,
Unheeded ſteal; but, with his ſire compar'd,
He muſt be glorious, or he muſt be ſcorn'd.
This truth to you, who merit well to bear
A name to Britons dear, th' officious Muſe
May ſafely ſing, and ſing without reſerve.
Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear,
That ſhould a Talbot mourn. Ourſelves, indeed,
Our country robb'd of her delight and ſtrength,
We may lament: yet let us, grateful, joy
That we ſuch virtues knew, ſuch virtues felt,
And feel them ſtill, reaching our views to riſe
Thro' ever-bright'ning ſcenes of future worlds.
Be dumb, ye worſt of Zealots! ye that, prone
To thoughtleſs duſt, renounce that generous hope,
Whence every joy below its ſpirit draws,
And every pain is balm. A Talbot's light,
A Talbot's virtues, claim another ſource
Than the blind maze of undeſigning blood;
Nor when that vital fountain plays no more,
Can they be quench'd amid the gelid ſtream.
Methinks I ſee his mounting ſpirit freed
From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
Its native country, whence, to bleſs mankind,
Eternal Goodneſs on this darkſome ſpot
Had ray'd it down awhile. Behold! approv'd
By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,
And to th' Almighty Father's preſence join'd,
He takes his rank, in glory and in bliſs,
Amid the human worthies. Glad around
Crowd his compatriot ſhades, and point him out,
With joyful pride, Britannia's blameleſs boaſt.
Ah! who is he that with a ſoften'd eye
Meets thine enraptur'd?—'Tis the beſt of ſons!
The beſt of friends!—Too ſoon is realiz'd
That hope which once forbade thy tears to flow!
Meanwhile the kindred ſouls of every land,
(Howe'er divided in the fretful days
Of prejudice and error) mingled now,
In one ſelected never-jarring ſtate,
Where God himſelf their only monarch reigns,
Partake the joy; yet, ſuch the ſenſe that ſtill
Remains of earthly woes, for us below,
And for our loſs, they drop a pitying tear.
But ceaſe, preſumptuous Muſe! nor vainly ſtrive
To quit this cloudy ſphere that binds thee down;
'Tis not for mortal hand to trace theſe ſcenes,
Scenes that our groſs ideas grovelling caſt
Behind, and ſtrike our boldeſt language dumb.
Forgive, immortal Shade! if aught from earth,
From duſt low-warbled, to thoſe groves can riſe,
Where flows celeſtial harmony, forgive
This fond ſuperfluous verſe. With deep-felt voice,
On every heart impreſs'd, thy deeds themſelves
Atteſt thy praiſe. Thy praiſe the widows' ſighs
And orphans' tears embalm. The good, the bad,
The ſons of Juſtice, and the ſons of Striſe,
All who or freedom or who intereſt prize,
A deep-divided nation's parties all
Conſpire to ſwell thy ſpotleſs praiſe to heaven.
Glad heaven receives it, and ſeraphic lyres
With ſongs of triumph thy arrival hail.
How vain this tribute, then! this lowly lay!
Yet nought is vain which gratitude inſpires.
The Muſe, beſides, her duty thus approves
To virtue, to her country, to mankind,
To ruling Nature, that, in glorious charge,
As to her prieſteſs, gives it her, to hymn
Whatever good and excellent ſhe forms.

POEMS

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

VERSES

Occaſioned by the

DEATH OF MR. AIKMAN,

A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

As thoſe we love decay, we die in part;
String after ſtring is ſever'd from the heart,
Till looſen'd life, at laſt, but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.

Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

TO THE REV. MR. MURDOCH,

RECTOR OF STRADDISHALL IN SUFFOLK, 1738.

THUS safely low, my Friend! thou can'st not fall:
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the storms of fate:
High bliss is only for a higher state.

EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY.

HERE, Stanley! rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes, of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more, sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art, to save her anxious groan,
No more thy bosom presses down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear!
O! born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm,
To show us Virtue in her fairest form;
To show us artless Reason's moral reign,
What boastful Science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient passions knowing each their part,
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!
Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye;
'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.
Blest be the bark that wafts us to the shore
Where death-divided friends shall part no more!
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE

Latter Part of the Sixth Chapter of Saint Matthew.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear,
While all my warring passions are at strife,
O! let me listen to the words of Life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.
Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears,
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?
Behold! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air;
To them nor stores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
Yet your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing when Spring renews the plain,
To him they cry in Winter's pinching reign,
Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.
Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!
If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads,
Will he not care for you, ye Faithless! say,
Is he unwise? or are ye less than they?

ODES.

ODE.

I.

TELL me, thou Soul of her I love!
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled,
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

II.

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe,
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

III.

Oh, if thou hover'st round my walk,
While under ev'ry well-known tree
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

IV.

Should then the weary eye of Grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh! visit thou my soothing dream.

ODE.

O NIGHTINGALE! best poet of the grove,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee.
Blest in the full possession of thy love:
O lend that strain, sweet Nightingale! to me.
'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.
You, happy Bards! by Nature's simple laws
Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by Nature's fare;
You dwell wherever roving Fancy draws,
And love and song is all your pleasing care.
But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
Dare not be blest, lest envious tongues should blame;
And hence, in vain, I languish for my bride:
O mourn with me, sweet Bird! my hapless flame.

ODE

TO SERAPHINA.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the false illusive light,
Whose flattering inauspicious blaze
To precipices oft' betrays:
But that sweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind and cleans the heart,
Is like the sacred Queen of Night,
Who pours a lovely gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,
Conducting them to peace and rest.

A vicious love depraves the mind;
'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly, join'd;
But Seraphina's eyes dispense
A mild and gracious influence;
Such as in vision's angels shed
Around the heav'n-illumin'd head.
To love thee, Seraphina! sure
Is to be tender, happy, pure;
'Tis from low passions to escape,
And woo bright Virtue's fairest shape;
'Tis ecstasy with wisdom join'd,
And heav'n infus'd into the mind.

ODE.

ON ÆOLUS'S HARP.*

I.

ETHEREAL Race, inhabitants of Air,
Who hymn your God amid the secret grove,
Ye unseen Beings! to my harp repair,
And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

II.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid!
With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
Who dy'd of love, these sweet complainings part.

III.

But hark! that strain was of a graver tone,
On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;
Or he the sacred Bard,† who sat alone
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

IV.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint:
And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
Angelic harps, to sooth a dying saint.

V.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir
Thro' heaven's high dome their awful anthem raise;
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
To swell the lofty hymn from praise to praise.

VI.

Let me, ye wand'ring Spirits of the wind!
Who, as wild Fancy prompts you, touch the string,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For till you cease my Muse forgets to sing.

* *Æolus's Harp is a musical instrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. Oswald, its properties are fully described in the* Castle of Indolence.

† *Jeremiah.*

ODE

IN THE MASK OF ALFRED.

I.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain;
'Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
'Britons never will be slaves.'

II.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
'Rule,' &c.

III.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
'Rule,' &c.

IV.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.
'Rule,' &c.

V.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
'Rule,' &c.

VI.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
'Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
'Britons never will be slaves.'

SONGS.

SONG.

I.

ONE day the God of fond desire,
On mischief bent, to Damon said,
Why not disclose your tender fire,
Not own it to the lovely maid?

II.

The shepherd mark'd his treacherous art,
And, softly sighing, thus reply'd;
'Tis true, you have subdu'd my heart,
But shall not triumph o'er my pride.

III.

The slave in private only bears
Your bondage who his love conceals,
But when his passion he declares,
You drag him at your chariot-wheels.

SONG.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain;
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely listening plain.
Oh! when she blesses next your shade,
Oh! when her footsteps next are seen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green,
Ye gentle Spirits of the vale!
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.
O tell her what she cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind;
O! tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd.
Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Nor purer her own wishes rise,
Nor holier her own sighs in prayer.
But if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at Love's suspected name,
With that of Friendship sooth her ear—
True love and friendship are the same.

SONG.

I.

UNLESS with my Amanda blest,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
In vain I rear the breathing flower:

II.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me sing;
In vain the freshening fields appear:
Without my love there is no spring.

SONG.

FOR ever, Fortune! wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part?
Bid us ſigh on from day to day,
And wiſh, and wiſh the ſoul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?
But buſy, buſy ſtill art thou,
To bind the loveleſs joyleſs vow,
The heart from pleaſure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,
And I abſolve thy future care;
All other bleſſings I reſign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

SONG.

COME, gentle God of ſoft deſire!
Come and poſſeſs my happy breaſt,
Not fury-like in flames and fire,
Or frantic folly's wildneſs dreſt;
But come in Friendſhip's angel-guiſe:
Yet dearer thou than friendſhip art,
More tender ſpirit in thy eyes,
More ſweet emotions at the heart.
O come with Goodneſs in thy train,
With Peace and Pleaſure, void of ſtorm,
And wouldſt thou now for ever gain,
Put on Amanda's winning form.

A NUPTIAL SONG.

Intended to have been inſerted in the fourth Act of Sophoniſba.

COME, gentle Venus! and aſſuage
A warring world, a bleeding age;
For Nature lives beneath thy ray,
The wintry tempeſts haſte away,
A lucid calm inveſts the ſea,
Thy native deep is full of thee;
The flowering earth, where'er you fly,
Is all o'er ſpring, all ſun the ſky;
A genial ſpirit warms the breeze;
Unſeen among the blooming trees,
The feather'd lovers tune their throat,
The deſert growls a ſoften'd note;
Glad o'er the meads, the cattle bound,
And love and harmony go round.
But chief into the human heart
You ſtrike the dear delicious dart;
You teach us pleaſing pangs to know,
To languiſh in luxurious woe;
To feel the generous paſſions riſe,
Grow good by gazing, mild by ſighs;
Each happy moment to improve,
And fill the perfect ear with love.
Come, thou delight of heaven and earth!
To whom all creatures owe their birth;
Oh come, ſweet ſmiling! tender, come!
And yet prevent our final doom;
For long the furious God of war
Has cruſh'd us with his iron car,
Has rag'd along our ruin'd plains,
Has ſoil'd them with his cruel ſtains,
Has ſunk our youth in endleſs ſleep,
And made the widow'd virgin weep.
Now let him feel thy wonted charms;
Oh! take him to thy twining arms!
And, while thy boſom heaves on his,
While deep he prints the humid kiſs,
Ah! then his ſtormy heart controul,
And ſigh thyſelf into his ſoul.

AN
HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL mildly pleaſing Solitude!
Companion of the wiſe and good,
But from whoſe holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And liſten to thy whiſper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the moſt obdurate hearts.
A thouſand ſhapes you wear with eaſe,
And ſtill in every ſhape you pleaſe.
Now wrapt in ſome myſterious dream,
A lone philoſopher you ſeem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you ſweep the vaulted ſky;
A ſhepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten ſtrain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that ſweet paſſion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendſhip, you aſſume
The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,
A-, with her Muſidora, ſhe
(Her Muſidora fond of thee)
Amid the long-withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.
Thine is the balmy breath of Morn,
Juſt as the dew-bent roſe is born;
And while meridian ſervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening ſcenes decay,
And the faint landſcape ſwims away,
Thine is the doubtful ſoft decline,
And that beſt hour of muſing thine.
Deſcending angels bleſs thy train,
The virtues of the ſage and ſwain;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee liſts her fearleſs head;

Religion's beams around thee ſhine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine!
About thee ſports ſweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania ſings to thee.
Oh! let me pierce thy ſecret cell,
And in thy deep receſſes dwell.

Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I juſt may caſt my careleſs eyes
Where London's ſpiry turrets riſe,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then ſhield me in the woods again.

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

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